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BLACKWOOD'S

Edinburgh



MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XIX.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1826.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

AND

T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

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PREFACE.

THE commencement of a new Volume of our Magazine appears to us a proper opportunity for taking a general review of our labours, their effects, and their tendency. We may truly say, and without fear of contradiction, that our Magazine has excited more attention, whether for praise or blame, than any periodical which ever existed in this country; and it may be worth while to say something about the cause which produced that notoriety; to state the principles which entitled us, as we think, justly, to the encomiums, and exposed us, as we think, unjustly, to the abuse, which it has been our lot to meet.

When we started, in 1817, the party to which we have always been attached was sadly in want of literary defenders. While the excitement of the war lasted, the paper pellets wherewith ministers were pelted, were of little moment; for the nation was too deeply engaged to think seriously of such things. The ardent spirits were abroad; and the stake played for was too deep to allow those who remained at home to be diverted from the game by anything less serious. When peace came on, the reaction which men of sense anticipated—the change which Lord Castlereagh's phrase so admirably expressed—"the transition from a state of war to a state of peace,"—was productive of more domestic misery than was remembered for a long time in England. Thousands thrown out of employment—the usual channels closed—no others as yet adequately opened—were of themselves sufficiently dreadful; but when to them were added the dreadful seasons of 1816 and 1817, when the crops failed all through Europe, it is no wonder that an unparalleled degree of distress was the consequence. So dreadful were these years, that our readers may remember the doleful pro-

phacies uttered concerning the change of our climate. The Quarterly Review,—always the great depository of all the alarms of the nation, the tocsin, which has been always as ready to sound the existence of dangers, not traceable to ministers, as it has been ready to deny any which its ill-minded opponents may have attributed to that quarter,—told us, in good set terms, that we were deteriorating in our atmosphere; that the fruits formerly borne in this country would never be borne there again; that, as former generations had lost the vineyards of their ancestors, so we were in the progress of losing, and our posterity would certainly lose, the orchards of our fathers; and that, ere a hundred years elapsed, apples and pears would be growing in hot-houses, as grapes are now; while the only indigenous plants which would flourish in the open air would be sloes and blackberries!!

Why do we here repeat this silly stuff? To show that a general panic had then seized on the minds of the best informed and best affected men in the country. The difficulties of all kinds, whether of the heaven, or the earth, had visibly affected even those who were inclined to talk the boldest. Agricultural distresses prevailed, actually to an alarming degree, and they were besides exaggerated by those on whom they pressed. During the war, our agriculturists in general had lived as if the high prices produced by that unnatural position of things would have lasted for ever—and when the time came when that state of things being altered, alterations of prices, &c. came with it, they clamoured with as much indignation as if they had been actually robbed of some portion of property to which they had an undoubted claim. The man who before the Bank restriction of 1797, and the operation of the Berlin and Milan Decrees, and our own Orders in Council, had a property of two hundred a-year, found it after these events increased to a rental of a thousand. When their operation ceased, he found it getting down again, to eight hundred, six hundred, four hundred. As Birkbeck said, it was not easy to descend. Many, like that illustrious quack, forgot that though they were descending, still the *minimum* to which they sunk was higher than the *maximum* from which they rose. Some landlords clung to the war prices, and thereby inflicted much misery and wretchedness on their tenants, and eventual ruin on themselves. All this found its own level—we knew it should; but in the intervening time, during the operation of coming to rights again, a period which the hard-hearted school of Political Economists never take into calcu-

lation at all—it is not to be denied that the distress occasionally pinched severely enough.

The manufacturing classes, no doubt, did not suffer so much as the agricultural; but when the latter great body suffers, it must be felt by all classes in the nation. The solid commercial interests suffered least—the houses of straw were of course shaken down by the whirlwind. The sudden opening of so many markets was, as we see now, productive of permanent advantage; but *then*, (we are still speaking of 1816 and 1817,) by giving scope for scheming and injudicious speculation, they produced also much loss and injury. That has passed away; at the time, the instances of loss and failure were thought more about, because they made more noise, than the slow and steady returns of successful commerce. In short, he who will cast back his eyes on the period to which we have been referring, will find, that look what way he pleases, he can discover little to cheer him. And besides the general calamity of that time, there were many local causes of distress, as, for instance, a typhus fever which ravaged half Ireland like a plague—and many other things which it would be tedious to insist upon.

How the Opposition behaved during the pelting of this pitiless storm, is now matter of history; and the most disgraceful chapter of their portion in it. We might forgive their cavillings in the war, for war is proverbially a matter of chance and change, which may puzzle the wisest, and baulk the most experienced calculator. What matter to us, after all, was it that they told us that the French were invincible, when we *knew* that we conquered them every time they dared to look upon the bristling of our bayonets? Why need we have troubled ourselves, because a silly fellow, who knew nothing of war, proved, to the satisfaction of the hungry benches of Opposition, that Lord Wellington would have been pushed from the heights of Torres Vedras head foremost into the sea, when we were quite sure that he should succeed in beating the French out of the Peninsula? These were mere nonsense, nothing more—just such nonsense as Charles Fox vomited, when he declared that the Crusaders were not more absurd in their speculations than the British nation, when it fancied that its banners would float over the walls of Paris—mere putid and idiotic trash, supported on no just grounds of military or political information; defended by no data, except the narrow ignorance, or the wide impudence, of the speaker. But it did no harm. The country had warmed to the

war, and their ravings were in vain. We knew that we were lords of the sea—we felt that the never beaten infantry of England, and her buoyant though untried cavalry, would not, when put to the proof, be found of different materials from the men who had seen the Union Jack flying over the prostrate navies of France, Spain, Holland, and Denmark—we felt, as the old song has it, in its uncouth, but spirit-stirring measure, that—

“ We were the sons of the main,
Who had conquer’d on Cressy plain ;
And what our fathers did once,
The sons could do again.”

Against this feeling it was in vain to talk ; and the Opposition talked foolishly to no purpose, but to display their folly.

They had their revenge on us at the commencement of peace, and they were determined not to let the opportunity slip. Their character as prophets in the war had gone—they were, as the Quarterly Review (*i. e.* we believe, John Wilson Croker) wittily said, not merely * *μαρτυρὸς κακῶν*, but were *μαρτυρὸς κακοῖ*. An opportunity now presented itself for them to redeem their character. The country was confessedly in difficulty—we might say, in distress. They had all along said, that the war was ruinous. How easy then it was to connect the two propositions. “ A ruinous war—we said it was ruinous—has brought distress—we said it must bring distress.” Such, reduced to few words, was the Opposition reasoning. They kept out of sight that the ruin they prognosticated was *military* ruin, and the distress they had predicted was the distress of defeat and subjugation. They kept out of sight that we had at all times admitted what we know to be borne out by the records of history, and the suggestions of common sense, that peace, under such circumstances, was not to be expected immediately to be followed by its proverbial attendant, plenty. This was, of course, consistent with the usual conduct of the party. At the time, the argument was irresistible with the mob, who really feeling the distress, were naturally impatient under it, and anxious to turn, as desperate and foolish people will turn, to the first quack, who with noise and impudence quantum suff. professes to have a nostrum to cure the affliction complained of.

* Not merely prophets of evil, but evil prophets. We beg no pardon for subjoining the translation, for everybody is not bound to know Greek.

How often during that time did we not hear that the country was ruined by Ministers, and that the ruin would not have happened had we been managed by the Whigs ! The statesman, the philosopher, the competent reader of history, knew the folly and falsehood of this assertion ; but it is needless to say that these people do not constitute the crowd. To men the very reverse of these characters the Opposition addressed themselves. There was not a piece of vulgar prejudice or ignorance, which they did not stoop to flatter, nor a cry against Government, no matter how raised, or how contradictory to their own avowed opinions, that they did not swell to the full compass of their lungs. This is the reason why we said that their conduct during the interval which immediately succeeded the peace of 1815, was more disgraceful to them than any other chapter in their unfortunate history. Men of true patriotism, at such a period, would have stepped forward to assist their distressed country—they would have given party-questions, and party-feelings to the winds, and made common cause with those whose endeavours were directed to advance our endangered interests ; but the Opposition are not men of true patriotism, and they exerted all their energies, and devoted all their time and all their talents to embroil, to distract, and to paralyze. They have got their reward—they got what they looked for, the temporary and foolish huzzas of a mob—and they lost, what a little reflection must have convinced them they must lose, if not heated by low and spiteful passions, the good opinion of the Friends of the Country ; who, after all, are the vast and overwhelming body of the population. They sold themselves to the devil of mob-favour, and revelled for a short time in the transient prosperity which he could bestow, with the certain fate of being destined to the everlasting doom of contempt and degradation in which they are now inextricably seated.

The engines used to carry on this unholy war against their country was of every kind. Parliament—Spafield meetings—Manchester arrays—Guildhall Courts, &c. In the first of these, Parliaments, they were not eminently successful. The only measure of actual annoyance worth speaking about that they carried there, was the premature repeal of the income-tax—a measure which, beyond question, tended more than any other of their pieces of tactics, to delay the return of prosperity. In the mobs they were speedily defeated by agents whom they had not expected—the Radicals. The experience of the French Revolution might have taught them, without looking very far back, that the mob does not

care about half-measure men. Hunt, Wooller, Waddington, Thistlewood, Waithman, soon got possession of the tribunes, to the exclusion even of Brougham, who went farther than any of his colleagues to vie with them. But in return for this, the Whigs kept possession of a power which the Radicals could not attempt to seize—the Press. Cobbett alone of the Radicals had any mastery over that, and in spite of his unquestionable talents, his personal conduct has made him powerless. He is not to be depended on by any party, and of course was of no use.

We are afraid that our readers will think this a tedious and perhaps disproportioned introduction to our remarks upon our Magazine; but we could not avoid giving a detail of the posture of things with respect to the great parties of the State when we started. Briefly then, in consequence of all the events which we have above glanced at, the Whigs in 1817 had the influential part of the Press to themselves. We do not mean to undervalue that admirable work, the Quarterly Review, or the other periodicals or newspapers existing at that period, on the honourable side of the question; but we must again repeat, that their spirit was subdued by the surrounding events. The anti-ministerial newspapers far out-numbered the ministerial—the voice of the Edinburgh Review was omnipotent—and if we looked among the monthly publications, we do not remember any that *effectually* supported our cause. Sir Richard Phillips's Magazine was at the head of all the Magazines, and was a regular deposit for all kinds of reviling, hatred, malice, falsehood, and evidence against all the valuable institutions, and the respectable men in the country. The Examiner was the only readable Sunday paper, and there is no need to designate its contents under any other title than the general one of unmixed infamy.

The Monthly Review, a work, however, not at all to be confounded at any time with the labours of the Hunts, or Peter Fintertys, or Phillipses, or Richards, or such rabble, was the only Review beside the two great quarterly organs of party; and that, although never insultingly or disgustingly opposed to the institutions or prosperity of the country, was yet Socinian in its religious tenets, and Whig decidedly in its politics. Of the Morning Papers in London, the Times, as usual, fell in with the popular cry; and having about that time fallen into its present management, was conducted with the same disregard to truth and decency as it is at present. Perry, or Pirie, or whatever his name was, laboured fiercely away in his vocation in the Chronicle; and at that time the Opposition

leaders contributed to its support. There was no Morning Paper but one, the *New Times*, on the ministerial side. Of the Evening Papers, the *Courier* is the only one which we remember, and that, though unquestionably conducted, as it still is, with great talent and knowledge of the world, was frequently borne down by the prevailing clamour got up on so many sides against it. Of the Provincial Papers, it is only waste of time to speak. Yet we may add, that, in the years to which we refer, the great and overbalancing proportion of them was as decidedly Whig as it is now Tory.

In what manner the Whig writers, in this their unquestioned day of triumph, behaved, is now by that party most studiously kept out of sight. To hear them talking at present, one would imagine that they were the meekest people that ever handled a pen. We have occasionally begged leave to jog their slumbering memories. We assert, and without fear of contradiction, that we could produce a bundle of more unfounded and base calumnies from the pages of the *Edinburgh Review* than could be paralleled in the annals of civilized literature. We have not room, nor is it worth while, to extract any quantity of them; but we refer our readers, curious in slander, to their treatment of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Dermody, Barnes, Phillpotts, Davison, Copplestone, Falconer, Byron, (till he tamed them,) Hogg, Montgomery, even that poor creature Thelwall, or Thomas Moore, their present companion; and we venture to say, that they will find there has not been a mode of annoyance which could present itself to a spiteful and arrogant mind that has not been resorted to. They will find that in reviewing a literary work, contemptible allusions have been made to a man's habits in private life—to his trade, or his father's trade—to the means by which he rose in society—to his personal appearance—to his poverty—to his family, his mother, or sisters, or wife—to things with which, in short, the public have nothing to do, and which have no connexion with the work reviewed further than they tend to insult its author. They will find one gentleman accused of perjury, another of theft, another of drunkenness, a fourth of pandarism, and so on; and all this arising out of party hatred. We pass by their political attacks on men of public character, such as the Duke of Wellington; for we are not willing to set too narrow bounds to political controversy, and public men are more or less exposed by their very situation. Even this, however, can be carried too far; as, for instance, the mean wretch that reviewed James Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, insinua-

ated a charge of bastardy against George III. ; but such animals are below a man's contempt. Nor shall we be very angry with their attacks on the dead, for the most atrocious that we can recollect was that on Dean Swift. We completely pardon *that*—for had not Swift been dead, and thoroughly dead, it would not have been ventured upon. Woe to the luckless critic, had the unsparing Irishman been allowed one day's revivification, to have gibbeted him to everlasting contempt and derision?

Such being the conduct of the decentest and most powerful of the Whig periodicals, it would be a gratuitous dabbling in the dirt to inquire into the behaviour of the lower orders. Yet it actually amuses us now-a-days, to take up a volume of the *Examiner*, before we blighted its scribblers for ever, and to revel, as it were, in the flowers of Billingsgate which that impertinent paper produced at the time. There is nothing equal to it in furious personality on all classes, from the King to the poor player. Stories picked up at third hand from the servants with whom its writers associated—or the candle-snuffers of the theatres—or the second-rate reporters—or the unfortunate women of the oyster-shops—were made matter of grave and insolent accusation against the most illustrious, as well as the most obscure characters. Allusions the most indecent, in the most prurient language, (always the besetting sin of the Cockney school,) nauseate you in every number. But peace be to its ashes! We should not have disturbed them, were it not necessary for us to give a slight sketch of the composition of the cleverest Whig paper of the day.

But there is no reason for passing by the labours of Mr Thomas Moore. To him we were indebted for that highly respectable and moral poem, *The Fudge Family in Paris*. We remember talking to a Whig gentleman, when this work was in the full blaze of popularity, and expressing our disapprobation. "I do not wonder at its vexing you," said he; "it is a powerful work, which will not soon be forgotten, I assure you." "Forgotten!" said we; "no, in truth; it *shall* not be forgotten as long as the Whig party has existence." Now, when we consider the slanders on men and women—the filthy insinuations, the indecent allusions of that work—and couple them with the manner in which it is past question the information which gave them piquancy was obtained, it is not too much to say, that a book more disgraceful to a writer of high literary reputation does not exist—always with the exception of the *Twopenny Post-bag*.

In this state of affairs, we thought we saw an opening, and made a trial whether the noisy bullying of the weaker party had altogether damped the hearts of the great Tory majority. We saw that it was not to be done by cringing or conciliating, by humbly submitting that there was some defect in the views of Opposition, though ready to admit the high honour, the great integrity, the undoubted talents of every individual member in it. We felt that in the literary part of the warfare the thing would never answer if we were to allow great genius and profound erudition to people who possessed neither, simply because they happened to be engaged in abusing our friends. We saw that we should not even allow the clever men of the opposite party to hedge themselves under their general character, and, under that cover, vent falsehoods and calumnies to injure us. No! We felt convinced that a want of courage was the complaint. We perceived that the quarrel was not to be fought out "with womanish uplifting of the palm," with acknowledgments of the great genius, powerful intellect, and honourable intentions of our antagonists. We knew these gentry too well to suspect them, except in few, very few instances, of any great claims to the two former causes of respect—intimately were we convinced that we might search the party throughout without convicting one among them of any title to the last. We knew also that the Pluckless of our party had been in the habit of adulating our enemies out of innate cowardice—out of a conviction of their own feebleness, and a dread of the superior abilities, such as they were, of the scribes of Whiggery. Far different were our feelings. We were determined to expose hollow pretensions without mercy, and to say in public what the more courageous of our party had always said in private.

We knew our own strength, nor had we overrated it. In our inmost hearts, we despised the ignorance and arrogance of the domineering faction, and we proclaimed war against them in the perfect confidence of speedy success. On the opening of the campaign, the Whigs pretended to hold our raw troops cheap; but a few skirmishes were sufficient to daunt the spirit of their veteran but impotent battalions; and their leaders soon showed, by their altered system of tactics, that they feared a fatal overthrow. Still there was a mighty sound of trumpets—much bravadoing—and even apparent offers of battle. It was hinted abroad by the cowed army, that we did not fight according to the spirit and rules of modern and civilized warfare. Bah! We took their artillery, and

of the earth, except a corrupt patois of Scotch and English—and been assured that Magee, of Dublin, was a poor theologian, by a ragged collegian of two years' standing. The vanity and conceit of these creatures had, by congregating together, swelled to an enormous degree. There was nothing that they could not do. One person would write a universal history—another, a digest of all the laws of all the nations in the world, in a six shilling review. The Whigs of the empire are, of course, by being men of the world, free from these follies. But when Whiggery was engrafted upon provincialism the results were truly ridiculous.

Nor was it, perhaps—we say perhaps, for we are not quite sure—worth our while to extinguish these fellows. It might have appeared to our friends in England absurd to have taken the trouble; but it should be recollected that we were in actual contact with them, and could not always curb our propensity to laugh at the jackdaws about us. Having resolved to do so—and Heaven knows it was all *gaieté de cœur*—how were we to effect our task? Laughing at them by name would have been quite useless; for who could know anything of John Douglas, or Sawney M'Guffog, or Jock Mucklewraith? In two or three jocular articles, therefore, when we had to allude to these absurd and unknown creatures, we had to describe them by their ridiculous attributes. Loud was their clamour against our personality—grievous their threats of vengeance. But peace be with them! They may rest quite satisfied that we annoy them no more. The elder ones among them are effete—the younger do not afford any indications of talent sufficient to disturb the serenity of a conclave of old tea-drinkers in the seventh flat.

So far for our quarrel with the Edinburgh Whigs. It has ceased these five years. If any person hear any abuse of us on *this* account, we request him to turn to our earliest Volumes, where he will find the Chaldee M.S.—the *Horæ Scandicæ* and *Sinicæ*—the Pilgrimage to the Kirk of Shotts,—and a few more papers of a similar character. We leave it to himself, if he be a man of the smallest discernment, whether these *jeux-d'esprit* would have produced anything beyond a smile from any but the victims of inordinate vanity, or a party determined, right or wrong, to put us down. Yet these papers were held up as crying sins. One of these, the Chaldee MS., exposed us to the charge of blasphemy from the party which at the very time was subscribing to Hone.

II. Connected in some measure with the above subject were our strictures on Professor Playfair. Him, indeed, we do not mean

to compare with the rabble to whom we have been just now alluding. He was a man of respectable powers, and considerable acquirements, and wrote in a clear, lucid style, and arrangement. This last was, after all, his greatest praise. That he was over-puffed in his own coteries, there is no one who will not now admit. But we are not going to draw his frailties from their drear abode—we only wish to defend our own conduct. That gentleman made use of the influence his talents and acquirements had procured for him, in spreading tenets which we believed to be most dangerous. Now, we do not mean to deny that a very honest and worthy man may be sceptical in religion—but we do mean to deny, that any man, Deist, Christian, or Mahometan, can be honest if he shrinks from his principles.

Of all characters, the meanest is he who is willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike. This was said at the time—this we say again after a lapse of seven years. We could not bear to see Playfair and his faction attacking Southey (a man so far his superior in genius and erudition, and surely at least his equal in virtue) for being an apostate, and yet keep silent on the fact that Playfair himself had been in orders, and yet had become one of the scoffers. We never shall cease to think that a man, who, by his continuance in his professorial chair, avowed himself a Christian, and yet in his writings, by sneaking inuendoes, advocated principles hostile to Christianity, was not a high-minded man. In days of persecution, when life and death are at stake, it may be conceded to the weakness of human nature, that we should be allowed to dissemble; but for doing so, because we thereby gain a lucrative employment, there can be no defence set up. This was the full amount, and perhaps more than the full amount (for the party lied against us in their fury) of what we said about Mr Playfair, and it called forth a great deal of whining on the score of insulting venerable age, from the men who at that very moment were taunting the years and afflictions of George III., and are now with falsities and lies insulting the undimmed decline of Lord Eldon.*

* We have heard that some remarks on Dr Chalmers a couple of years ago have roused some anger against us. It is not worth discussing in the text: Dr Chalmers, in a paper in the *Edinburgh Review*, had, with a view to vilify the institutions of England, asserted the monstrous physical absurdity that nine-tenths of the people of England were paupers, supported by the other tenth, which he proved by the arithmetical absurdity, that 990,000 was nine-tenths of ten millions. The motive was bad, the means ridiculous. So we think still; but should nevertheless be very sorry to forget the merits of Dr Chalmers in his own profession. He had a high character, and his labours were not without fruit.

roughly, we acknowledge ; they were not vermin to be crushed by a delicate finger. That we did our work *personally*, we deny ; unless their own consciences applied to their persons what we said of their books. A man who writes a luscious poem, lauding a hero and heroine, whose only claim to notoriety, was their having committed incest, is an incestuous *poet*—it does not by any means follow that he is an incestuous *man*. Or, to descend to mere jocularities, when we say, that a rugged, uneven, foully-heated, scurfy style, is pimpled, our metaphor may not be a good one ; but there is no reason that the writer of that style should take the epithet intended for his sentence, to his nose. We positively assert, that our hatred and disgust to these scribblers, was political and literary. How, in fact, could it be personal, against men whom we never saw, and who moved in such a sphere of life as to render it impossible for us to meet them ?

The men are now very poor ; and, for that reason only, we forbear ripping up their insolence. Everybody was pleased at their exposure, except themselves. The nickname we gave them, has become a regularly established word in our literature. Lord Byron, while patronizing the sect, called them by no other title than the Cockneys ; and the other day, when a declining Magazine got into their hands, it was quite amusing to see the French papers announcing that it was to be edited by the “ Cockneis.” The thing, in fact, only required exposure to be destroyed for ever. They have since been abusing us with all the impotence of defeated malice ; and in the bitterness of their woe, have declared, out of hatred to us, a harmless though disgusting war against Sir Walter Scott, and lately against the whole Scottish nation !—Poor blockheads !

V. We were involved in a quarrel with the London Magazine five years ago. We are extremely reluctant to dwell on this subject for a very obvious reason ; but, in justice to ourselves, we must say, that we were the attacked party—that we scarcely replied—and that before the attack had been made on us, we always had spoken with compliment and civility of the London Magazine. We must add, that Mr John Scott abused us, as a great many inferior Magazines before and since, from a mean desire of getting his own Magazine into notice—that he had employed a fellow whom we had unwittingly, in the ignorance of our provincialism, engaged to write London articles for us, to attack his Magazine in our pages, in order to fasten a quarrel upon us—and that we peremptorily refused to lend ourselves to what we thought was

mere malice. As this fellow (all magazine-people will know who he is, and nobody else would care about hearing his name,) is in the habit of printing private letters, he can contradict us on this point, if he is able. When Mr John Scott found that he could not quarrel with us on his own account, he took up what he thought proper to call the public cause, and poured against us two or three tirades of abuse, which, for virulence, falsehood, and vulgarity, were never surpassed. With a recklessness of blackguardism, he, without knowing anything of our management, attributed articles right and left to anybody whom he thought it would least become to have written them. How well qualified he was to judge from internal evidence, is clear from his attributing the Ayrshire Legatees, with the most brazen assurance, and insolent vituperation, to Sir Walter Scott,—that he could have no assistance from external evidence, is needless to say. Yet he persisted in flinging the most coarse Billingsgate allusions on gentlemen, immeasurably his superiors in every respect, and bawling and brawling with as much fury on a *jeu d'esprit*, as if it were a murder. He did not stumble upon a true assertion in all this random firing. Coleridge, he assured the public, was quite indignant at our Magazine, at the very time that C. was corresponding with us by every post. Our conduct towards Hogg, he said, was infamous, and only submitted to by the Shepherd from fear of offending powerful patrons;—before six months had elapsed, James had published his Life, claiming one of the most objectionable compositions in our Magazine, and avowing his connexion with it from the very beginning—a connexion which we are happy to say, subsists unimpaired to this hour. The author of Peter's Letters was accused of writing some verses that gave offence to the Cockneys, which really were written by a man living 500 miles from Edinburgh. All this was mixed up with the grossest abuse,—ruffian, pick-pocket, poisoner, scoundrel, assassin, were the mildest words in his mouth. The substance of private conversations was pried into—domestic life of the most honourable and pure kind was ransacked for grounds of insult. At last, a gentleman, of the most splendid abilities and noblest nature; who had been blackguarded by name, determined to put an end to the disgusting business—and he found, that the dog who barks will not always bite—that the bully is often the same person with the coward. He treated him accordingly; and the unhappy man, soon feeling the degradation of his own conduct, fastened upon a gentleman, with whom he had no legitimate ground of quarrel, and came to the ground.

There he fell by the hand of an unwilling antagonist, and a ball never directed against him. Calumny and misrepresentation—too gross for belief by far—were yet at work. But the Gentlemen of England saw the affair in its true light, and in admiration of the temper, honour, and bravery of the living, thought with forgiveness of the misguided and infatuated dead.

But let us pass from such subjects, and offer some explanation touching the course which we have for some time pursued in our more serious political articles.

We are attached to the principles of Toryism, not because they were promulgated by this great name, or that; not because they form the creed of one party or another—but because we conscientiously believe them to be truth and wisdom. Our belief rests on what we conceive to be decisive demonstration. These principles, in the last forty years, have been brought to every imaginable test; and if their truth be not matter of perfect and unassailable proof, such proof cannot exist in the world. We can arrive at no other conclusion, when we look at the tremendous dangers through which they carried us in the period we have named—at the evils and misery from which they delivered Europe—and at the height of prosperity, happiness, and greatness to which they have raised this empire;—and moreover, when we remember that the opposite ones—the principles of modern Whiggism—have been tried in other States, and have only produced the most terrible evils. These principles form the basis and bulwark of our system;—upon their preponderance, from the changes that have been made in Whiggism, depends the existence of the British Monarchy.

Upon these principles, the Ministry has long acted, and so long we have been its warm friends. It has, however, on some occasions, in the last two years, wandered far from them to adopt others, which have hitherto been regarded as the essence of Whiggism and the reverse of Toryism. This has been followed by its natural consequences. Our policy has been greatly changed—some of our most important laws and systems have been changed—some of the leading relations and regulations of society have been changed—certain of the habits and feelings of the nation have been changed—and other changes are in preparation, which must affect most seriously almost everything in the country that we have been accustomed to worship.

If we had been the menials, and not the independent friends of

the Ministers—if we had been believers in Toryism merely because it was the creed of Lord Liverpool or Mr Canning—we should perhaps have changed with them. But we were not. We followed them, only because we followed their principles—we supported the creed and not the men. They did not give us our faith, and it was not for them to take it away. We saw them leave us with pain and grief, but we went not after them; we still kept in the path of our fathers.

If the Ministry had only changed its opinions on speculative points, we should not perhaps have opposed, if we could not have supported it. But, alas! to reverse the relations between master and servant—to carry the trade of a nation like this from one system to another—to prejudice the people against monarchy and in favour of republicanism—and to make changes in the laws which materially alter the balance of our interests and bodies, and reach, to injure, every man's purse and breadloaf, are not matters of mere abstract opinion. The changes of the Ministry have had the most sweeping practical operation; they have destroyed some of our most valuable laws and systems; they have altered the circumstances and shape of society; they are hostile to the old and true principles of the country; and they are pregnant with mighty evils. This is our conscientious conviction, and therefore we have opposed them.

Moreover, we cannot shut our eyes to the truth of history; we cannot ascribe to the experiments of the ministry, that prosperity which the kingdom at present enjoys, and which, in the exultation of the moment, all parties so readily ascribe to these experiments; for we can distinctly trace its root and ramifications to the laws and principles of the old system—the system of the fathers and founders of our liberties, our strength and our dominion. Nay, more—Was it not in the fruits of that old system, that the ministry found the means by which they have been enabled to make their speculative changes, and to persuade Parliament to adopt their theoretical improvements? What proof, indeed, have we yet received, that these changes have done England any good? Was it not under the old commercial regulations that the overflowing of the revenue arose, by which the reductions were enabled to be made in those particular taxes that restricted the importation, and of course the consumption of the products of foreign and alien ingenuity? Is it not a problem which the evidence of facts is still required to determine, whether it would not have been bet-

ter to have allowed the restrictions to continue on foreign commodities, and to have confined the reduction of taxation to the burdens which repress the growth of our own existing national and colonial industry?—We are not here touching any doctrine of political economy, much as we are disposed to question some of the axioms of the science. We are only contending, that while the world consists of separate communities and different nations, it is the duty of the respective governments of each to regard exclusively their own interests. Formerly, when boons were granted to foreign countries, to encourage them to trade with England, it was the custom to obtain some equivalent benefit in return; but now, since our policy has become libertine, we are exerting all the means of legislation to bring the products of foreign artizans into competition with those of our own operatives, not in the general market of the world, but in the very shops and huxteries of our remotest towns and villages. England is forgotten in the cheers which the ministry are receiving from alien commercial interests; and the surplus revenue derived from the ancient precautions of the wisdom of experience, is converted, by this new anti-national system, into boons and bounties, which will have the effect of raising competitors in trade and manufactures, by whom the profits of our own capitalists will be reduced to fractions, and the earnings and employment of our own people impoverished and curtailed.

If there had been an efficient Opposition to have examined these changes, we should perhaps have been silent: but there was not. If we could not have opposed them without assisting the Whigs to obtain the reins of government, we certainly should not have written a line against them. We assuredly would have them rather than a Whig Ministry. Such a Ministry, when Whiggism is what it is in persons and principles, would be the greatest curse that could visit the country. The Whigs, however, were even more firmly pledged to the change than the Ministers; and, of course, our opposition was as much directed against the former as the latter. We have not, by this opposition, contaminated ourselves with Whig alliance; we have not disgraced ourselves by warring for Whig benefit; we have fought for the good of our country ONLY, in company with the most honourable and upright of our countrymen.

The Ministry, however, by its change, placed us in a most painful and embarrassing situation. It naturally carried along with it all its own prints, and many of its friends. Its new principles and measures were cried up by the Opposition, and, as it seemed,

by the greater part of the nation. To oppose these we had to oppose men whom we had long, and whom we still, venerated; we had to oppose both the Ministry and the Opposition, a united Parliament, a united Press, and, to a very great extent, public opinion. We had no party in the field to head and support us. Personal profit and honour seemed to lie entirely on the side of change, and there appeared to be much to lose in fidelity and consistency. Nothing but the commands of conscience could have engaged us in such a contest. We had but one course before us as honest men, and this we took, regardless of consequences; we looked neither to the right hand nor the left, but stood forward to defend the principles and laws under which our country had become free, great, and happy, without inquiring the names, description, and numbers of their enemies. We knew the hearts of our countrymen; we thought that our motives could not be suspected; we felt assured that every one would see that we were drawing upon ourselves the displeasure of all who could administer to our personal interest and ambition, and would therefore bear with us if they thought us in error, on the score of our integrity. We have not been mistaken. A regularly and greatly increasing circulation attests that our conduct has lost us no friends, and that we have had credit given us for honesty, if not for wisdom.

It may be that the Ministry is right, and that all these changes are wise and necessary, but we cannot discover it. The more accurately we examine, the more firmly we are convinced of the truth of our own opinions. Time has brought no refutation to us, whatever it may have done to those from whom we differ; in so far as experiment has gone, we may point to it in triumph in confirmation of our principles and predictions. If at the last we be proved to be in error, we shall at least have the consolation of knowing that we have not erred from apostacy; that we have not erred in broaching new doctrines and schemes, and supporting innovation and subversion; that we have not erred in company with the infidel and revolutionist, with the enemies of God and man. We shall have the consolation of knowing that we have erred in following the parents of England's greatness; in defending that under which we have become the first of nations, and in protecting the fairest fabric that ever was raised under the face of heaven to dispense freedom and happiness to our species. Our error will bring us no infamy, and it will sit lightly on our ashes when we shall be no more.

We will persevere in our present path ; we will follow no party one. We revere many of the Ministers, we ever shall revere them, and whenever we can do it conscientiously we will support them. We will, however, oppose them firmly whenever duty may command us. We venture to hope that such of our readers as may not always think with us, will bear with us on the score of that latitude of opinion which is the Englishman's birth-right, and that they will pardon our errors in consideration of our intentions.

If we have good reason to congratulate ourselves on our political career, so can we look back with at least equal pleasure on our achievements in criticism and literature.

Before we appeared, the art of criticism was indeed a truly miserable concern. The critic looked upon the poet as his prey. The two were always at daggers-drawing. The insolence of reviewers had reached its acme, and absolutely stunk in the nostrils of the Public. Yet still there was a power in the rancid breath to taint, if not to wither. Men of genius were insulted by tenth-rate scribblers, without head or heart ; and all conversational criticism was pitched on the same key with that of the wretched reviews. We put an end to this in six months. A warm, enthusiastic, imaginative, and, at the same time, philosophical spirit, breathed through every article. Authors felt that they were understood and appreciated, and readers were delighted to have their own uncorrupted feelings authorized and sanctioned. In another year the whole periodical criticism of Britain underwent a revolution. Principles were laid down and applied to passages from our great living poets. People were encouraged to indulge their emotions, that they might be brought to know their nature. That long icy chill was shook off their fancies and imaginations, and here, too, in Criticism as in Politics, they began to feel, think, and speak, like free men. The authority of the Pragmatic Faction was annihilated, and no Zany-Zoilus in the Blue and Yellow could any longer outcrow the reading Public. A long, prosing leading article in the Edinburgh, abusing Wordsworth, looked ineffably silly beside one splendid panegyrical paragraph in *Maga* on the Great Laker ; the evaporated soda-water of wishy-washy wittings would not go down after the still or sparkling Champagne of old George Buchanan. A deposed Critic-king is a most deplorable subject. His temples are most absurd without their crown, and having lost his sceptre, he is forced to hide his hands in his breeches pocket. So fared it with many an anointed head. Their thunder would no longer sour even small beer. Sneers saluted them as they skulked along, and the merest

versifiers mustered up courage and trod upon their kibes. Periodicals that, a few years ago, with fear of change perplexed monarchs, have since been known to apologize to boarding-school misses. This universal dethronement we accomplished, and there is once more a Republic of Letters.

The world has acknowledged that the appearance of our Magazine was indeed an era in the history of criticism. For some months, indeed, here too we were assailed by the most frantic falsehoods. Dunces whom we had most mercifully knocked on the head, or rather killed in a moment by scientifically putting the well-sharpened point of our pen into their spinal marrow, were buried by their friends with all the pomp of martyrs. Their blood, it was said, would lie heavy on our heads—ay, heavy as their works on our shelves. And the Sanctum, within No. 17, Prince's Street, it was prophesied, would be haunted by their ghosts. The few spectres that ventured thither, O'Doherty tumbled neck and heels into the Balaam-Box, where they were laid as effectually as in the Red Sea. At such enormities as these the public could not but simper, and the names of the slain were soon wiped as effectually from the memories of all mankind, as chalk-writings on the walls of houses by the sponges of the police. "Mention the names of the gentlemen whom you blame us for having murdered," and the answer uniformly was, "Their names, Christopher?—Why, we have forgotten their names." "Hold your tongue, then; for a murder, without the Christian and surname of the defunct, is not worth mentioning before ears polite." But our humanity in all this was most exemplary—for our murders were all metaphorical—and we had merely driven a number of our fellow-creatures from the folly, shame, and exposure of a life of literary prostitution, into the necessity of gaining an honest livelihood in counting-houses, upon wharfs, and in agriculture.

There was another class of writers, (we mention no names,) who had long been prodigiously overrated by themselves and their party. Merit they had, and we allowed it; but not one of them all was a Phoenix or a Phenomenon of any sort, and we took the liberty of speaking of them as if they were mere men, of various sizes, some with wigs and some without wigs, and all comprehended within the Bills of Mortality. This, too, gave offence, as it was meant to do. A man hates to be undeified—to be reduced to the ranks of humanity. These persons were bitter against us, but it would not do. They felt it henceforth to be up-hill work, and accepted their proper level as we laid it down. Nay, by and by, they absolutely grew into contributors, (rejected ones of course,)

and inundated the Blue-Parlour with articles that could have lighted all the cigars in Edinburgh. What has become of most of these distinguished literary characters now, we have sometimes puzzled ourselves in conjecturing; but we would fain hope that they have died in the course of nature of a good old age.

But the living literature of England, thank God, is of a glorious spirit. Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and others, are men to stand undiminished—undwindled, by the side of the giants of the olden time. They too had, one and all of them, been insulted equally by the abuse and by the panegyric of pigmies. Praise was absolutely doled out to these illustrious writers, with the most stately eleemosynary airs, by critics in the last stage of mental famine and starvation. The prating coxcombs did not bend their little insignificant knees before the image which they pretended and presumed to idolize, but they strutted up in self-worship, with an old stump of a pen behind their ears, and laid their small articles of oblation on the shrine—articles that never could be made to take fire, but evaporated in a stink of smoke most offensive to Apollo. Then, like savages, they grew angry with their gods, if their invocations were not heard, and positively abused the very objects of their former idolatry; forgetting, however, that, in their cases, they could not pull down what they had not set up, and that nature guarded the sons and daughters of genius. True it is, that the worst and basest passions alternately tore the hearts of critics in their abject superstitions; and that their works are a perfect chaos of unshaped thought and feeling, presenting a wonderful and melancholy contrast with those ordered creations that had provoked their spleen, their envy, or their admiration. Out of the hands, or rather the paws, of such worthless worshippers, we took the office of Priest to the Muses. We hailed the sunrise of genius with very different strains. We inspired men with that spirit in which alone genius can be known, felt, or seen. We attended the car of its triumphs, to clear the way, and to swell the hymn. Without enthusiasm—without something of the same transport that seizes on the poet's soul—what signify the imperfect sympathies of the critic? The due expression of delight awaked in sincere hearts by the glories of genius must be eloquent. That delight does not speak in short, measured, precise, analytical sentences, nor yet in the long-winded ambulatory parade of paragraphs circuitously approaching, against all nature and all art, to a catastrophical climax. But thoughts that breathe, and words that burn, break from the critic's lips who is worthy of his bard; and his prose panegyric is, in body and in soul—itself a poem.

It is thus we have ever spoken, and ever will speak, of the Mag-nates of Parnassus. Yet should any one—even of them—be led astray, not “by the light from heaven,” but by the coruscations of his own clouded and tempestuous genius, it is well known how we have ever stood affected towards the glorious but dangerous delinquent. Remember how we bearded Byron in his Den—ay, at a time when all the puny whipsters stood aloof trembling, and feared to breathe a whisper, lest the Childe should grasp them in his ire, flog, flay, and anatomize. WE ALONE met him hand to hand, and, in the Open Ring of Europe, challenged the mighty wrestler to try a fall. Much was said of our presumption, and more, as usual, of our personality—that weary watchword of the weak and wicked—and the trembling cowards cried, “Shame, shame, to abuse Byron!” But Byron thought otherwise. He knew that his match was before him; and although Byron feared no man’s face, yet we know he respected our bearing on that occasion.

Nor let it be said that, either on this or any other occasion, the moral Satyrists in this Magazine ever wished to remain unknown. How, indeed, could they wish for what they well knew was impossible? All the world has all along known the names of the gentlemen who have uttered our winged words. Nor did it ever, for one single moment, enter into the head of any one of them to wish—not to scorn concealment. To gentlemen, too, they at all times acted like gentlemen; but was it ever dreamt by the wildest visionary that they were to consider as such the scum of the earth? “If I but knew who was my slanderer,” was at one time the ludicrous skraigh of the convicted Cockney. Why did he not ask? and what would he have got by asking? Shame and confusion of face—unanswerable argument and cruel chastisement. For before one word would have been deigned to the sinner, he must have eaten—and the bitter roll is yet ready for him—all the lies he had told for the last twenty years, and must either have choked or been kicked—no pleasing alternative. But why thus bastinado the Specimens—they are but stuffed skins.

But there is yet another class of writers, of our conduct respecting whom, permit us to say a very few words. We mean youthful aspirants after literary fame. Let them show either taste, or feeling, or genius—much or little—and have they not all found us their friends? They are overlooked by the world—What is that to us? If they have any lustre, they are soon discerned by us, be they glow-worms or stars, and their place pointed out in heaven or on earth. Perhaps they are so very unfashionable, that their volumes never get farther than the servants’ hall. What is that to us, if the vo-

lumes have any merit? Show us either promise or performance, and without any appearance of patronage, which is the mere triumph of pride over humility, we address the writer in terms of friendly encouragement and inspiring commendation. We have the pure satisfaction of knowing that we have been of substantial service to several persons of merit in this way: and without wishing to misrepresent the character of any one of our Contemporaries, we simply ask, which of them have treated unobtrusive and modest merit with half the kindness of that bloody-minded hobgoblin—Blackwood's Magazine?

With some two or three writers of more than ordinary genius, or talent, or taste, we alone have dealt either with common sense or common feeling. We may mention three—Keats, Shelley, Procter. Keats possessed from nature some "fine powers," and that was the very expression we used in the first critique that ever mentioned his name. We saw, however, with mixed feelings of pity, sorrow, indignation, and contempt, that he was on the road to ruin. He was a Cockney, and Cockneys claimed him for their own. Never was there a young man so encrusted with conceit. He added new treasures to his mother-tongue,—and what is worse, he outhunted Hunt in a species of emasculated pruriency, that, although invented in Little Britain, looks as if it were the product of some imaginative Eunuch's muse within the melancholy inspiration of the Haram. Besides, we know that the godless gang were flattering him into bad citizenship, and wheedling him out of his Christian faith. In truth, they themselves broke the boy's heart, and blasted all his prospects. We tried to save him by wholesome and severe discipline—they drove him to poverty, expatriation, and death. Then they howled out murder against, first the Quarterly Review, and then this Magazine. Heartless slaves! Did not John Hunt himself, even Prince John, publish, for the sake of filthy lucre, Byron's cutting sarcasms on poor Keats, after he was in his grave? Nay, did he not publish Byron's outrageous merriment on this very charge of murder?—an instance of heartless effrontery unparalleled since the Age of Bronze?

We remember—we believe it was in John Scott's abuse of us—having it particularly bandied against us as a heinous crime that we had ventured to hint that Keats was an apothecary, and been jocose on his pestle and mortar. A sad offence! These people must be quite new in the world of wit. We thought all these common-places of quizzing were perfectly understood, and of course harmless. From long prescription in this style of writing, a lawyer is a rogue—a physician kills his patients—a parson has

a round paunch—an alderman guttles and guzzles—an attorney is an arrant knave—and so on. What man of the least sense in these eminent professions, takes offence at these threadbare jests? Some of our jesters, it appears, could not resist the revival of the union of poetry and pharmacy in John Keats, as they had existed in Apollo, and made sorry jokes thereupon. But for the spirit of exaggeration which has attended everything connected with our Magazine, this never would have been considered as an offence. It was set down as a most grievous one by the same party who were calling Dr Phillpotts (one of the most accomplished men in England) a foul-mouthed parson, and cracking jokes on Wordsworth for being a stamp-master—Wordsworth, who, independently of his unequalled genius, is by birth, education, character, and independence, precisely the man best fitted to hold in any country an office of trust and responsibility, and of such moderate emolument as suits and satisfies the wishes of a Poet and Philosopher.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was a man of far superior powers to Keats. He had many of the faculties of a great poet. He was, however, we verily believe it now, scarcely in his right mind. His errors in private life had been great, but not *prodigious*, as the Quarterly Review represented them; and they brought evils along with them which Shelley bore with fortitude and patience. He had many noble qualities; and thus gifted, thus erring, and thus an outcast, we spoke of him with kindness and with praise. He felt, and gratefully acknowledged both; and was proud to know, that some of the articles in our work on his poetry, were written by a poet whose genius he admired and imitated. How did the Cockneys swallow our praises of Shelley?—As wormwood. For envy and jealousy are the corroding and cancerous passions which are for ever gnawing at a Cockney's heart.

Procter we once loved to praise, and our praises did much for him, as he must know, now that his popularity has departed from him. Most cordially will we praise him again, whenever he shall produce a poem worthy of himself—of his taste and his genius. But Mr Procter forgot altogether the measure of his powers—wrote on in opposition to the advice of his wisest friends—and sunk every additional poem deeper and deeper into the mire of mannerism—selected classical subjects of which he knew nothing, and less than nothing, committing flagrant falsehoods in sincerest truth—till, ere his shoes were old, he dozed the public *usque ad nauseam*—got set down for a bore—was teased, tolerated, defended, damned, and forgotten.

So much for our critical character ; and we have merely furnished a few slight hints for the world at large to ruminate upon. But that is but part, and a very small part too, of our general character. Were we to enlarge upon that, we should have to write till next Christmas. Are there any of our readers old enough to recollect or to have forgotten the Chaldee Number ? We then laid before mankind a list of intended articles. They stared, quaked, gabbled, or were dumb. “ All Fudge ! ” exclaimed many wiseacres, with brains of their own as the barren summit of Benevis. “ Why do you tell ? ” said other nincompoops ; “ other editors will forestall you.” What say ye now, ye miserables ? Essays on all imaginable subjects under the sun—letters to, from, for, and against almost every party, profession, and individual in the British Empire—sketches of character, so multiform and multitudinous, as to give an extended idea of the inexhaustible varieties of human nature—inquiries into a thousand subjects, the very existence of which had never been previously suspected—advices to people under every possible coincidence of circumstances—memoirs of men in the moon—disquisitions on the drama, epic, lyrical, didactic, and even pastoral poetry, here, there, and everywhere, on continent and isle, all over the face of the habitable globe—songs, epigrams, satires, elegies, epithalamia, epicedia—and God knows what:—out they all came, helter-skelter, head-over-heels, and leap-frog, to the endless amazement of the wide-mouthed world. For upwards of eight years has this inexplicable system prevailed ; and with the true “ *vires-acquirit-eundo* ” spirit, the Magazine is now more pregnant and productive than ever,—boiling over like a Geyser, scalding all natural philosophers that approach without wisdom or warning ; but diffusing a flowery warmth over every region, it overflows and astonishes the natives with unexpected and almost untoiled-for harvests.

True it is, and most happy are we to be able to say it, that other periodicals are spouting away very respectably, in imitation of *Maga*. Long may they spout. But who taught the art of well-digging ? who *fanged* the wells when dug ? Christopher North. And however unwilling we are at all times to allude, even distantly, to our own name, we are much mistaken if posterity—nay, not posterity—but our grateful coevals or contemporaries, will not place our names in juxtaposition with those of Smeaton, Arkwright, and Watt.

As for our literary articles, knowing by whom they are written, and by what men they are valued, we leave them freely to be criti-

cised by any petty *litterateur* that pleases. In our politics, we have been Tory through thick and thin, through good report and evil report; or, as Mr Montgomery well expressed it, come wind, come sun; come fire, come flood. Honouring and venerating the churches established under divine Providence in these islands, we have to the utmost of our power supported their interests—not from any idle or obstinate bigotry, but because we conscientiously look upon them as the main stays of the constitution of England, as the bulwarks of the Protestant faith, as tending in the highest degree to promote Christianity, *i. e.* virtue and happiness. Finally, believing that a kingly government, checked and balanced by a proud aristocracy, and a due admixture of a popular representation, is the only one fit for these kingdoms, (we meddle not with what may be fit under other circumstances in other lands or ages,) we have always inculcated the maxim of honouring the King, and all put in authority under him, with the honours they deserve. *Their* enemies, Whig, Jacobin, Radical, Deist, Demagogue, or whatever other title they take, are *our* enemies, and with them we have no truce. Caring little for the newfangled and weathercock doctrines every day broached around us, and knowing, by long experience, that we have thriven under the old notions, we hold to them with a tenacity, which to some may appear obstinate, but which, as yet, we have seen no reason to repent. Intimately convinced that this country is a great instrument in the hands of God, we hope that it will not be turned to evil, and to the utmost of our ability shall resist all machinations for that purpose. And loving that country with a more than filial love, attached to all its interests, rejoicing in its prosperity, grieved to the soul in its adversity, delighted to see it victorious in war, still more delighted to see it tranquil at home, and honoured abroad during peace, we shall never cease to advocate the cause of those whose exertions we firmly believe have promoted, and will promote, its happiness or its glory. Of the effect of our work in diffusing a healthy and manly tone throughout the empire, and of creating a proper spirit of courage and patriotism, it would be vanity to speak. It has had its effect, and we are satisfied.

Hark! exquisite music! Our street-bands are indeed wondrously executive.—“Wha wadna be in love with bonny Maggy Lauder?”—Come, Tickler—a jig, a jig!—Gentle reader, farewell, and pardon us for having thus bestowed our tediousness upon you. Not one half of our good works are yet touched upon, but true merit is ever modest,

SO WE WISH THE UNIVERSE A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

POSTSCRIPT.

A few words to correspondents. We began our work without ever dreaming of correspondents, being in ourselves an host. Matter enough we have ever had—far more than enough ; and by means of such machinery as we possess, we can, in one day, work up the raw material into the most firm and beautiful texture for immediate sale—all articles warranted. But month after month, correspondents, unasked, have joined our banners. Country gentlemen of fortune, and no profession—town gentlemen of profession, and no fortune—doctors of Æsculapian skill—clergymen of the old Jeremy Taylor breed—barristers, who one day or other will be Copleys—naval and military officers, emulous of Nelson and O'Doherty—men before the mast and among the light-bobs—travelling Fellows of Colleges—merchants worth a plum—clerks with salaries of L.75 per annum—maiden ladies of true motherly affections—misses in their teens—and wonderful old women, who have cut young teeth at fourscore and ten—A merry New-year to you all ! You know us too well now to be in any feverish anxiety about the insertion of your articles. An Editor must be something of a despot, although by nature the mildest of men. But he never forgets one single soul of you—and every now and then, an Article, supposed to be lost for ever, appears suddenly with all the effulgence of a comet. Talent, wit, learning, never can knock in vain at the door of our Sanctum ; nor is there one instance on record of either having left its interior in disappointment. Delightful has it been to us to see genius coming forth in power from the most unexpected quarters, to the support of principles for ever exposed to danger, but we now believe imperishable. In another year or so, perhaps we shall publish a List of Contributors, such as never appeared to any Joint-Stock Company. The world knows the inexhaustible richness of—THE MINE.

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VOL. XIX.

LETTER FROM MAJOR SPENCER MOGGRIDGE.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

MY DEAR NORTH,

IN the proposal you have of late so earnestly and frequently urged on me, that I should shape and parcel out my military recollections into articles for your Magazine, I really am at a loss to recognize either that felicity of tact, or soundness of judgment, by which you are usually distinguished. I remember in 1816, when our acquaintance first commenced, (it was at Gibraltar, on your return from the Levant,) that certain moving narrations of the accidents I had encountered by flood and field, did occasionally contribute, along with the Malaga and cigars, to relieve the monotony of the evenings in my barrack-room, when you condescended to become its guest. You were then obligingly tolerant of the pooriness of your cheer, both mental and physical, at least politely quiescent when I assumed the dreaded, though acknowledged privilege of an old soldier, and

“Fought all my battles o’er again,
And thrice I slew the slain.”

You did more than this. You strongly recommended me to compend a regular and consecutive narrative of the more striking portions of my military career, from the confused chaos of ma-

terials I had laid before you, and assured me of your conviction, that the strong interest they had excited in you would not be unparticipated by the public.

My own indolence, and other causes not now necessary to notice, prevented my then following your advice. I did *not* write a book, though the time was certainly favourable for such an undertaking. The excitement produced by the war, and its glorious termination, had not yet passed away; Waterloo still rung in every ear; the allies were yet in Paris; Napoleon was scarcely chained to his rock; the voice of the reading public was for *war*—war not merely in the pride, pomp, and circumstance with which it is invested by the historian, but in those humbler aspects, and more minute details, which those alone who were themselves actors in the scene can supply. In these circumstances, the booksellers set at work their potent spells to evoke *military* spirits from the vasty deep. And who answered to the call? Why, James Simpson, and a few other tourists of equal calibre and capacity for the task. The *Farce of Simpson & Co.*, however, was played with success, and had a run. And such was then the indiscriminate

voracity of the public, that works of this contemptible description were not only generally read, but, what is more important, generally sold, and, in the absence of all military writers of competent power and knowledge, succeeded to an extensive though short-lived popularity. But those times have passed away. This blind and inordinate craving of the public appetite has been followed, as might have been expected, by a surfeit. Simpson's Commentaries "De Bello Gallico" have been subjected to the *Cæsarian* operation, and gutted for the trunk-makers. Works of a higher and better character have already been supplied. Lord Burghersh has published his Campaigns; the author of "Recollections of the Peninsula,"* clad in his bright and glittering panoply, has started into the field; and your own "Subaltern," approaching his task with the grace and brightness of a scholar and a gentleman, has exceedingly

"Graced his cause

In speaking of himself——"

What is it then you require of me? I appeal to your cooler judgment, if it would be wise and prudent in me to follow in the wake of writers like these, to try a passage at arms with champions who have already shown such skill and address in the management of their weapons. It really does appear to me quite hopeless to expect that scenes which have already been delineated by the hand of a master should acquire any new interest from a few additional sketches from a dauber like myself.

But, in truth, my good North, however well they may be executed, the taste for such subjects is now considerably on the wane. No writer at this time of day can expect in his readers a sensitive participation in the perils of an out-picket, nor induce them, by any eloquence, to cherish fervent aspirations for the escape of a foraging party. They will regard with

apathy the most moving narrative of the exploits of all regimental officers; and have even not the smallest wish for a nearer view of the *vie privée* of a brigade major. In vain may Captain Poker endeavour to stir up the blaze of sympathy for neglected merit; Major Tongs, were his exploits told by tongues far more eloquent than his own, would excite no admiration; and to bestow a tear on the ashes of Lieutenant Fireshovel will still, I fear, be beneath the great. (This pun deserves a kick. It trickled involuntarily from my pen; but

"Even in our ashes live our wonted fires," and I fear I shall die a punster.) The public are unreasonable, and I will not consent to bear in mind that a cornet is in posse chrysalis of a Field-Marshal. They are indifferent about the progress of a career which ends in a veteran battalion, or, like my own, in a half-pay majority. They will not brood over an ensign in the egg, nor follow him with breathless eagerness through all the perils of his chickenhood, even should he end in the well-fledged Governor of a Sugar island, or a member of the Clothing board. All this, I say, the public will not do, and I think you would do well to direct your efforts and attention to the supply of more marketable commodities than any you can expect from me. What I have already said, however, is matter for *your* consideration, not for *mine*. If you choose to fob your readers off with dull refacciamentos, and your readers prosper on such spare diet, I really do not see why I should give myself any concern about the matter. By failing in the attempt, I, at least, lose nothing. I have no literary character to be jeopardized in the trial; I am a man who trades without capital, whom no reverse of fortune can make worse than he was originally—a beggar. But even this chance I shall avoid. By you only can I be known as a being of thewes and sinews, a real

* We believe we have never noticed this writer before. Bating an affectation of style, which pervades the whole of his works, we have no fault to find with his Recollections and Travels. They betray considerable graphic power, and are stamped throughout with the impress of an elegant and amiable mind. But a work more thoroughly absurd and worthless than "The Story of a Life," we never met, except from the press of Leadenhall Street. There is throughout a constant effort and straining after effect; a turgid verbosity, which is to us very tiresome and disgusting. There is, however, something pleasant in watching the strenuous efforts of a clever man to knock down his own reputation, and endeavouring, even unsuccessfully, to get himself written down an ass.

and material man. To the world at large I shall be an airy nothing, with a name, perhaps, but certainly without local habitation; in short,

“ — an invisible thing,

A voice, a mystery.”

But while I confess this, and throw the perils of the task on the shoulders most proper to bear them, I would not have you remain ignorant of, or undervalue the pain and sacrifice which a compliance with your wishes will require. You know, I am a man whose hopes have been blighted, and whose heart has been seared by disappointment. I cannot unclasp the volume of my life without pain, and feeling what a fearful world of memory is hidden in the past. Recollection cannot but awaken thoughts “ that lie too deep for tears,” passions which, though long buried by the ploughshare of time, are yet ever ready to spring up dragon’s teeth, again to tear and agitate the soul. Think you it is possible for any man to ponder on the fears, the crimes, the follies, hopes, passions, and delights which have stirred his mortal frame,—to recal the dreams of young ambition, and compare the being he *might have been* with the thing *he is*,—to think on his vanished hopes, the early love on which fortune frowned, the friendships passed away,—and yet feel no burning of the brain, no shuddering and shrinking of the heart? Surely he who can whistle down the wind this painful weakness of his nature, and gaze calmly on the broken links of the manifold chain with which humanity is bound to earth, is an anomaly, not a man; a being whom we may envy, but with whom we can have no fellowship.

Such penalty, my dear North, I feel to be attached to a retrospect of my life, especially that most active and spirit-stirring part of it connected with all the promise of my youth, and the not less transient aspirations of my maturer years. But even this is not all. If, along with the events of his past life, any man be led to take (what is necessarily connected with them) a calm survey of his own character and motives, he must bid adieu for ever to all sentiments of *self-respect*. None, I am sure, can recal and examine his thoughts and feelings, the motives even of his most approved actions, without a vivid and humiliating emotion of contempt, both for his nature

and himself. His conduct may have been without stain, but how often has he been a villain in his heart? How often has he dallied with dishonour, and treasured in his inmost soul the base suggestions of profitable infamy? Could we, by intuition, learn the thoughts of even the best and purest of men, and read the secret promptings of his spirit, in what light would he appear to us! How many bright and pleasing delusions would vanish from our eyes! At the tribunal of his own heart, Mr Wilberforce might plead guilty to some visionary rape and battery; old Coutts to having robbed the mail, or some speculative forgery of bank-bills; and Mrs Hannah More herself—chaste as unsunned snow—might be convicted of loose and immoral dalliance with some brawny cornet of the Life Guards. This scrutiny of secret motives, and contemplation of unborn delinquencies, would do more than Luther ever did for the Reformation of Catholicism; the calendar would soon become tolerably clear; not a few interlopers of doubtful virtue would be found to have increased the muster-roll of the thirty thousand virgins; the holy army of martyrs might at least be reduced to a brigade; and the legion of saints be contracted within the narrow limits of a baker’s dozen. But I begin to wander.

Entertaining as I do such general views of human nature, it would be inconsistent to object to their broadest application to myself. I have never been accused of a dishonourable action; I have done wrong to no man to whom I was not always ready to afford fitting satisfaction. I have borne a share in seven battles, have headed a forlorn hope, and fought a duel, at six paces, with notoriously the best pistol-shot in the army, (which cost me three jaw-teeth, and a third of my best whisker,) and on these occasions there was detected no hurried tremor of the voice, no quailing of the eye, nor quiver of the lip; my step was firm and regular, my arm steady; and yet I do not hesitate to own I am, in my own eyes, neither a man of pure principle, nor of high courage. Calm as in these trying circumstances I may have seemed, fear sat like a night-mare on my soul, my heart trembled like a woman’s, and, amid the agonies of the

mental conflict, I knew myself to be brave, only because I wanted courage to be a coward. No man fears death more than I do, or would shrink more sensitively from its appalling gripe. But in me the certainty of shame—of being cut off from my fellow-men, a mark for the finger of scorn to point at—outweighed in terror the probability of death. Surely to choose the *least* of two evils, one of which is inevitable, is no proof of courage; more than this I have never done.

You will say this verges on paradox, but I cannot think so. The legitimate conclusion to be drawn from it is, not that he is the brave man who runs away, and the coward who fights, because *both* equally follow the stronger impulse. The brave man does not fear death *less* than the coward, but he fears disgrace *more*.

I have been more prolix about these matters than they require, but I wished you not to think that the task you impose upon me, of favouring the public with an account of my “*memorabilia*,” was attended with neither pain nor sacrifice on my part, and also that you should understand the spirit of perfect openness and sincerity which I shall bring to the execution of it. I shall at least not attempt to pass myself for better than I am, and if I trade in base metal, no man shall say that I palmed it on him for gold. Of autobiography, (commonly so called,) God knows we have enough, and more than enough. Repetition has staled its infinite varieties, and from Cumberland and Colley Cibber, both upwards and downwards, we have been palled with all the incense and adulation which vanity is ever seeking opportunity to offer at the shrine of self-love. Vanity, in various modifications indeed, but still vanity, is and must be the ruling principle of this kind of work. Some men delight to show themselves in a full-dress holiday suit, and cooped up in stays and a stiff cravat, others dress themselves like opera dancers, in flesh-coloured silk, which they wish to pass off upon us for their skin. Easily, however, as such deceptions are detected, they are probably all that, in this kind of writing, we have any reason to expect.

No man will reveal of himself that which he knows must render him an object of disgust or aversion to his fellow-men. When he approaches the

task, even in good faith, he will involuntarily cast his defects into the shade, or endeavour to screen them from our view. Depend on it, when “*pimpled Hazlitt*” draws his own portrait, he manages that the chief light does not fall on his “*starry front*,” or the huge carbuncle on his nose, and you will see nothing on canvass of the obtrusive buck-tooth by which his visage is disfigured. So it is with us all. Our weakness will not let us exhibit ourselves as God made us, our vanity is ever at work to conceal our mental blotches and eruptions, to erase the impression of the seal which nature set on us, and soften down into dull smoothness and monotony, those marks and prominences on which our very idiosyncrasy depends.

But what a man has not courage to say openly of himself, he may say in the person of another, his words may be uttered by other lips, and his sentiments transferred to another bosom; and the belief that this was done by Lord Byron in his assumed character of Childe Harold, was the circumstance that contributed more than any other to the vivid and overweening interest with which that vigorous creation has been regarded by the world. Even in the trifling *Sketches* which I am about to attempt, therefore, I cannot but consider the “*nominis umbra*” under which I abide, a great and indispensable advantage. It is a mask which will not hide the changes of the countenance, a robe which will not cover the working of the muscles, or the pulsation of the heart.

It is unnecessary that I should say more. If, after a calm and deliberate consideration, you still persist in thinking your work can derive advantage from any communications of mine, I will not refuse to grant the act of friendship you have so earnestly demanded. I only fear you will accuse me of inordinate vanity in saying so much where so little was required, and furnishing a commentary so voluminous and disproportioned to the value of the text. This is, at best, to adopt the exaggeration of the Eastern Costermonger, who proclaims to the world, in the name of the prophet—“*Figs.*” Ever yours, &c.

SPENCER MOGGGRIDGE.

THE COUNTRY CURATE.

CHAP. I.

The Poacher.

IN a distant part of the parish, in one of its wildest and most uncultivated regions, stands a solitary cottage, which, not more from the absolute dreariness of its location, than from the melancholy aspect of its architecture, can hardly fail to attract the notice of any wanderer who may chance to pass that way. It stands all alone upon a desolate moor. There are not even the varieties occasioned by hill and dale, to give to the thing the least of a romantic appearance; but, as far as the eye can reach, all is one flat, dreary common, so perfectly bare of pasture that the very sheep seem to shun it, whilst one or two old withered firs give evidence that man has, at some period or another, endeavoured to turn it to use, but has abandoned the attempt, because he found it fruitless.

Almost in the centre of this moor stands the cottage above alluded to. Its walls, constructed partly of brick, partly of deals, give free passage to every blast, let it blow from what quarter it may; and its roof, originally tiled, is now covered over, where it is covered at all, in some parts by patches of miserable thatch, in others by boards nailed on, by an unskilful hand, to the rafters. The cottage is two stories high, and presents five windows, besides a door on each side of it. The windows, as may be guessed, retain but few fragments of glass within the frames, the deficiency being supplied by old hats, rags, jackets, and rabbit-skins: whilst of the doors, the front or main one hangs by a single hinge, and that behind is fastened to the sinister lintel by no fewer than five latches made of leather.

Of the grounds by which it is begirt, a few words will suffice to convey an adequate idea. In setting out from the Vicarage, he who wishes to reach that cottage had better make, in the first place, for the high-road. Having traversed that for a while, he will observe a narrow foot-path on the left hand, which, after descending to the bottom of a glen, and rising again to the summit of a green hill, will

bring him within view of the desolate tract already noticed, and will conduct him safely, for in truth there is no pass besides itself across the wild, to the hovel in question. There it ends. It stretches nowhere beyond; indeed, it has evidently been formed by the tread of the tenants of that lonely habitation, as they have gone to or returned from church and market; the scantiness of the soil has doubtless given a facility to its formation; for, in truth, were any human being to walk twenty times backwards and forwards over any given spot in the moor, he would leave a trace of his journey behind him, which whole summers and winters would hardly suffice to obliterate.

Whilst the front door of the cottage opens at once upon the heath, a couple of roods of garden-ground, surrounded by a broken gorse-hedge in the rear, give proof of the industry or idleness of its tenants. Through the middle of this plot runs a straight walk, ending at a stile, or immovable gate, erected in the lower fence. The articles produced are such only, on each side of that walk, as require little or no soil to bring them to perfection. A bed of potatoes, some rows of cabbages and savoys, two apple-trees, a damson and a boolus, half a dozen gooseberry-bushes, with twice as many of red-currant, constitute the sum total of the crop ever reared upon it. To make such a soil produce even these, must, I apprehend, have required some labour; and I will do its inhabitants the justice to observe, that, overgrown as it is now with nettles and rank weeds, there was a time when labour was not spared upon it.

In this miserable hovel dwelt, for many years previous to my arrival in the parish, old Simon Lee, the most skilful and the most determined poacher in all the county; he was now the father of five children, the eldest of whom when I first became acquainted with him, had attained his twenty-third year, whilst the youngest was just beginning to

run alone, being as yet afraid to trust itself beyond arms-length from the chairs or tables, or any other substance of which it could lay hold. Simon himself was turned sixty. He was a short man, measuring not more than five feet five inches from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head. His make was spare, but bony and muscular; his face, seamed as it was by exposure to weather, had, on the whole, a good expression; and there was a great deal more of intelligence in his keen black eye than you will often observe in the eye of an English peasant. Simon's ordinary dress, when he went abroad, was a short brown gaberdine, which reached barely to his knees, a pair of fustian trowsers, hobnailed shoes, and thick worsted stockings. His hat was made of straw, and manufactured by his own hands; and you never failed to observe a piece of black tape or ribbon bound round it, just above the brim. Simon was, or rather would have been, but for his determined predilection in favour of the primitive employment of the chase, one of the best and most trust-worthy labourers in the parish. Set him to what you would, he never failed to do you justice. I have had him, again and again, to dig in my garden, and have compared his diligence with that of other men who bore a fairer character, and I must do Simon the justice to say, that he has invariably worked harder for his day's pay than any individual among them. In the matter of honesty, again, you might trust him with untold gold. Much as he was disliked, and I know no character in a country place more universally disliked than a poacher, not a human being laid a theft or a robbery to his charge; indeed, he was so well thought of in that respect, that it was no uncommon circumstance for the persons who blamed him most severely, to hire him, when occasion required, to watch their orchards or hop-poles: For Simon was well known to fear neither man nor devil. He really and truly was one of the few persons, among the lower orders, whom chance has thrown in my way, whose propensity for poaching I should be disposed to pronounce innate, or a thing of principle.

As a proof of this, I need only men-

tion that Simon and I have discussed the subject repeatedly, and that he has argued in favour of his occupation as stoutly and openly as if there had been no law in existence against it. "Why, you know, it is illegal," I would say; "and you must likewise know that it is little better than stealing. What right have you to take the hares or partridges which belong to another man?" "Lord bless you, sir," was Simon's invariable reply, "if you will only tell me to whom they belong, I promise you never to kill another while I live." "They belong," said I, "to those upon whose lands they feed. Would you consider it right to take one of Sir Harry Oxendeer's sheep or turkeys; why then will you take his hares or his pheasants?" "As to the matter of that," replied Simon, "there is a mighty difference between sheep and hares. Sheep are bought for money, they remain always upon one spot, they bear the owner's mark, they are articles of barter and sale," (I profess not to give my friend's exact words, only the substance of his argument,) "and they have always been such. But the hare which is found on Sir Harry's grounds to-day, may be found on Squire Deeds's to-morrow, and mayhap Sir Edward Knatchbull's the day after; now, to which of these three gentlemen can the hare be said to belong? No, sir. God made the wild beasts of the field and the fowls of the air for the poor man as well as for the rich. I will never so far forget myself as to plunder any man's hen-roost, or take away his cattle; but as long as these old arms can wield a gun, and these old hands can set a snare, I will never be without a hare or a pheasant, if I happen to want it." There was no arguing against a man who would talk thus; so after combating the point with him for a time, I finally gave it up.

The worst of it was, however, that Simon not only poached himself, but he brought up his son to the same occupation. The Lees were notorious throughout the country. Not a game-keeper round but knew them; nor was there one who did not, in some degree, stand in awe of them. It was suspected, too, that they had good friends somewhere behind the curtain; for though the patriarch had been con-

victed several times, he always managed to pay the fine, and, except once, had never suffered imprisonment.

I deem it no part of a country clergyman's duty to quarrel with one of his parishioners because he happens to set the game-laws at defiance. Perhaps of all the laws that exist they are in themselves the least defensible, and they lead to consequences often more serious than their warmest advocate would willingly anticipate. But with the justice or injustice, the policy or impolicy of these laws, I have no concern; there they are upon the statute-book, and, like all other laws, they ought to be observed. Still I repeat, that a clergyman has no business to quarrel with a poor man who transgresses in this point, and in none besides. For my own share, though I never told Simon as much, I could not but feel a kind of respect for him, such as I never felt for any other of the fraternity, because he not only deemed it unnecessary to deny his poaching, but defended it. I love to see men act upon principle, even when the rectitude of the proceedings may be questionable.

I have said that Simon Lee was no favourite among his neighbours, and the only cause which I have as yet assigned for the fact is, that he was a poacher. Doubtless this had its weight. But the love of poaching was, unfortunately for himself, not the only disagreeable humour with which he was afflicted. There exists not within the compass of the four seas a prouder spirit than that which animated the form of Simon Lee. He never would accept a favour from any man; he would not crouch or bend to the highest lord in the land. Yet Simon was no jacobin; quite the reverse. This was the genuine stubbornness, the hardy independence, which was wont to render an English peasant more truly noble than the titled slave of France or Germany, but which, unfortunately, has of late years yielded to the fashionable agricultural system, and to the ruinous and demoralizing operations of the poor laws. Simon was the son of a man who had inherited a farm of some thirty or forty acres, from a long line of ancestors; who loved his landlord, as the clansmen of the Highlands were wont to love their chief, and who prided himself in bringing up his children so as

that they should earn their bread in an honest way, and be beholden to no human being. Simon being the eldest of the family, succeeded, on the death of his father, to the farm. But he had hardly taken possession when the rage for large farms began to show itself; and in a few years after, he was sent adrift, in order that his fields might be added to those of a wealthy tenant, who undertook to cultivate them better, and pay some two shillings per acre more to the landlord. Whether the new tenant kept his promise in the first of these stipulations may be doubted. In the last he was very punctual, and in a short time he rode as good a horse, and kept as good a table, as his landlord himself.

It was a severe wound to Simon's proud heart, his expulsion from his paternal roof. "In that house, sir," said he to me one day when we talked of the circumstance, "in that house I drew my first breath, and I hoped to draw my last. For two hundred and fifty years have the Lees inhabited it; and I will venture to say, that his honour has not upon all his lands a family who pay their rent more punctually than we did, or one more ready to serve him, either by day or night. Well, well, the landlord cares nothing for the tenant now, nor the tenant for the landlord; it was not so when I was a boy."

I have been told by those who remember his dismissal, that Simon seemed for a time, after leaving his little farm, like one who had lost everything that was dear to him. To hire another was impossible, for small farms were not to be had, and had the contrary been the case, it was more than questioned whether he could have brought himself to bestow the labour of a good tenant upon any besides the fields which he persisted in calling his own. Under these circumstances he took the cottage on the moor, as much, it was said, because it stood far from neighbours, as on any other account, and there he remained in a state of perfect idleness, till his little stock of money was expended, and he felt that he must either work or starve.

Simon had married before the inheritance came to him; his eldest boy was able to run about when he left it. His fifth was weaned, when at length the proceeds of the sale being exhausted, and all the little capital swallowed

up, he found himself under the necessity of looking out for a master. I have always been at a loss to conceive why he should have applied to the very man who displaced him, in preference to any of the other parishioners, but so it was. He requested, and obtained permission to cultivate as a hind, at daily wages, those very fallows which he and his ancestors had so long tilled for their own profit; and from every account, no man could be more faithfully served than his employer, nor any lands more skilfully managed than those which he ploughed. Was this the affection of a rude mind to inanimate objects, or what was it?

Time passed, and Simon's family increased upon him, year after year. Still he laboured on; and though his wages were not, perhaps, competent to support a wife and eight children in comfort, (for there were originally eight of them,) still they made their wants square with their means, and so kept above the world. But there is no struggling against sickness. It pleased God to visit him with a malignant fever, of which every individual, from the father and mother, down to the infant at the breast, partook, and from which three out of the number never recovered. Alas! the rich man knows not what the poor man suffers, when disease takes up its abode in his dwelling. It is bad enough if his children be attacked; bad, very bad, because even then there is the doctor's bill to pay, and the little comforts to procure which the doctor may recommend as necessary to their recovery; but when he himself falls a victim to the infection, when the arm upon which all depend is unnerved by sickness, and the limbs which ought to provide food for half-a-dozen hungry mouths, are chained down to a wretched pallet—God forgive the rich man who knows of this, and leaves a family so situated to its fate! Such, however, was the case with Simon Lee and his household. For a full fortnight he was himself confined to bed. His wife caught the infection from him, and communicated it to the children. The little money which they had in the house was soon exhausted; they lived for a while on the produce of their garden; but at length nature rebelled, and Simon, after many a struggle, had recourse to the parish. I shall give the particu-

lars of this application as they were communicated to me by one of the committee.

"We were sitting," said my informant, "as usual, of a Thursday evening, in the room allotted to us in the work-house. We had had a good many applications, for the typhus was prevalent at the time, and we had relieved several, when, on ringing the bell to see whether any more were waiting, to the astonishment of all present, in walked Simon Lee. At first we hardly knew him, he was so wasted and so altered. But he looked at us with the same keen glance with which he used to regard us when he was one of our number, and stood leaning upon his stick in silence. Our overseer at that time was Farmer Scratch, a man, as you know him, not remarkable for his kindness of heart, or liberality of disposition. "What want you, Simon?" said he, "surely you cannot be in need of relief?" "I am in need, though," said Simon; "I would not have come here, were not my family starving." "We have no relief to give you," answered the overseer; "you ought to have taken better care of your money when you had it. I wonder you are not ashamed to come here like a common pauper; you that used to grant relief, and not to ask it." Simon's blood rushed to his cheeks as the overseer spoke. He raised himself erect upon his staff, and looking proudly at us, he turned upon his heel and walked away. 'This is the first time I have asked alms,' cried he, as he opened the door, 'and it shall be the last.' Simon has had sickness in his family repeatedly since that time. I have known him be a full fortnight without work, yet he has never come to the parish since."

I was a good deal struck and affected by this story, so I took the first opportunity that offered of discussing the subject of it with Simon himself. "It is all quite true, sir," said he. "The overseer was harsh, and I was proud, so we parted." "And how have you done since?" asked I. "Why, bad enough sometimes," was the reply; "but poor folks, you know, sir, cannot be nice. And I will tell you. It never entered into my head till I was on my way home from the committee, that to be in want of food, whilst the hares were eating my cabbages every night, and the partridges

feeding not a rod from my door, was no very wise act. I poached, as you call it, to feed my children. I have never killed game for any other purpose; and whilst there is a head of it left, and I am able to catch it, they shall not be beholden to the parish for a meal."

I cannot help thinking that the history of Simon Lee, as far as it has yet been detailed, contains a lesson well worth the attention both of country gentlemen and farmers. Whilst the old system of land-letting continued, and every twenty or forty acres of ground supported an honest family, it is very probable that the landlord received a less sum in the shape of crop or yearly rent, and that the yeomanry rode poorer horses, and kept poorer tables, than they do at present. But it is equally certain, that the paupers to be relieved by their parishes then, came not up to one fiftieth part of those which are continually seeking and obtaining parochial relief now; and if the increased burthen thereby imposed upon the land be taken into

account, it will probably be found that agriculturists are not such decided gainers by the change as most of them imagine. Besides all which, it must be manifest to all who have eyes to look round them, and minds to comprehend what they see, that with the race of petty farmers has expired one of the finest and most virtuous classes of society. Their houses were the nurseries of good and faithful servants; they were themselves hospitable to the utmost extent of their means, and almost always honest. They were really, I say not upon principle, but certainly upon honourable prejudice, attached to the constitution in church and state. If, then, the country have suffered in its moral character by their annihilation, he must be a very short-sighted politician indeed who imagines that the injury thereby inflicted upon society can be at all compensated by any improvement in the art of agriculture, or increase of the amount of produce raised from the soil.

CHAP. II.

HAVING thus made my reader in some degree acquainted with Simon Lee and his family, I proceed at once to detail the circumstances which alone, when I took up the pen, I had intended to detail. Simon had been an inhabitant of his cottage on the moor upwards of twenty years before I came to the parish. The fits of sickness already hinted at had come and gone by long ago, and the habits consequent upon them were all entwined in his very nature, so as that nothing could remove them. In fact, Simon had ceased to be regarded by any of his neighbours with an eye of pity; for his misfortunes were all forgotten. Whilst his poaching propensity continuing in full vigour, all men spoke of him with abhorrence.

One of the first acts of a country clergyman, after he has settled himself in the spot where his duties lie, is, at least ought to be, to call upon the whole of his parishioners, rich and poor; and to make himself acquainted, as well as he can, with their respective characters and circumstances. In prosecuting these inquiries, he is, of course, liable to be imposed upon, ac-

cording as neighbours chance to live on good or bad terms with one another; for it very seldom happens, I am sorry to say, that the poorer classes speak of their acquaintances, except from the dictates of prejudice, either for or against them. Then every prudent man will hear all that is said, and remember it; but he will use it only as the mariner uses his log-book; he will take it as a guide in the meanwhile, but make large allowances for the possibility of being deceived. In the case of Simon, I found this caution peculiarly necessary. To whomsoever I put a question respecting the inhabitant of the cottage on the moor, the answer was invariably the same;—"We know but little of him, sir, for he neighbours with no one; but they say he is a desperate fellow." By the farmers again I was told of his extreme insolence, whilst Sir Harry's gamekeeper, who attended my church, assured me "that he was the most troublesome rascal in all the county." So, thought I, here is a pretty sort of a person with whom I am to come into contact. But I remembered the lesson given to me by my good father,

and under the idea that he really was a very wretched character, I resolved to spare no labour to effect his reformation.

The first time I visited Simon was in the month of October. As I was anxious to see and converse with the man himself, I delayed my stroll till the sun had set, and the hours of labour were passed; then, fully anticipating a disagreeable interview, I sallied forth. Half an hour's walk brought me to his hovel. I confess that the external appearance of it by no means induced me to doubt the evil rumours communicated from so many quarters; but appearances, I recollected, were often deceitful, so I determined to suspend my judgment till better grounds should be given for forming it. I accordingly knocked at the door; a rough voice called to come in; I pushed it open, and entered. Let me describe the *coup d'œil* as it then fell upon me.

Stepping over a sort of oaken ledge, perhaps three or four inches in height, I found myself in a large apartment, the floor of which was earthen, and full of inequalities. The apartment in question occupied the better part of the basement of the house; that is to say, it took in the whole of the lower story, except a scullery and coal-hole, partitioned off at one of the extremities, by a few rotten boards. There was no want of light here; for though the better part of each window was stuffed, as I have already described, there being two casements, besides a door on one side, and a like number on the other, besides various fissures in the wall, the crevices capable of admitting the sun's rays were greatly more abundant than may usually be seen in the English poor man's dwelling. The room was low in the roof, in proportion to its size. The walls, originally white-washed, were of a dingy brown; on the right hand as you entered, was the fire-place—a huge orifice—in the centre of which stood a small rusty grate, having a few sticks burning in it, and a pot boiling above them. On one side of this grate, and within the cavity of the chimney, sat Simon. At his feet lay a lurcher, a spaniel, and two ragged black terriers; and he himself was busy twisting a wire, no doubt for some useful purpose. His wife (originally, I have been told, a pretty

woman, but now a hard-favoured slatternly dame) leaned over the pot, and was in the act of brushing off such particles of a handful of salt as adhered to her palm. The children, one apparently about five, the other about seven years old, were rolling in the middle of the floor, in a state but few degrees removed from nudity; whilst a taller girl, whose age I should guess about thirteen, dandled an infant in her arms beside an opposite window.

Such was the general aspect of the room, and the disposition of the family, when I entered. With respect to furniture, I observed a small deal-table, four chairs, rush-bottomed once upon a time, but now greatly in need of repair, a stool or two, a little arm-chair, with a hole in its seat, and a long bench or form. But there were other implements to be seen more attractive than these. On the beam which ran through the middle of the ceiling, was suspended a long fowling-piece; there were cranks near it for two others, but at present they were empty. A game-bag, dyed all sorts of colours with blood and grease, hung upon a nail in the wall opposite to me; beside it were two flew-nets, such as fishermen use when they drag drains or narrow streams; and a third, of longer dimensions, fit for use in a pond or lake, was thrown across the boarding which separated the apartment from the coal-hole. Three or four shot-belts dangled over the fire-place; whilst several pairs of strong mud-boots, leathern-gaiters, hob-nailed shoes, &c. &c., were scattered at random in the different corners of the room.

The dogs, whose growling had been sufficiently audible even previous to my knock upon the door, no sooner eyed me, than with one accord they sprang to their legs, barking angrily, and showed every tooth in their heads, as if prepared to pounce upon me. They were, however, in admirable training. Simon had only to raise his finger, giving at the same time a low whistle, when they dropped down, as if they had been shot, and remained, belly to the ground, without moving limb or tail, during the whole of my visit. I could not but pity the unfortunate country gentleman, into whose presence these dogs, with their master, should make their way.

It was easy to discover from the

demeanour of all present, that Simon had been little accustomed to receive visits from the minister of his parish. Both he and his wife appeared utterly confounded at the vision which now stood before them. The wire which he had been twisting was hastily dropped; he rose from his seat, and uncovering his head, stood staring as if he had seen a spirit. In like manner, the housewife seemed rooted to the spot which she occupied when I raised the latch; and the noise of the very children ceased, as if by magic. I had actually advanced as far as the chimney-corner before my parishioner recovered himself, or found tongue enough to request that I would be seated.

It was not long, however, before Simon and I found ourselves mutually at ease, and the prejudices under which I laboured respecting him began to give way. He was civil, without meanness; respectful, without exhibiting the most remote approximation to cringing; and honestly, yet manfully, professed to be flattered by the marks of attention which I paid him. "You are the first minister that ever darkened these doors," said he; "and the only gentleman that has condescended to notice old Simon Lee, since he became poor and friendless. I am glad to see you, sir. I liked your discourse last Sunday much; but, thank God, want nothing from you except your good-will."

"And that you shall have, my friend," replied I; "but they tell me, Simon, that you do not lead exactly the sort of life that you ought to lead. How comes it, that men's tongues seem so free, when you are the subject of their talk?"

"Indeed, sir," replied Simon, "that is more than I can tell. I know very well that I am no favourite here; and why? because I hate gossiping; because I fancy myself as good as any of them; because I sometimes speak my mind, and will not always run into the mud when a farmer or his horse chances to be in the middle of the way. But judge for yourself, sir. Try me, and if you find me a thief or a rogue, then turn your back upon me."

"But you are a poacher, Simon; and poaching, you know, is against the laws of your country."

"So it is, sir," was the reply, "and I am very sorry for it; but is it against

the law of the Bible? I have read that book through more than once, and I cannot see that a poor man is there forbidden to kill the creatures which God has made wild, and given up as a sort of common possession to all. I know man's laws are against me, and I have felt their severity before now; but I go by the law of my Maker, and as long as I do that, I care for no man."

"But God's laws are against you also. We must submit to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake; and to the game-laws among the rest."

"So I have been told," answered Simon; "yet the very persons who persecute me most severely for occasionally killing a hare or a pheasant, are continually violating the laws in matters quite as serious. Why, there is not a magistrate upon the bench against whom I could not *peach*, for purchasing India handkerchiefs for himself, and French gloves and stockings for his ladies. I do not blame them for that, not I; I see no reason why all these things should not be within the reach of every man who can afford to pay for them; only, I say, let them wash their own hands clean of breaking the laws of the land, before they are so severe upon a poor man like myself, if he catch a head of game now and then to fill his children's bellies. Besides, if they had left me to rear these young ones on my father's farm, they never would have found me cross them, let them do what they would."

The conversation being continued in this strain for some time, and no effect produced upon the poacher's sentiments, I gradually changed the subject, and led him to talk of other things, such as I deemed most likely to betray him into a disclosure of his real character in the common occurrences of life. The result of the whole was, that I rose to quit his house, full rather of compassion than of any other feeling. I was conscious that he had in him, at least the elements of a good member of society; and if these were somewhat deranged by the preponderancy of an illegal habit, I could not, in my own mind, avoid blaming for it, not only the proprietor of his little farm, who had so rudely ejected him from his home, but the parishioners at large, who originally drove him to it by the needless seve-

rity of their manner, when want and sickness first urged him to apply for relief. I learned from him, that neither he nor his son had any regular employment. "People are afraid of us," he said, "God knows why; and yet, sir, there is not one among them who will deny, that both Joe and I do a good day's work when we can get it, and that we are always ready to undertake any job that may be offered." I was at the time in want of some one to assist me in laying out the grounds about the vicarage, and planting the church-yard; I engaged Simon on the moment, and I never had cause to repent of the measure during the whole time that he was in my service.

I have said, that Simon's eldest son had attained his twenty-third year at the period when our acquaintance commenced. He was a well-grown, powerful youth; not handsome, certainly, but straight, broad shouldered, full chested, and five feet ten inches high without his shoes. It was not often that Joe Lee mixed in the sports of the village youths; for, brought up as he had been, he was shy, or, as the neighbours called it, proud, like his father; but, when he did join their meetings, there was not a lad among them all that could heave the bar, bowl, bat, or run against him. In wrestling, too, he was unrivalled; and as to shooting, when Shrove Tuesday came round, Joe saved many a devoted dung-hill cock, by challenging his companions to shoot at penny-pieces, or small shingle stones thrown into the air. Generally speaking, indeed, he never strove at any game without gaining the prize, for he was prudent enough never to attempt anything of which he had not some previous knowledge.

It chanced that, about a year and a half after the interview above recorded, the young men of the parish met, as their custom was, on a certain holiday, to play their match at cricket, and to try their skill in foot-ball, racing, and other athletic sports. To these meetings, by the way, I never failed to give my countenance. For the most part I stood by till one or two contests came to a close; and by thus proving to them that religion is no enemy to mirth, as long as it exceeds not the bounds of moderation, I have good reason to

believe that I put a stop to many a drunken brawl. Such meetings, at least, I was assured, had invariably ended, during my predecessor's time, in riot and intemperance; in mine, I can safely say, that the instances were rare indeed, in which the slightest deviation from strict sobriety and good fellowship occurred. As ill luck would have it, however, a violent quarrel arose this day between Joe Lee and another person: and as the quarrel ended not where it began, but led to very serious consequences, it may be proper to state how it originated, and to what height it was immediately carried.

Our Squire had lately added to his establishment a new game-keeper, a blustering, hot-headed native of Yorkshire. This person having been worsted in a variety of games, in which he appeared to consider himself an adept, finally challenged any man upon the common to shoot with him, for a wager, at a number of sparrows which he had brought in a cage for the purpose. The challenge was accepted by Joe. The number of birds to be let loose was a dozen a-side, and the parties were to take the alternate shots, whether they chanced to be fair or cross. Both men were noted as excellent marksmen—a great degree of interest was accordingly excited on the occasion; and though the majority of those present wished well to Joe Lee, simply because he was a man of Kent, and not a Yorkshireman, there were not wanting numbers who backed the keeper to the customary extent of a pint, or a quart of ale. The preparations for the match were soon made—the umpires took their stations; and a trap being formed at the distance of thirty paces from the sportsmen, the sparrows were removed to it from the cage, one by one.

The first fire fell by lot to Joe, and it was successful, he killed his bird. The keeper was equally fortunate when his turn arrived. Thus they went on, displaying an extraordinary precision of aim, till the fifth fire came round; Joe's took effect; the bird at which the north-countryman shot, flew off untouched. A shout was of course raised by Joe's backers; whilst those of his opponent were proportionably downcast. It soon happened, however, that the rivals were again on an equal footing; Joe missing, and the

other killing. And now each had but a single charge reserved ; each, too, had missed but once ; consequently each could count ten dead sparrows for eleven shots. This fire must therefore decide the match. You might have heard a pin drop upon the very grass, when the trap being raised the little bird rose in air, and Joe, with one leg advanced somewhat before the other, followed it with his gun. He fired. The sparrow soared up for a moment, and dropped perfectly dead, just within distance. I looked at the game-keeper at this moment, and observed that his knees trembled ; he was flurried beyond measure, and the consequence was, that the shot flew harmless, and the bird escaped. Instantly the shouts of the Kentish men rent the air, and I quitted them, having seen Joe, whose shyness and pride were both for the moment forgotten, elevated upon the shoulders of a couple of lusty youths, and commencing his triumphal march round the common. Perhaps it is to be regretted that I had not remained amongst them a little longer ; had I done so, in all probability matters would not have taken the turn they did.

Chagrined and irritated at his defeat, the keeper mixed no more in the amusements of the day, but sitting down in a booth, swallowed large potations of ale and spirits, too often the resource of the uneducated classes against the pangs of disappointment or sorrow. As the liquor began to take effect, the man became quarrelsome. He accused Joe, who having successfully finished a foot race, rested upon a bench near, with foul play. He insisted that the eleventh bird fell out of bounds ; and being corrected in that particular by a reference to his own umpire, he changed his mode of attack for another annoyance. The poaching propensity of Joe's father, his pride, and his poverty, were thrown in the son's teeth. Joe bore it ; not without a struggle—but he did bear it. Encouraged, probably, by the calm-

ness of his rival, the keeper next began to vent his spleen upon Joe's dog. One of the ragged terriers of which I have already spoken, belonged, it appeared, to Joe, and it seldom left his heel, let him go where he would. On the present occasion it lay beneath the form on which its master sat, perfectly quiet and inoffensive. "It is a d—d shame that such fellows as you should be allowed to keep dogs," said the surly keeper, giving at the same time a violent kick to the unoffending animal. "If I was master, I would have them all shot ; and by G—the first time I see that brute self-hunting on our land, he shall have the contents of this piece in his stomach." Still Joe kept his temper, and parried the attack the best way he could ; but his blood was boiling, and it only wanted a little more provocation to bring matters to an issue. "Will you wrestle a fall, you —?" cried the keeper, rising and throwing off his jacket. "With all my heart," exclaimed Joe ; "and don't spare me, for, by the Lord, I don't mean to spare you." To it they went ; and after a few severe tugs the keeper was thrown heavily. He rose with considerable difficulty, and complained grievously of his head ; staggered, and fell again to the ground. Immediately some of the lads ran to his assistance ; he was black in the face. They undid his neckcloth, threw water upon him, but all to no purpose. His limbs quivered convulsively, his eyes opened and shut once or twice, a gasp, a rattle in his throat, and he was a corpse ! A quantity of blood gushing from his nose and mouth, gave evidence of some severe internal injury ; whilst the only word uttered by himself, namely, "My head, my head," seemed to imply, that a concussion of the brain had occasioned it. Let the injury, however, be where it might, it was a fatal one ; for when the medical assistance arrived, which was promptly sent for, life was wholly extinct.

CHAP. III.

As may readily be imagined, a termination so awful to sports, begun, and heretofore carried on in the best possible humour, produced no trifling sensation among those who witnessed

it. The question most keenly agitated was, how were they to dispose of the unfortunate perpetrator of the deed ? That he willingly killed his antagonist not one among them sup-

posed ; but there is a propensity in human nature to regard the shedder of man's blood, whether by accident or design, with abhorrence. He who but a minute ago was a favourite with all the bystanders, became now an object of loathing to the majority. Whilst a few voices, therefore, called aloud to let the poor fellow go, hundreds were decidedly of opinion that he ought to be detained. As to Joe himself he never attempted to escape. Whilst the fate of the fallen wrestler was in doubt,—or rather as long as his hurts were considered in no degree to endanger his life, Joe kept aloof from him, and probably congratulated himself on the extent of the chastisement which he had inflicted ; but when a cry was raised, “ the keeper is dead,” there was not an individual in the throng who appeared more anxious to falsify the rumour, by bestowing upon its object every attention in his power. Dead, however, the keeper was ; and Joe readily gave himself up to the parish constable, until the issue of the coroner's inquest should be ascertained.

Several hours of daylight still remaining, no time was lost in dispatching a messenger for the coroner ; and as the office for this part of the county happened at the time to be filled by a Folkestone attorney, that gentleman speedily arrived. A jury was summoned, witnesses examined, and the body viewed on the spot where it had ceased to breathe. There cannot be a doubt that a verdict of accidental death would have been returned, but for the unfortunate speech delivered by Joe previous to the commencement of the match—“ Do not spare me, for, by the Lord, I do not mean to spare you.” This sounded very like malice prepense ; and the fact, that the parties were at the moment in a state of hostility towards one another, furnished strong ground of suspicion that, if there existed no design on either side positively to take away life, still each was resolved to inflict upon the other as severe a bodily punishment as it was possible to inflict. “ Under these circumstances, gentlemen,” said the coroner, “ I see not how we can suffer this matter to end here. You must return a verdict either of murder or manslaughter, which you think proper. My own opinion is, that the latter will suit best with the state of the present affair.” It is said that the co-

roner was the identical attorney who had conducted all the prosecutions hitherto carried on against the Lees. Whether his judgment was warped by prejudice, or whether he hoped to conciliate the good-will of the landed aristocracy by involving one member of a detested family in trouble, or whether he acted, as charity would dictate, in accordance with his own sense of duty, I cannot tell. Certain it is, that a verdict was returned according to his recommendation, and, under the coroner's warrant, Joe Lee was removed to jail.

It is needless to describe with minuteness the circumstances which attended the young man's imprisonment and trial. Neither is it necessary to observe that the misfortune in which their son was involved gave to Simon and his wife the deepest concern ; more especially as they dreaded a degree of interference from certain high quarters, which they considered capable of carrying all before it, even to the conviction of an accused person, in defiance of the clearest evidence of his innocence. Simon and his wife, however, only fell, in this respect, into the double error which frequently possesses the minds of the lower orders in this country. They groundlessly imagined, first, that their betters would desire to pervert the course of justice, for the sake of furthering a selfish purpose—a crime of which some no doubt may be guilty, but from which the aristocracy of England are, as a body, entirely free ; and, secondly, they erroneously conceive, that wealth and rank are able to overwhelm innocence and poverty—a calamity from which our glorious constitution effectually guards us all. Had Joe Lee been arraigned before a bench of county magistrates, it is just possible that his general character might have told against him ; but he was given over to be dealt with according to the judgment of twelve plain Englishmen, in whose eyes there really are some crimes more heinous than that of killing game without qualification, licence, or permission. Nor did the jury which tried his case disappoint my expectation. In spite of the formidable sentence which, in the view of the subject taken by the coroner, rendered a verdict of manslaughter inevitable, Joe Lee was fully acquitted ; and he returned home, after a sojourn of a week or two at Maidstone, to follow his former occupations.

If the Lees had formerly been objects of general dislike, they now became so in a tenfold greater degree. The game-keepers on all the neighbouring estates entered into close alliance with the tenantry, for the protection, as it was said, of their masters' property, but more justly, I believe, to revenge the death of their comrade. The farmers, again, resolved to give neither work nor relief to characters so desperate; and the very labouring classes shunned them, as if they had been polluted creatures, and a deadly infection rode upon their breaths. Simon and his family were not unaware of this. It had the effect, not of softening or reclaiming, but of rendering them more ruthless than ever; and it was now pretty generally understood, that both father and son were resolved to follow their vocation at all hazards; whilst strong, and even armed parties, were nightly abroad, for the purpose of intercepting them. It was in vain that I sought to reason with either party. The world would not give way to an individual; that individual would not give way to the world: indeed, I soon found that, by attempting to make things better, I only made them worse, and weakened my influence over each of the contending factions. Matters at length attained to such a crisis, that I anxiously desired to hear of Simon's capture and conviction; for I had little doubt that the latter event would be followed by his banishment from the country; and I was quite sure, that nothing short of his removal would prevent some act of desperate violence from being sooner or later committed. A single month had barely elapsed from the return of Joe out of prison, when, on wandering to Simon's cottage one morning, with the view of making a last effort to reclaim him, I found that my worst fears had been realized.

Having knocked at the door several times without receiving any answer, I raised the latch, for the purpose of entering. Instead of the loud barking which usually gave notice of the watchfulness of Simon's four-footed companions, a sort of broken growl, something between the sound of a bark and a howl, alone caught my ear. It was accompanied with a wailing noise—the noise of a woman weeping; but, except from these noises, there was no intimation that the house

was inhabited. I stepped in. There sat Simon in his old corner, with his head bent down, and arms crossed upon his bosom; of his dogs, only one was near him, the identical black terrier which usually accompanied his son; and it lay upon the ground, with its tongue hanging out, and its limbs at full stretch, apparently in the agonies of death. Simon either did not, or would not, notice me. The wounded dog, however, for on a nearer inspection I saw a desperate wound in its flank, made an effort to raise its head, and repeated the melancholy growl which it had given when I first stepped across the threshold; but the head dropped again to the earth, and the sound ceased. Still Simon took no notice. I went up to him, placed my hand on his shoulder, and called him by his name; he looked up, and in my life I never beheld such expression in the human countenance. Agony, grief, rage, and despair, were all depicted there. His eyes were bloodshot, his cheeks pale as ashes; there was blood upon his garments, and his whole form was defiled with mud. Without apparently knowing what he was about, he sprung to his feet. In a moment the butt-end of a gun was brandished over me; and, had I not quickly stepped back, it would have dashed my skull to pieces. As it was, the blow falling upon the unfortunate dog, put an end at once to its agonies.

"Simon," said I, "what means this? Why lift your hand against me?" The unhappy man stared at me for a moment; the savage expression gradually departed from his face, and, falling down again upon his seat, he burst into tears. I know no spectacle more harrowing than that of an old man when he is weeping. The grief must be deep-seated indeed, which wrings salt tears from the eyes of such a man as Simon Lee; and I accordingly trembled when I again requested to be made acquainted with the cause of behaviour so extraordinary, and so unlike that which I usually met at his hands.

"I thought you had been one of the blood-hounds, sir," cried he; "I thought you had tracked us to our very home; but go up stairs, go and you will see, for I cannot speak of it." I went up accordingly, and beheld, upon a miserable pallet, all that remained of the stoutest wrestler, the

fastest runner, and the best shot in the parish. His mother was standing near him, wringing her hands in pitiable agony; his little brothers and sisters were clustered round him, and joining, some of them scarce knew why, in the lamentations of the parent. I was much affected. "How has this happened?" asked I, hardly able to articulate. "Oh, my boy! my boy!" exclaimed the unhappy mother, "my first born, and the dearest of my children, has it come to this? Was it for this end that I reared you with so much care, that you should die by the hands of common murderers? Look here," cried she, at the same time rolling down the bed-clothes, "look what they have done." I did look, and beheld a wide wound upon the left breast of the corpse, as if a whole charge of slugs, or swan-shot, had entered. The left arm, too, I saw was broken; it was a horrible spectacle. I covered it up again. It was plain enough that a rencounter had taken place, during the preceding night, between some of the keepers and Simon and his son; and that it had ended fatally, the proof was now before me. I could not, however, inquire into particulars just at that moment, for the parents were too much overcome by the fate of their child to repeat them; but I learned them soon after. They were as follows:—

About ten o'clock on the preceding night, the moon being in her first quarter, Simon and his son, each armed with a fowling-piece, and attended by their dogs, set out, according to custom, in quest of game. As they had placed several snares in the woods of Denne in the course of the preceding morning, they directed their steps thither; not only because they were tolerably sure of filling their bag in a moderate space of time, but with the view of ascertaining whether or not the wires had availed them. The distance was considerable. They walked seven good miles before they reached their ground, consequently midnight was hard at hand when they began to penetrate the preserves. Their object being to obtain as many head of game, and with as little noise as possible, they had taken care to provide themselves with brimstone matches, for the purpose of smoking such pheasants as they might happen to see at roost upon the boughs. They had succeeded in bagging a brace with-

out the necessity of firing, when the dogs starting a couple of hares, both father and son discharged their pieces almost at the same moment. All this occurred close to a particular corner of the wood where they had placed no fewer than three wires, at short distances from one another. No doubt the wires had been observed; and the keepers, rightly judging that those who set them would return at night to take away their spoil, laid themselves up in ambush in their immediate vicinity. The report of fire-arms drew them instantly to the spot; neither Simon nor Joe considered it at all derogatory to their dignity to escape, if they could; so, seeing three men advancing towards them, they took to their heels. The keepers followed. Joe might have escaped with ease; but his father, grown stiff by years, was unable to keep up with him. The pursuers gained upon him rapidly. "Run, Joe; run, my boy," cried the old man; "never mind me. Remember your mother and sisters; run, and take care of them."—"That I will not, father," answered Joe; "where you are, I am; let them come on." Old Simon was by this time pretty well spent with running. He stopped to breathe: Joe stopped also. He endeavoured to load his gun, but had only time to ram home the powder, when the assailants came up. One of them made a blow at the old man's head with a bludgeon, which, had it taken effect, would have put him beyond the reach of surgical art; but Joe caught it ere it fell. His left arm received it, and was broken. Still the right remained to him, and with a single stroke from the butt of his gun he laid the fellow flat upon the earth. A desperate struggle now ensued between the two remaining keepers and the poachers. Though powerless of one hand, Joe was still a match for most men; and Simon, having recovered his breath, fought as if only half the load of years had been upon his back. The keepers gave ground. The sole object of the Lees being escape, they abstained from pursuing them, and made the best of their way for the high road, and along it towards their home. But they were not permitted to go unmolested. The keepers followed. By way of checking their farther advance, Joe unfortunately turned round and levelled his piece. He had hardly done so,

when one of the pursuers fired, and his gun being loaded for the purpose with buck-shot, its contents made their way through the young man's clothing, and entered his chest. The wound was not, however, immediately fatal. "I am hurt, father," cried he; "fly, and leave me to my fate." Another shot was fired while he was yet speaking, which took effect upon the only dog that stuck to them. Wild with rage, old Simon would have loaded his gun, and revenged his son or perished, had not the latter assured him that he was still able to proceed. By darting down a deep ravine they managed to evade the keepers; and then taking the most unfrequented ways, they made for the moor. But just as the light in their cottage window became discernible, Joe's strength forsook him; he reeled and fell; nor was it without much waste of time, and almost super-human exertions, that the old man continued to drag, rather than carry him home. Poor Joe never spoke after. He was laid upon his bed in a state of stupor, and about half an hour before day-break breathed his last.

Such is a brief relation of the events that brought about the melancholy scene to which I was now a witness. From it I learned, that the blood upon Simon's gaberdine was his son's. The state of frantic sorrow, too, in which I found him, was sufficiently explained, as well as the impulse which drove him to raise a murderous arm against any intruder; and though I could not acquit this old man of blame, though, indeed, I felt that the death of Joe was entirely owing to his lawless proceedings, I could not but pity him to a far greater degree than I condemned him. I did my best to comfort both him and the lad's mother; but my words fell upon inattentive ears, and I departed, much troubled in my own mind, and without having the consolation to reflect, that I had in any degree lightened the troubles of others.

The affair, fatal as it was, never came before a court of justice. It was not, of course, to the interest of Simon, had he been capable of attending to his interests, to stir in the matter; for he could not bring his charge home to any definite person, and the very attempt so to do must have involved him in additional trouble. The fact, however, is, that Simon was ne-

ver, from the hour of his son's death, in a fit state to conduct any business, or even to take care of himself. His stubborn temper, if it could not bend, was at length broken. All his misfortunes, real and imaginary, seemed to press upon his mind with double violence, now that the child of his pride was taken away from him. I have myself seen him weep, at times, like a woman. Long after his wife had regained her composure, Simon was inconsolable; and the ravages made by sorrow upon his health and frame were many degrees more visible and more serious, than those which three score and three winters had effected. Simon was an altered man. The gun and the net were laid aside, but the spade and the hoe took not their place. At first he was deemed lazy; the parish refused to assist him; he was cited before the magistrates, and committed to jail. Having remained there till the period of his sentence expired, he was again set at liberty. But of his liberty he made no good use. His very wife now complained of him. He would sit, she said, for hours at a time, with folded arms, staring into the fire. He seldom spoke either to her or her young ones; and when he did, it was incoherently and wildly. At length he was missing. He wandered forth one morning, unshod and bare-headed. In this plight he was seen to pass through the church-yard, resting for a minute or two on Joe's grave. But what became of him after no one can tell. He was never heard of again. By some it was surmised, that, under the influence of a crazed brain, he had wandered into a distant part of the country; and hence that, sooner or later, tidings of him would certainly arrive. By others it was insinuated, that he must have either thrown himself from the cliffs into the sea, or fallen over and been destroyed. That the first report was groundless, an absence of five years, during which no intelligence of his destiny has reached his family, furnishes ample ground for belief; whether either of the latter surmises be correct, I am ignorant. All that I know is, that he has never been seen or heard of in these quarters since the morning above alluded to; and that his wife, and four surviving children, are now wholly supported from the poor's-rates.

POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF CHARLES EDWARDS, ESQ.

No. VI.

London, 18—

WELL! here I am, once more, in London. You saw my name among the "arrivals."—"Charles Edwards, Esq. from a tour!" They would have said as much, although I had come from Botany Bay, so that I drove to P——'s Hotel with four horses; and I won't be positive as to the fact of coming back—but I should not be the first who had set out from that house for such a destination.

I staid one evening at Clifton, and posted from Bath upwards—the world certainly cannot match such travelling, for people who are in haste. Marry! the same circumstances—(everything shows as new to me here as if I were an Esquimaux, or a Kamschatcan born, instead of an Englishman)—but the same circumstances which combine to furnish the power for this rapid locomotion, make its adoption, now they exist, pretty nearly compulsory. Farewell to the last incarnation of the eccentric, and adventurous—the scenes that inspired Smollett, and Farquhar, and Fielding. It would be heavy work now to ride through England on horseback—putting up, every twelve hours, for the night, at the close of the day's stage or journey; and without even the chance of a sword drawn at the inn where you stopped, or a scuffle with a highwayman (or a brace of footpads) before you got there.

The joys which charmed the youth of our grandfathers, are departed! There are no people robbed in St Paul's church-yard, nor in Holborn, now. The "Paddington stage" is never stopped now (unless to deliver parcels, not once a-year!) instead of being plundered regularly every night, and the coachman stripped to his shirt, and so set upon his box again—sometimes without any shirt—as it used to be. There has not been a burglary, that is, not a proper burglary—the people tied back to back and put down in the coal-cellar, while the house was gutted, and so on—scarcely within my recollection. Nor a fine young thief—at least nineteen times escaped from Newgate—of "five-and-twenty, or thereabouts," taken at such a place as

"Hockley in the Hole,"—indeed there is no such place—with three brace of pistols, his hair in papers, and a hundred guineas in his pocket! And, as for wild, solitary journeying, by bridle paths, over mountains and through forests, to muse along at a foot pace in; scanty luncheons by the side of a river, or under the shade of a cork-tree; cottage and convent up-puttings, or any other of the casualties that to you and me, in earlier and better days, used to make travel delightful! Mail-coaches forsake us! the whole hundred and twenty miles of road from London to Bristol is but one great high street, now, almost with houses upon both sides of the way; cursed with turtle, gas-light, horse patrolle, excellent inn, turnpike at every half mile, and every other nuisance of wealth and regularity.

In fact, I look at England now, something with the eye, though not at all with the heart, of a foreigner—did it never strike you, bating, of course, the loss of national strength which unfortunately would accompany such a change, that the people here would be happier if they were not quite so enlightened as they are; and still more so, if there were not quite so many of them? What say you to a good rummaging plague again—such as that treated of in the veritable and moth-eaten tome that you have sent me; and which (do me the favour to say so much, with my profound respects, to your lady sister) shall be returned, translated in the best way that I can make it out—a plague of purpose, and which, as Fletcher's grave-digger suggests it, should take the apothecaries and physicians first, that there might be no help left for money?

London alone, for a genuine stranger, the work of half a life would hardly be sufficient for him to examine it. The mere new matter which has arisen since I was here last—in six years—is such a survey to go through, that I must die very slightly informed as to three-fourths of it. "Improvement"—or, at least, increase of extent, will make it a post-stage from one end of the town to the other,

very shortly. This is absolute—coming in from Axbridge, I met the place a full mile west of where I left it—a mile on the road between Tyburn turnpike and Bayswater.

Works that, but yesterday, were the business of years to think of, are projected now, and completed, almost between to-day and to-morrow. Here is a bridge built that has cost half a million! Paying about as much, I understand, as may keep it in repair. And yet nobody seems to suffer; and another, a wilder speculation than the first, at the east end of the town, is undertaking.

Luxury makes laudable progress too—not among the people of rank—perhaps it could not well get much farther than it has got with them—and present circumstances seem likely rather to abate it—but the second class in the metropolis, the *de facto* traders, are pressing harder than ever upon the rich, and driving them fast into projects of exclusion and barricade. Clerks now keep actresses; linen-draper speak Italian; and tailors keep hunting-horses, and go to the French play. This it is that pulls down the coffee-houses, into which *all* may walk, and sets up the clubs, into which even he who would eat a twenty-shilling supper cannot enter. And, for the lower ranks, as regards external appearance, literally, now, you can't even guess at the condition of any female in London by her dress,—there is not a woman-servant in this house where I am living, who does not go abroad, on her holiday, in velvet and feathers; and in such attire altogether as the wife of a man of moderate income, very often, could hardly hope to compass.

So, indeed, for the gentleman; in style and dress, no man ever looks like what he is; until at last, venture to seem anything but a chimney-sweeper, and (in a strange neighbourhood) you run good chance to be set down for an impostor. As for "Captains," the island is peopled with them. I can find no dignitaries (except now and then a "Major") else. Public exhibitors are getting into importance too; I saw a person that keeps a show-box somewhere in the Strand, so extreme the other day, in boots and mustachoes, that I learned his quality, by asking (in admiration) to what corps of Hungarians he belonged!

Here is a boot-maker, last week, has married a ward in Chancery! some ex-tailor's only joy, with fifty thousand pounds—has been in prison—"consented to make settlements"—and now backs boxers—drives tandem—and is a "character" "upon town." Another fellow, that I used to buy canes of in Oxford Street, across a counter—I saw at the Opera, dressed like a Pandour! he is a blackleg forsooth, and will be hanged, I dare say—to the emulation of every other stick-boy about St James's!

Make allowance for the fact, that we all, at some time, come to say as much; and, even then,—things did *not* go thus in my day. There has been an advance in the imposture, as well as in the importance, of the country: an accession to its impudence as well as to its strength; an increase of business scarcely more at the Bank than at the Old Bailey, effected within the last twenty years. The people are fonder of show than they used to be; less jealous, a great deal, of the workhouse; and a spirit of thinking—acting—only with reference to the present, runs more than it did through all the arrangements of the community.

We build—to a degree perfectly ludicrous—only for the hour—neighbourhoods rise up like fairy cities, and fall down, within the time that they formerly took in being set about. Your new houses are showy; the fancy of the day calls them tasteful; and there is not much chance of their standing long enough to allow them to go out of fashion. You get everywhere a whitewashed front—plate-glass windows—folding doors, and gilded cornices—spirial staircase, that you risk your life every time you go up—and a drawing-room, that stands in your lease, with a clause, that you shan't attempt to dance in it—but, for a single circumstance of convenience or accommodation—a closet, a recess a foot deep—there is not such a thing from the top of the building to the bottom! Your house—that is the object—must stand upon *no* ground; your garden—stabling—offices—there is not a stall in which a horse can turn round—are all cut, and carved, and economical to an inch; your bed-chambers will be low and inconvenient; your cellars full of water, (for they have

found out that it is very sad nonsense indeed, now, the laying a "foundation"); and your back windows—at a rent that is perfectly facetious to talk about—will look upon a churchyard, a court filled with old-clothesmen, or a disreputable alley.

The same quality of spirit—careless of the future—anxious only to be great (or seem so) in the present—in an increased degree actuates the trader. A butcher, without common stock of thread and needles—six yards of sky-blue drugget only in his shop, and sixteen starving children squalling in his "back parlour"—will still be *Gros Marchand*;—take a house in the "Quadrant," or the "Arcade;" write himself up "Army Clothier" for a month, and go into the Gazette, as "Special Tailor to the King's Monkey." And such places as these "Quadrant" houses are! So very foppishly gay and pretending in their exterior; within dark, narrow, mean, and thrust (behind) upon every comfortless, and vile propinquity. Changing tenants one-half of them, (not to speak of those who run away,) regularly four times a-year. Empty three months in every twelve; but producing a most disproportionable price during the other nine; for the failure of eleven speculators nowadays—*Courage, mes amis!*—never deters him who should make up the dozen.

Then all these people deal in the vice of "Furnished Lodgings" too; making themselves, where they should (if vain and impudent) be free and independent too—wilfully servants to every coxcomb who is casting away the little subsistence he has, so that his tawdry foppery may but contribute to the maintenance of their own. An auctioneer, or attorney in small practice, who could afford to call a reasonable dwelling his own, will let a train of insolent lacqueys into his house, a riotous lad their master, and perhaps a limited seraglio; for no bribe but that the creature may put his "name" upon a door in "George Street, Hanover Square," and give "parties" in gilded rooms to brother "beaten things," when the rightful occupant is away.

Unde habeas quærit nemo! but have (in London) now you must—that's absolute! No matter that you ask nothing; that's not sufficient; you must not be poor. Dedicate your whole life to the study of our pleasures;

take advantage of our wants or of our vices; minister, with a large capital, to our very meanest necessities; but, some way or other, see you get country-houses, and carriages—be a sheriff or a baronet, or don't dare to show your face. Then away all start, one against the other; everybody promulgates the devil's right (prescriptive) to the hindmost; the marvel to any creature, who has lived where men are contented with a little, is how so much is made, and out of such seemingly small game, and by so many!

And it is a curious picture of the condition and habits of the country—a record which, kept five hundred years ago, would be more valuable now than all the histories together that we have in print—the common newspaper which comes into the world every morning at six o'clock, and lies upon our breakfast-table—and always full too, that's the strangest problem, regularly by nine. The whole world, take away alone America, possesses nothing like an approach to the same document. A foreigner finds it difficult to comprehend the daily amount of the actual domestic occurrence—the rapes, murders, forgeries, "and all other interesting intelligence," which the metropolis affords—as I saw a Sunday placard specifying the contents of a paper the other day. But the real curiosity is in the page of advertisements—the master-key which this furnishes to the state of England—of Europe—almost of the world.

The uncountable variety of callings and speculations that appear—some so great; some so apparently contemptible; and yet all opening mines of riches to so many! One column announces the preparation of a hundred ships, all ready to sail instantly, almost for as many different ports in different quarters of the globe. The next offers—"Steam-packets to Richmond," "every Sunday morning at nine"—"Refreshments on board,"—and "Two and sixpence each passenger." A third sets out with the word "Accommodation!"—"Any sum!"—"from two hundred pounds to ten thousand!"—ready to advance for the convenience of noblemen and gentlemen at a moment's notice." And at the top of the fourth, under the same title—"Accommodation"—you find that "Ladies whose situations require a temporary retirement" may hear of "An airy

situation," and "the strictest secrecy," by applying at "No. 34, next door to the grocer's, in James Street, Gray's Inn Lane." "Education" tempts you in every shape; from—"Yorkshire," at "Sixteen guineas a-year," where there are "no extras or vacations," and "Fare by the waggon," only L.1, 12s., to—"Rus in Urbe!"—"Dr Dolittle's establishment"—"Grosvenor Place"—and "Graduate of Cambridge," at "two hundred." And, if you turn to the next page, and have only the happiness to be insane, you will see that the "Tenderest attention" is paid to "Valetudinarians," at "Straight Waistcoat Lodge," between Somerstown and the Dust-grounds at Battle Bridge; "References of the first respectability" to persons who have been raving; and "Private families" accommodated with "keepers" upon reasonable terms, "by the day, week, month, or year."

And all these fierce competitors for preference, in their thousand and one peculiar occupations and capacities—the projector upon India government, and the improver upon India soy—the companies in Bridge Street, who think of nothing but assuring life, and the undertakers in Fleet Market, who thrive only upon its extinction—the draper, who founds himself entirely upon "Ten thousand pair of warm Witney blankets," and the perfumer, whose hope on this side the grave is only to ensure "Universal ease and comfort in shaving"—the patent pen-maker, and the patent pin-maker—the mangle-maker, and the spangle-maker—the dealers in spring-guns, and in pop-guns—perigord pies, and artificial eyes—sell you a mango, dance you a fandango—large Twelfth cakes, nobody but Farrance makes—Paris stays—raise the high-ways. These millions are but the few who court popularity, at a peculiar expense, and through one particular medium!

They are not the same as, but over and above, the decorators of the dead walls of the town, posts, obelisks, empty houses, and scaffoldings; who address themselves to the more busy crowd who have not time to read newspapers, and who can only pursue their researches, in pursuing their daily perambulations.—"Matrimonial joys"—"Suits for little boys"—"Teach the deaf and dumb"—"Great reductions in brandy and rum"—"Man taken up on suspicion of steal-

ing!"—"Tooth pulled out by Mr Tugwell, without feeling"—"Portable gas"—"Wild ass"—"Poison rats"—"Re-beavered hats"—"Clergyman's widow in great distress"—"New crapes and poplins, for summer dress." There is no spot on earth, I believe, certainly none that ever I have visited, where a man can get all he wants, and with so little loss of time or asking for, as in London.

For the very thirst of gain, in fact, which makes us merciless and rapacious, completely ensures every one's getting his "money's worth," and in his own way, too, for his money. If you only want a ride that costs a shilling, you have a whole "stand" of hackney coachmen, threatening each other's lives which shall sell it to you. If you have ten miles to go into the country, the vehicle that carries you for half-a-crown, is, in truth, drawn and driven in a style ten times beyond the state of an Italian marquis. Would you dine?—from fifteen pence, to two guineas—in any quarter—in five minutes you have it on the table. If you want a coat, the fashion changes five times before you can determine which of the five hundred professors, who "unite elegance with economy" for "prompt payment," best deserves your attention. If you have a complaint, a thousand remedies—every one infallible—are published in all the shop windows—nay, on men's backs about the streets—for your particular salvation. And, after they have killed you, which every one of them can do ten times over, so it is a matter of perfect indifference which you pitch upon, there is a fight between the Wooden-coffin Company and the Iron, in which material you shall be buried.

Then come the modes in which these speculators conduct their pursuits, and which are little less miraculous, if there could be any wonder in what one sees every day, than their variety, or their numbers. One man makes himself a landed proprietor by curing corns; a second "purchases perpetually," because he grinds a thousand children annually into cotton stockings; a third only repeats a lie—the same lie—a given number of times, and arises a lord mayor. Falsehood, persisted in long enough—even those who know it is false cannot help dealing as if they believed it. They know it is a lie, but receive it as a metaphor, a figure, expressing not that

which it outwardly purports to express, but something else: as, for a familiar instance, the cries of fishwomen, "Live cod"—"Fresh salmon," &c. are understood to imply those commodities, not "live," or "fresh," but six weeks old. Thus, "Gervais Chardin—Parfumeur—à la cloche d'argent—Rue St Martin, a Paris"—that single individual has supplied half England with French pomatum for the last forty years—the cover never once changed—which all England all the while knows to have been manufactured in Tooley-street. Ten to one, nevertheless, if there are not many who would leave off buying that pomatum, if it were offered for sale as English, and with the real maker's name upon it.

Two other rogues, in the city, have been making a laughable experiment enough upon the force of truth, or puff, between them; and, I believe, the matter is to end in an application to the Court of Chancery; but, for the time, the impostor has carried the day. One of these people, who are both hair-dressers, and live opposite to each other, near the Exchange, is—or was lately—thriving, by selling the fat of bears as a kind of cosmetic. The other (his neighbour), knowing that it was just as good to sell any other material in pots, with "Bear's Grease" for a label, as genuine bear's grease, immediately started with the same "pots," filled with an inexpensive unguent, in opposition. The true dealer, who keeps forty live bears in his cellar, and has himself taken up once a-week before the sitting alderman, as a nuisance, by way of advertisement, killed a bear upon this, hung him up whole in full sight in his shop, and wrote in the window, "A fresh bear killed this day!" The impostor, who had but one bear in all the world, which he privately led out of his house, after dark, every night, and brought him back (to seem like a new supply going in) in the morning, continued his sale, writing in his window, "Our fresh bear will be killed to-morrow." The original vender then—determined to cut off his rival's last shift—kept his actual bears, defunct, with the skins only half off, hanging up always at his door, proclaimed all bear's grease sold in "pots" a "vile imposture;" and desired his customers to "walk in," and see theirs, "with their own eyes, cut and weighed from

the animal." This seemed conclusive for two days; but, on the third, the opponent was again in the field, with a placard, "founded on the opinion of nine doctors of physic," that bear's grease "obtained from the animal in a tamed, or domestic state," would not "make anybody's hair grow at all." In consequence of which he "has formed an establishment in Russia, (where all the best bears come from,) for catching them wild, cutting the fat off immediately, and potting it down for London consumption." And the rogue actually ruins his antagonist, without going to the expense of a bear's-skin, by writing all over his house, "LICENSED BY THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT"—"HERE, AND AT ARCHANGEL."

"This is the state of man"—at least with us—or something very like it; but yet I doubt, whether such a scheme of toil and trouble is the best mode of getting through life, after all. The million born under such a system have no time to *live*; they labour for twenty-three hours in acquiring a certain quantity of wealth, which they dissipate in some folly—which perhaps, at last, they care as little as it deserves for—in the twenty-fourth.

As, to be safe, we must be great, I admire the country—I am proud of it; but it is too populous—too much a town throughout—there is too much free speaking, and far too little free footing in it, for my indolent, vagabond disposition to be pleased with.

From the Land's End to John o' Groats, every inch of ground that a man walks upon, in England, must belong to himself—or to somebody else. If you shoot, the poacher has ten times more true enjoyment of the chase than the lord can have; for what can you kill but that which is your own already, or that which your neighbour has reared, and paid for as fully as he does his turkeys? It is a poor apology for field sport, to breed pheasants, fed, and almost marked like cattle, at a cost of five guineas a-piece; and then get a party, on an appointed day, to sit in arm-chairs and slaughter them, a hundred upon an acre! There is no true hunting now in England, but the hunting of three per cents, and of men.

There is no spot where you may go and wander—(I can understand, if not defend, the Conqueror's *making* a forest in Hampshire!)—wander for

days, and almost weeks, upon ground which is, practically, common to all; which there are not people enough in the country to infest, and which no person thinks it worth his while to enforce a title to. Which way will you turn to get out of the haunts—out of the troublesome presence—of civilization and of men; to fancy yourself, if you had a whim to do so, for one hour, really lord of the creation; and not find some “hardwareman,” from Sheffield, with a steel-trap, or a spring-gun, and a board beginning, “TAKE NOTICE!” and ending with, “THE UTMOST RIGOUR OF THE LAW”—(all the boards stuck up in the island seem to have been written by the same painter)—your rival, or more than your rival, in empire?

Where will you show your head in any corner of the kingdom, however remote, without finding some one lying in wait, open-mouthed, to devour you? I happened two days ago, upon business, into the White Horse Inn, in Friday-street, Cheapside; and, even there, I found a swindler of fashionable appearance, regularly ensconced, and living in the house—living in the atmosphere of Friday-street—should not thrift after this be blessing?—ready to catch clothiers, and other innocents, as they arrived by the “heavy coach” in town.

And the lawful dealing is not much better!—the danger of being made a prey of—tickled, unsuspectingly, by some woman—they have a fine finger at such doings—is one of the little cares that haunt me now. It is not the value of what is taken out of one’s pocket, but the rage at being patted on the back while the pocket is picked. I am taking measures to have it understood here that I am poor, rather than otherwise; that the Edwards’ estate was much dipped; that my father’s debts are at least double what, in fact, they are; and I wish—everybody knows you are rich, and so you can’t be worse off—I wish you would put it about that you have won a large sum from me at play.

I shall keep a small establishment in town—that I am fixed on. The house that I have taken in Park-lane is a nutshell. One chariot—and that shall serve for travelling, and all; nothing expensive but my horses—and, of those, not one running one, believe me.

And, after all, I am not quite sure that I don’t sometimes look back a

little to my poor half-tumble-down Quinta at Condeixa; with the delicious weather, (except the rainy season, certainly)—and the solitude—and my fine gardens—and the glorious woods and mountains which surrounded me—and, still more, the absence from observation!—that there was none to look at—none to comment on—or interfere with me. I could get on horseback with my gun, and my single servant, throw my reins on my horse’s neck, as freely as though I had been a real knight-errant, roving in the desert; and it mattered not which way I went, for there was room enough to ride without harming any man’s property; and, if I rambled to a village a dozen miles off, where a priest and a barber probably were the only trading characters, and neither of these, perhaps, had ever stirred, the one beyond his native hills, the other beyond his native province—if I came only where there was a farm-house, I was sure of a welcome—if where there was an apothecary, he was a man of science, and a traveller, especially a foreigner, was an important personage to him—I had a chat—the news of the country—a supper and a mattress if I would—and a promise to visit me, cheerfully, with all his family—half a dozen women, riding (as women should ride) upon asses—in return. And then, at home, there was my garden, my stable, and, if I made a vile noise with the guitar sometimes, no one took the trouble to laugh at me. And there was a game at chess, and a walk, and a discussion upon faith, or miracles, or witchcraft, on the crops of the season, or the ravages of the war, with the Padre. I was a happier man, and a far more important one, with my limited income at Condeixa, (though I did now and then long for some change,) than I shall ever be again. I quitted my six years’ residence with regret, and, I think, regretted, for I had the power of doing good very easily, and I did no great mischief, at least never any wantonly. If I were going back to-morrow, I would go only just as I was; no desire to return triumphant—splendour and insult, and all that detestable feeling, with which I am going to favour a few of my old acquaintances in this quarter of the world very shortly!

But this is over, and your “privacy” is but the darling nurse of false self-estimate and affectation neither.

I must bustle with the crowd, and find something to do in it, though, as to what, I find it easier to question than come to any satisfactory conclusion. There is a great change, I don't know whether you observe it, in the faces upon the *pavé*, since we were here together last. And, contrary to the natural progress of things, it is the young countenances chiefly that have disappeared.

Some of our coffee-room acquaintance have taken up, and married. One or two—they make a sad history altogether—have *been* taken up; and narrowly escaped the other lot arranged for man by destiny. Several are literally beggared—starving in gaols and bridewells—whom I recollect, and you must recollect also, rioting in this very house. Some have married prostitutes, and eat the “allowances” of fools as gross, and blackguards almost as filthy, as themselves. Many rub on still, and contrive to be seen in the circle by a little game, where anybody will bet, and a little swindling, where anybody will trust. And some of the elder and stouter thrive by a sort 'of—seeing young gentlemen fairly through their property—lacqueying, bullying, and fighting, for the worst of the new beginners.

In truth, it would seem odd, I dare say, that a man should turn virtuous for such a curriish reason as that other people chose to be knaves as well as himself; but I do begin to think, since I have been this time in London, that disrespectability is not so desirable as it used to be. With all the advantages which large means afford; and the greatest, as I take it, is the means they give of shutting out the world—of escaping always from the offence that a compulsory commixture with any class or portion of society reflects upon you—With all the power which they give of commanding this solitude; and, moreover, that constant leisure, which is almost worth the privacy—it is much! and, in England, wealth only can supply it—With all the means of having no such thing as an obligation upon one for years together; of pursuing any absurdity which whim, passion—no matter what—suggests, without hinderance or impediment; of finding all the petty inconveniences of life smoothed down to your hand—every knave meeting you with a delighted smile—you know he would cut your throat, if he could—

but he can't—and, in the meantime, the dog is so silken, and so obedient—and that very same ready complaisance which is intolerable in people whom one would desire to value, is so excellent in the minor ministers to comfort, from whom we only expect that they should *do*, without caring for the motive! In spite of all this inconvenience, I want something—in short, I have *earned* none of it—it does not flatter my vanity—I want a “character”—and I wish I had staid ten years ago with you in the army.

It is the very devil to be growing old as a person of no peculiarity; known only as Mr So and So, who has an estate worth “so much.” Mixed up—and no resource!—with the crowd who lose money at Newmarket—belong to the clubs—keep opera girls—drive good carriages—and might have sold soap and whipcord, instead of doing any of these things, if some one else had not acquired the means which they are worthlessly dissipating. I protest, I think there is not a footman who raises himself by his own works to any place, or estimation, who is not—in the mere scale of creation—an incomparably nobler thing than any of these drones, with whom I am in a fair way to be included.

And then, for the means of notoriety within the circle that endures us—what a circle it is, and what a notoriety when all is done! The wearing always a very particular dress—the uglier by far the better—riding in a particularly absurd vehicle; or being at play a particular dupe. Figuring in the eighteenth intrigue of a new actress—say it is the first after she becomes known in London—the former seventeen having occurred, without any figuring at all, when she travelled, by caravan, through the country, and had no more dream of “settlement,” or “equipage,” than of being translated to the skies; or perhaps exposing a man's own person to be laughed at, at a shilling per head, on the stage at some watering-place,—(for in town the fear of pippins is before the eyes of rogues, and they don't venture)—doing that—and as a matter to be proud of—which would not produce thirty shillings a-week, if it were done as a matter of profit; and which, for fifteen, half the people at Bartlemy fair would do better, or would not be permitted to do at all!

Here's enough almost to drive a man into being "sober and honest." And I wish again, that I had staid in the army; or that there could spring up another Waterloo, which a man might thrust his head into, and so gain a little reputation within ten days after the date of his commission; for, to stand as a soldier, in the presence of men who have fought twenty campaigns—that's worse even than obscurity. Something I'll soon attempt, that's certain; but whether to become a legislator—that's not a bad pursuit for a man to take up, who knows nothing of any pursuit at all—or to commit some very unheard-of outrage, that people may say—"That's Mr Edwards, who is suspected to have stolen Blackfriars'-bridge," when I come into a room—which I have not yet determined.

Absolutely, I am tired—if I could but escape from it—of mere worthlessness and futility; and when I meet men who make brilliant speeches—write glorious books—conduct nego-

tiations—or have seen the Russian campaign—I envy, and, what is worse, honour the caitiffs—to my own great personal disparagement and admitted disqualification.

All the feats that I ever did in my life—they are immeasurably great; but there are so very few I dare confess to: If anything should strike you, by which a man (with an easy leap) might achieve honour or dignity, mention it when you write again; for, or else, I shall be obliged to retire, as a country gentleman. Meantime, with thanks to the Lady Susan, for so far honouring me, I believe I know sufficient of the language to return her inclosure in a practicable state. If I might "advise," however—seeing she is resolved to patronise letters—a collection kept the wrong way—noting down the absurdities of people rather than their beauties,—would be far more easily maintained than that which she proposes; and, I should think, more entertaining.

ABJURATION.

THERE was a time—sweet time of youthful folly!—

Fantastic woes I courted, feign'd distress;

Wooing the veiled phantom, Melancholy,

With passion born, like Love, "in idleness."

And like a lover, like a jealous lover,

I hid mine idol with a miser's art,

(Lest vulgar eyes her sweetness should discover,)

Close in the inmost chambers of mine heart.

And there I sought her—oft in secret sought her,

From merry mates withdrawn, and mirthful play,

To wear away, by some deep stilly water

In greenwood lone, the livelong summer day,

Watching the fitting clouds, the fading flowers,

The flying rack athwart the wavy grass;

And murmur'ing oft, "Alack! this life of ours—

Such are its joys—so swiftly doth it pass."

And then, mine idle tears (ah, silly maiden!)

Bedropt the liquid glass, like summer rain—

And sighs, as from a bosom sorrow-laden,

Heaved the light heart, that knew no real pain.

And then, I loved to haunt lone burial-places,

Pacing the church-yard earth with noiseless tread—

To pore in new-made graves for ghastly traces,

Brown crumbling bones of the forgotten dead:

To think of passing bells—of death and dying—
 Methought 'twere sweet in early youth to die,
 So loved, lamented—in such sweet sleep lying,
 The white shroud all with flowers and rosemary

Strew'd o'er by loving hands!—But then 'twould grieve me
 Too sore forsooth! the scene my fancy drew—
 I could not bear the thought, to die and leave ye;
 And I have lived, dear friends! to weep for you.

And I have lived to *prove*, that fading flowers
 Are life's best joys, and all we love and prize—
 What chilling rains succeed the summer showers,
 What bitter drops, wrung slow from elder eyes.

And I have lived to look on Death and dying,
 To count the sinking pulse—the short'ning breath—
 To watch the last faint life-streak flying—flying—
 To stoop—to start—to be alone with—Death.

And I have lived to wear the smile of gladness,
 When all within was cheerless, dark, and cold—
 When all earth's joys seem'd mockery and madness,
 And life more tedious than “a tale twice told.”

And now—and now pale pining Melancholy!
 No longer veil'd for me your haggard brow
 In pensive sweetness—such as youthful folly
 Fondly conceited—I abjure ye now.

Away—avaunt! No longer now I call ye
 “Divinest Melancholy! Mild, meek maid!”
 No longer may your siren spells enthrall me,
 A willing captive in your baleful shade.

Give me the voice of mirth—the sound of laughter—
 The sparkling glance of pleasure's roving eye.
 The past is past.—Avaunt, thou dark Hereafter!
 “Come, eat and drink—to-morrow we must die.”

So, in his desp'rate mood, the fool hath spoken—
 The fool whose heart hath said, “there is no God.”
 But for the stricken heart, the spirit broken,
 There's balm in Gilead yet. The very rod,

If we but kiss it, as the stroke descendeth,
 Distilleth balm to allay th' inflicted smart,
 And “Peace, that passeth understanding,” blendeth
 With the deep sighing of the contrite heart.

Mine be that holy, humble tribulation—
 No longer feigned distress—fantastic woe—
 I know my griefs—but then my consolation—
 My trust, and my immortal hopes I know.

MATILDA; A TALE OF THE DAY.*

It certainly does appear a little extraordinary, that England at the present day should be unable to boast the possession of a single distinguished novelist, and that the higher honours of that department of literature should so long have rested in abeyance. Mrs Radcliffe and Miss Austin (the very antipodes to each other) are gone; and Madame d'Arblay, in the "*Wanderer*," has afforded convincing proof of the decay of her literary powers, at no time very varied or extensive. It is true, Theodore Hook is yet at his *Perihelion*, but much as we admire this gentleman's talents, and sympathize in his virtuous antipathy to steel forks, and servants in cotton stockings; and cordially as we applaud his persevering exertions to reform the Criminal Code by imposing signal punishment on the depravity of drinking porter, and eating with a knife, we are not quite convinced that the brilliance of anything he has yet *said* or *done*, entitles him to be quoted as an exception. Ireland can at least produce one name, and Scotland several, (we do not speak of the author of *Waverley*, for he "is like a star, and dwells apart,") with which England has absolutely none to put in competition. Where, we should be glad to know, is the English Miss Edgeworth? Or what production of the present age will they oppose to "*The Inheritance*?" A work which, when considered as the production of a female, stands unrivalled in our national literature, and unites the originality and power sometimes, though rarely, to be met with in our sex, with the more delicate and softer beauties peculiar to her own. We trust that the effect of the applause she has already gained, has been to stimulate, not satiate, the ambition of this accomplished lady; that she will not suffer her talent to slumber, nor rest her sickle from its task, till she has fully reaped that abundant harvest of fame, with which her perseverance must undoubtedly be crowned.

But *Matilda*—we confess we allowed these volumes to lie a whole month on our table unread. To the lynx eye of a critic, the title did not seem very

promising. There appeared to us something Lane-and-Newmanish about it, a certain indescribable redolence of Leadenhall Street, by no means tempting to a nearer approach. Above all, the book had been enveloped from its birth in so dense an atmosphere of *puff*; and Colburn had so disgustingly besmeared it with his slime and slaver, that we involuntarily set it down for one of those catchpenny "*Works of Importance*" with which that most imaginative bookseller so frequently delights to surprise us, and the claims of which are always to be estimated in an inverse ratio to the inflation of the panegyric by which they are announced. We did, however, read the book at last. The story we found to be perhaps the most hackneyed and commonplace in the whole circle of novel-writing, and one which had already fifty times at least run the gauntlet of the Circulating Library. The characters appeared to put forth but trifling claims to originality or vigour of conception, and the incidents to be very few, and not very skilfully arranged. Out of such unhelpful materials, however, has the author managed to construct a tale of no ordinary interest and beauty. He seems to have encountered difficulties merely for the sake of surmounting them, to have voluntarily multiplied the obstacles to success only to render his triumph the more signal and complete. He leads us along a beaten track, but is continually laying open new beauties to our view. He launches his little skiff against wind and current, and it is impossible not to admire the grace with which she breasts the waters, and stretches gallantly for her destined haven.

The secret of all this is, that the author of these volumes is a very clever and accomplished person. There is an air of elegance diffused over the whole work, and he has far more than compensated for the want of novelty in his materials, by the fineness of his tact, and the felicity of his execution. His pictures of high life in particular, though drawn with a light and sketchy pencil, and not very carefully finish-

ed in the minuter details, are well and skilfully grouped, and marked in their easy and flowing outlines by the hand of a master. It is quite visionary to expect such pictures from any but a denizen of this closest of all corporations, the members of which, in the true spirit of our Scottish borough system, maintain the privilege of electing each other. There is no community in which the Alien bill is more rigidly enforced than in the commonwealth of fashion—none of whose laws and constitution the maxim, “*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*,” is so strictly adopted as the ruling principle. The discovery of the North-west passage is not more beset with difficulties than that of a navigable passage for merchantmen to the drawing-rooms of Grosvenor Square and Park Lane.

When a stray plebeian, from his talents as a jester or buffoon, succeeds in obtaining the envied privilege of sitting, by sufferance, at “great men’s feasts,” he is aware that he holds this honour by too precarious a tenure, to feel very much at his ease. His attention is too much occupied by the pomp and circumstance by which he is surrounded—he is too morbidly apprehensive of betraying his own vulgarity by a failure in the most trifling ceremonial; too sedulous in his conformance to all the petty observances of the entertainment, to have either the leisure or composure of mind necessary for observations on character. In recording his experience of high life, therefore, it is quite natural that such a person should entirely overlook those finer and less tangible peculiarities, by which the very highest circle of society is distinguished from that immediately beneath it, and reserve his descriptive eloquence for the candelabras, and gilt plate, the routine of the dinner table, the splendour of the liveries, and the portly dignity of the butler. But this is not what we want—and this is not what Lord Normanby (for he is the acknowledged author of *Matilda*) has given us. The luxurious appliances of aristocratic society, so novel and imposing to the imagination of a vulgar Parvenu, are to him familiar as the air he breathes, and therefore quite as likely to pass unnoticed. In *Matilda*, we encounter no descriptions of silk draperies, or Turkey carpets—the sideboard sup

ports its gorgeous burden unnoticed—we are not drilled into the manual and platoon exercise of silver forks and finger glasses—the St Peray sparkles unrecorded, and not one of the party is damned to everlasting fame, for wearing a coarse neckcloth, or a Cornelian ring. Lord Normanby, however, is no mean artist, and has succeeded wonderfully in transferring to his canvass even the most shadowy and evanescent hues of the camelion fashion. Of this we think no further evidence will be required than is afforded by the following extract:—

“It was early in the month of July, when that most valuable department of the daily press, which is headed ‘Fashionable Arrangements,’ contained, among many other pieces of information, which, however intrinsically important, would not be so interesting to my readers, the two following paragraphs:—

“‘Lord Ormsby (late the Honourable Augustus Arlingford) is arrived at Mi-vart’s Hotel, after an absence of two years on the Continent.’

“‘Lord and Lady Eatington will this day entertain a distinguished party at their splendid mansion in Grosvenor Square.’

“That intelligence of this description should have attracted every eye, is not to be wondered at, when it is recollected, that, as the advance of the season had diminished the number of these events, the type in which they were announced had proportionably increased in size and importance; and many an absent fair one, who had been prematurely hurried from chalked floors to green fields, had now no other resource than to make that a distant study which was no longer a present pleasure. But be this as it may, a little before eight, on the day above mentioned, the first carriage was heard to come clattering up South Audley-street, containing Lord George Darford and Henry Penryn; two youths, most comprehensively described as ‘Young men about town.’ ‘Very unlucky, my father wanting the carriage afterwards,’ said Lord George—‘I do so hate to be early. The half-hour introduction to a dinner, like the preface to a book, should always be skipped.’

“‘One might know one was too early, the fellow drives so fast,’ said Mr Penryn, as they swung round the last corner, at the risk of annihilating a pensive nursery-maid, and all her ‘pretty ones, at one fell swoop.’

“‘I wonder whom we shall have at

the Eatingtons'?' continued he; 'they have been too much in the Pidcock line this year.'

" 'Yes,' said Lord George, 'and that's another bore in being early; for your human lion is not like his royal brother—the liveliest before he's fed.'

" Stopping at the door at this moment, the length of time that elapsed before the thundering announcement of their arrival produced its (usually instantaneous) effect, seemed to confirm their apprehensions as to the flagrant punctuality of their arrival; and the tardy appearance of one liveried lackey alone, in red waistcoat and white apron, verified their worst fears. Many a felon has mounted the fatal ladder with less appearance of shame and contrition, than was painted in the countenances of these unhappy 'young men about town,' as they ascended the carpeted stairs,—about to expiate the offence of such unnatural preinaturity of arrival; and the deserts of Arabia would hardly have appeared more awful in their eyes, than did the solitude of the drawing-room, where they found themselves—literally first. Silence succeeded the shutting of the door, which was at length broken by Lord George; whilst, by the help of the pier-glass, with his right-hand, he arranged his flattened locks; and, with his left, quelled the first symptoms of insurrection in his neck-cloth.

" 'At least, we shall hear the lions all announced—we shall know who the inmates of the menagerie are to be to-day.' Hardly had this consolation been suggested, when the door was opened, not by the regular officer, the groom of the chambers, who scorned to be a party to so untimely an arrival, but by a mumbling footman, who muttered something that was meant to be a name, and disappeared; having ushered in a young man, dressed in deep mourning. Our two friends regarded him with an unacknowledging stare, which the stranger repaid in kind, as he passed to a sofa at the further extremity of the room, and unconcernedly occupied himself with a newspaper; whilst the two youths remained in the window-place, where they had nestled themselves from a sense of solitude.

" In any other civilized country in the world, gentlemen thus accidentally meeting, if they did not, like the lady in the *Anti-Jacobin*, 'vow an eternal friendship,' would at least, from the circumstance of meeting in the house of a common friend, have been admitted to the local rank of acquaintances, and received the

regular brevet allowances of nods, smiles, &c. But here we are more afraid of being involved in a bow than in a bad bet—of being obliged to acknowledge an acquaintance than a bill—and the most persevering dun is not so embarrassing as the face which, one is obliged to own, has acquired a legal title to a nod, from our having been incautious enough to incur acquaintanceship with the owner.

" There was something in the air and manner of the stranger, which it was impossible for the most unobservant not to remark as peculiarly distinguished; and from the tact which the usage of the world gives to every one in these matters, such would certainly have been the opinion of our two worthies, if their judgment had not been wilfully biassed by the conclusion which they logically deduced from having been everywhere, and knowing everybody,—that 'him whom they did not know they ought not to know;' and they would as soon have adopted the doctrine of the Preadamites, as have admitted, that any one, worthy to be ranked among the elect, *had* existed prior to the commencement of their fashionable millenium, just two years before. Therefore, expecting from the character of the Eatingtons that the party would be rather a mixed one, Mr Penryn whispered to Lord George, 'I think it's the new actor: to be sure this man's figure looks better; but then I only saw him in Richard the Third, with hump, and all that sort of thing.'—'No,' said Lord George, 'I think it's the composer—what's his name?—I caught a glimpse of his head behind the piano-forte, last week, at Lady I.'s, as I squeezed half in at the door-way. You know he asks a hundred pounds a-night, and the Eatingtons are famous for paying in kind; turtle and champagne for notes—you understand?'

" 'I have it, George,' retorted the other; 'look at his black coat—depend upon it, it's the Popular Preacher. I never heard him, to be sure; but I'm quite certain it's he.'

The door was now opened, and the Dowager Duchess of Dulladone and the two Lady Townlys were announced. The former situation of Lord George and his friend was bliss, compared to that in which they now found themselves; for, besides the danger of being devoured, as they would have expressed it, by the two Lady Townlys, to which their present unprotected state seemed to expose them, their misery was increased by the shame of having been convicted, by a dowager duchess and her two unmarried

daughters, of having arrived before them ; and the consciousness of having thereby forfeited their best claim to that admiration hitherto so lavishly bestowed upon them from that quarter : the young ladies' idea of being ' quite the thing,' consisting in nothing so much as pre-eminent unpunctuality.

" The stranger bowed slightly to the duchess as she passed to his end of the room, which she answered with an inquiring curtsy,—her Grace's eye-sight, which was none of the best, being now rendered more treacherous by the darkness of the room. ' Who is it ? ' said she to Lord George, in a low whisper ; to which he replied, ' Indeed I don't know,'—in a tone of voice *all but* impertinently audible. At this moment their host and hostess appeared from an inner room—Lady Eatington employed with a half-drawn-on glove—his lordship applying a half-opened pocket-handkerchief to his nose ; both which actions were meant to signify rather reproachfully, than apologetically, ' You have come sooner than we expected—but here we are.'

" As we have introduced our readers to their house, we shall be expected to make them acquainted with the master and mistress ; but Lord and Lady Eatington were those every-day sort of people of whose characters it is almost impossible to speak in affirmatives. Perhaps the two most positive characteristics of his lordship were, that he was a receiver of rents in the country, and a giver of dinners in town. To speak negatively—he was—no politician—no farmer—no *bel esprit*—no connoisseur ; but the most distinguished of all these classes met at his house, to pronounce upon the merits of one of the best cooks in Europe : in consideration of which, every one, in accepting his invitations, wrote to him—' Dear Eatington,

' Yours truly.'

And every one *enfiled* the crowd at Almack's, to squeeze Lady Eatington's hand when she first came to town.

" Her ladyship was naturally a very silly, and by education (so called), a very illiterate woman ; but long habits of the world enabled her to conceal this ; and if she was seldom as well informed as her guests, she was always as well dressed as her dinners—which answered all the purpose.

" But how surprised were our young beaux, and our old duchess, to see, that whilst they themselves were casually recognised, the whole of the attention of both host and hostess was directed to the

stranger ! As the arrival of fresh company made the conversation less constrained, this was explained, though not to the satisfaction of Lord George and Mr Penryn, by overhearing Lady Eatington telling the duchess, whose ears were almost as defective as her eyes, a long story, of which they caught—' Must recollect'—' Augustus Arlingford'—' long abroad'—' supposed early disappointment'—' recent death of his brother'—' now Lord Ormsby'—' very rich,' &c.—which immediately produced from her Grace, in rather a high tone, meant to catch his lordship's ear at some distance,—' Excuse my blindness, my lord—Letitia and Cecilia—Lord Ormsby—you must recollect Mr Arlingford, though you were then very young—quite children.'

" The reflections of Lord George and Mr Penryn, upon their half-wilful mistake, were not very consolatory, as the former fame of Augustus Arlingford occurred to them in all its pre-eminence. Lord George now recollected that, in his first conference with his tailor, he had been strongly recommended the Arlingford collar, and that a part of his dress, about which he was very particular, had been called ' Arlingford's.' Mr Penryn, too, had a disagreeable reminiscence, that whilst still at college, he lost a rouleau, when Mr Arlingford's colt won the Derby ; and both distinctly remembered, that when they first came out, if any very well-looking young man appeared, all the oracles declared that he had ' a look of Arlingford ;' and this was the man whom they had voted an awkward actor, a squab singer, or a methodist parson.

" From this time the cannonade at the street-door became almost incessant, and every possible variety of arrival was constantly swelling the circle, which, with truly English instinct, had formed itself round the place, where (strange to say) there was *not* a fire ; and many were the different ways of presenting themselves which might be remarked :—First, The tender scion, just budding in the first rays of fashion, who, after advancing desperately, and retiring awkwardly from the circle, seemed anxiously to solicit a protecting nod from those around him, confirmative of the acquaintance he hoped he had made. Then came the well-established man of the world, who seemed carelessly to postpone the duties of recognition, till dinner and lights afforded him a more convenient opportunity of doing so. To him succeeded the ' *eidavant jeune homme*,' whose ' way of life is fall'n into the sear—the yellow

leaf;’ who, with out-stretched hand, and perpetual ‘how d’ye do,’ went the round of the circle, not bating ‘an inch of his prerogative’ of acquaintanceship.”

The second specimen we shall lay before our readers, shall be somewhat of a different cast. It contains a description of the Hobson family, very tip-top people in Manchester, who have been seized with the travelling mania, so endemic of late years among all classes. We are not quite satisfied that the noble author has been very successful in this part of his subject. The old Hobsons appear neither very bright conceptions, nor very new, but Jem Hobson compensates amply for all his parents’ defects. He is indeed a *gem*, a jewel of great price—

“Miss Betty Dornton was some years older than her brother; and having brought her charms to market at a time when the prospects of her family were not so extensive as they afterwards became, (old uncle Smithson having then formed only the *nucleus* of that immense wealth, which he afterwards scraped together; and certainly having no intentions of bequeathing it in a lump to any one,) her marriage with Mr John Hobson was not at the time objected to. He was a steady, calculating foreman, in a large manufactory at Manchester. This situation he had gradually improved into that of a master of foremen; and his small back lodging he had changed into the largest extent of staring brick front in Manchester.

“Mrs Hobson, at the time of her marriage, was a silly, showy, bustling, chattering little body; with a brisk figure, and brisker tongue, good-humoured, illiterate, and vulgar. Twenty years, and more than half as many children, had rather taken from her briskness of figure—her person seeming to have kept pace with her fortunes, in increase; but nothing had abated her activity of tongue, as Lady Matilda soon found to her cost, when the servant announced Mrs Hobson, the Miss Hobsons, and Master Hobson; the last a hobble-de-hoyish schoolboy. The three Miss Hobsons I shall not attempt to describe individually as to character, till the reader becomes by degrees better acquainted with them. In their dress there was a sisterly sameness, consisting, as it did, of bright pea-green cassimere pelisses, superabundantly bebraided, and black beaver bonnets with pink linings. The only distinction in their appearance, was, that Miss Hobson’s round rosy face was—one can’t say

shaded, with small bright red corkscrew curls; whilst Miss Anne, from having rather a higher bridge to her nose than was common in the family, had taken the Grecian line, and had accordingly drawn two long straight strips of sandy hair across her temples, as she thought *à la Madonna*. The third, Jemima, was at that becoming age when young ladies’ hair is neither long nor short. As to the conversation of these Manchester graces,—being in considerable awe of a person of whom the Morning Post said so much as it did of Lady Matilda, they confined that to occasional verbal corrections of their mother’s slip-slop, which their boarding-school education fully qualified them to give. As to Mrs Hobson, she felt no such awe as that with which the name and fame of Lady Matilda inspired her daughters. Ever since her brother’s marriage, she had persuaded herself that her own consequence was so much increased by the closeness of the connexion, that she did not feel abashed, even in the presence of the cause of all that additional consequence. So she waddled straight up to Lady Matilda, in a scarlet velvet pelisse which made the sun hide his diminished head in the dog-days; and after a sisterly salutation, said,—(staring full at her.)—‘Well, I’m sure Jem couldn’t have done better.’ She then broke at once into the subject now always uppermost in her thoughts; namely, the extraordinary circumstance of her being actually about to go abroad.

“‘Well,’ said she, ‘I hope that we shall all live as one family in foreign parts. To think of my going trapesing out of Old England! but my daughters must have the same *advantages* as the Miss Tomkins’s, though they did make old Tomkins a knight the other day. But an’t my brother a baronet? to say nothing of you, Lady Matilda. Then Dr Snook says, that Jemima is rather *pilmonary*, and that the air of Italy will do her good; and to be sure, if it was not for fear of the *muskittys*, or bandittis, or what do they call them as attacks one there, I should like Italy well enough, and to see the Pope, and the Venus of Meddi—what is it, my dear?’ appealing to one of her daughters. ‘Medici, mamma,’ said Miss Anne. ‘Ay—Medici—and the Saint Peter’s—but I don’t think so much of that, because we’ve got a Saint Peter’s at Manchester. And that great cascade (Turny, or what do they call it?) that Briggs—old Briggs of our town’s son—showed a fine picture of it, as he did there at our exhibition, with the water all so white, and the rocks so black, and

the trees so green; very pretty it was; and little Briggs himself sitting on a three-legged stool, with it all splashing about him, poor fellow;—and then that Capital Colossus as the old Romans made.’—‘Coliseum, mamma,’ said Miss Hobson; ‘and the Capitol,’ said Miss Anne, ‘is a building by itself.’—‘Very well, my dears, a building by itself, is it? I thought it was in Rome—but Jem ought to know, for I suppose that’s what they teach him at school.’ This changed the current of her ideas, and called Lady Matilda’s attention to a nuisance which the presence of more active annoyances had hitherto prevented her from observing.

“Of all the demands that the ties of connexion can make upon one’s patience, there is nothing like the precocious introduction, into general society, of a genuine school-boy; where, either by his uneasy awkwardness, he makes all who see him equally uncomfortable, or, by his pert self-sufficiency, causes a more active disturbance.—Sir James’s saying, which he so aptly applied, of ‘Love me, love my dog,’ is nothing to the trial of, Love me, love my school-boy. It is true, though, that school-boys are, after all, (to use a metaphor peculiarly suited to the Hobson family,) the raw material of which the finished articles, most sought for in a drawing-room, must be manufactured. There are, also, two varieties in the species; your private school-boy is much worse than your public; by private schools, being meant all, however large and however open, except two or three, where the scholars are more select and gentleman-like; and which schools are therefore called public. And never was there seen a more regular specimen of the worst kind of school-boy, than that which met Matilda’s eyes in the person of Jem Hobson, as he sat on the very edge of the sofa; his pale, shrunk, nankeen trowsers, having worked their way up his spindle leg, which was enveloped in a wrinkled cotton stocking; the collar of his new coat, and his black stock, alone, showing any embryo symptoms of incipient dandyism; his sandy hair plastered sideways with a wet brush, off his snubby, chubby face; and his hands occupied in studiously brushing, the wrong way, the nap of his shapeless hat.

“‘Put your hat down, my dear Jem,’ said Mrs Hobson. ‘He is Sir James’s godson; we reckon him very like him,’ appealing to Matilda, who, though she said nothing, could not deny the imputation.

“‘I am sorry his uncle’s out. I

brought him here, as he is not going abroad with us, on purpose to see him, as it is right boys should know who they are to look to. Jem, I’m sure, will do something for his godson, little Jem, as we call him: perhaps make him a parliament man; it is as good a trade as any; at least, I’m sure, so uncle Smithson found it. They say, he must make six: so he may as well have one of his own kin as another. Who knows but, in time, Jem may live to be a—what was that great gentleman, who so civilly wrote to thank our people for killing the Radicals?’—‘A Secretary of State, mamma,’ said Miss Hobson.

“‘Ah! Why should not Jem live to be a Secretary of State, Lady Matilda? I can assure you,’ continued the fond mother, ‘that all pains have been taken with his speechifying;—Jem, suppose you let your aunt hear that speech that I say makes me think I hear you in the House of Commons.’ Matilda submitted to this, as a minor evil to hearing the mother talk about him; and Jem, who, with all his shyness, preferred to his present state of awkward inaction, that exposure to which habit had hardened him, immediately prepared to comply; and, throwing his hand stiffly up, like a way-post, began, ‘My name is Norval,’—in that gruffish squeak, and with that measured twang, which generally accompany such exhibitions. He was proceeding, with wonderful success: and had just arrived at the point where—

‘A band of fierce barbarians from the hills,
Rushed, like a torrent, down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds,’—

when the door opened, and in walked our two friends of the preceding evening, Lord George Darford and Mr Penryn, who usually hunted time in couples, and meant to kill half an hour with Lady Matilda. Great, indeed, was their astonishment at the party they found assembled, and the exhibition they interrupted. Our young actor might have added—

‘Our shepherds fled for safety and for succour,’ for sudden was the flight this produced in the family;—Mrs Hobson displaying to the still wondering eyes of the intruders, as she moved towards the door, the broad back of her splendid pelisse, whose unequally-worn texture showed at once, that her velvet was English, and her habits sedentary. The young ladies followed in a cluster, stooping, shuffling, poking, and using every other means by which English young ladies of a certain class get out of the room. Roscius, alone, ‘still hovered about the enemy’—till, with some difficulty, he had extricated

his shapeless hat from under the feet of Lord George, who was, by this time, sprawling on the sofa; and having achieved this, with a formal bow, which he had learnt at the same time as his speech, he left the room.

“ ‘What, in the name of wonder,’ said Lord George, ‘is that young Esquimaux, whom we found exhibiting; and who are his attendant squaws?’ ”

“ ‘That lady was the sister of Sir James; the others were her children,’ Lady Matilda replied, in a tone calculated to stop any further attempts at ridicule.”

The Hobsons get into France, and the following is a further specimen of the author’s powers of humour—

“The feeling which one experiences in the first change from an English to a French inn, must be like that of a horse, who is suddenly taken out of a warm, close stable, and turned into a loose box. In the first, he is often cramped for room; kept much too hot; plagued with superfluous care and attention; never left enough to himself; and stuffed beyond what he can eat. In the other, he has a fine, roomy, airy place, to walk about in, and nobody ever seems to trouble his head about him, or to come near him, except at random, to feed him, when they have nothing else to do.

“At any rate, if the comparison be not quite just, it is one which struck Tom Hobson, as he and his family were turned into a large, staring, out-of-the-way kind of room, and left to their fate. Minutes, that seemed hours, passed, and there was no appearance of any one taking the least notice of them. Mrs Hobson, on whom the discipline of the packet had entailed a most ravenous appetite, now became most clamorous. All in vain;—at last she heard a footstep on the stairs, and sallied forth. There she caught a stray waiter, singing—*‘Partant pour la Syrie.’* He was proceeding on his way, without attending to her, when hunger made her bold; and though she had lost her *‘Manuel de Voyager,’* she screamed at him, as she thought, in the words of that useful publication,—*‘Je suis femme il faut me manger.’* The *garçon* stared a moment, in astonishment; when the truism contained in the first part of the sentence, not seeming to reconcile him to the obligation implied in the remainder,—he passed on—*‘Partant pour la Syrie.’* Their case thus seemed quite desperate; when first an authoritative voice was heard upon the stairs, abusing everybody to the right and left; of which the most audible words were,—*‘Sacré ! de faire attendre ; Sacré !*

*Milord Hobson ;—une des plus riches familles d’Angleterre ;—Sacré !—*and, to their astonishment, there appeared the figure of the much-despised courier, *sacré*ing into the room the identical *garçon*. Leon’s altered appearance, in ‘Rule a Wife and have a Wife,’ did not create greater surprise, nor, indeed, a more complete change in manner and deportment; nor was it easy to recognise the little, helpless, much-enduring being, in the shabby surtout and oil-skin hat, in the arbitrary, bullying, swaggering hero, glittering in gold lace and scarlet, with shining yellow leather breeches, and clattering about in a commanding pair of boots. It was like the Emperor Napoleon, rising from a sous-lieutenant of artillery, upon the extinction of the *ancien régime*, into absolute power.

“Thus, after the short-lived anarchy of the steam-boat, Pierre had completely superseded all the former legitimate authorities of the Hobson family. From that time forward, nothing could be done without him; all Mrs Hobson’s almost unintelligible wants were obliged to receive his sanction, before they could be satisfied;—old Hobson’s *eau-de-vie* and water could not be obtained without his approbation;—Tom was obliged to resign, into his more efficient command, all future control over the postilions;—even the young ladies could not lay their heads on a downy pillow, unless it was procured by him; and when Miss Hobson desired that she might have *deux gros matelots* on her bed, he it was that saved her from the danger to which an unconscious substitution of one vowel for another might have otherwise subjected her. The dinner was not only obtained at once by the exertion of his authority, but upon the whole gave astonishing satisfaction. True it is, that old Hobson began by d—g the soup, as mere salt-water, with sea-weed floating in it; by which he succeeded, as usual, in making what, from recent recollections, was to all the party precisely the most unwelcome of similes. Some *Maintenon*cotelettes, too, excited much admiration; Mrs Hobson wondering why they were wrapped up in paper; and Tom, supposing that they were meant for them to carry in their pockets, instead of sandwiches.

“Dinner being finished, and the rain continuing, the party were again reduced to their internal resources for amusement; and as the detail of these is not likely to afford much gratification to my readers, I shall leave them for the present, to pursue their journey, turning my

attention to more important persons."

We have already expressed our dissatisfaction with the want of originality in the plot. We think, too, it might have been managed with greater effect. Love can break, and has broken, far stronger bonds than those with which the author has encircled his heroine; and we think the story would have carried with it a deeper interest and a higher moral, had Matilda been made to violate the duties of a mother with those of a wife, and feed his altar not only with the sacrifice of a husband, but of a child. She should have died too, we think, not from any of the common accidents of nature, not from the neglect or contumely of the world, not from any change in the affections of one for whom she had given up all, but in the full possession of everything that she had looked forward to as necessary to her happiness, from that deep and settled consciousness of irrecoverable guilt and shame working like madness in her brain, and turning the cup of happiness into bitterness and poison. There is, however, much deep feeling and power displayed in the working up of the closing scene of the catastrophe with which the story concludes. In justice to the author, we extract a portion of the last pages—

"Ormsby's absence had been unexpectedly protracted, by the difficulty he had found in accumulating from so many different quarters, and in a foreign land, the conclusive proofs of Santelmo's birth, and in tracing his identity through the different situations of his early life. But at length Matilda received from him the glad tidings that his disinterested labours had been brought to a successful termination, and that the evidence he had obtained was such as could not be resisted in any court of justice. He added, that, as the speediest mode of returning to her, he should embark in a felucca at Genoa, and again should have the inexpressible delight of beholding her on the day immediately succeeding that in which she received the letter. In conclusion, he congratulated himself on the intelligence he had received from England, that Sir James Dornton's divorce bill had already passed one branch of the Legislature, and that, therefore, almost immediately upon his return he should have it in his power to make her irrevocably his.

" 'I am aware,' said her friend, Mrs Sydney, upon this intelligence being communicated to her, 'I am aware that, in the minds of many excellent persons,

very considerable doubts are entertained as to the propriety of these marriages; but, in my humble opinion, it is contrary to the benevolent principles of our religion to place any one in a state of irreclaimable sin. Many I know of those who have been thus redeemed, have been irreproachable as wives and mothers; and, in your particular case, I trust that the salutary interval of solitary repentance may have so chastened your mind, as that you will be properly prepared solemnly to undertake these new duties.' Matilda bowed her head in humble acquiescence.

"The morning of the day on which Ormsby was expected was serene and brilliant; it was one of those extraordinary efforts of nature, which, in that delicious climate, defying the calculations of the calendar, charm one with a feeling of summer security even in the midst of winter. Matilda had persuaded her friend to accompany her to the farther extremity of the terrace which faces the sea; and on the smooth and sunny horizon her eye had long been fixed, endeavouring to catch the first glimpse of the expected vessel. But there was not, on all this wide expanse of waters, even one white wave to be seen, which for a moment she could mistake for a shining sail. Still it was early, and the kind efforts of Mrs Sydney to calm her impatience were for some time not entirely without success. Yet hour passed after hour, and still he came not. At length the sun, which had played on the rippled surface before them, had now retired in its daily course to glitter on the still snowy summit of the Alps behind them; and the short hectic cough of Mrs Sydney, which this chilly change aggravated, reminded Matilda of the danger of indulging in the selfish pleasure of longer detaining her there. She insisted, therefore, on her immediately leaving her, and returning home.

"When deprived of her companion, Matilda's impatience, of course, increased. 'With so fair a wind,' she thought, 'he might have been here before now.' As she uttered these words, she started at a sudden gust which, rustling in the fallen leaves, carried them before her in a sort of whirlwind, to a considerable distance. In her present state of nervous excitement, even so trifling an incident for a moment checked that bounding sense of happiness which she had previously in vain endeavoured to repress, though her reproving conscience told her, that the pleasure she anticipated was a forbidden and guilty one. But this transitory uneasiness again subsided with the moment-

ary agitation of the passing breeze which caused it; and yet a little while she indulged the unbroken hope of the expected meeting.

"Left alone to revel uninterruptedly in the enjoyment of her excited feelings, she now eagerly sought a remote promontory, from which she thought she might command a more distant prospect of the course he must come. But when at length she did reach that point, wide and wild enough was the scene that met her view, yet far different from that which she had fondly anticipated.

"Those alone who have actually experienced the awful manner in which, without the least warning of impending danger, tremendous squalls suddenly burst upon the Mediterranean, can form any adequate idea of the almost miraculous change which now took place in the appearance of all things around, and of the accumulating horrors which abruptly presented themselves to the anxious eye of our heroine. Heavy rolling clouds were collecting on all sides—their darkness and gloom aggravated by the struggling rays of the setting sun, which were making a last effort to pierce through their increasing density.

"As she reached the rock she had so anxiously sought, the extensive waste of waters were still discernible, yet not, as an hour since, just rippling their otherwise unbroken surface, but 'curling their monstrous heads' to meet the lowering vapours from above. For a moment she stood rooted to the spot, unmoved even by the violence of the gale, which blew with peculiar force around the point. A cold chill ran through her veins. Even as suddenly as the outward appearance of all around had been sadly changed, the fond hopes she had so lately cherished yielded to an overwhelming sense of impending evil. The low hollow murmur of distant thunder lingered like the knoll of death upon her ear. She pressed her hands upon her breast, and rushed wildly down upon the beach. Utterly unconscious was she how long, with feelings of mental agony far superior to any sense of personal suffering, she wandered in the neighbourhood of that dreary point.

"It was only in the aggravation of her fears for him in whom self was utterly absorbed, that she felt the pelting rain which drenched her light garments; it was only as it impeded her clearer view of the boundless ocean, that she regarded the heavy spray which dashed unceasingly against her delicate frame. But it was no fleeting form assumed by the ever-varying spray,—it was no fancied creation of her troubled spirit, when, almost

within reach of the shore, rising upon the darkness before her, a light sail met her eye. One moment she caught it, as waving wildly in the wind, it flapped heavily over the heads of those from whose control it had broken. It was but a moment, and the last appalling scream of human misery struck upon her ear, as it swept sadly by—mingling with the howling of the tempest.

"Those whose career had been thus abruptly closed, were not more unconscious of all that followed the harrowing sound of their expiring agonies, than was the poor sufferer who had been fated to witness them; for almost lifeless, drenched with the rain, and her arms outstretched towards the sea, extended upon the beach, the unfortunate lady was found by her anxious friend,—who had till now in vain sought her from the beginning of the storm, which she knew was so calculated to excite her well-grounded fears for the safety of one on whom her whole happiness depended.

"It was with the greatest difficulty that when assistance had been procured, Matilda could be prevailed upon to quit the spot on which she had been found. Her senses had suffered from the shock she had experienced; and they were only partially restored, to endure the pangs of a premature labour. Long and doubtful was the struggle; and it was late in the following day, when the almost unconscious mother strained to her broken heart a female child, whose untimely birth and delicate appearance did not promise a longer continuance of life, than could be hoped for its evidently dying mother."

We now bid farewell to Matilda and its author. We say its *author*, for amid the more stimulating pursuits in which Lord Normanby has already taken no undistinguished part, it is perhaps scarcely to be expected, that we shall soon meet him in that character again. Should his ambition, however, still point to distinction in the walks of literature, we can assure him that his present work is one rather of promise than performance, and that it will require a very strong and effective concentration of his powers, to place him even on a footing of equality with many of his competitors. At all events, the present article will show that we are disposed to regard his efforts with no unfavourable eye, and give the lie to those who accuse us of mixing politics with literature, and of refusing, under any circumstances, to do justice to the productions of a *Whig*.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

CIRCUMSTANCES over which we had no control, but in which, were we to enter into a minute detail of them, the public could take no manner of interest, have alone prevented us from returning, as we had designed to return, in our last Number, to a consideration of the present state and probable future prospects of the Church of England. We commence our present paper with this declaration, because we are not anxious to conceal that a small part only of the task which we have assigned to ourselves has as yet been accomplished. No doubt the subjects already touched upon are of very vital importance; they are, moreover, in every one's mouth, and therefore we treated of them first. But there are other matters behind, of no less serious moment, which, though they may not perhaps be spoken of quite so frequently, are neither left unnoticed, nor suffered to pass without censure. To these, in the proper order, we mean to draw the attention of our readers; and as we are happy to find that the tone in which our former discussions were delivered has not been looked upon, as we were half afraid it might be looked upon, as impertinent, we can give no better pledge for our future moderation, than by assuring them, that they will not find that tone altered to the last.

Before entering upon what may be regarded as a new topic, it may appear but just and reasonable to notice such omissions in our review of the Book of Common Prayer, as have either occurred to ourselves since that review went forth, or have been pointed out to us by others. These, though not numerous, chance to be of considerable consequence. An anonymous correspondent has, for example, suggested, that in case of a revision of the liturgy, it might be proper to increase the number of sentences prefixed to the exhortation, by certain texts, such as Gen. xxviii. 17, or Habak. ii. 20, inculcative of reverence for the place of assembly. The same writer recommends a removal of the word *Trinity* from the Litany, which, continues he, "though a *firm believer* in the doctrine, I cannot but think an unscriptural mode of address to the Deity—the invariable designation of the King by the simple title of 'our sovereign

lord'—the insertion before the general thanksgiving of those words in the communion service, 'Let us give thanks unto our Lord God,' 'It is meet and right to do so,'—and a different mode (the present, where there are many communicants, being rather tedious than edifying) of administering the elements of the Lord's Supper. These suggestions," he adds, "may be deemed of secondary importance." Some of them, no doubt, may be thus thought of; but we are far from considering them all as equally unimportant. Let us see.

With respect to the texts of scripture referred to, unquestionably there could be no impropriety, if there were little positive benefit, in placing them where our unknown friend desires to see them placed. A great deal is gained towards securing the attention of a congregation to the solemn duty in which they are about to be employed, if you succeed in impressing them with feelings of awe and reverence towards the place of assembly; and were we sure that the repetition of any sentences from the Bible would produce this effect, we should strongly urge the measure. But we question whether anything which is done often and regularly, comes not, in the end, to be regarded with indifference, and hence we are apt to consider this suggestion as one of secondary importance only. So is it also in the case of the sentences advised to be taken for the communion service. These, inserted as our correspondent points out, could do no harm; we scarcely think they would do much good. But of his remaining suggestions we shall take more notice, because we consider them more deserving of it.

We know not what to say as to the wisdom of omitting the word *Trinity* from the daily service of the Church. It is true that the *term* occurs not in scripture; that it never came into use till long after the canon of scripture was completed; and that, like all human language, when applied to the Divine Being, it necessarily fails of creating any just or intelligible idea in the mind of him who uses it. The very same thing may be said of the clause which follows it:—"Three persons and one God," the word *person* signifying something individual,

tangible, and confineable; and it being utterly impossible for the human mind to divest itself of that idea, as often as the word "person" happens to be uttered. But if we be induced, for these and similar reasons, to strike out particular expressions here and there, from our liturgy, it is absolutely impossible to determine where it behoves us to stop. The fact is, that no language can possibly express a distinct notion of the Supreme Being, because no distinct notion of that Being can be formed by man; nor, we are disposed to imagine, by any other creature. Even of his attributes—though we speak of them continually—we know nothing; for what are eternity and omnipresence to us, except sounds, without any definite sense? Though, therefore, it be true, that the term Trinity is an unfortunate one, and though it certainly occurs not throughout the pages of scripture, we should be sorry to see it expunged from the Litany of the English Church, because the measure could hardly fail to produce far greater evils than those which it might be intended to remedy. If the doctrine be taught in scripture, as we conscientiously believe it is, the English Church must and ought to have some term or another by which to express its belief in that doctrine; and the doctrine and the term are, from long usage, so completely associated together, that where the one is dropped, the other is understood to be rejected. Now, though we have already said, and again say, that the Church would act wisely in blotting out the Athanasian creed from her formularies, we would never advise any measure, calculated to excite the most remote suspicion, that the English Church had erred from the true faith, and become tintured with Socinianism. Besides all which, you could not omit the phrase under consideration from one part of the Prayer Book, without omitting it from all. Your festival of Trinity Sunday must accordingly be set aside; and we confess that we look up to that festival with too partial an eye, to give our consent, at least, to its overthrow. It has always struck us, as a proof of the great wisdom of the compilers of the liturgy, that they have there taught the important doctrine of a Trinity in unity in a way so quiet, if we may be allowed the expression, and so inoffensive. In

the festivals of Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter Sunday, the divinity of the Son had been plainly stated, the divinity and personality of the Holy Ghost had been declared with equal distinctness in that of Whitsunday, whilst to the worship of the Father, every day of the year is supposed to be dedicated. Not to have devoted one day to the worship of the Trinity, would have been to have the people in doubt whether there were not three separate Gods deserving of their worship. Our correspondent will now, we trust, perceive why we cannot agree in the propriety of his suggestion. We love not the *term* more than he does; but it is, and has been, so intimately connected with the most important doctrine of Christianity, and is so thoroughly interwoven into all the services of the English Church, that you could not drop it without endangering the one, and absolutely unhooking the other.

Of his remaining observations, relative to the titles bestowed upon the king, and the admiration of the elements in the Lord's Supper, we think very differently. Not only do we disapprove of the application of such language as is applied in the English Liturgy to the reigning monarch, but we conceive that the whole thing would be rendered far more solemn, and far more touching, were the name of the prince entirely struck out. To speak, in an address to the Deity, of "our most religious and gracious King," whether that king chance to be a really religious person, or the reverse, is to be guilty of something which we do not choose to designate; whilst the introduction of a modern Christian name, such as George or Frederick, into the middle of a pathetic prayer, has always appeared to us to savour prodigiously of the bathos. We know very well, that the phrase above alluded to, has, like other objectionable phrases, received its peculiar explanation. "The king of England," say that class of writers who imagine that they are serving the interests of the Church, by representing her as absolutely incapable of improvement—"the King of England is declared in our liturgy to be most religious, not in his individual capacity, but because he is the head of the Church."

We are not pleased with this explanation, not only because it bears a

strong resemblance to jesuitical sophistry, but because we can discover no solid authority upon which it is grounded. But were it ever so correct, why employ language in any department of public worship, such as shall stand in need of interpretation? We have already recorded it as our opinion, that the State-prayers recur with too much frequency, and with too much formality; we have now only to add, that were the royal family to receive the benefit of the Church's prayers once on every occasion of meeting, it would be sufficient. Greater effect, also, would be given, were the name omitted, for the introduction of which there is no necessity. There are no rival princes now-a-days—one in St James's, the other over the water—and hence no man will pray, who prays at all, except for the monarch actually in possession of the throne.

Again, it is impossible not to concur in the sentiment, that if, under any circumstances, the present mode of administering the elements in the Lord's Supper be tedious and unedifying, the sooner that mode is changed the better. In our former paper on this subject, we said, that the Communion service had our unqualified approbation. We commended it then, because it is striking without mumery, affecting without being superstitious; and so far as these facts are concerned, we again repeat our commendation. But it is nevertheless quite true, that where the bread and wine come to be administered by a single priest to an hundred and fifty or two hundred communicants, the continual repetition of the same phrases to each individual of the number, causes, and can hardly fail to cause, at least extreme languor and listlessness both in the clergyman and in his congregation. To remain so long, too, as the process requires, in a cold church, especially in the season of Winter, may prove, and frequently does prove, injurious to the health of old and delicate persons. We see not why the Clergy should not be permitted to administer the elements to three or four communicants at once. In bestowing confirmation, we observe that the Bishops never scruple to set the canon aside after this fashion; the same liberty might, we think, be taken by the priests at the altar. Still we

should wish to see this change effected only in cases of absolute necessity; for it cannot be denied, that much of the solemnity of the ceremony is destroyed when even two persons partake of the elements, and are addressed by the priest at the same time.

Our correspondent has farther thrown out a hint or two on the subject of baptism, under the idea that the matters to which he refers may not have occurred to ourselves. He objects, for instance, to the service, because God is first of all entreated to grant to the child remission of his sins, and yet the child is immediately after represented as innocent. Doubtless there is an apparent contradiction here; but we have always considered it as so trifling, and so easily seen through, that it never once struck us as deserving of notice. The truth appears to be this, the forgiveness of sins here prayed for has no reference, and can have none, in the case of a mere infant, to sins past, farther than as the infant, in common with the whole human race, is affected by the transgression of its first parents. In the guilt of that transgression the infant cannot, indeed, partake, for guilt is an act of an individual mind, and acts of the mind are not hereditary. Still the child is liable to the penalty incurred by the fall; and hence, when the priest prays that God will grant to it forgiveness of its sins, he only employs a peculiar language to express a scriptural idiom, an idiom by which the terms sin and guilt are often used where the consequences arising from sin are alone intended to be expressed. Or it may be, that the forgiveness of sins spoken of in the baptismal service, has reference to such sins as the child shall in after life commit—it certainly can have no reference whatever to sins past, which the child has not committed. Such is the light in which we have hitherto regarded the question, and by thus regarding it we have escaped its difficulties; but it is manifest that others have been less fortunate; for if one so well versed in these matters as our present correspondent have experienced a shock, how must the thing strike the multitude? and hence we have, therefore, no hesitation to say, that the ceremony so far stands in need of revision.

Besides these, there are other cir-

cumstances pointed out in our friend's letter, which, as they had previously occurred to ourselves, we shall treat as our own. We beg of him, however, to accept our best thanks for his communication; and to rest satisfied, that no exertion shall be wanting on our parts to fulfil his expectations. We beg also to acknowledge the receipt of a tract by Dr Millar of Armagh, to which we shall give our most attentive consideration.

Having thus disposed of the remarks of others, we proceed to offer a few of our own.

In our paper upon the Book of Common Prayer, the only notice which we took of the sacraments, as administered in the Church of England, had reference to the mode of administration enjoined in the Rubrick. Speaking of baptism, in particular, we objected strongly to the rule in force respecting sponsors, by which parents are positively excluded from answering for their own children. Our reasons for objecting to this arrangement were these, that in consequence of it, the offices of god-father and god-mother have ceased to be other than nominal; that persons daily pledge themselves to a duty which they have no means of fulfilling; and that great inconvenience frequently arises from the unwillingness of a man's neighbours to connect themselves so intimately with him and his family. These are very weighty objections; but they are not, perhaps, the most weighty that may be offered; they certainly tend not, in the same degree with those which we are now about to enumerate, to hold up our venerable establishment to the scorn of mankind as a mass of contradictions and absurdities. The following is the canon in force relative to the matter now before us.

"No parent shall be urged to be present, nor be admitted to answer as god-father for his own child; nor any god-father or god-mother shall be suffered to make any other answer or speech, than by the Book of Common Prayer is prescribed in that behalf; neither shall any person be admitted god-father or god-mother to any child at christening or confirmation, *before the said person so undertaking hath received the holy communion.*" Of the first clauses in this canon we have already said enough to show the impropriety,

and we wish, at present, to offer a few remarks upon the last.

That there is anything essentially wrong in hindering persons from answering for a child at the font till after they have themselves received the sacrament, we are very far from desiring to assent; the only question is, how has the injunction been attended to, or rather, how can it be attended to in the existing state of society? It is a well-known fact, that if out of a parish containing fifteen hundred or two thousand inhabitants, two hundred persons are to be found, who regularly or even occasionally receive the sacrament, the number of communicants is in that parish very great; in the generality of parishes we believe the number to be much less. The average number of christenings, however, in parishes of this population, may be taken at one hundred, or one hundred and fifty per annum. Now, as each child requires three sponsors at the least, two god-fathers and one god-mother if a boy, two god-mothers and one god-father, if a girl, it is clear, that were none but communicants admitted to discharge the office, each would find himself called upon to undertake the most serious charge which a christian man is ever called upon to undertake, twice, if not three times every year. Were that man desirous of fulfilling his duty, and did the law of the land permit him to redeem a pledge so solemnly given, it is self-evident that the most common attention to his own affairs must hinder him from obeying his inclinations; whereas, in the present posture of affairs, each communicant, were the canon rigidly enforced, would be required to perjure himself—that is all—ever and anon, in order to secure for the children of the parish the benefits of Christian baptism. Communicants, however, are, generally speaking, the most serious and right-minded members of the Church. They consequently hesitate to undertake a charge, which they are quite aware it will not be in their power to fulfil; and hence the form, for it has become nothing better than a form, of standing for infants, as it is called, is almost universally left to men and women, the great majority of whom neither know nor care anything about the matter. We have ourselves seen an infant presented to the priest, and all the custo-

mary declarations made, by a man whose contempt for religion was well known, but whom the parent selected because he was rich, and because he hoped that the rich infidel's godson might be remembered in his will. There are very mischievous consequences arising out of a regulation, certainly not enjoined in scripture either by precept or example.

Nor does the evil rest here. The clergy, to a man, feel the impracticability of acting up to the canon; they consequently seldom scruple about neglecting it. Some do so openly. They receive parents and strangers indiscriminately, and perhaps they do right; but there are others of more tender conscience, over whom the reflection has considerable weight, that previous to this ordination they solemnly swore to obey the canons, and cannot therefore violate them with impunity. How do they proceed? Why, thus: Knowing perfectly well that it is the father of the child who presents him, and that he presents him in his own proper person, they yet affect not to know this. They presume that he stands as proxy for some absent friend. How much is it to be regretted, that Christian ministers should be driven to such alternatives, and Christianity itself exposed to ridicule, by the pertinacious retention of a law, erroneous in its principle from the first, and now generally acknowledged to be such.

Again, it is distinctly asserted in the Church Catechism, that "Christ hath ordained two sacraments as generally necessary to salvation, that is to say, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord." In the baptismal service likewise, certain expressions are used, which convey the idea, that by a due reception of that rite, and by alms, persons "born in sin, and the children of wrath, are made the children of grace." What the Church of England means by this phrase we take it not upon us to determine; but we presume it has some meaning, and the obvious meaning undoubtedly is, that there is no assurance of salvation to any person who has not partaken of that initiatory sacrament. We believe likewise, that such of the clergy of the English Church as know why they are members of that Church rather than of the Churches of Scot-

land or Geneva, regard baptism as valid, only when it has been conferred by a Priest or Deacon Canonically, that is Episcopally ordained. Though, therefore, these gentlemen may, and, we presume, do, universally encourage the hope, that the circumstance of having been baptised by a Presbyterian Minister will not stand in the way of a man's acceptance hereafter, who has laboured "to work out his own salvation with fear and trembling," we presume at the same time, that they would not willingly admit to the Lord's table any individual thus baptised. This may be called bigotry; but this is the doctrine of the Church; unless, indeed, which we by no means conceive to be the case, the Church acknowledges the validity of lay-baptism. How then must the clergyman act when the individual dies, whom in his life-time he never regarded as a member of the Church, nor consequently as his brother? Why, he dare not refuse to read over his corpse the very same form of words which he reads over the corpses of the most pious and most popular of his own flock; and the body of a man, which, when animated by the spirit, never entered the Church at all, must now be carried within its walls, and from thence to the grave, with all the pomp and solemnity which usually attends the English burial-service. We look upon this as an extreme hardship imposed upon the English clergy; but it is not the greatest hardship to which they are subjected.

It is well known to all our readers that the Quakers never baptise at all; and that Baptists defer their ceremony till after the catechumen shall have arrived at years of discretion. The dipping of a Baptist must, however, in the eyes of an English clergyman, have exactly the same value with the baptism conferred by a Presbyterian divine. Those, therefore, whose ignorance of the constitution of the Church, or indifference to it, leads them to consider the person baptised by a minister of the Kirk, as canonically admitted into Christ's Church, cannot possibly deny the same privilege to the person dipped by the Baptists; hence he who experiences no reluctance to read the burial-service over the body of the first, will experience none in reading it over the

body of the last. But the Baptist may die before he has been dipped ; the case, indeed, occurs daily. May the clergyman refuse to say of him, that he "rests in sure and certain hope of the resurrection of eternal life," that "God hath taken unto himself the soul of his dear brother?" &c. &c. He may refuse, no doubt, if he be so disposed, but the certain reward of his refusal will be, not the thanks of the Bishops and the praise of his brethren, but the penalty of a premonition. What must an inquiring age like the present think of all this?

But we have not yet done with the burial-service, as it connects itself with the canons and other formularies of the English Church. Let our readers bear in mind, that one of the penalties of excommunication is the denial of Christian burial to the body of the excommunicated person. Let them farther bear in mind, that every clergyman of the English Church takes a solemn oath, at his ordination, that he will act in obedience to the laws or canons of the Church, into whose ministry he has entered. Let them keep this in mind, and then read the following extracts from the book of canons, enacted by convocation, sanctioned by the King, and still in force. We should apologize for the length of our extracts, did we not feel that the matter ought to be looked at connectedly or not at all.

2. "Whoever shall hereafter affirm, that the King's Majesty has not the same authority in causes ecclesiastical, that the godly kings had amongst the Jews and Christian Emperors of the primitive Church, or impeach any part of his regal supremacy in the said causes restored to the crown, and by the laws of this realm therein established, let him be excommunicated *ipso facto*, and not restored but only by the Archbishop, after his repentance, and public revocation of those his wicked errors." Is there a Roman Catholic in the empire who does not deny all this? and may a Clergyman of the Church of England refuse to read over him the burial-service? The laws of the land say no.

3. "Whosoever shall hereafter affirm, that the Church of England, by law established under the King's Majesty, is not a true and apostolic Church, teaching and maintaining the doctrine of the apostles, let him be excommu-

nicated *ipso facto*, and not restored but only by the Archbishop, after his repentance, and public revocation of this his wicked errors." There is not a sect of Dissenters in the kingdom by whom the above assertion is not made; yet all are entitled to burial according to the forms of the established church.

4. "Whoever shall hereafter affirm, that the form of God's worship in the Church of England, established by law, and contained in the Book of Common Prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments, is a corrupt superstition, or unlawful worship of God, or containeth anything in it that is repugnant to the scriptures, let him be excommunicated *ipso facto*, and not restored, but by the Bishop of the place, or Archbishop, after his repentance, and public revocation of such his wicked errors."

5. "Whoever shall hereafter affirm, that any of the nine-and-thirty articles agreed upon by the Archbishops and Bishops of both provinces, and the whole Clergy, in the convocation holden at London, in the year of our Lord one thousand five hundred and sixty-two, for avoiding diversities of opinions, and for the establishing of consent touching true religion, are in *any part* superstitious or erroneous, or such as he may not with a good conscience subscribe unto, let him be excommunicated *ipso facto*, and not restored, but only by the Archbishop, after his repentance, and public revocation of such his wicked errors."

6. "Whosoever shall hereafter affirm, that the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, by law established, are wicked, anti-Christian, or superstitious, or such as, being commanded by lawful authority, men who are zealously and godly affected may not with any good conscience approve them, use them, or, as occasion requireth, subscribe unto them, let him be excommunicated *ipso facto*, and not restored until he repent, and publicly revoke such his wicked errors."

7. "Whoever shall hereafter affirm, that the government of the Church of England under his Majesty, by Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, Archdeacons, and the rest that bear office in the same, is anti-Christian and repugnant to the word of God, let him be excommunicated *ipso facto*, and so continue until he repent, and publicly revoke such his wicked errors."

8. "Whosoever shall hereafter affirm or teach, that the form and manner of making and consecrating Bishops, Priests, or Deacons, containeth anything in it that is repugnant to the word of God, or that they who are made Bishops, Priests, or Deacons, in that form, are not lawfully made, nor ought to be accounted, either by themselves or others, to be truly either Bishops, Priests, or Deacons, until they have some other calling to those divine offices, let him be excommunicated *ipso facto*, not to be restored until he repent and publicly revoke such his wicked errors."

9. "Whoever shall hereafter separate themselves from the communion of saints, as it is approved by the Apostles' rules in the Church of England, and combine themselves together in a new brotherhood, accounting the Christians who are conformable to the doctrine, government, rites, and ceremonies of the Church of England, to be profane and unmeet for them to join with in Christian profession, let them be excommunicated *ipso facto*, and not restored, but by the Archbishop, after their repentance, and public revocation of such their wicked errors."

10. "Whosoever shall hereafter affirm, that such ministers as refuse to subscribe to the form and manner of God's worship in the Church of England, prescribed in the Communion-Book, and their adherents, may truly take unto them the name of another church, not established by law, and dare presume to publish it, that this their pretended church hath of long time groaned under the burthen of certain grievances imposed upon it, or by the members thereof before-mentioned, by the Church of England, and the orders and constitutions therein by law established, let them be excommunicated, and not restored, until they repent and publicly revoke such their wicked errors."

11. "Whosoever shall hereafter affirm or maintain, that there are within this realm other meetings, assemblies, or congregations of the King's born subjects, than such as by the laws of this land are held and allowed, which may rightly challenge to themselves the name of true and lawful churches; let him be excommunicated, and not restored but by the Archbishop, after

his repentance and public revocation of such his wicked errors."

12. "Whosoever shall hereafter affirm, that it is lawful for any sort of ministers and lay-persons, or of either of them, to join together and make rules, orders, or constitutions in causes ecclesiastical, without the King's authority, and shall submit themselves to be ruled and governed by them, let them be excommunicated *ipso facto*, and not be restored until they repent, and publicly revoke those their wicked and anabaptistical errors."

Such are eleven out of the twelve first or leading canons of the English Church. We have not transcribed them without great pain to ourselves, and we venture to say that their perusal will cause great pain to our readers,—at least to that portion of them who, like ourselves, wish well to the religion of their fathers. It will be seen, that they are so framed as to place under the ban of excommunication every sect and denomination of persons, except such as continue within the pale of the established Church; for an excommunication *ipso facto* needs not a formal pronouncement to render it effective. Of this Archbishop Wake, in his "Appeal in behalf of the King's Supremacy," has distinctly assured us, where it is plainly declared, that "there is no need, in this case, of any admonition, as where the judge is to give sentence; but every one is to take notice of the law at his peril, and to see that he be not overtaken by it. And, secondly, that there is no need of any sentence to be pronounced which the canon itself hath passed, and which is, by that means, already promulged upon every one as soon as he comes within the obligation of it. In other cases, a man may do things worthy of censure, and yet behave himself so warily as to escape the punishment of the Church, for want of legal evidence to convict him. But *excommunicatio canonis, ligat etiam occulta delicta*. Where the canon gives sentence, there is no escaping; but the conscience of every man becomes obliged by it, as soon as ever he is sensible that he has done that which was forbidden, under the pain of such an excommunication."

The Church of England has been severely censured for ever giving her sanction to enactments so dogmatical

or uncharitable. It is not on this ground that we are disposed to take the matter up. No doubt, the canons breathe a spirit very little in accordance with the liberal temper of the present times; but of the liberality of the present times we are no admirers. In nine cases out of ten, it expends itself in mere words; and in the tenth case it runs wild into licentiousness. The matter to which we are desirous of drawing the attention of the public is the positive contrariety—the downright hostility—between the ecclesiastical and common law of the land. The Church has declared all sectaries and dissenters, whether Popish or Protestant, excommunicate, and accordingly unfit to receive Christian burial. The ministers of the Church swear to pay attention to that order. Then comes the common law, which declares, that unless they disregard the rules of their body, and violate their own oaths, they shall be liable to heavy penalties. God help poor Church in a struggle so unequal!

All this is very bad; but the subject of which we are now going to treat is a thousand degrees worse. At the period when the struggle between the Reformed and Popish Churches was at its height, or rather just after the former had gained the ascendancy in these realms, it occurred to the heads of the nation, that the best means of preserving that ascendancy would be to exclude from all share in the government, and indeed from all public and responsible offices, such persons as were not willing to conform to the religion established by law. In its principle the resolution was a wise one. It is sheer folly to talk of the natural right of every man to enjoy places of temporal power and influence, without respect being had to his religious opinions. There is no separating a man's religious from his political principles; and he who owns a foreign master in spiritual affairs, will find it a hard matter to persuade us that he denies to his spiritual master the right of interference in affairs temporal. The soul and the body are not more closely linked together than a man's religious and political prejudices. Of the resolution itself, then, we think very highly; but of the test applied—of the method adopted for determining whether or not the applicant for honour came within the privileged

class, no serious person can think without horror.

Every man, without exception, who wished to *qualify*, as it is termed, for the situation of a member of Parliament, a magistrate, or other responsible trust, was originally required to receive the sacrament in a parish church, and at the hands of an established minister, at least twice within the six months preceding his appointment. Among members of Parliament this proceeding is now abolished, an act of indemnity passing every session—in plain language, the test-law being every session repealed; but we are mistaken if the force of that repeal extend to county magistrates. Be this, however, as it may, any person, no matter what his character may be, who desires to hold a public situation, *may* present himself before the altar, and *demand* the sacrament. By canon 26, however, it is enacted, and most properly enacted, that “no minister shall in anywise admit to the receiving of the holy communion any of his cure or flock which he openly knows to live in sin notorious, without repentance.” Nay, so far does the canon go, that even persons having a quarrel with other persons are excluded, till after such difference shall have been composed. Can the clergymen obey the canon? We fear not. We are much afraid, that he who should refuse to comply with the request of the applicant, applying for the political purpose above referred to, would find no shelter in the scandalous behaviour of him whom he had rejected. By such rejection the state might lose an able officer, and what is the respectability of the Church when put in competition with such a misfortune? Nothing at all. The terrors of a premature hang over the priest's head, and to avoid these he must set the canon at defiance.

We are the last persons in the world who would desire to stir up animosity between the civil and ecclesiastical governments of the country; we should be extremely sorry to see the two branches of the constitution separated, or the Church made entirely independent of the state. Long may the King of these Islands be “in all causes, and over all persons, ecclesiastical as well as temporal, supreme.” But the state of utter slavery into which the Church has fallen cannot be kept se-

cret from the eyes of the world ; and we take it upon us to affirm, that not all the faults of the clergy,—their carelessness—their non-residence—their lukewarmness—and even their dissensions with one another,—not all these things combined, had they been ten times greater than they have been, have wrought the Church one half the mischief which has been wrought by her too ready compliance with the aggressions of her ally. The alliance, indeed, of which Warburton wrote, has long ceased to exist ; and in its room has come the connexion between master and servant.

In common with the whole nation, we have rejoiced in the increased and increasing zeal manifested by the bishops ; in their wise and just regulations touching the due performance of divine service in the churches ; and in the vigilance with which they seem determined to watch over the conduct of their clergy. We have seen, too, with great satisfaction, that one, at least, has resolved to subject every candidate for holy orders to an examination, not only on points of divinity, but on the much neglected, but most necessary, qualification of reading and delivery. In these days, it is past dispute, that a good voice, and an impressive manner, tend a thousand times more to draw people together, than the most profound knowledge of polemics, and the most rigid orthodoxy of principle. We have observed, likewise, in the Charges of two of our bishops, the Bishops of Gloucester and Chester, several excellent hints, of which it is our intention, on some future occasion, to speak more at large. All these matters we have seen with pleasure, because they come upon us as indications of a reviving spirit of zeal, from which much good may be expected ultimately to arise. But of this we are quite convinced, that their Lordships attribute more to petty abuses than they merit, and that they have not gone to the root of the evil. They seem to think that our parish churches are deserted, and the meeting-houses filled, chiefly because the parochial clergy have been neglectful of their duty. We know better. Thirty or forty years ago, it might be said that within the Church of England there were many careless stewards ; at present, we confidently assert that there are few indeed. Yet thirty or

forty years ago, Dissent bore not, by one-fifth part, the proportion which it now bears to the Establishment. Dissent has kept pace with the increasing exertions of the clergy : Whence arises this ? We are at no loss for an answer.

This is, or at least it is pleased to call itself, an enlightened age. All men read now-a-days—some even think—and many pretend to reason. A dissenting minister who should attack the Church through the sides of her individual clergy, would hardly be listened to with patience. We ourselves know one case, in which a respectable minister of the Established Church was accused of illiberality, and otherwise vilified by his dissenting rival ; and what was the consequence ? That many members of the congregation which listened to the philippic deserted the meeting, because they would not hear an individual pulled to pieces from the pulpit. Our readers may take our word for it, that a very different and a more successful course is pursued by the propagators of Dissent, than to discourse and dwell upon the errors of the Established clergy. They strike at principles and things, and not at men. They ask their people, whether Christ be or be not the only head of his Church ? whether he have, or have not, left with it, rather than with the civil magistrate, the power of determining all points which refer to matters purely spiritual ? whether it be lawful in the sight of God to prostitute the holy sacrament, by making it the pledge of a man's political sentiments ? with many other questions of the same import. They ask, moreover, whether it be not blasphemy in one man to declare, that he absolves another from his sins ? whether it be not the next thing to blasphemy to assert, that the thief cut down from the gallows, the derider of his Maker and his Redeemer, and the pious Christian, all die in equally “ sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life ?” To these questions they add the power of ridicule and the force of contrast : “ What kind of a church is that,” they say, “ which first declares us to be cut off as rotten members from the communion of saints ; and yet, because the civil magistrate enjoins it, pronounces us dear brethren at our graves ? What can

we think of a society, which in one formulary declares baptism to be 'generally necessary to salvation,' and in another pronounces the reverse? and of what respect is a spiritual body worthy, which thunders forth its anathemas and excommunications, knowing all the while, that it possesses no power to enforce the penalties incurred by its sentence?" These, we do assure the Heads of the Church, are the arguments employed by the Dissenters; and what can the clergy urge against them? Absolutely nothing. The mouths of the clergy are shut, and so Dissent increases.

We mistake the matter much, if there be not on the Episcopal bench, at the present moment, more than one enlightened prelate who *feels* the truth of all that we have been saying. To name names is, we are aware, invidious; but "one we would select from that proud throng," because he is, as he deserves to be, one of the most popular and influential bishops whom modern times have seen. We call upon Dr Bloomfield to come forward at the present crisis, and to fight the Church's battles in a field where she stands even more in need of his aid than against the Roman Catholics. Against Catholicism a whole host of able champions are enrolled. We have the Chancellor and Lord Liverpool among the Peers; Mr Peel and many others in the Commons; whilst out of doors, not the members of the Church only, but all classes of Dissenters, Socinians alone excepted, are with us. But who is there to stand up for the Church? Who, except ourselves, has ventured to speak the truth, or to declare the reason

why the Church has lost ground, and the Dissenters gained it? No one. Timidity, or a worse principle, has hitherto kept men silent: We trust it shall not be always so.

What, then, do we desire? In the first place, to see the Convocation once more established in a state of as perfect independence as may be compatible with the political welfare of the empire. Secondly, to behold all the canons, formularies, creeds, and ceremonies of the Church, subjected to a close scrutiny, and made suitable to the times in which we live. Is it not a standing reproach against the Church, that she continues to this hour under the dominion of the spirit of the dark ages? Are we not told, on all hands, that the temper of the Church is to persecute those without her pale, and that she is prevented from indulging that humour, only by the humane interference of the civil government? It is in vain for us to answer, that the canons quoted a few pages ago have all become obsolete; and that they are virtually abrogated, or, at least, that the feelings which dictated their compilation have changed with the change of times. Prejudiced men either do not, or will not, believe us; and hence a thousand things are alleged concerning us, of which we know ourselves to be innocent, but in the matter of which we find it utterly impossible to prove our innocence, for our laws are quoted against us; and what can we say in reply to them?

We have not yet half exhausted our subject; but, fearful lest we exhaust the patience of any of our readers, we lay it down till next month.

MODERN COMIC DRAMA.

LOVE'S VICTORY; OR, THE SCHOOL FOR PRIDE.*

Few things connected with the public taste are so remarkable as the change which has taken place in late years, both as to audiences, actors, and writers, in the comic drama. There seems to be a gradual decay in the relish for pure comedy; in lieu of which the public are regaled with five-act farces, and two act prodigies, which are neither Farce, Comedy, nor Tragedy. Even when Comedy presents her decent person, she is so distorted from her natural orderly shape, and made to cut such antic capers, that her most faithful lovers can scarcely recognise her. Life and Nature are no longer the staple subjects of imitation on the stage. The drama has so far advanced in invention, that its persons are not the representatives of anything which the living world holds, but the genuine and undisputed offspring of the authors' brains. In short, the Comic Muse, and her friends the players, have entered into a grand confederacy against the shaking sides and aching jaws of the whole play-going public; and provided shouts of laughter attest their triumph, care nothing for the still small voice of reflecting criticism.

Our most popular comic performers (with, doubtless, two or three most respectable exceptions) are those who excel in broad farce, and who carry the largest share of its rant, grimace, and buffoonery into the higher department of the comic drama. The well-bred gentlemen and graceful ladies, who were deemed by our fathers and mothers such good company, as to give to the pieces in which they bore a part, the name of genteel comedy, appear, indeed, under the same appellations, and speak the same language; but they have forgotten their old-fashioned good manners, and seem only to remember that it is easier to provoke laughter, than to excite interest or admiration.

A good comedy, well acted, is perhaps as great a treat as can be presented to a cultivated mind. Indeed, if we consider the true objects of the imitative arts, it will appear that the dra-

ma approaches nearer to perfection than any of the others. The purpose common to them all is, to place before the senses or the imagination copies or combinations of originals which exist in the works of nature or of art; and that imitation is productive of the largest share of pleasure, which gives the most faithful copy of such originals as possess, in themselves, most dignity or interest. Sculpture and painting are restricted, the one to a single posture, usually of a single person—the other to a single point of action where several are grouped. When they furnish copies merely of the lower animals, or of inanimate things, they effect all that art can accomplish in that kind of imitation; but when they rise to the representation of man, his passions, his sympathies, or his actions, so far are they from succeeding in the attempt, that our pleasure in witnessing the result of it arises in a great degree from a sense of wonder, that even a little has been done, where it seems so difficult to perform anything. When we gaze with admiration, mixed with astonishment, at the Magdalen of Canova, or at Raphael's Cartoon of Paul preaching at Athens, we see Penitence personified in the worn figure of a beautiful woman, emaciated by long cherished sorrows, or we witness the triumphs of eloquence more than human, attested by the looks of a various, ignorant, and impassioned crowd; but in both, it is a glance at only one moment of existence, giving, indeed, from that very narrowness of representation, an impulse to the fancy, but yet being, as a representation, for the same reason, unsatisfactory and imperfect.

But to poetry, all that man can do, or feel, or suffer, is but one wide and flowery field, in which subjects of representation may be culled and combined; and of all kinds of poetry, the dramatic possesses the largest means of presenting faithful copies from real existence. In other works of invention, the reader has to fashion out, in his own imagination, the forms and the situations which are not exhibited,

* *Love's Victory; or, The School for Pride*, a Comedy in five acts, founded on the Spanish of Don Augustin Moreto. By George Hyde. First performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Wednesday, Nov. 16, 1825. London: Hurst, Robinson, and Co.; Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

but described, and is left to make such suppositions as he may, of the looks and gestures and tones of those whom the poet makes to act and to suffer. But that mysterious and impressive language which nature addresses, not to the ear, but the eye, is spoken in the drama alone. Nothing nearer to reality can be conceived in imitation; and, accordingly, that imitative quality which is found in man at every period of society, and at every stage of his existence, from his cradle to his grave, has made dramatic representations, in almost every nation, one of the earliest contrivances for public entertainment.

Of the two grand divisions of the drama, Comedy is undoubtedly best calculated to afford that species of pleasure which arises from successful imitation. In Tragedy, the characters are taken chiefly from a class of which the individuals are imperfectly and indistinctly known to us. How lively soever are the sympathies they excite, these sympathies are for ever checked by the consciousness, that as they belong to a state of existence which can never be ours, their joys or their sorrows are such that we can scarcely ever hope or fear to share them. But in Comedy, the persons are taken, as it were, from among ourselves. We see upon the stage, if it be true and genuine Comedy, the virtues and the vices, the follies, levities, and humours, the littlenesses and intricacies, that engage, and interest, and engross us in real life; our sympathies are roused in proportion to the closeness of the copy—and in that proportion we are pleased. It is a pleasure which, in common with that afforded by all the elegant arts, is of a quiet and gentle kind,—not leading to boisterous mirth, —but mixing smiles with reflection. What it wants, however, in intensity, is made up in duration. The plays of Sheridan, Farquhar, Vanburgh, Goldsmith, and Coleman, never tire us in repetition. The copy is as delightful at its tenth, as at its first presentation. It is like those wonders of the painter and the statuary above noticed, on which we can gaze again and again, not finding out new beauties, as some pedants say they can, but feasting still with undiminished appetite on those which we have often relished.

But it is most true, that a taste for this kind of gratification, though it is deeply seated in our nature, is susceptible of various changes, and as it may be cultivated and improved, so it may

be not only rendered dull and languid, but made almost wholly to yield to a relish for meaner pleasures. Numerous are the instances of a total revolution wrought in the course of a few generations, in the taste of a whole people. Shakspeare was in England once banished from the stage; and there was a period when Lucan was at Rome as popular as Virgil. The time seems fast approaching with us, when the imitation of ordinary life in legitimate comedy, will yield its place upon the stage to exhibitions which gratify, not by the fidelity with which they copy life, but by exciting astonishment and laughter at the ingenious and successful efforts they display, in the invention of beings and incidents which could be furnished by no conceivable state of human existence. The fondness for excitement is so much stronger than a love of the more refined and placid pleasures derived from the elegant arts, that novelties and wonders will, with the crowd, be always more popular on the stage, than representations of life, manners, and nature. The popularity will indeed be transient, for the same thing cannot be twice the subject of wonder, and but seldom even of laughter; but while a farce or a melo-drame is new, and is capable of exciting mirth or astonishment, it will continue to be attractive to the multitude. The frequent gratification of this propensity, not only tends to confirm and enhance it, but is sure to diminish the desire for those less boisterous pleasures to which it is in its nature so opposite. It is in this way that as Farce advances, Comedy retires; writers and players create and increase a power to which they in turn must yield; and in the framing of new plays, and in the acting of old ones, the caterers for public amusement regulate their talents and exertions according to the inclinations of an audience, who yawn and grow dull when they are not kept in successive roars of laughter. It is in the very nature of performances of this kind to be fraught with puerilities and absurdities, which produce in cultivated minds not amusement, but contempt; and which among the luxurious classes of society, whose temper and habits unfit or disincline them for strong excitement, afford little or no entertainment. Hence, when such exhibitions prevail, though the higher classes do not desert the theatres—and though they may occasionally even encourage these

extravagancies, yet they gradually, and perhaps unconsciously, fall off in their attendance at places of public entertainment, where they find the representations adapted for the noisy mirth of the multitude, in which they cannot sympathize.

Such seems to be at present, with us, the condition of the comic drama. Most of our late comedies have been written upon the plan of those compositions which O'Keeffe and the artists of his school invented, or improved in extravagance, to destroy the illusions which Siddons and Kemble had raised, and enable the audience to take vengeance for the distresses they had been made to endure, by laughing Tragedy out of countenance. Had Farce remained confined within its proper province, whatever critics may say of it, it would have had its claims to a respectable place in the literature of Britain. It is certainly a plant of indigenous growth, and though wild, is not without its virtue. It may be, and it has been, made the medium of keen and effective satire, and in the hands of a writer of genius, though it may want the truth, may yet serve many of the purposes of Comedy. A folly or a foible is often best corrected by showing it in its most ludicrous and extravagant excesses, and if the characters are only well marked as individuals, though they be such as could never have had a real existence, they may combine a moral with amusement. Whoever has seen Munden, (shall we ever see anything like him?) in that most genuine of farces, *Modern Antiques*, must have borne in his recollections, for one year at least, a complete antidote against the infectious bite of an antiquary.

The ascendancy, however, which Farce has gained, and which is strengthening daily, seems likely to lead at last to the total expulsion of legitimate Comedy from the stage. But this is not the only symptom which seems to mark the decline and fall of the once brilliant empire of Comedy in England. Authors appear to have for some time past abandoned all thoughts of working with British materials. The scene and the characters are from Spain, or Italy, or Sicily; and real life at home seems too dull or too difficult for imitation. Why the old staple of the British drama,—the humours, the passions, and the foibles of British originals,—has been thrown aside, we

have not just now space to inquire; but it would be easy to show, that this has not happened from the cause which some have chosen to assign—progress of refinement, and the general assimilation of manners. There is not yet, and there probably never will be with us, such sameness of character as existed in France, when Moliere carried Comedy to a pitch of excellence never rivalled but in England. We have amongst us at this day, a fund of peculiar and strongly marked character, which it is needless to say exceeds, both in its variety and in its capability of being copied for the stage, all that our next neighbours on the Continent have had for ages. There is stamped upon the very nature of an Englishman an individuality, which is unknown in the country where, even at this day, Comedy flourishes in fertility and vigour. The humours of the French, whether on or off the stage, are the humours of classes, not of individuals. They have not, and they never had, their Sir Peter Teazles, their Lord Oglebys, or their Job Thornberrys. These are the genuine growth of Great Britain, and they still exist amongst us in rich abundance, requiring but the eye and the touch of genius to select and combine them for the drama. Passion has indeed retired as civilization has gone forward. Tragedy, and the more sober kinds of poetry which delight by the excitement of strong emotion, are in these quieter and happier times losing the materials which were furnished when society was ruder. But the peculiarities which amuse and instruct by ridicule, and from which Comedy draws all its choicest stores, whether for mirth or for moral, are with us nearly as various and as fresh as ever.

It will be readily supposed, when we announce, that the play we are about to notice is in its scene, plot, and character, wholly Spanish, that we do not assign it a very high rank in British Comedy. To British Comedy, indeed, it can be hardly said to belong. There is nothing in it English but the language. And yet it is impossible to read half-a-dozen pages of any part of it, without perceiving that the author, or adapter, is a man of taste and genius, and has studied, with considerable effect, those peculiarities, so little attended to by most of our modern playwrights, which distinguish dramatic dialogue from all other styles of written English. This

is no mean praise; but the piece has other qualities, which make us regret that Mr Hyde did not apply himself to a task better suited to his own powers, than that of adapting to the British stage a foreign production, which, whatever be its merits in its native language, no genius in the translator or compiler could dress up to a rank higher than that of respectable mediocrity.

But before observing farther on its merits, we must begin to give some account of the plot. We premise, however, that with the Spanish original, or the German version of it, to both which Mr Hyde with great candour acknowledges his obligations, we have nothing whatever to do. It is seldom fair criticism to make comparisons between imitations and originals in the drama, when the claim to originality is honestly and formally abandoned. The writer is entitled, in common justice, to have the piece which he offers for our amusement tried upon its own merits, and by a reference to its avowed purpose; and in estimating the claims of "Love's Victory" upon our favour, we shall not travel out of the comedy as it now lies before us.

The plot may be easily told. It has the advantage of simplicity; and is, indeed, not very uncommon either in the general design or in its details. The Princess Diana, only child of the Duke of Barcelona, is in the predicament of all rich heiresses,—beset by a multitude of suitors. She has, however, very early imbibed certain "maxims which she holds as dearly as her life," but which are generally supposed, both by poets and by the world, not to be very common with her sex. One of these maxims, and that which forms the pivot of the drama, is, (we like to give a lady's sentiments in her own words,) "that she regards the choice between marriage and death with perfect indifference." And so far does she carry this sentiment into actual practice, that—again somewhat differing from the reputed propensities of her sex—she not only presents a front of awful coldness to her admirers, but even to Donna Laura and Donna Louisa, her cousins and intimates,—nay, to Donna Floretta, her maid of honour, she holds the same appearance of inflexible Platonism. The following is a specimen.

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ACT I. SCENE III.

The Princess's Apartment, decorated with paintings, sculpture, &c. DONNAS LAURA and LOUISA, sitting at a table with books. DONNA FLORETTA and the Princess DIANA.

P. Dia. Read me that passage again, Floretta; I like the story much.

D. Flor. (reads.)

"In vain Apollo woo'd the maid,—
That peerless daughter of the stream;
Daphne implored Diana's aid,
And gave the laurel deathless fame."

P. Dia. It is admirable.

D. Flor. I think it very dull.

D. Lau. It seems to me rather affected.

P. Dia. The language, I confess, is somewhat elevated; but it befits the subject.

D. Lou. It really does sound a little pompous.

P. Dia. Granted. It is the poet's task to raise our feelings above the ordinary grovelling occupations of the common world.

D. Lou. (sighing) Well.

P. Dia. What means that exclamation?

D. Lou. It may be all very true; but I'm sure it must be very cruel, and wicked too, to hate love, or anything else, without knowing what it is.

P. Dia. Then you would be so much a child as to burn yourself before you shunned the fire?

D. Lou. Perhaps I might only get scorched, and the risk may not be so great as—

P. Dia. As what?

D. Lou. As the pleasure of trying it.

P. Dia. (angrily) What do I hear? Is this spoken in my presence? Donna Louisa, you must make your election between these sentiments and my society.

Cold and stern beauties have been, time out of mind, privileged to inflict the hottest pains of the most feverish of passions; and Don Cesar, Don Luis, Don Gaston, (all princes, be it remembered,) and a certain Don Pedro, an old courtier and superannuated beau, are rivals for this fair prize. Don Cesar, however, being the most deeply smitten, is of course at once the most desponding and the most persevering of them all. Very early in the piece, we find him planning, at the instance of Perin, the Princess's secretary, a scheme for overcoming the pride and obstinacy of her seemingly cold and unyielding temper.

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The dialogue in which this most justifiable conspiracy is plotted may be regarded as a fair specimen of the author's powers. It is spirited and lively, and possesses a merit which they who have attended much to the five act—dramas we suppose we must call them—of the last eight or ten years, will deem of no mean value—that of developing with brevity, and yet with clearness, what it is the men and women really are about, who speak, and smile, and frown, and move before us, for our amusement.

SCENE—*An apartment in the Palace.*

Enter PERIN.

Per. There he sits with his head in his hand, like an unmated dove in the month of May. What a sigh! Heigho! We're a pair of melancholy youths,—both over head and ears, and scarcely a straw to catch at. That little imp of mischief, Floretta, has taken me in her toils, and this poor Prince, I see, is bound hand, foot, and heart in the chains of the Princess Diana, who, for our comfort, forswears love as though it were a worse plague than it is. I am the only man whose presence she endures, and that only because she believes me to be a woman-hater. Heaven help her, what a mistake she makes! Yet, if she finds it out, adieu to my secretaryship—and I leave Barcelona as little troubled with equipments as when I entered it, after my banishment from Naples. Is there no way to overreach a woman's whim, and bring down this intolerable pride? Ah—if I could first win her for Don Cesar,—then Floretta and I—excellent thought! Here he comes, and I'll sound him directly.

Enter Don CESAR.

Per. Hem! Nay, he's quite gone,—in the very last stage.

D. Ces. (*without perceiving him*) Why should I cherish thus a being destitute of heart?

Per. (*loudly*) Ahem!

D. Ces. (*starts, and assumes a careless air*) Ah, Perin, my countryman? Welcome, welcome!

Per. I have been waiting for your Highness' salutation some time.

D. Ces. Ay, ay; in truth I was a little absent. One must sometimes think of our beautiful Naples, Perin. I was sailing across the matchless bay, and gazing upon

old Vesuvius, as he tossed his fiery crest up to the flouted heavens—and——

Per. This is exceedingly well done, Prince. I like it, and am glad to see it; for he who can repress his feelings is a free man, though in chains.

D. Ces. In chains? I don't understand.

Per. Indeed! Oh, very well, I can explain. Your Highness is in love?

D. Ces. (*confused*.) Poh! poh! Perin, thy old habits of bantering are not yet worn out, I see.

Per. Not like our old Neapolitan love, I grant,—fierce and consuming as your fiery-crested Vesuvius. No, your Highness prefers an elegant, classical, platonic coldness, the Pygmalion taste,—ivory, or sheer marble!

D. Ces. Well, Perin, I know thou art my friend, and will confess my love for this haughty being—colder than marble itself. This very day, when every tongue was shouting forth my triumph,* I turned my anxious eye towards her balcony; and there she sat immovable, as though she were the statue of some goddess, surrounded by a common, busy multitude, and glancing down her proud contempt upon my deeds.

Per. Ay, there lies the poison. Bear that in mind, Prince!

D. Ces. What an enigma is this heart! Her scorn excites its tenderest emotion. Her look is ice, yet lights up flames; benumbing, freezing it with cold, and then consuming it with burning passion! Were her beauty aided by the common blandishments of woman, I could look on it unmoved,—but that repulsive majesty is irresistible.

Per. All which means—sinking the poetry—that the same thing which neither makes a man warm nor cold while he can get it, being put out of his reach, turns him to frost and fire. Pray, calm yourself; it certainly is not altogether so particularly agreeable to be in love with a statue; but the matter may be mended. She calls all this philosophy—I call it fiddle-de-dee.

D. Ces. Take care how you speak of her.

Per. The fact is, Prince—between us—she's not quite right somewhere or other. A mere picture puts up her devil, if it but represent a happy swain prostrate before his Chloe. In her apartments you find nothing but Daphnes flying from Apollo,—Anaxarates transformed to stone,—and Arethusas flowing about in every possible variety of stream, as if murmuring at their unhappy fate.

* At a tilting match.

D. Ces. Then, in the name of Love, what hope is there for me?

Per. If you attack her with the right weapons, there is the certainty that nature will put philosophy *hors de combat*, and leave you in possession of the citadel. I am but a skimmer of surfaces, and little burdened with the learning of your books. Yet a man who walks about with his eyes open, may be philosopher enough to see how the world goes. (*Assuming a mock serious air.*) And I do opine, advance, and maintain, that what is against nature is unnatural. It cannot hold, because, twist it and turn it as you will—morally, physically, mathematically—it tumbles to pieces. Upon this incontrovertible position I build my system. The Princess Diana is a proud woman. All women naturally expect admiration; withhold the tribute, and you mortify her pride; without pride she is a simple woman; and for a simple woman, it is natural to fall in love.—There, sir, you have it—premises, inference, and conclusion.—What think you of Professor Perin?

D. Ces. A truce to jesting, friend, and tell me what I am to understand by this?

Per. Simply, that if you adopt my advice, I stake my head upon schooling her pride, and showing her philosophy in its true ridiculous colours.

D. Ces. Explain yourself.

Per. Remember, Prince, what won your love. Not Diana's beauty, but her pride.

D. Ces. I begin to see the light.

Per. When she receives you coldly—meet her with indifference. If she look scornful—throw her back a glance of pity, coupled with a compassionate shrug of the shoulders, or a French twist of the mouth. The greater pride will subdue the lesser, and you have the dame as tractable as a newly-whipped child.

D. Ces. 'Twere easily resolved—but then—I love!

Per. The greater the merit and the pleasure of the conquest. Arm yourself with confidence, depend upon my aid, and you can't fail of success. But remember, we must appear to have no understanding with each other, or we are both ruined; for both our fortunes are at stake. Be wise—be resolute—but, above all—be cold.

D. Ces. How is it possible to conceal the feelings which absorb my every thought! Yet, if it must be so—gigantic as the effort is—it shall be made.

Per. Bravo! rely upon my support in time of need. But see where the Duke and your friends approach. We must not be marked together, and your disguise must be worn even to them. Now,

Prince, to work! Remember a good start is half the race. [*Exit.*]

D. Ces. Yes, I see this way alone conducts me to her love; and hope begins to dawn, like the auspicious opening of a happy day. They come, and now the scene commences.

Don Cesar puts his design in force at their next meeting, which takes place in the presence of the female friends and the attendants of the Princess. She is in her own apartments, and with the conscious authority of one accustomed to deal out her lectures on Platonism to submissive, or at least unanswering auditors, she utters an invective, (discouraging enough, it must be owned,) to her lover, against that passion which, fortunately for fair ladies and dramatists, holds such universal sway over the world. Since we are recording the wiles with which her adversary in this subtle warfare seeks to win her within his power, it is but fair to hear what she has to say in support of her cause.

P. Dia. Well, then, if I perforce must enter this arena, unworthy as I am to plead a cause so noble, I do it fearlessly, because I know its greatness is superior to detraction. I hold that the brief space of life should be devoted to the care of those immortal powers, which give to man the sovereignty in nature. In love, man abdicates his throne, and is as mere an animal as any in the wide creation. Search history, consult the wisdom of all time, and show me where the benefits of love are written down. What dragged Semiramis from her proud glory? What has unlaurelled many a hero's brow? Nay, what destroyed the city of the hundred towers? This vanity which you call love; this creature of your fancies, who, being himself a child, is made a god by children! This pestilence, which has ever been the abasement of the weak, the downfall of the strong, the degradation of my sex, the instrument of craft and tyranny in yours! And yet you wonder that I cast it from me with aversion. Look at the other picture, where the star of mind rises above the waste of time, and sheds its light upon the wanderer's path, at once the guide and glory of humanity. No! what Plato fondly dreamed shall be affected in my realms. Woman shall be as noble and as free as man.

We need hardly observe, that this bravery does not continue long. Don Cesar plays his part most adroitly, notwithstanding one or two (of course

unavoidable) falterings, by which he is nearly betrayed ; and before the close of the second act the Platonist finds that she is but an ordinary mortal. Pride gives birth to partiality, or perhaps we should rather say developes, when wounded, a partiality which, while it was flattered, like a petted child affecting aversion for his toy, it was able to conceal. Diana has already acquainted Perin, the plotting secretary before mentioned, not with her love indeed, but with her rage and disappointment. Through him and her female associates she had managed to become Don Cesar's partner in a masquerade, given by her father on the eventful day of this contest between the softest and the sternest of the passions. She now engages the secretary to draw away Don Cesar (who is ungallant enough to desert his partner at her own imperious mandate) from the rest of the party to a bower in the garden, where she tries the effect of her musical talents, both vocal and instrumental,—in vain. Her lover is schooled by Perin, and exhibits the most stoical insensibility to the strains of the syren. This whole scene is worked up with great skill. The loud rhapsodies of Don Cesar upon the superiority of inanimate to animated nature, uttered while he gazes upon the flowers and scenery around him, wholly regardless of the presence or the music of his mistress, are some of the few instances in which declamation may be not out of place in comedy, and are amusingly contrasted with the pathetic efforts of Diana to arrest his attention, and her anxiety, now growing every moment less angry and more painful, at witnessing his apparent neglect.

In the Fourth Act, her distresses accumulate. We are not sure if the author's highest powers are not exerted in the manner in which he makes his machinery here work upon the feelings of his heroine. The contrivance is simple, but it displays a thorough knowledge of human nature. Don Cesar's two former rivals, Don Luis and Don Gaston, tired of their ineffectual vows at so cold a shrine, had abandoned their devotions to the Princess, and paired off, the former with Donna Laura, the latter with Donna Louisa. Perin, who, we should say, is most ably supported throughout by Donna Floretta, the loving, laughing, good-natured maid of honour, (at-

tached, as may be supposed, to the secretary,) contrives to bring the two couples just mentioned to a place where they can be seen by Diana exchanging their vows of new-born love. Music lends its soft enchantments to this scene of fondness ; and the presence of Don Cesar, standing apart, and appearing utterly insensible to every tender emotion, inflames the heart of the tortured Princess, from which Platonism has now almost wholly melted away. She is at once mocked by the sight of happiness which she cannot share, and by the cold and averted looks of the man with whom she would now give the world to share it. That love is a most catching disorder, prudent mothers know from still surer sources than poetry ; and our author has here illustrated, with considerable power, one of the most pervading principles of our nature, prone as it is in all things to sympathy and imitation.

The Princess now tries the last, and usually the most successful resource of woman's art—jealousy. But Don Cesar, through the indefatigable Perin, is apprized of her design, and foils it by repaying her in kind. She assures him, that at that very hour she has selected Don Luis for a husband. Don Cesar replies, that, by some strange conjunction of the stars, he, at identically the same hour, had chosen Donna Laura for his bride ; and the Fourth Act closes with the despair of the discomfited Princess, and the sure and triumphant anticipations of her lover.

In the beginning of the Fifth Act, we find the meshes completely drawn around the devoted victim of Love and Pride ; and no little art is displayed in making her, in the midst of comic incident and lively dialogue, an object of compassionate—we had almost said, of deep interest. Don Luis and his intended bride join in the plot against her. The former comes, as if just apprized by Don Cesar of his good fortune, to pour out at her feet his gratitude for her having made him the happy object of her choice, and leaves her without giving her time for explanation. Donna Laura comes to ask from her friend and cousin an approval of her own union with Don Cesar. The poor Platonist is here completely subdued, and her feelings gush their way in the following passionate expressions, which well sustain the highest

tone of serious comedy, without at all passing beyond its legitimate range.

Enter D. LAURA, and D. FLORETTA.

D. Lau. Dear cousin, I am come to throw myself upon your friendship. Don Cesar has just offered me his hand, and is gone to ask your father's sanction to our nuptials. My uncle's will is mine, but I should be still happier with Diana's approval.

[*P. DIANA turns aside to hide her emotion.*]

Cousin, do you not hear me?

P. Dia. Yes, Laura, I will unbosom all my feelings, and throw myself upon your love. Alas! our hearts are like the restless winds that shift from point to point as the eye glances, yet have no visible cause of motion. I will confess to you that Cesar's pride has irritated me beyond endurance. I have despised all whose passions I have ever moved,—and he, the only man that ever moved my heart, dares to despise me. I am insulted, wronged, dishonoured; and I claim that friendship at your hands, Laura, which you came to seek at mine. You shall avenge me. Let him endure the scorn which has tormented me. Repay his arrogance; and let him find a heart as flinty as his own. My dear, dear Laura, let him suffer, writh, consume with agony;—then mock his tears, deride his thousand and accumulating woes.

D. Lau. Mercy! Cousin,—what counsel would you give me? If ingratitude be criminal in him, it cannot be a virtue in me. No; if he loves me sincerely, I shall return the sentiment.

P. Dia. Love him! And wilt thou dare to love him?

D. Lau. Heavens, what do I hear?

D. Flo. (Aside to LAURA.) Don't be frightened.

P. Dia. Don Cesar thine, whilst I am dying for his love? Never! His very pride enchants me; and in the depth of that abasement which he caused, I still adore him. (*Starting and turning from them.*) What's this? Have I forgot my honour and my fame? No,—thou perverse heart—bleed! bleed! But let me save Diana's fame untainted. (*To LAURA.*) Laura, you see I'm ill,—delirious. My tongue had lost the guidance of my reason. Believe not what it spoke so falsely,—but hear me, dearest Laura. Give him your hand—I am content. You will be happy—very—very happy—and I can rejoice in that. Go, then, and bless him with thy constant love. Go—enjoy that bliss, and leave me to a life of wretchedness and shame.—(*LAURA is going.*) Yet stay! O Heaven, it is impossible, I cannot bear the thought. The flame bursts forth and

wraps me in destruction. I sink—I die—the victim of my pride.

[*Sinks into LAURA's arms.*]

All the author's springs are now wound up, and in the next scene the grand feat is achieved. Diana is ushered in by her father, attended by the various parties whose destinies are to be decided at the same time with hers; and she atones for all her sins against the sensibilities of womanhood, by a voluntary surrender to Don Cesar.

We have said enough, we think, to communicate to those who have not yet seen this drama, the very favourable impression which we have ourselves received from its perusal. The plot is certainly well managed. The principal action is not suspended for a moment. The distresses of the heroine increase from act to act; and the contrivances employed by her to relieve, and by her adversaries to enhance them, become more and more important for their purposes, and are attended with greater and greater success on the one side, and disappointment on the other, until the piece concludes. The dialogue, on the whole, possesses much dramatic power; and although some flowery Spanish conceits are scattered through it, reminding us occasionally that at least its seeds are exotic, it is, for the most part, sparkling, lively, and well sustained.

We wish we could stop here, but we cannot help deprecating, for the sake of the remaining part of this comedy, and the reputation of its author, the intrusion of two most intolerable bores, in the persons of a conceited old man, who does nothing but talk the silliest fustian, and of a most talkative servant of his, who yet scarcely says or does anything but make piteous complaints of incessant hunger. They have literally no more to do with the plot, than have the witches of Macbeth with the distresses of Hamlet. They seem introduced for no other purpose than to raise a laugh among certain parts of the audience by the most common of all the tricks of broad low farce—the rapacious appetite of a starved servant—and by what is still less sufferable to a lover of genuine English Comedy, a most absurd caricature of one of its most brilliant creations—Lord Ogleby. It is the constant fate of extravagancies of this kind, that, unnatural as they are of themselves, they derive additional improbability from the circumstances with which they are blended;

and they are surer to exert in turn a sinister influence on all around them. Thus, in the first place, it shocks all credibility that Lopez, the servant of Don Pedro, should be left "to feed upon shadows" in the palace of the Duke of Barcelona, where his master is actually an admitted suitor to the heiress of a Duchy; and this, too, in the midst of splendid festivities. And in the next place, the repeated assurances of ill-usage which this hungry being gives us, at almost every ten minutes of the play, and in language of most formidable amplification on this pathetic theme, actually produces at last a suspicion that his master is the stingiest of mankind, and that the Duke and his daughter are most unpoetically and unfeelingly careless of the comforts of their household. The effect is, for so much, a weakening of the interest of the piece in its most important point. The incongruity must be gross indeed, which could excite these reflections; yet such is the effect of a sacrifice to Farce in its worst extravagance, of Comedy, where Comedy might have stood secure without such humiliation.

Of Don Pedro we have said little or nothing in our account of the plot, for the reason just mentioned, that in fact he has no concern in it. A plot is, however, made for him; and part of it is, that he shall receive a forged letter, as if from the Princess, from which he is to collect, that she is over head and ears in love with him. We would not willingly mar the merit of what we have already quoted; but criticism is useless when it is not impartial, and we must cite the following passage, if it were but to warn the author against again descending to a species of composition, in which it is no little praise to say, that he is utterly unfit for succeeding.

FLORETTA takes PEDRO aside and gives him the letter.

D. Flor. There, read that, and take care that you comply with its contents. You know not how soon you may be the happy man.

(She motions to the rest to retire and observe him.)

D. Ped. (Alone in the front of the stage.)

—The happy man? Heir-apparent to the dukedom!

(Opens the letter and reads.)

"To marry a presumptuous, self-doating fool were to undergo the necessity of ringing 'Cuckoo' in his ears; therefore, I'll none of him." Ay, "therefore I'll

none of him." That's the coxcomb who jests on my age.

(They laugh at GASTON behind.)

"Neither will I wed with a fellow whose soul lies in the fineness of his hose, or in the sitting of a coat lap; for he would wear me, or cast me off, according to the fashion, like one of the feathers in his hat." That's the Prince of Bearne—he wears feathers in his hat. "But if the true man would have his deserts, let him serenade me in the garden this evening, before the banquet; and have a priest at hand." Don Pedro, thou art the true man—and thou shalt have thy deserts! I'll haste to Father Sebastian. But, for the serenade—verily I am no hand at a cantation. Yet, I'll try; my vocalities may be improved. *(Tries to sing.)* What is the reason that I sing not as well as another? I have a mouth, and a throat, and a stomach, like other men,—yet sing I cannot. Ah! I remember—my villain, Lopez, singeth the *de-re-mi*, and he shall execute the serenade. *(Looking at the letter.)* No presumptuous, self-doating fools—nor fellows whose souls lie in the fineness of their hose.—"But if the true man"—

[Goes off reading. The others come forward laughing and the curtain falls.]

But notwithstanding these blemishes, the Play is highly creditable to Mr Hyde, and we sincerely hope that we shall soon have occasion to notice another dramatic effort from him, in which he shall consult his own taste, and rely more upon his own resources. From the total absence of anything that could degrade the dignity of pure Comedy, in those portions of the play now under notice, which are not beset with the absurdities of DON PEDRO or the importunities of his servant, we cannot but conclude, that he knows well the lines which separate the higher from the lower walks of the Drama. The author of *Alphonzus*, and the writer—be he author or adapter—of "*Love's Victory*," is a man of taste as well as of genius. It would be difficult to say which is most requisite in dramatic productions; but of late years, (with perhaps a single exception,) we have had so little of either, that we hail with a pleasure mixed with expectation, the appearance of one, who can bring both these rare gifts in aid of what we cannot yet deem a hopeless task,—that of lifting from a mire of follies and extravagancies the goodly person of BRITISH COMEDY.

MR M'CULLOCH'S IRISH EVIDENCE.

THERE are many most unaccountable things done in these days, and the examining of Mr M'Culloch by the Parliamentary Committee for inquiring into the state of Ireland was one of them. Mr M'Culloch has no personal knowledge of Ireland; he was not called to state facts respecting it; he merely appeared as a Political Economist to edify the Committee with general doctrines. He is a public lecturer on Political Economy, and the rage for this fashionable science being, as we suspect, strong upon the sagacious legislators, they resolved to obtain a lecture at an *economical* rate, under the name of evidence on the state of Ireland. If our conjecture be just, they displayed in this far more cunning than generosity; but, however, certain money-market disclosures show that thrift is now the order of the day even among gentlemen and nobles. It may be very proper for great people to be immoderately fond of great bargains, but we think it is not very proper for them to use Parliament as their instrument. We do not like to see Parliamentary Committees using their privileges to enable them to "slake their glorious thirst for knowledge and science," and especially for "economical science" at a *cheap* rate, to the grievous loss of poor Mr M'Culloch.

We may be mistaken. Perhaps the philosopher was brought forward by the absentee landlords to throw dust in the eyes of the nation, when the misery and depravity of their tenants were coming before it. Perhaps these individuals found a storm gathering around them, which could only be quelled by the bewildering dogmas of Political Economy. But whatever was the cause, Mr M'Culloch, who is not a man of business—who is neither an Irish landlord, nor an Irish farmer, nor an Irishman of any kind, who actually never saw Ireland, appeared before the Committee to dilate on the condition of the sister kingdom.

In looking over Mr M'Culloch's evidence, one thing causes us prodigious amazement; this is—on some of the most important points, he repeats precisely the same opinions, which we had, on more occasions than one, published in this Magazine, touching Ireland, before he appeared before the

Committee. In proof, we may refer to what he says respecting subsetting, emigration on a large scale, the associating of the landlords, &c. It certainly is exceedingly odd, that any Economist, after what we have said of the tribe, should come after us to do anything but contradict us. We say not this from vanity, for the same opinions, for anything that we know to the contrary, may have been published ten thousand times before we published them. We wrote from our own observations, but it by no means follows that we wrote what was new. We mention the matter, because in some quarters we see it asserted that government is preparing a bill which is to embody Mr M'Culloch's principles, touching sub-letting; we see his views touching emigration puffed most extravagantly as exclusively his own; we see it very broadly insinuated that the opinions contained in the only sound part of his evidence were utterly unknown until he condescended to lay them before Parliament. This will not do; if we set up no claim to originality ourselves, we certainly must not permit any such claim to be set up by Mr M'Culloch.

The sage Economist, however, differs very widely from us in many things, and, where he does this, we naturally imagine that he blunders excessively. His opinions on some points are, we are pretty sure, perfectly original; but, unhappily for him, these are not the opinions which are so hugely lauded by people in general. When he has ventured to think for himself, he has produced in the public a vast portion of laughter, and very little belief. Some of his opinions, which are peculiarly his own, or at any rate, which are not ours, we shall now examine. We are led to do this by the great importance of the general question, and a wish to protect our former papers on Ireland from misapprehension. We will begin with his doctrines touching absenteeism. Something may still be added to the refutation which these have already received from various quarters.

The following we extract from his evidence:

"Supposing the absentee landlords of Ireland were to return and reside upon

their estates, is it your opinion that that would be productive of any decided advantage to the lower orders of the people?—No, I am not aware that it would be productive of any decided advantage to them, in the way of increasing the general and average rate of wages all over the country.

“Would not the expenditure of their incomes amongst them, be productive of a great deal of good?—The income of a landlord, when he is an absentee, is really as much expended in Ireland, as if he were living in it.

“Will you have the goodness to explain that a little further?—When a landlord becomes an absentee, his rent must be remitted to him one way or another; it must be remitted to him either in money or in commodities. I suppose it will be conceded, that it cannot continue to be remitted to him from Ireland in money, there being no money to make the remittance, for if the rents of two or three estates were remitted in money, it would make a scarcity of money and raise its value, so that its remittance would inevitably cease: it is clear, then, that the rents of absentees can only be remitted in commodities. And this, I think, would be the nature of the operation; when a landlord has an estate in Ireland, and goes to live in London or Paris, his agent gets his rent, and goes and buys a bill of exchange with it; now this bill of exchange is a draft drawn against equivalent commodities that are to be exported from Ireland; it is nothing more than an order to receive an equivalent amount in commodities which must be sent from Ireland. The merchants who get 10,000*l.* or any other sum, from the agent of an absentee landlord, go into the Irish market, and buy exactly the same amount of commodities as the landlord would have bought, had he been at home; the only difference being, that the landlord would eat them and wear them in London or Paris, and not in Dublin, or in his house in Ireland.

“Therefore, in proportion to the amount of rent remitted, will be the correspondent export of Irish commodities?—Precisely; if the remittances to absentee landlords amount to three millions a year, were the absentee landlords to return home to Ireland, the foreign trade of Ireland would be diminished to that amount.

“Would not there be a local effect created by the residence of Irish gentry now absent, that would be very beneficial?—If the question be confined to particular spots, the expenditure of considerable sums of money in them may perhaps be productive of some advantage to

their inhabitants; but when a landlord goes abroad, the expenditure of his income, though not probably productive of advantage to that particular parish, or that particular part of the country where his estate lies, will certainly be proportionally advantageous to some other part of the country, inasmuch as the income must all be laid out, in the first instance, on Irish commodities.

“The employment of the people is a great object; would not the residence of the gentry contribute to the employment of the people?—If you lay out your revenue in labour, you cannot lay it out on commodities; if you get *L.*10,000, and lay out *L.*5000 in labour, you can of course lay out *L.*5000 in commodities.

“Would it not be much better for the peasantry of Ireland, that a large proportion of revenue should be laid out in employing them, than in the purchase of commodities in the city of Dublin, many of which, perhaps, may have been of foreign produce?—If it is laid out on commodities, it will give employment to the persons engaged in the production of them.

“Would not the population of the country be benefited by the expenditure among them of a certain portion of the rent which has been remitted?—No; I do not see how it could be benefited in the least. If you have a certain value laid out against fresh commodities in the one case, you will have a certain value laid out against them in the other. The cattle are either exported to England, or they stay at home; if they are exported, the landlord will obtain an equivalent for them in English commodities; if they are not, he will receive an equivalent for them in Irish commodities; so that in both cases the landlord lives on the cattle, or on the value of the cattle; and whether he lives in Ireland or England, there is obviously just the very same amount of commodities for the people of Ireland to subsist upon; for by the supposition which is made, the raising of cattle is the most advantageous mode in which the farmers can pay their rents.

“Would it result from the principles laid down by you, that confining the question to those considerations which have been adverted to, it would be the same thing, in point of fact, to Ireland, whether the whole gentry of the country were absentees or not, as far as those considerations go?—I think very nearly the same thing. If I may be allowed to explain, I will state one point in which I think there would be a small difference. I think, so far as regards the purchase of all sorts of labour, except that of a mere

menial servants, absentee expenditure is never injurious to a country. The only injury, as it appears to me, that a country can ever sustain with reference to wealth from absentee expenditure, is, that there may be a few menial servants thrown out of employment when landlords leave the country, unless they take their servants along with them: but to whatever extent menials may be out of employment, if they have the effect to reduce the rate of wages, they will increase the rate of profit. In a country, however, where absenteeism has been so long prevalent as in Ireland, I should say that this circumstance cannot have any perceptible effect.

"When an agent wishes to remit, suppose L. 1000 of Irish rent to a landlord not resident in the country, and buys a bill of exchange in Dublin, has not that bill of exchange been actually sold, and does it not actually represent at the time a previous exportation of Irish produce? It may not represent a previous exportation of Irish produce; but it will either represent a previous or a subsequent exportation.

"Then in every instance, in which a demand arises for a bill of exchange to remit rents, it is, in point of fact, a demand for exportation of Irish produce, that would not otherwise have existed? Undoubtedly.

"A value being remitted equivalent to the rent, will not that value find its way through the various operations of occasioning production by the employment of the poor, to the extent that the landlord himself could employ them if he remained at home? I think so.

"Will you have the kindness to state what your view of absenteeism is, as a great moral and political question, as applicable to Ireland? From all the information I have been able to obtain from reading books on the state of Ireland, and conversing with such Irish gentlemen as I have met with, I should think that in a moral point of view, Ireland did not lose very much by the want of the absentee landlords.

"Will you state what has led you to form that opinion? The statements that I have seen in Mr Wakefield's work, and in other works on Ireland; and the various conversations I have had.

"The Committee are now speaking, not of the state of Ireland as it is, but what it would be if the persons of property had in that country been resident for generations, as in more fortunate countries has been the case; have not those circumstances which lead you to

form this opinion, arisen a good deal from the state of society which has resulted in a great measure from the absence of the higher class of proprietors? I should certainly think that the chances were, that if the large proprietors had lived at home, and not let their estates on interminable leases for small quit rents, that the country would have been improved by their residence; but I found this opinion on political grounds, and not on those about wealth.

"Have not the circumstances to which you have alluded, as marking the character of society, which induces you to think that the residence of an Irish gentleman amongst his tenantry is not likely to be attended by any good moral effect, in a great degree resulted from the state of society which has been formed in consequence of the absence of the real proprietors of the soil? It may have in some small degree resulted from that, but the actual state of society in Ireland has, I think resulted much more from other causes.

"What are those other causes? I should think it had resulted more from political causes than anything else. The great proprietors of the soil of Ireland have been Protestants, and have been imbued with all the prejudices of the Protestant sect against the great majority of the people who live upon their estates, and in fact against the great majority of the people of the country; and having those prejudices, I think Ireland has not, upon the whole, lost a great deal by their non-residence.

"What class of proprietors do you believe has in general usurped or occupied the places of those who would have been the natural chiefs of society? I think Lord Clare states in his speech on the Union, (I forget the precise words,) that a very large proportion of Ireland, about five-sixths of the country, had been confiscated in the course of the century ending with the reign of William the Third, and, of course, if that confiscation had not taken place, the great bulk of the property would have been in the hands of the descendants of those whose estates were confiscated. Had the majority of the landlords been Catholics, I should think they would have treated their tenants and the lower people better than Protestant landlords could be supposed to do.

"In looking to the causes of the prosperity of countries, in what degree has, what is generally called the landed interest, contributed to it? It would be very difficult to answer that question with pre-

cision; I think, however, that almost all great improvements in every country, have originated among merchants and manufacturers.

"In respect to capital, and the influence of capital in extending industry and employing the people, and making that profit which leads to the general wealth of a country, what would you say has been the usual process by which countries have changed from a state of poverty to a state of wealth and civilization? I should say that the history of Europe proves that the progress of countries in wealth and civilization, has been more promoted by the accumulation of capital made by manufacturers and merchants, and by their skill and enterprize, than by the same qualities on the part of the landlords.

"Adverting to what you stated some time ago, supposing that capital was to be drawn from England and advantageously employed in Ireland in manufactures, would it not result from the answer you have just given, that it would contribute greatly to the improvement of Ireland? If it can be advantageously employed in Ireland, it will go there without any legislative measures being necessary to force it; and if not, it had better remain out of it.

"Is not absenteeism the cause of the middlemen system? I do not think it is absenteeism that is the cause of it; I think it originated in the difficulty of finding tenants possessed of capital sufficient for the working of large tracts of lands, and the disinclination which every gentleman must have, to go and supervise the proceedings of a parcel of small occupiers. I have no idea you would diminish the number of middlemen materially, though you had no absentees.

"Would it be possible for an absentee to deal, directly or individually, with his tenantry, if he had not the means afforded him of letting large tracts to one person, that was responsible to him? He might deal with them through the intervention of an agent. If he does not choose to employ a middleman, he can employ an agent; and it is only because he finds that middlemen are more advantageous than agents, that he resorts to them in preference.

"Are there complaints in Scotland about absentee landlords? No; I never heard of any such complaints.

"Are there many absentee landlords from Scotland? A great many.

"Do those farms, where there are absentees, bring a lower or a higher rent, than where the landlords are resident?

I believe that throughout Scotland, a farm belonging to an absentee landlord, of the same goodness as one belonging to a resident landlord, would let for rather a higher rent.

"What reason is there for its bearing a higher rent than if the landlord was resident? No tenant likes to live under that system of surveillance and overlooking which is generally exercised by a landlord. When a landlord goes abroad, or lives in England, his affairs are managed by his factor or agent, who is generally a very intelligent person, and much more conversant with country affairs than the landlords are; so that the tenants prefer dealing with him to dealing with the landlord.

"That depends on the character of the factor, and would not apply to a country where the tenant preferred dealing with the landlord? If the landlord were to employ a very bad man as his factor, of course the tenant would prefer a resident landlord to deal with, if he were a better man; but in Scotland I believe I am warranted in saying, that, generally speaking, they uniformly prefer absentee landlords.

"Do you conceive England sustains any injury from the number of absentees in France? No, I do not; England would have them to feed and clothe were they in England; and whether she feeds or clothes them in England or France, is a matter of perfect indifference to England.

"Do you think, that if seven-eighths of the landed proprietors of England were to go abroad, leaving their estates in the hands of agents to manage them, the general concerns of this country would go on as well as they do now? I think, if there were courts established in England like the sheriff courts of Scotland, and if the agents, or persons selected to manage the estates of absentees, were men of as good character, and as intelligent as those who manage the estates of Scotch absentees, England would rather gain by the absence of the great proportion of the landed proprietors.

"Have you turned your attention to the public expenditure of Ireland, and can you state whether the revenue collected in Ireland is sufficient to defray the expense of governing that country? I understand the revenue collected in Ireland is nearly three millions short of defraying the expense of governing that country, and paying the interest on that portion of the national debt of the empire which properly belongs to Ireland."

Our readers will have observed, in the first place, that in Mr M'Culloch's

opinion the absentee landlords would not, by dwelling in Ireland, raise wages in it, or in other words, would not employ more labour in it than they employ at present; and that these landlords, in reality, spend their rents as much in Ireland when they are absentees, as they would do if they should dwell in it constantly. The Philosopher makes no distinction between a landlord's living in England, and his living in France, or China. Whether he dwell in London, or Paris, or Rome, or Pekin, or Timbuctoo, it is precisely the same to Ireland as dwelling on his Irish estate, in regard to the expenditure of his income. Had this opinion been delivered by some venerable female whose faculties had been impaired by a warfare of eighty years with the ills of life, it would doubtlessly have excited only peals of laughter: but it was delivered by an Economist—by a Philosopher—and therefore we are pretty sure that it was listened to with wonderful solemnity, and believed to be vastly profound and unerring.

The sagacious Economist's reason for his opinion is in substance, that the landlord's rent is in reality paid in Irish produce, and that it makes no difference to Ireland whether this produce be consumed in it, or out of it. The landlord, for example, receives his rent in oxen; he exchanges these for such commodities as he needs, and it makes no difference whether he makes the exchange in Ireland, or in any other part of the universe.

Our readers are aware that the rent, whether the landlord dwells in Ireland or out of it, is paid by the tenants in money: these sell their oxen exactly the same in both cases to pay it. If the landlord dwell in Ireland, what does he do with the money? He expends it in commodities, says the philosopher. In what commodities? In coals—wine—malt liquor—cottons—woollens—silks—sugar—tea—coffee, &c. &c. If the commodities which he consumes be produced in Ireland, they must employ a large quantity of labour in their production: if they be all imported, they must employ a large quantity in, and after their importation, putting production out of sight. Sailors have to be employed in fetching them; labourers have to be employed in unloading the vessels; bargemen and

waggoners have to be employed in carrying the goods to different parts; shopmen, apprentices, porters, &c. have to be employed in distributing them. If the landlord did not live in Ireland, none of the foreign commodities consumed by him would enter it, and the mass of labour which these put in motion would be unemployed in that country.

In addition, the landlord pays annually, considerable sums to the coach-maker, harness-maker, bricklayer, carpenter, blacksmith, tailor, shoemaker, painter, upholsterer, &c. &c. the greater part of which sums, is in reality paid for labour. Were he to live out of Ireland, this labour would be in that country without employment.

This is not all. If the landlord by his consumption of commodities give regular employment to one hundred people in Ireland, who would otherwise be idle; these employ various people to prepare commodities for them who would otherwise be idle; the latter in their turn employ others who would otherwise be idle; and the money thus continually circulates, employing additional labour everywhere. If the landlord should remove from Ireland, not only would the labour which his consumption of commodities employs be left idle, but a vast portion of other labour would be left idle likewise.

We will illustrate this farther by looking at rents in the gross. Those paid to absentee landlords are represented to be enormous in amount, but suppose they reach three-millions. If this sum were expended in Ireland, it would employ a vast number of grocers, drapers, mercers, tailors, shoemakers, &c. &c., who could not now find business in that country. These tradesmen would employ a vast number of servants of different kinds, who could not at present be employed in Ireland. These masters and servants would of themselves employ an immense mass of labour, which, without them, could not be employed.

We leave domestics and labourers, regularly hired by the landlord, out of the question, in order to meet the Philosopher on his own ground.

Now, how does Mr M'Culloch get over this point? He says, "If you lay out your revenue in labour, you cannot lay it out in commodities; if

you get L.10,000, and lay out L.6000 in labour, you can, of course, lay out L.5000 on commodities! You, therefore, can only employ labour by hiring labourers; if you buy commodities, you employ no labour. Of course, commodities employ no labour; the different kinds of tradesmen neither work themselves, nor keep any workmen. Oh, wonderful Economist! what a discovery! After saying what we have quoted, Mr M'Culloch states, "If the money be laid out on commodities, it will give employment to the persons engaged in the production of them." These counter assertions from the same lips affect each other very awkwardly. Looking at so much of the first as the last does not annihilate, it seems that commodities employ no labour in their way from the producer to the consumer!

The Philosopher asserts that the merchants who get L.10,000, or any other sum, from the agent of an absentee landlord in exchange for a bill to be remitted to this landlord, "go into the Irish market, and buy exactly the same amount of commodities as the landlord would have bought, had he been at home; the only difference being, that the landlord would eat them and wear them in London or Paris, and not in Dublin, or in his house in Ireland." He asserts further, that, "if the remittances to absentee landlords amount to three millions a year, were the absentee landlords to return home to Ireland, the foreign trade of Ireland would be diminished to that amount." He, moreover, asserts, that "in every instance in which a demand arises for a bill of exchange to remit rents, it is, in point of fact, a demand for exportation of Irish produce which would not otherwise have existed." What an astounding philosopher is Mr M'Culloch!

We will concede, that the rents of the absentees are in reality remitted in Irish produce. Now the same amount of rent must be paid, and therefore the tenants must raise the same quantity of produce, whether the landlords live in Ireland, or out of it. The tenants sell their produce, in both cases, to precisely the same people. Here the difference begins.

If the landlord dwell in Ireland, the tenants sell the same quantity of produce to the merchants that they would

sell if he were an absentee. They then pay to him the money. What do the merchants do with this produce? To establish the doctrine of the learned Philosopher, they ought to sell it, or other Irish produce received in exchange for it, to the landlord, for the money received of his tenants. They, however, do no such thing. The landlord can only consume a very contemptible portion of this and other Irish produce. He practically goes to the merchants, and gives them nearly the whole of the money in exchange, not for Irish produce, but for wine, coals, timber, silver, iron, tea, sugar, and other articles, the produce of other nations. For the purchase of these articles, the merchants export the Irish produce. Nearly the whole of this produce is exported when the landlord is resident, as well as when he is an absentee.

When the landlord is an absentee, the tenants sell their produce to the merchants, and pay the money to the agent; the latter takes the money to the merchants, to buy of them, not the produce of other countries, but a bill—or, in other words, to employ them to remit the money to the landlord. They export the Irish produce that it may be sold abroad, and the value paid to the absentee landlord. In both cases the Irish produce is exported; in the one, it is merely sent abroad, that it may return to Ireland in another shape,—in the other, it is sent abroad that it may return no more. In the one, it goes abroad only for a moment, as Irish trading capital—in the other, it goes for ever as a dead loss to Ireland.

The Irish absentee landlords would be so far from diminishing the aggregate exports of Ireland by returning to it, that they would increase them. There would be not only their own consumption of foreign produce, which would only be procured by the exportation of Irish produce, but there would be that of the vast number of additional tradesmen, mechanics, artisans, and labourers, whom they would bring into employment. The expenditure of the rents, by giving being to these new consumers, by continually sending money from hand to hand to promote consumption, and by raising wages and profits, would increase the imports of Ireland beyond

its amount; in so far as it should increase the imports beyond its amount, it would increase the exports. It might diminish the exports of corn and cattle, but it would add to that of other articles of Irish produce.

The absentee landlords, therefore, instead of increasing the exports of Ireland, only diminish its imports. Were they to return, the exports would be at least the same, while they would add, in one way and another, three millions to the imports, if their rents amount to this sum. Were additional foreign produce of this value imported into Ireland, every one must be convinced that, in its working up and distribution, it would employ a prodigious quantity of additional labour.

Of course the doctrine, that the merchants, on receiving the money from the agent, "go into the Irish market, and buy exactly the same amount of commodities as the landlord would have bought had he been at home, the only difference being, that the landlord would eat and wear them abroad, and not at home," is preposterous. The question is, Does absenteeism diminish the demand for labour? And, therefore, to establish the doctrine, the merchants should buy, not only the same amount of commodities, but the very same commodities that the landlord would have bought had he been at home. They should buy and export the Irish produce, import foreign produce in exchange for it, sell the latter, and purchase as many suits of clothes, pairs of shoes, dozens of wine, pounds of candles, tea, sugar, &c. &c. as the landlord consumes—they should do all this *before* receiving the money of the agent—for the bill sold to this agent they should export the last-named commodities, and not Irish produce,—or there is manifestly a "difference," which is fatal to the doctrine of the Philosopher. The merchants do nothing of the kind; they merely buy in the Irish market such commodities as they would buy if the landlord should dwell at home, or should not exist. They sell to the agent a bill; and if they did not do this, they would sell to the landlord, or other people, foreign produce of the same value. The difference is this—if the landlord dwell abroad, he merely, in the Irish market, exchanges one

kind of money for another, which puts no labour in motion; if he dwell at home, he exchanges his money for foreign produce, which puts a vast quantity of labour in motion.

The point is so important, that we will, at the hazard of being tedious, bestow on it some farther illustration.

If British landlords, possessing twenty millions of income, were to leave this country, and dwell permanently in France, how would this operate? According to Mr M'Culloch, it would add a clear twenty millions to our exports. If he be right, it must inevitably be true, that this would make a clear addition of twenty millions to the imports of France. France would receive this sum as a free gift, without returning any equivalent—she would receive it chiefly in raw produce—she would receive it only in such things as she would need—and she would receive an increase of consumption commensurate with it at the same moment. Now, is it not perfectly clear, that this addition of twenty millions to the imports of France—that this addition of twenty millions to her annual profits—would enable her to employ an enormous additional quantity of labour? And if it be, is it not equally clear, that the gain of France would be the loss of England? The Economists are aware of the dilemma in which they have placed themselves. They manfully assert, that as the one country would not lose, the other would not gain: they might just as truly assert, that to take ten thousand pounds from the income of one man, and add it to that of another, would not make the one poorer, or the other richer.

To support these doctrines, the Economists maintain, that although the removal of the landlords would throw an immense mass of capital and labour—an immense number of tradesmen, mechanics, artisans, and labourers—out of employment for the moment, these would be permanently employed by other trades, which would be proportionably increased by the absenteeism of the landlords. We cannot go along with these people until we have something better from them than the flimsy assertions and assumptions to which they cautiously confine themselves. Let us bottom this matter. If the landlords go abroad the tenants raise the same produce, sell it to the

same people, and pay the rents in money to agents. The agents buy bills upon France with the money, and send these to the landlords. Now, what are the commodities sent to France which these bills represent? They consist almost wholly of raw produce.

If, in consequence of the absenteeism of the landlords, France buy a great additional quantity of East India silk of us, shall we then import an additional quantity of this silk? By no means. She will merely buy that silk which our manufacturers would otherwise buy. She will add nothing to our imports of silk. If she buy a great quantity of cotton of us, the case will be the same: she will buy what our manufacturers would otherwise buy, but she will not increase our imports of cotton. If she buy of us much wool and iron, the case will still be the same: we shall not produce more wool and iron—we shall only sell these to her instead of our own manufacturers. The same quantity of these articles might be brought into the country by the produce of the estates as before; but the demand for the twenty millions worth of manufactured articles would be transferred from this country to France. The landlords would employ the French traders, mechanics, &c. instead of the English ones; and the raw articles would have to be sent to France, to be there manufactured, instead of this country. The mighty mass of capital and labour—the mighty host of traders, mechanics, artizans, and labourers—which the expenditure of the twenty millions now employs between the importer or English producer and the consumer, would be deprived of employment, while not a single trade would receive any additional capacity to employ them, save the carrying trade to France, of which France would engross a large portion. So far as regards employment being given by the landlords in other trades, nearly the whole of this capital and labour would remain idle for ever.

To render this still plainer, we will assume that a nobleman in this country expends annually ten thousand pounds in silk goods alone; and that those who supply him with, and make up these goods, serve him only. He buys the goods of his mercer, and this employs the mercer, his capital, shop-

men, porter, &c. The mercer buys the goods of the manufacturer, and this employs the capital of the manufacturer and throwster, with the weavers, dyers, &c. The nobleman's family employ dressmakers to make up the goods. By employing these people, he enables them to consume many silks. Now, if he remove to France, and there consume the same quantity of silks, what is the consequence, assuming that in both places the raw article is bought of the English importer? He deprives the mercer, his capital and shopmen, the manufacturer and throwster, with their capital and workmen, and the dressmakers, wholly of employment, and of the means of consuming silks. His rent is raised as before; but instead of being expended in employing these people and their capital, it is taken in reality to the importer for the purchase of that raw silk to send to France which had previously yielded such employments. The trade of the importer remains the same, but the employment of the others is wholly lost, so far as regards the nobleman, if we except the trifling share that may be obtained by carrying the raw silk across the water.

This is looking at the matter in the most favourable point of view, and in a much more favourable one than we ought. So much capital and labour being rendered idle, would have the most mighty effect in depressing profits and wages. Consumption, general imports, and exports to all parts save France, would be greatly diminished. France, from receiving an additional twenty millions' worth of raw produce to manufacture, retail, and work up, would increase her trade greatly beyond the same amount.

We will assume that there are in this country three great and distinct classes of producers. The first is composed of the agriculturists, which includes the landholders. The landlord is as much a producer of corn as his tenant; the two are in reality copartners; the one finds the greater part of the capital, *i. e.* the land and buildings; the other finds the remainder of the capital, *i. e.* the stock. The second class consists of the importers or producers of raw produce not agricultural, and the third of the manufacturers. Under the term manufacturers, we here include all who work up and retail the raw produce of all descriptions.

Now, were our agriculturists to buy all their manufactures of France, this would throw out of employment all the manufacturing capital and labour of this country which are now employed in supplying them. If they could not send their own produce to France in payment, they would exchange it for the produce of the second class; this class would not import or produce more from this—it would merely send that produce to France which it now supplies to the manufacturers. This capital and labour would be thrown permanently out of employment; for, from the effect upon profits and wages, our carrying trade would be quite as much diminished with other parts, as it would be increased with France. Again, if the second and third classes were to buy the whole of their agricultural produce of France, this would throw the whole of our agricultural capital and labour out of employment. It would not increase the trade of these classes, though France should take manufactures in exchange; for they would merely send the goods to France which they now sell to our own agriculturists. They would, in truth, sell considerably less, because they would have to support gratuitously the idle population. Nothing we think in mathematical demonstration could be clearer than this—if we import French manufactures and corns when our own manufacturers and agriculturists can abundantly supply us with both, we must employ French capital and labour, render idle an equal amount at least of British capital and labour, and greatly diminish the profits of the capital and labour of the whole country. If British landholders go to expend twenty millions annually in France, this will only differ from our agriculturists as a body buying annually of France twenty millions' worth of French manufactured goods, instead of buying to the same amount of our own manufacturers, by its being infinitely more injurious to this country. If the opinions of the sage Economist be true, it must inevitably be true likewise,

1. That rents employ no labour after they are paid to the landlord. The landlord who expends fifty or sixty thousand per annum, gives no employment to labour by such expenditure.

2. That the rent of a landlord is in reality expended before it is put into

his hands, and that, although he may receive it in solid sovereigns, he cannot expend it again so as to employ labour.

3. That a nation can have no exports, unless its landlords, or others whom it supplies with income, dwell abroad.

4. That the imports of a nation employ no labour.

5. That the cultivators of land would have no surplus produce to sell, if they had no rents to pay.

6. That a nation cannot have any surplus agricultural produce, if its landlords be not absentees.

7. That were the absentee landlords to return home, each one—Heaven moderate his appetite!—would devour all the corn, hogs, and oxen, that his tenants could dispose of.

8. That if you take your business from your English tailor, and give it to a French one, it neither injures the one, nor benefits the other. By buying all your goods of the Englishman, you do not employ him; by buying the whole of the Frenchman, you would not employ him. Capital and labour cannot be deprived of employment, and they can never be superabundant.

9. That all trades are of equal value to a nation; it makes no difference to a nation whether it has merely a population just sufficient to cultivate its soil, or twice the number in addition engaged in manufactures and commerce. A nation can lose manufacture after manufacture, and this will do it no injury; in proportion as its manufactures may decrease, its commerce and agriculture will increase. If it lose the whole of its manufactures, and nearly the whole of its commerce, it will be able to employ its capital and population just the same in agriculture, although its land shall be previously fully occupied. If the whole of our manufacturers were thrown out of employment, they could immediately be employed in our agriculture, and the nation would not lose by it. A nation is as rich, populous, and powerful, when it has only its agriculture, as it is when it has in addition an immense portion of commerce and manufactures.

10. If all the people of independent fortune who now dwell in London, were to remove to Liverpool, and were to be restricted from procuring a single manufactured article from London,

this would neither injure London, nor benefit Liverpool.

11. If land in this country, which pays twenty millions of annual rent, should belong to the King of France instead of its present proprietors; and if his Gallic Majesty should constantly receive the rent in raw produce, and never send a shilling of it back to be expended on the land, the case would be precisely the same to the nation at large, as it is at present, when the land belongs to inhabitants of this country, who expend the rent in British merchandize and manufactures.

12. If fifty millions were annually taken from the profits of this country, and added to those of France as a free gift, it would neither injure the one country, nor benefit the other; it would neither make the one poorer, nor the other richer.

We could go farther, but we will pause at the round dozen. Gentle reader, what an amazing science is Political Economy!

The wretched dogmas that in reality lead to these conclusions, are not put forth as matters of opinion—as things that may possibly be erroneous. Oh, no! they are promulgated as though their truth were matter of decisive demonstration; all who dissent from them are stigmatized as ignorant, prejudiced bigots, and covered with ridicule. The Economists have stuck themselves upon their bubble, and, in consequence, they imagine that they have soared far above the world, and the infirmities of human nature, and they seem to think that they have invested themselves with the attributes of Heaven. The foul names and grins of such egotists, will not, we conceive, disturb any man's peace, whatever effect they have on his risibility.

It is not solely on account of Mr M'Culloch that we have bestowed so much attention on this doctrine. The fact is—and we most earnestly beg our readers to keep it in mind—that upon this doctrine stands what is called our new and liberal system of Free

Trade. This system distinctly asserts as its basis, that to buy manufactures and corn of France, and other states which have adopted the prohibitory system against us, will benefit, and not injure, our own manufactures and agriculturists, although these may be able to supply us abundantly. This is exactly the doctrine of the Philosopher. It is exactly the same as asserting, that if our agriculturists buy nearly the whole of their manufactures of France with raw produce, it will benefit and not injure our own manufacturers; that if our manufacturers buy nearly the whole of their corn of France, it will benefit, and not injure our agriculturists; that if our landholders go to dwell constantly in France, their expenditure of their incomes in that country, will be precisely the same thing to England as their expenditure of them at home would be. We repeat, that in reality there is not the least difference between the doctrine of Mr M'Culloch, and the principles on which this new system avowedly rests. If the doctrine be true, the system stands upon a rock; if the doctrine be false, the system is built upon sand, it will fall, and the fall will be terrible. We hope we have said sufficient to convince our readers that the doctrine is perfectly untenable. We are ourselves as thoroughly convinced that it is wholly false, and that the system which has been raised upon it is one of error and destruction, as we are that light is not darkness—that flame is not ice—that vapour is not adamant. Time will produce that conviction in the nation which we cannot. Words may be disregarded, but ruin and misery will obtain attention and credence.*

We must now say something on a difference touching absentee expenditure, the existence of which Mr M'Culloch practically denies altogether. If the Irish absentee landlord dwell in France, he injures Ireland to benefit France; and the benefits which he confers on the latter do not ope-

* Many of the public prints, which uniformly puff the "new and liberal system of free trade" in the most fulsome manner, have pronounced Mr M'Culloch's doctrine to be gross and glaring falsehood. Some of them have abused it in the most outrageous way possible. There is something in this exquisitely ludicrous. Mr M'Culloch asserts that the man in the moon never wears a nightcap—It is a lie!—Mr Huskisson asserts the same in somewhat different words—It is an obvious truth. Bravo, most sagacious Editors!

rate to benefit the former. If he dwell in England, what Ireland loses in respect of his expenditure is gained by England. The benefits of his expenditure are still kept in the empire. Ireland has a free trade to England, and his expenditure in the latter increases this trade. If there were a perfectly free circulation of labour throughout Britain and Ireland, if Ireland were as far advanced in manufactures and commerce as Britain, and if it could supply its full proportion of the various articles sold in the English market—then the residence of the Irish landlord in London, with regard to expenditure, would only operate to Ireland, as the residence of the Yorkshire landlord, in London, operates to Yorkshire. The great mass of our landlords are, to a very great extent in respect of expenditure, absentees from their estates. They expend the greater part of their incomes in London, or other large places.

But whatever Ireland may lose from the landlord's expending his income in England, it forms but a very contemptible part of the whole loss which flows from his absenteeism. Excessive rents and subdivision form, so far as the landlord is concerned, the great curse of Ireland, and these do not necessarily flow from his expending his rents in London. The whole of our English landlords might dwell constantly on their estates, and still, if they should exact the utmost farthing of rent possible from their tenants, our peasantry would be as poor and miserable as the Irish peasantry, and our land would be as much subdivided as that of Ireland. Exorbitant rents, if they be general, must produce subdivision; and both, whether landlords be residents or absentees, must plunge the cultivators into want and misery.

If the Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, or Westmoreland landlord dwell almost constantly, and spend the whole of his income in London, his tenants are still in respectable and comfortable circumstances. They pay moderate rents—such rents as leave them fair profits upon their capital. The landlord seizes not the lion's share of the produce of the land—he gives them their due portion. In the distressed parts of Ireland everything is taken from the tenants but the most bare subsistence. The English farmer can save money—he can reserve his farm

for one son, and put the others into respectable trades. The Irish farmer cannot save—he cannot put his sons into trades; when he dies his property must be divided, and, so far as regards his children, his land must be divided likewise. The English farmers and their labourers, in reality, retain and expend upon the estate a large portion of that rent, which in Ireland is extorted from the Irish ones, and sent out of the country.

While it is manifest that exorbitant rents, and their offspring, subdivision, are, so far as concerns the landlords, the great evils of Ireland, it is, in our judgment, equally manifest that these evils flow from absenteeism. If a nobleman or gentleman of large fortune—who prides himself upon his rank and ancestry—who is fond of show and splendour—who has never known the want of money—who has his fortune in money already made—who has been taught to look upon the parsimonious ideas of traders with scorn—and who has been constantly habituated to generosity and profusion—if such an individual personally direct the management of his estate, it is not possible, in the nature of things, that he should be a bad landlord. Pride, pomp—every feeling of his nature, will compel him to let reasonably cheap farms, and to let his farms, and even his cottages, to none but men of good character and conduct. His larger tenants will be enabled to save, and to occupy more land; he will keep himself constantly enabled to let his land in farms of any size to good tenants. On the other hand, if a low-bred, mercenary man of small property, have the sole management of an estate as a per centage-agent, or middleman; if he take this management for the sake of pecuniary profit; and if his profit be regulated by the amount of rent which he can extort from the cultivators, it is not possible, in the nature of things, that he can be a good landlord. Every thing will conspire to compel him to sponge from the occupiers the utmost farthing of rent, without regard to anything else. While the owner only lets the land to enjoy a fortune—to obtain the interest of capital, this man lets it to make a fortune—to accumulate a capital. He will dissipate the capital of the larger occupiers, compel them, if they provide for their child-

ren, to contract the size of their farms, subdivide the estate, and people it with inhabitants of bad character. Exceptions there are in both cases;—we speak generally. The truth of this we conceive to be decisively established by the condition of the agricultural population of Britain and Ireland.

While we hold it to be manifest, that exorbitant rents and sub-division flow from absenteeism, we hold it to be equally manifest, that the *constant* residence of the landlord in Ireland is not requisite as a remedy. If he will only dwell on his estate a very few months in the year, and either let it himself, or suffer it to be let by a *salaried agent, under his personal direction and control*, this is proved by the state of Britain to be all that is necessary. We say now, as we have said before, that we do not wish to see the Irish landlords dwell constantly on their estates. It is essential for the good of Ireland, that they should be in Parliament, that they should dwell much in London, and that they should mix largely with the British ones. The whole that we wish the Irish landlords to do is, that they will act like those of England.

Mr M'Culloch, however, denies that absenteeism produces evils of any kind; he asserts that the return of the absentees would only benefit Ireland in the most trifling degree, if at all. He speaks against sub-letting, but he does not conceive the return of the landlords necessary for its extinction. It has been again and again declared by government, that a sufficient number of men of proper respectability could not be found to form the Magistracy, yet the residence of the landlord would yield no benefit! It is said that some of the Magistrates are deficient in knowledge and principle, yet their being combined with, and placed under the influence of men of high rank—members of Parliament—men spending a part of every year in the first society in the metropolis, would neither improve them, nor benefit Ireland! It would have no tendency to civilize and better the condition of Ireland, were rich and polished families to be scattered about throughout its whole village population, to furnish example, to establish schools, to supply the poor with food and clothing in times of necessi-

ty, to watch over morals and conduct, and to stimulate improvements in husbandry, housewifery, &c. by instruction and reward. Out upon such political economy!

The Philosopher says nothing against per centage agents and middlemen, but his favourite mode of managing an estate is this—The landlord shall dwell constantly abroad, and the estate shall be under the exclusive authority of a hired agent. This agent will generally be taken from the lower of the middling classes, he will be a man of small fortune, but more likely of none at all, and he will have a salary of perhaps from one to three, or five hundred per annum. Now, looking at the points which we have enumerated above, touching the magistracy, civilization, schools, &c. will any man living say that an agent like this will be more valuable—will not be infinitely less valuable—upon an estate, than a nobleman or gentleman of large fortune? Our larger English landlords generally keep such an agent notwithstanding their residence. On these points, such an agent would be worthless; he would be merely a hired servant, without a master to overlook him, and like other hired servants, he would do as little as possible for his wages.

Looking merely at the letting of a large estate, it is a trust infinitely too great for such an agent, and he will be pretty sure to abuse it in one way or another. The resident landlord is under powerful internal and external restraints in the exercise of his authority over the tenants, but from such checks the agent is almost wholly free. His master never sees him; he is a man of the world, and cares but little for public opinion, and he has the tenants at his mercy. His income is small, and he wishes to increase it: he is exposed to every temptation to abuse his trust, at the cost of the tenants. We scarcely ever knew the hired agent of an English absentee landlord, that is, of a landlord who dwelt constantly in a foreign country, who did his duty properly. What Mr M'Culloch says in favour of the Scottish agents may be true; but, from what we have seen of English ones, and of human nature, we are confident, that, if all the estates of a nation were placed under the exclusive control of hired agents, the greater

part of these agents would abuse their trust in the most scandalous and pernicious manner. If we are mistaken, the world is under a gross delusion, in fancying that servants need to be looked after by masters, and that Ministers of State, and others who hold great trusts, ought to be surrounded with restraints, and vigilantly watched.

The Philosopher admits, that in Scotland the land of absentee landlords is let at a higher rent than that of resident ones. He makes this a matter of choice on the part of the tenant, because "no tenant likes to live under that system of surveillance and overlooking which is generally exercised by a landlord;" and because when a landlord goes abroad, "his affairs are managed by his factor, or agent, who is generally a very intelligent person, and much more conversant with country affairs than the landlords are; so that the tenants prefer dealing with him to dealing with the landlord."

We who now hold the pen were born in, and belong to, England; we never saw Scotland, and we do not pretend to know how these things are managed among our Scottish fellow-subjects. We see quite sufficient in the conduct of certain Scotch writers in the metropolis to deter us from dilating on local matters of which we have no knowledge. These people write day after day, touching our English peasantry and country gentlemen, and every line proves that they know no more of either than the Hottentot. Every one who is at all acquainted with our country population must know, that the diatribes which they put forth against our "unpaid magistracy," form the most nauseous compound of stone-blind ignorance, and groundless slander, that ever appeared in print. That is odd philosophy which bottoms itself upon direct falsehoods. That is odd "liberality" which occupies itself with blasting the reputation of the most generous, upright, and honourable men in the community.

Although we cannot contradict Mr M'Culloch from our personal knowledge of Scotland, we still can supply a contradiction which will satisfy our readers. An Address has recently been circulated by the Inverness-shire Farming Society, which does honour to those from whom it has emanated, and which, on the part of the tenantry of

Scotland, distinctly denies the assertions of Mr M'Culloch.

We are, however, no strangers to the landlords and tenants of England; and, certainly, what Mr M'Culloch says would be very erroneous if applied to our English tenants. We will divide our landlords into two classes—the small and the great ones. A landlord who has only one farm, or two, and whose whole income arises from his land, looks after his tenant principally to get as much rent as he can. The great landlord looks after his tenant chiefly on the score of management and conduct. In the one case, the tenant has to fear from "surveillance and overlooking" an advance of rent, and in the other, reproof, or a discharge. Is it likely that he will give an advance of rent at once rather than live in fear of it, or prefer a bad farm to a good one, merely because an improbable evil may befall him? If he leave the landlord, and take the farm of an agent, what then? He exchanges the "surveillance and overlooking" of the landlord for those of the agent; and in almost all cases, the "surveillance and overlooking" of the agent are infinitely more busy, tormenting, and injurious, than those of the landlord. The latter perhaps leaves him for great part of the year, but the agent is always near him.

But then the tenant likes to deal with the agent because he is more conversant with country affairs than the landlord. Answer us these questions, ye town and city shopkeepers? From which can you obtain the best bargain in buying your goods—the rich novice, or the keen man who thoroughly understands his business? Do you prefer buying of the latter at higher prices merely on account of his better knowledge of trade? A farmer has to choose between two farms of equal value: the rent of the one is five shillings per week more than that of the other; and yet, according to Mr M'Culloch, he prefers the dear one, because he has to take it, not of a rich gentleman, who is not very knowing in agricultural matters, and who cares but little for money, but of a shrewd, crafty, experienced man of business! This certainly cannot need any refutation.

Our English tenants, we believe, fear the "surveillance and overlook-

ing" of the agent much more than those of the landlord. The latter never enters their houses, he is not very skilful in judging of their crops, and he acts impartially towards all. The agent visits among them, and he hears much private history and slander which ought never to reach him. He is puffed up with his own importance, and expects the utmost deference to be paid him. He is more or less under the guidance of his own paltry personal interests. He favours one tenant because he is wealthy, or gives him the best dinner, or sends him the most presents, or treats him with the most reverence: he is hostile to another tenant because he is poor, or because his mind has been poisoned against him by slander, or because he is not sufficiently humble. He can always calculate pretty accurately what the tenants make of their farms. The landlord is jealous of his honour, public opinion has great influence over him, and he has a pride in a highly cultivated estate and respectable tenants: but the case is wholly different with the agent; he merely acts for hire, and if he do the most odious things, he can throw the blame upon his principal. A tenant must be exposed to the "surveillance and overlooking" of either the landlord or the agent; and we believe that those of the latter will generally be the most active and injurious.

Reasoning, however, is idle, when the question has been decided by experience. In England, the best farms are those which are let by, or under the direction of, the landlord: the worst are those which are exclusively under the management of an agent. This refers, of course, to middling and large estates, and not to the land of small proprietors. The case is the same in Scotland according to Mr M'Culloch's own showing. In England, our farmers are anxious to leave the dear farms of absentees for cheap ones under resident landlords; we cannot but think that the case is the same with the Scottish ones.

Let us now apply the Philosopher's doctrines to Ireland. In England the absentee landlord commonly pays his agent by a regular salary, and gives him instructions to exact no more than moderate rents, so that the tenant is still to a certain degree under the protection of the landlord. But in Ireland it appears, that where an agent

is employed, he is almost always paid by a per centage. The landlord gives up the letting of his estate entirely to him. He in effect says—"Lay on what rent you please,—if you bring me none, I will pay you nothing—I will allow you so much for every hundred pounds that you may bring me." Now, to the tenants, this agent is in reality as much the landlord, as he would be should the fee simple of the estate belong to him. He has them perfectly at his mercy; he is a resident landlord; he has them constantly under his eye; and he is incessantly stimulated by personal interest to rack from them the utmost farthing.

If the estate of the absentee be not in the hands of an agent like this, it is generally in those of middlemen. These middlemen are in reality the only landlords that the mass of the tenants know or have; they are constantly among the tenants; and the only interest that they have in the land, is to extort the highest rents possible.

Courteous readers—whether ye be English farmers or Scottish ones—whether ye be inhabitants of the country, who are familiar with the sight of green fields—or natives of London, who have never ventured out of the smoke of that famous city—we leave to you the decision of these questions. Does the Irish cultivator escape "surveillance and overlooking," because the owner of his land is an absentee? Is he not under the most odious and pernicious "surveillance and overlooking" that could be imagined?

The "surveillance and overlooking" of our greater English landlords extend principally to conduct. These landlords know that they could obtain much higher rents, but they do not wish it; they pry but little into the pecuniary affairs of their tenants. What a tenant has to fear from them is chiefly displeasure for suffering his fences, &c. to get out of order; for managing his land in a slovenly, unprofitable manner; or for being extravagant, drunken, or immoral. The "surveillance and overlooking" of the only landlord that the tenant in reality has in Ireland, are eternally upon this tenant, chiefly for the purpose of keeping his rent at the highest point: his management and conduct are minor matters. Now, how does the difference operate to the tenants and to society in the mass?

In England, the tenants are in comfortable and respectable circumstances; many of them are wealthy; they are industrious and knowing cultivators; and in respect of morals, they are scarcely equalled by any class in the community. Their own excellent morals have the best effects upon those of their servants. In Ireland the tenants of the absentees are poor and barbarous; they are wretched cultivators; and they are vicious and depraved. In England it is a thing almost unknown, for the tenant of a great landlord, if he only occupy a cottage, to be immoral, or to be concerned in a criminal action. The Irish papers frequently tell us, that in Ireland the occupiers of pretty large tracts of land are often concerned in those horrible outrages which almost daily disgrace the sister kingdom, and that the whole country population combines to screen from justice the perpetrators of these outrages.

Nevertheless, the Philosopher assures us, that, in a moral point of view, Ireland loses very little from its landlords being absentees. Wonderful Philosopher! He assures us farther, that absenteeism is not the cause of the middlemen system; and that the number of middlemen would not be materially diminished if there were no absentees. Of course, if a landlord dwell on his estate, he will let it to a middleman for a trifling rent; he will content himself with a much smaller income than he might obtain when the cultivators will have to pay much higher rents than he would demand; he will make himself a mere cipher on his estate, and amidst his tenants; he will suffer this middleman to parcel out and manage his land, and tyrannize over his tenants at pleasure; he will give to this middleman the sole control over his estate and tenants;—he will do all this in preference to having his estate and tenants entirely under his management and authority. The most finished Cockney that Cockaigne can produce, would hardly swallow such philosophy. Once more we say—Wonderful Philosopher!

Absenteeism, and not the want of capital, is the primary cause of the middleman system. No resident landlord will give to another person the control of his estate, and the dignity and influence which it yields him, the more especially as he can always procure an agent to take off his hands the

laborious part of the management. Agricultural capital cannot exist with middlemen and per centage agents. Where these people find any, they speedily dissipate it; and where they find none, they effectually prevent any from being created. In the last thirty years, England has been increasing the size of its farms, and making immense additions to its agricultural capital. In the same period, and with nearly the same markets, Ireland has been regularly diminishing the size of its farms and the amount of its agricultural capital. Were the land of England placed under middlemen and per centage agents, very few of our next generation of farmers would possess sufficient capital for the cultivation of a farm of one hundred and fifty acres.

Mr M'Culloch stated it to be his belief, that if we had sheriff-courts like those of Scotland, and if the estates were managed by agents like those who manage the estates of the Scotch absentees, England would gain by the absence of the great proportion of the land proprietors. Most delicious intelligence this would be to you, ye proud landholders of England! You are not merely useless—you are an evil to your country! Richly did you deserve the insult for bringing such a man before you.

England, beloved land of our fathers! If thy nobles and country gentlemen leave thee to dwell constantly abroad—if thy country magistrates consist of penniless, pert, place-hunting lawyers—if thy Ministry and two Houses of Parliament be composed of traders, weavers, lawyers, and philosophers; of such men as Alderman Wood, Alderman Waithman, Peter Moore, Joseph Hume, Sir R. Wilson, Mr Brougham, and Mr M'Culloch, it will cause thy interests to be far better managed. If thy village population be taken from the control of generous, high-minded noblemen and gentlemen, who are under the most powerful restraints for exercising their influence and authority in the most beneficial manner, and be placed under that of low-bred, mercenary people, almost wholly free from restrictions in the exercise of their despotic power, it will benefit the interests and character of this population. If the many millions of rent which are paid to thy landholders be sent to foreign countries

to return no more—to be expended in employing the labour and promoting the commerce and manufactures of these countries, instead of thy own, it will increase thy wealth and prosperity. What pension wilt thou award, and how many statues of gold wilt thou decree, to the astonishing Philosopher?

Seriously—does it not surpass all comprehension, that a man who seems not to have been stark-mad—who is evidently as destitute of passion and enthusiasm as a flint—should have uttered such absurdities? They not only outrage common sense, but they fly in the teeth of the most decisive demonstration. A single glance from Ireland to England is sufficient to cover them with derision. We thank those who put questions to Mr M'Culloch like that touching the seven-eighths of the landed proprietors. They spurred him up to the very climax of nonsense; they made him stretch the cobweb of his philosophy, until he tore it to tatters; they constrained him to hold up his own doctrines to the ridicule of the most ignorant.

After what we have said, we need not enter into any long refutation of the Economist's doctrine, that, if the English absentees who now dwell in France, were to dwell at home, it would make no difference to England. Here again we have practically the assumption that we send to these absentees their incomes in precisely the commodities which they consume; and, moreover, that we send them taxed commodities—our taxed wine, tea, &c. &c. From the prohibitory system of France, these absentees scarcely add a shilling's worth to our exports of commodities; their incomes are sent them in money, and this constantly does more or less injury to the trade of this country, looking only at the exchanges. Many of them draw their incomes from our taxes; these incomes are raised in precisely the same way in their absence that they would be raised in should they dwell at home; and they are exclusively expended in employing French tradesmen, mechanics, and labourers, and contributing to the French revenue. Many of these incomes are practically paid in this manner. A sum of money is taken from our exchequer, and sent to France in bills; immediately afterwards gold has to be sent to, in effect, take up the bills. If the incomes of these absentees were regu-

larly sent them by coach and packet in hard sovereigns, it would be much the same to this country as their present mode of transmission.

We will assume that there are two officers who receive annually from the taxes of this country three hundred pounds each. The one dwells in England, the other in France. Every one knows, that when their incomes are paid, that of the one has operated in its raising, exactly like that of the other, on the industry, &c. of the country. Well, these incomes are paid in sovereigns; the one takes his sovereigns to his dwelling in England; those of the other are in effect sent him by coach and boat to France, for he consumes, by his residence in France, scarcely any of the few commodities which it imports from England. The one who dwells in England immediately expends his sovereigns in employing the English farmer, ploughman, miller; merchant, sailor, grocer, tailor, weaver, &c. &c. He consumes many commodities that are heavily taxed; he occupies a house which pays house and window duty, and of course no small part of his income returns back to the exchequer; he pays poor's rates, and thus contributes to support the poor of his country. But the one who dwells in France, employs only the farmer, &c. &c. of France; he contributes only to the revenue of France; his expenditure, compared with that of the other, is so much clear gain to France, and dead loss to England. Yet in the face of this, Mr M'Culloch asserts that it makes no difference to England whether its absentees dwell at home or in France. Many of the Economists make a great uproar in favour of consumption; they maintain that everything possible should be done to promote it; but here is this wonderful Philosopher confounding production with consumption, and declaring, that if nine-tenths of the consumption of this country were annihilated, it would produce no public evil.

Such stuff is not worthy the name of paradox; it is silly nonsense, that would disgrace the most ignorant hind in the country. We blush to think that it needs refutation—our cheeks burn with shame when we reflect that it has been listened to by the Parliament of England. The present is called an enlightened age, and this is a portion of the light. Men like Mr M'Culloch

are the exclusively "enlightened;" they are the only people who have emancipated themselves from "prejudices," and who are infallible; they are the only men who have escaped from the "ignorance and bigotry" of past ages—who have outstripped all in the "march of intellect"—and who have rendered themselves even too wise and knowing for the times they live in; they are the people to laugh to scorn the founders of England's freedom, prosperity, happiness, and greatness; and to be entrusted with the subversion or alteration of everything valuable in the empire. Ye "thinking people" of England, what opinion must be entertained of you by posterity?

We are not quite so much infatuated with "economics" as Mr M'Culloch, and therefore we must say something more touching these English absentees, before we take our leave of them. When men, merely for the sake of pleasure or some trifling pecuniary saving, abandon their country to dwell constantly in a foreign one, we think the abandonment should be mutual. We think their country should cast them off, when they cast off their country. These mongrels, who are neither fish nor flesh, who are neither English nor French, who, instead of sympathizing with, and benefitting their country, rob and injure it, and who proclaim by their conduct that they prefer another to it,—these persons certainly ought not to be placed on a level with the resident population. Some brand should be fixed upon them, by deprivation of privileges, or other means, to hold up their want of English feeling to the scorn of the nation. Many of them, we believe, hold commissions in the army and navy. Now we ask if a man, who has *from choice* dwelt many years in France, or any other foreign country; who has *from choice* been for these years cut off from all personal intercourse with his countrymen, be a fit and proper person to hold authority in a ship of war or in the army? We ask if such a man can be expected to have that love of country—those genuine British feelings which are essential in all who wear the British uniform? It ought to be a condition with all who draw their incomes from the public purse, that they should dwell constantly in

this country, when not called from it by public service.

We must now turn to the Philosopher's doctrine, that "almost all great improvements in every country, have originated among merchants and manufacturers."

Mr M'Culloch and his economic brethren are people who cannot possibly see the whole of anything. Question them touching a watch, and they will tell you that the interior works are useless, and that the dial is alone valuable. Ask them respecting a horse, and they will say that the legs and back are alone useful, and that the bowels are a positive nuisance. To improve machinery, they would destroy the moving power; to coin a farthing they would waste a guinea; to build a jolly-boat, they would pull to pieces a seventy-four; to make some paltry canal that would scarcely float a washing-tub, they would fill up the ocean. They cannot see that agriculture forms part of a whole along with manufactures and commerce. Oh, no! agriculture is the nuisance—agriculture is the pestilence by which manufactures and commerce are blasted. Ruin the agriculturists, ye merchants and manufacturers—deprive them of the means of buying your goods—and then you will flourish! Glorious times will ye have, ye importers, when the chief part of consumption shall be annihilated—a prodigious increase of trade ye will gain, ye manufacturers, by selling one hundred thousand pounds' worth of goods less at home, in order to sell ten thousand pounds' worth more abroad.

The antipathy of the Economists to the landed interest does not, however, proceed altogether from a wish to benefit manufactures and commerce.—The country gentlemen keep the magistracy from the hands of philosophic lawyers; the farmers and husbandry labourers cannot well be reached to be filled with "liberal ideas." The landed interest weighs very heavily in Parliament against the new philosophy; it forms a mighty impediment to the "liberalizing," or, in other words, to the subverting of our laws and institutions. Its consent is necessary, and it will not give it, to enable the Philosophers to pull to pieces the monarchy. Here is the sore. Here is the cause why it is so desirable for the land-

holders to dwell out of the country, and why agriculture is so worthless, compared with commerce and manufactures.

With regard to improvements, let us glance at the history of this country. We apprehend that in respect to wealth, as well as other things, it is very necessary for a nation to have a good constitution, and good laws. Now with whom did our constitution and laws originate—with the landed interest, or the merchants and manufacturers? Who shed their blood like water to found the glorious structure under which we live? The owners and cultivators of the soil, or history is only fable. We read of the worthy traders of London and other parts being in former times amazingly obsequious to the government, but not of their sacrificing life and property for law and freedom. Once indeed the trading interests of this country did in a great degree get up a revolution in opposition to the landed interest; they triumphed, and what then? They established a military despotism. We are indebted principally to the landed interest for our constitution and laws.

When we look at other nations, we cannot see that any of them has been indebted to its traders for a good system of government. The revolutions of France, Spain, &c. got up as they chiefly were by the inhabitants of towns, were neither wise in principle, nor fruitful of benefit. In the Americas, the brunt of the struggle seems to have been borne by the men of the soil.

Commerce and manufactures owe their origin to the landed interest, and they cannot exist without it. Whatever wealth they may accumulate, they draw from it the chief portion. Why do not the agriculturists accumulate large fortunes like the merchants and manufacturers? Are they less industrious, less frugal, or less able in business? No such thing. The merchant and manufacturer are allowed to obtain the highest profit in their power, while the agriculturist is bound down to the lowest possible. If accident raise him to a level with them, laws are instantly resorted to, to bring him down again. They may charge him what they please, but he must charge them only what the government may suffer. The greatest additions that were ever made to the wealth of this

country were made to it during the war by the agriculturists, when nothing could be employed to prevent the latter from equalling the trading classes in profits. Neither this country, nor any other, was ever rich, when its landed interest was regularly poor; and, in spite of the merchants and manufacturers, if our landed interest be plunged into poverty, we shall soon cease to be a rich nation. It is ridiculous to ascribe the chief part of public wealth to those things which cannot exist without a landed interest, and which can scarcely contribute a shilling to this wealth without its assistance.

Let us now look at other matters. Who have always been the chief patrons of literature and the arts? The great landholders. Who have always marched at the head of civilization and refinement? The great landholders. Who, by their profuse expenditure, have given the greatest stimulants to inventions and discoveries of every description? The great landholders.

Reasoning on the question seems to be very useless when we look at Ireland. Here is a country, a large part of which has not in reality what is understood by the term, a landed interest. The landlords dwell abroad, and a very few of the cultivators are worthy of being called farmers. This part of Ireland is, to a very great extent, without commerce and manufactures, and it is poor, barbarous, and depraved: had it practically possessed a landed interest, the case would undoubtedly have been perfectly different.

We say this in favour of the agriculturists, merely on the defensive: far be it from us to undervalue the merchants and manufacturers. When we defend the former we likewise defend the latter. The three form a whole; their joint exertions as a whole, and not the separate ones of any of the parts, have rendered the country what it is. One of the parts may, however, be more valuable than the others; as a man's head, although it forms a part of his body, may be of more worth than his legs or arms. Valuable as commerce and manufactures unquestionably are, agriculture is still more valuable. That is no new doctrine; for it has hitherto been held by all the first authorities of the country. To ruin agriculture for the

benefit of commerce and manufactures would be the same, in our judgment, as to cut off a man's head for the benefit of his legs and arms. And yet nothing less in these days is spoken of. If commerce and manufactures suffer such men as Mr M'Culloch to divide them from, and array them against their parent, they will soon bitterly lament it!

We will now proceed to the question touching the revenue of Ireland.

Why is the land of Ireland exempted from direct taxation? It has two or three distinct landlords to support, and then it is overloaded in the most fearful manner with cultivators. It has so many mouths and purses to provide for, that it cannot contribute anything to the Exchequer. Why is it in this condition? It is placed in it by absenteeism—by the very thing that the Philosopher asserts produces no evil to Ireland. If it had only its owners, and the number of cultivators requisite for its proper culture to support, it could then pay taxes like that of England. This might have been the case with it, had it been under the management of its owners during the war. The high prices would have given capital to the tenant, and the great demand for labour, and high wages in this country, would have taken off the surplus hands.

Let us now turn to indirect taxation. A vast portion of the Irish cultivators, from the extortions of their various landlords, and the smallness of their allotments of land, can neither consume taxed commodities, nor employ those who do consume them. Let any man place before him two English farmers—the one paying a rackrent, and the other a very moderate one—and mark the difference between them in consumption. The consumption of the one in utensils is almost double that of the other. The one keeps his family well and respectably clothed; the other expends nothing in the clothing of his family beyond what is wrung from him by necessity. The one often has friends to visit him; he consumes much taxed liquor, tea, sugar, currants, spices, &c.; the other rarely has visitors; he lives principally on the plainest produce of his farm, and he expends the least possible in taxed commodities. The one employs more labourers than the other, and he ge-

nerally pays higher wages. The farmer, who is a great consumer, benefits the revenue infinitely beyond the amount of duty which is paid by what he consumes. He employs the village blacksmith, carpenter, tailor, &c.; he employs the producers and distributors of the commodities, and he thereby enables them to consume.

In the examination, Scotland was brought into contrast with Ireland. Now, how stands the case with Scotland? Its land is not overrented, or overloaded with occupiers. The farmers are good consumers of taxed commodities, and by this they create a vast number of other consumers.

Ireland, unlike England and Scotland, exports a large portion of its agricultural produce; its exports, to a great extent, consist of such produce which, as we have shown, causes the most trifling consumption of taxed commodities in its raising and shipment. The exports of Scotland consist chiefly of manufactured goods. These exports employ the agriculturists, who are in proportion far greater consumers of taxed commodities than the Irish agriculturists, and in addition they employ the manufacturers, traders, &c. who are very great consumers of such commodities. The exports of Ireland, to a large extent, employ the agriculturists alone. Now, if Ireland were like Scotland—if its land were not over-rented, and had no more than the requisite number of cultivators to maintain—and if it had a sufficient number of manufacturers, traders, &c. to consume the whole, or nearly the whole of its agricultural produce—how would this operate on the matter before us? The agriculturists, though greatly diminished in number, would consume about as many taxed commodities as they consume at present, and there would be an immense host of manufacturers, traders, &c. created to join them in such consumption. Ireland might then stand on a par with Scotland in its contributions to the revenue.

If the Irish peasantry should dwell in decent houses built by the regular builders—should have these houses decently furnished by the regular makers of furniture—should keep themselves decently clad, in clothing supplied by the regular manufacturers and makers—should regularly burn coals—should regularly consume tea, su-

gar, dried fruit, spices, &c. &c. would not this employ a mighty number of manufacturers, tradesmen, mechanics, &c. who cannot now exist in Ireland? Why cannot this peasantry do this in an equal degree with the peasantry of Britain? Look for an answer to the per centage agents and middlemen—or in other words to absenteeism.

It is said that the depravity and turbulence of the Irish peasantry prevent British capital from establishing manufactures, &c. in some of the most distressed parts of Ireland. This depravity and turbulence must be ascribed in a great degree to the per centage agents and middlemen. The latter divest the cultivators of capital, the land must then of necessity be divided into the smallest portions, and the cultivators must be poor, ignorant, idle, and without control. Look at an English estate. The conduct of the farmers is constantly under the eye and control of the landlord, or the agent who acts under his directions; the farmers are men of property and respectability, and the conduct of the remainder of the inhabitants is under their eye and control. What is the consequence? Our village population is kept in the very best order without a single salaried peace-officer—without a single individual's being regularly employed in preserving the peace. Look at the Irish estate of the Duke of Devonshire, which appears to be managed to a great extent after the English fashion. Upon it turbulence and outrage are said to be unknown. On this point, and with regard to the employment of so great a number of troops, absenteeism is still the great cause. We grant the tremendous authority of the Catholic Priests, but nevertheless, a landlord can let his land to whom he pleases; he can let it wholly to Protestants, or to such Catholics ONLY as will be peaceable and orderly.

We will here offer no comment on Mr M'Culloch's opinions touching the Poor Laws. We promised a Paper on these Laws some time since, and our promise is yet unperformed, solely because we think such topics possess the greatest interest when Parliament is assembled; it will not long remain unperformed.

We have only space to touch very briefly on two other parts of the Philosopher's evidence. He states that

government ought to establish schools in Ireland, to teach what—the leading principles of religion and morals? No! To teach children between seven and thirteen “the elementary principles which show how wages are determined, or on what the condition of the poor must depend!” Now, let Parliament look at the Combinations in Britain and Ireland, and it will discover that in both countries the labouring classes are perfectly familiar with these principles already. The weavers of England, the colliers of Scotland, and the gas-men of Ireland,—the most uncultivated “operatives,” know perfectly, that if there be too many of them in their calling, it makes wages bad and work scarce. Several of the Combinations have made and enforced laws expressly to keep apprentices and others out of their callings—or, in other words, to prevent labour from becoming superabundant in these callings. The teaching of such principles to the labouring population can have no other practical effect than Combination. What effect have the doctrines touching capital and labour had among the labouring classes? They have caused labour to make war upon capital. Every labouring man, we believe, always knows that, if his wages be bad, or if he cannot procure employment, there are too many labourers in his vocation; but whether he knows this or not, it is a matter of no consequence to him unless the knowledge lead him to Combination. If he do not resort to this, he can apply no remedy to the evil so far as it affects his own occupation. We really think there is no necessity whatever for Parliament to establish schools to teach the working classes to form themselves into Combinations.

With regard to teaching children at school, that if they marry too soon, they will do themselves great injury—this we think is equally unnecessary. Almost all our young people throughout our labouring population have this continually rung in their ears, from their infancy to the time of their marriage, by parents and every one else—and they profit from it very little. People are impelled to marry at too early an age, by a passion which Political Economy can neither extinguish nor regulate—by a passion which laughs to scorn reason, instruc-

tion, and even Mr M'Culloch himself. The perfect heartlessness, and the gross ignorance of the influence of the more powerful and ennobling feelings of the human heart, which Mr M'Culloch manifests throughout his evidence, are alike surprising and repulsive. He places the Noble on a level with the Agent; he ascribes the effects of nature to the want of instruction; and he speaks as though human conduct could never be influenced by any other principle than that of pecuniary profit and loss. If philosophy consist in stoicism he is no doubt a philosopher; and yet his stoicism has nothing stern, daring, and magnificent about it, to save it from being despicable.

If schools be established at all, let them be established to implant in the breasts of the children, not avaricious selfishness, but the kindness and benevolence of the New Testament—the distinctions between moral right and wrong—the fear of the vengeance of Heaven for misconduct—the conviction that they must at last be accountable for the deeds of their whole lives, not to a human priest, but to an omniscient and unerring Deity.

Mr M'Culloch asserts that the morality of towns is to the full as good as the morality of the country, meaning by the term morals—honesty, and the intercourse between the sexes. What the case may be in Scotland, we know not, but so far as this regards England, it is totally at variance with truth, and a gross libel upon the village population.

In our villages, the doors of the stable, cow-house, and hog-sty, are rarely locked during the night, the poultry is left at large, the barn is very slenderly secured, quantities of valuable property are scattered about the farmstead, wholly unprotected, the dwellings of the cottagers are protected in the slightest manner, there is no watchman, or police officer of any description, the whole of the villagers go to bed about the same hour, and are buried in the deepest sleep during the night, and yet a serious theft is seldom heard of. If horse-stealing have now reached a great height, be it remembered that it is chiefly carried on by the inhabitants of towns, or those who have been taught their villainy in towns. When this is contrasted with the state of things in towns, what

credit is due to Mr M'Culloch? If towns were not filled during the night with watchmen and police officers, and if property were not made as secure as bolts and bars can make it, what would then be town honesty? As matters are, weigh the knavery of towns against that of the country, and the latter will kick the beam.

So much for honesty; and now for the intercourse between the sexes. Do our villages contain common prostitutes? Do the unmarried men, and part of the married ones, of these villages, constantly cohabit with such prostitutes, like those of towns? Certainly not. In our villages there is very little intercourse between the sexes, save that which is lawful; in each, there are perhaps a couple of married women of light character; these are constrained to be very circumspect in their conduct, and as to their acting like common women, it is out of the question. What the conduct is in towns of the greater part of the single men, of no small part of the married ones, of a large portion of the wives of the lower orders, and of far too large a portion of the female servants, touching this point, we need not say. It must be already known to those who need information on the matter—to wit, our legislators.

We are aware that what has been said by parishes, with regard to illegitimate children, has caused certain ignorant people to maintain that our village females are generally unchaste. The fact is, that in almost every case in which an illegitimate child is born in a village, the mother is the victim of seduction. In some cases, perhaps, the seducer has no great difficulty in triumphing, but we believe that in all he is compelled to give a solemn promise of marriage. He prevails by professing honourable love. Virtue is never sold for money. The girl has intercourse with none but the seducer, and after the child is born she goes again to service, and is generally very virtuous in her conduct afterwards. We defend not such women, but they are not to be confounded with those of towns, who, for the sake of money, or from sheer depravity, are common strumpets.

In speaking of morals, drunkenness must not be forgotten. Do our husbandry labourers spend nearly every evening, and the chief part of

two whole days in the week in addition, at the public-house, like the chief part of the labouring classes of towns? No, they do not expend in public-houses, one-tenth of the time and money which are expended in such places by the town working classes.

The Philosopher asserts, that the inhabitants of towns are far more intelligent than those of the country. What has been the conduct of such of the inhabitants of towns as are of the same rank with the inhabitants of villages for many of the past years? What was this conduct in the days of Radicalism—in the days of Luddism—while the Queen's frenzy raged—and what has it been during the days of Combination? The answer will suffice for the refutation of Mr M'Culloch. He is a perfect stranger to our towns, or a perfect stranger to our villages, or he made assertions to the committee which he knew to be groundless.

Want of space here compels us, against our wishes, to close our remarks on his evidence. We, perhaps, should not have noticed it at all, had it not been for its tendency to prevent the absentee landlords of Ireland from doing their duty. That landlord who gives up the cultivators of his estate—who perhaps cannot leave it without actual starvation—into the hands of a

percentage agent, or middleman, to be stripped of their little property, fed on potatoes, clothed with rags, and plunged into the lowest abyss of penury, and barbarism,—that landlord is morally guilty of a crime against his species and his country, which cannot be surpassed in enormity. Compared with him, what evils does the common robber, who dies on the gallows, inflict on individuals and society? He who defends this landlord, and prevents him from changing his conduct, is his accomplice in the crime. The feeling which now pervades the country, touching the conduct of the absentee landlords, will not, we trust, be stifled by the nonsense of Mr M'Culloch. We hope it will increase, until it force every one of them to take his estate under his own management. Many of them are now anxious to do their duty; if the remainder shelter themselves under the Philosopher, and persevere in their present course, we trust that at any rate they will not go unpunished. If the laws cannot reach men who consign their fellow-creatures, by hundreds and thousands, to extortion, oppression, want, and misery, the press and public opinion can reach them, and we hope that these will not be sparing in imprinting the brand, and inflicting the torture.

THE BLOODY BUSINESS.

From Mansie Wauch's Autobiography.

Nay, never shake thy gory locks at me;
Thou can'st not say I did it!—*Macbeth.*

It was on a fine summer morning, somewhere about four o'clock, when I waukened from my night's rest, and was about thinking to bestir mysell, that I heard the sound of voices in the kail-yard, stretching south frae our back windows. I listened—and I listened—and I better listened—and still the sound of the argle-bargleing became more distinct, now in a fleeching way, and now in harsh angry tones, as if some quarrelsome disagreement had ta'en place. I had na the comfort of my wife's company in this dilenimy; she being away, three days before, on the top of Tammy Trundle the carrier's cart, to Lauder, on a visit to her folks there; her mother, (my gudemother like,) having been

for some time ill, with an income in her leg, which threatened to make a lamiter of her in her old age; the twa doctors there, no speaking of the blacksmith, and sundry skeely old women, being able to mak naething of the business; so nane happened to be wi' me in the room, saving wee Benjie, who was lying asleep at the back of the bed, with his little Kilmarnock on his head, as sound as a top. Nevertheless, I lookit for my claes; and, opening one half of the window shutter, I saw four young birkies, well dressed, indeed three of them customers of my ain, all belonging to the town; twa of them young doctors; ane of them a writer's clerk; and the ither a grocer; the hail looking very fierce

and fearsome, like turkey cocks; swaggering about with their hands and arms as if they had been the king's dragoons; and priming a pair of pistols, which aye of the surgeons, a speerity, out-spoken lad, Maister Blister, was hadding in his grip.

I jaloused at ance what they were after, being now a wee up to fire-arms; so I saw that skaith was to come o't; and that I wad be wanting in my duty on four heads,—first, as a Christian, second, as a man, third, as a subject, and fourth, as a father, if I withheld mysell frae the scene; nor lifted up my voice, however fruitlessly, against such crying iniquity, as the wanton letting out of human blood; sae furth I hastened, half dressed, with my grey stockings rolled up my thighs, over my corduroys, and my auld hat aboon my cowl, to the kail-yard of contention.

I was just in the nick of time, and my presence checked the effusion of blood for a little—but wait a wee. So high and furious were at least three of the party, that I saw it was catching water in a sieve to waste words on them, knowing, as clearly as the sun serves the world, that interceding would be of no avail. Howsomever, I made a feint, and threatened to bowl away for a magistreet, if they wadna desist, and stop from their barbarous and bluidy purpose; but, i'fegs, I had better have keepit my counsel till it was asked for.

"Tailor Mansie," quoth Maister Thomas Blister, with a furious cock of his eye; he was a queer Eirish birkie, come ower for his yedication; "since ye have ventured to thrust your nose," said he, "where nobody invited ye, you must just stay," said he, "and abide by the consequences. This is an affair of honour," quoth he; "and if ye venture to stir one foot from the spot, och then," said he, "by the poker of St Patrick, but whisk through ye goes one of these leaden playthings, as sure as ye ever spoiled a coat, or cabbaged broad-cloth. Ye have now come out, ye observe, hark ye," said he, "and are art and part in the business;—and, if one, or both, of the principals be killed, poor devils," said he, "we are all alike liable to take our trial before the Justiciary Court, hark ye; and, by the powers," said he, "I doubt not but, on proper consideration, that they will allow us to get off

mercifully, on this side of hanging, by a verdict of manslaughter."

Od, I fund mysell immediately in a scrape; but how to get out of it baffled my gumption. It set me all a shivering; yet I thought that, come the warst when it wad, they surely wad not hang the faither of a helpless sma family, that had naething but his needle for their support, if I made a proper affidavy, about having tried to make peace between the youths. So, conscience being a brave supporter, I abode in silence, though not without many queer and qualmish thochts, and a pit-patting of the heart, no unco pleasant in the tholing.

"Blood and wounds!" bawled Maister Thomas Blister, "it would be a disgrace for ever on the honourable profession of physie," egging on puir Maister Willy Magneesy, whose face was as white as double-bleached linen, "to make any apology for such an insult. You not fit to doctor a cat,—you not fit to bleed a calf,—you not fit to poultice a pig,—after three years' apprenticeship," said he, "and a winter with Doctor Monro? By the cupping glasses of Pocrates," said he, "and by the pistol of Gallon, but I would have caned him on the spot, if he had just let out half as much to me. Look ye, man," said he, "look ye, man, he is all shaking;" (this was a god's truth,) "he'll turn tail. At him like fire, Willy."

Magneesy, though sadly frightened, looked a thocht brighter; and made a kind o' half stap forrit. "Say that ye'll ask my pardon once more,—and if no," said the puir lad, with a voice broken and trembling, "then we must just shoot one another."

"Devil a bit," answered the other, "devil a bit. No, sir; you must down on your bare knees, and beg ten thousand pardons for calling me out here, in a raw morning; or I'll have a shot at you, whether you will or no."

"Will you stand that?" said Blister, with eyes like burning coals. "By the living jingo, and the holy poker, Magneesy, if you stand that—if you stand that, I say, I stand no longer your second, but leave you to disgrace, and a caning. If he likes to shoot you like a dog, and not as a gentleman, then his will be done."

"No, sir," replied Magneesy, with a quivering voice, which he tried in

vain, puir fellow, to render warlike, (he had never been in the volunteers like me.) "Hand us the pistols then; and let us do or die!"

"Spoken like a hero, and brother of the lancet: as little afraid at the sight of your own blood, as at that of other people;" said Blister. "Hand over the pistols."

It was an awfu' business. Gude save us, such goings on in a christian land! While Mr Bloatsheet, the young writer, was in the act of doing what he was bid, I again, but to no purpose, endeavoured to slip in a word edgeways. Magneesy was in an awfu' case; if he had been already shot, he could not have looked mair clay and corpse-like; so I took a kind of whispering, while the stramash was drawing to a bloody conclusion, with Maister Harry Molasses, the fourth in the spree, who was standing behind Bloatsheet, with a large mahogany box under his arm, something in shape like that of a licensed packman, ganging about frae house to house, through the country-side, selling toys and trinkets; or nifferring plaited ear-rings and sic like, wi' young lasses, for auld silver coins, or cracked tea-spoons.

"Oh!" answered he very composedly, as if it had been a cannister fu' of black-rappee, or blackguard, that he had just lifted down from his tap-shelf, "it's just Doctor Blister's saws, whittles, and big knives, in case ony of their legs or arms be blown away, that he may cut them off." Little had he prevented me sinking down through the ground, had I not remembered, at the preceesc moment, that I myself was a soldier, and liable, when the hour of danger threatened, to be called out, in marching-order, to the field of battle. But by this time the pistols were handed to the two infatuated young men, Mr Bloatsheet, as fierce as a hussar dragoon, and Magneesy as supple in the knees as if he was all on oiled hinges; so the next consideration was to get weel out of the way, the lookers-on running nearly as great a chance of being shot as the principals, they no being accustomed, like me, for instance, to the use of arms; on which account, I scoused mysell behind a big pear-tree; baith being to fire when Blister gie'd the word "Off!"

I had hardly jouged into my hidy-hole, when "crack—crack" played

the pistols like lightning; and, as soon as I got my hands ta'en from my een, and looked about, wae's me, I saw Magneesy clap his hand to his brow, wheel round like a pierie, or a sheep seized wi the sturdie, and then play flap down on his braidside, breaking the necks of half a dozen cabbage-stocks, three of which were afterwards clean lost, as we couldna pit them all into the pat at ae time. The hail o' us ran forrit, but foremost was Bloatsheet, who, seizing Magneesy by the hand, said, wi' a mournful face, "I hope you forgive me? only say this as long as you have breath; for I am off to Leith harbour in half a minute."

The bluid was rinnin' over puir Magneesy's een, and drib, dribbling frae the neb o' his nose, so he was truly in a pitiful state; but he said with more strength than I thocht he could have mustered,—"Yes, yes, fly for your life. I am dying without much pain—fly for your life, for I am a gone man!"

Bloatsheet bounced through the bit kail-yard like a maukin, clamb ower the bit wa, and aff like mad; while Blister was feeling Magneesy's pulse with ane hand, and looking at his doctor's watch, which he had in the ither. "Do ye think that the puir lad will live, doctor?" said I till him.

He gave his head a wise shake, and only observed, "I dare say, it will be a hanging business amang us. In what direction do you think, Mansie, we should all take flight?"

But I answered bravely, "Flee them that will, I'se flee nane. If I am ta'en prisoner, the town-officers maun take me frae my ain house; but, nevertheless, I trust the visibility of my innocence will be as plain as a pikestaff to the een of the fifteen!"

"What then, Mansie, will we do with poor Magneesy? Give us your advice in need."

"Let us carry him down to my ain bed," answered I; "I wad not desert a fellow-creature in his dying hour! Help me down wi' him, and then flee the country as fast as you are able!"

We immediately proceeded, and lifted the poor lad, whae had now dwammed away, upon our wife's handbarrow—Blister taking the feet, and me the oxters, whereby I got my waistcoat a' japanned with bluid; so, when we got him laid right, we proceeded to carry him between us down

the closs, just as if he had been a stickit sheep, and in at the back door, which cost us some trouble, being narrow, and the barrow getting jammed in ; but, at lang and last, we got him strieked out aboon the blankets, having previously shooked Benjie, and waukened him out of his morning's nap.

A' this being accomplished, and got ower, Blister decamped, leaving me my lieving lane, excepting Benjie, wha was next to naebody, in the house with the deeing man. What a frightfu' face he had, all smeared over with bluid and poulder—and I really jaloused, that if he deed in that room, it wad be haunted for ever mair, he being in a manner a murdered man, so that, even should I be acquitted of art and pairt, his ghaist might still come to bother us, making our house a hell upon yearth, and frightening us out of our seven senses. But, in the midst of my dreadful surmeeses, when all was still, so that you might have heard a pin fall, a knock, knock, knock, cam to the door, on which, coming to my senses, I dreaded first that it was the death-chap, and syne that the affair had gotten wind, and that it was the beagles come in search of me ; so I kissed little Benjie, wha was sitting on his creepie, blubbering and greeting for his parritch, while a tear stood in my ain ee, as I gaed forrit to lift the sneck, to let the officers, as I thoct, harrie our house, by carrying aff me, its master ; but it was, thank heevan, only Tammy Bodkin, coming in whistling to his wark, with some measuring-papers hinging round his neck.

"Ah, Tammy," said I to him, my heart warming at a kent face, and making the laddie, although my bounden servant by a regular indenture of five years, a friend in my need, "come in, my man. I fear ye'll hae to take charge of the business for some time to come ; mind what I tell'd ye about the shaping and the cutting, and no making the guse ower warm, as I doubt I am about to be harled awa to the tolbooth."

Tammy's heart laup to his mouth. "Ay, maister," he said, "yere joking. What should ye have done that ye should be ta'en to sic an ill place?"

"Ay, Tammy, lad," answered I, "it is but ower true."—"Weel, weel," quo' Tammy—I really thought it a

great deal of the laddie—"weel, weel, they canna prevent me coming to sew beside ye ; and, if I can take the measure of customers without, ye can cut the claith within. But what is't for, maister?"

"Come in here," said I to him, "and believe your ain een, Tammy, my man."

"Losh me!" cried the puir laddie, glowing at the bluidy face, of the man in the bed. "Ay—ay—ay ! maister ; save us, maister ; ay—ay—ay—you have na clowred his harnpan wi' the goose ? Ay, maister, maister ! whaten an unyearthly sight ! I doubt they'll hang us a' ; you for doing't—and me on suspicion—and Benjie as art and part, puir thing. But I'll rin for a doctor. Will I, maister?"

The thoct had never struck me before, being in a sort of a manner dung stupid ; but catching up the word, I said wi' all my pith and birr, "Rin, rin, Tammy, rin for life and death !"

But Tammy bolted like a nine-year-auld, never looking behind his tail : so, in less than ten minutes, he returned, hauling along auld Doctor Gripes, wham he had waukened out o' his bed, by the lug and horn, at the very time I was trying to quiet young Benjie, wha was following me up and down the house, as I was pacing to and fro in distraction, girning and whinging for his breakfast.

"Bad business, bad business ; bless us, what is this?" said the auld Doctor, staring at Magneesy's bluidy face through his silverspectacles—"What's the matter?"

The puir patient knew at ance his maister's tongue, and, lifting up ane of his eyes, the other being stiff and barked down, said in a melancholy voice, "Ay, master, do ye think I'll get better?"

Doctor Gripes, auld man as he was, started back, as if he had been a French dancing-master, or had stram-pit on a het bar of iron. "Tom, Tom, is this you? what, in the name of wonder, has done this?" Then feeling his wrist—"but your pulse is quite good. Have you fallen, boy? Where is the blood coming from?"

"Somewhere about the hairy scaup," answered Magneesy, in their own sort of lingo. "I doubt some arter's cut through !"

The Doctor immediately bade him

lie quiet, and hush, as he was getting a needle and silken thread ready to sew it up; ordering me to get a bason and water ready, to wash the puir lad's physog. I did so as hard as I was able, though I was na sure aboot the bluid just; auld Dr Gripes watching ower my shouther, wi' a lighted penny candle in ae hand, and the needle and thread in the ither, to see where the bluid spouted frae. But we were as daft as wise; so he bade me tak my big sheers, and cut out a' the hair on the fore part of the head as bare as my loof; and syne we washed, and better washed; so Magneesy got the ither ee up, when the barkened bluid was loosed, looking, though as pale as a clean shirt, mair frightened than hurt; until it became as plain as pease to us all, first to the Doctor, syne to me, and syne to Tammy Bodkin, and last of a' to Magneesy himself, that his skin was na sae much as peeled; so we helped him out of the bed, and blithe was I to see the lad standing on the floor, without a haud, on his ain feet.

I did my best to clean his neckcloth and sark-neck of the bluid, making him look as dacentish as possible, considering circumstances; and lending him, as the Scripture commands, my tartan maul to hide the infirmity of his bluidy breeks and waistcoat; hame gaed he and his maister thegither, me standing at our closs mouth, wishing them a guid morning, and blithe to see their backs. Indeed, a

condemned thief with the rope about his neck, and the white cowl tied ower his een, to say naething of his hands jerked thegither behind his back, and on the nick of being thrown ower, couldna have been mair thankfu for a reprieve than I was, at that same blessed moment. It was like Adam seeing the deil's rear marching out o' Paradise, if ane may be allowed to think sic a thing.

The hail business, tag, rag, and bob-tail, soon, however, spunkit out, and was the town talk for mair than ae day. But ye'll hear.

At the first I pitied the puir lads, that I thocht had fled for ever and aye from their native country, to Bengal, Seringapatam, Botany Bay, or Jamaica; leaving behind them all their friends and auld Scotland, as they might never hear o' the gudeness of Providence in their behalf. But—wait a wee.

Wad ye believe it? As sure's death, the hail was but a wicked trick played by that mischevous loon Blister and his cronies, upon ane that was a simple and saft-headed callant. Deil a haet was in the ae pistol but a pluff o' pouter; and, in the ither, a cartridge paper fu' o' bull's blood was rammed down upon the charge, the which, hitting Magneesy on the ee-bree, had caused a business, that seemed to have putten him out o' life, and nearly pat me (though ane of the volunteers) out of my seven senses.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.*

WHEN four young maidens, all beautiful as angels, come floating in, wreathed arm in arm, beneath the high-arched door of a drawing-room, where you are sitting on an Ottoman in romantic rêverie, how starts the dreamer to his feet at the instantaneous Apparition! The effect, at first, is as of a single overpowering countenance—a combination of the four into one—the magic of a mysterious Monad. Eyes, noses, cheeks, lips breathe love and delight, smiles and kisses—

even as if the garland were but one flower, the galaxy but one star. It is but one fair cloud illuminated by the sunlight—a holy glee of four voices, but one harmony! Christopher North supports himself on his crutch, and bends down before the undistinguishable glory. His senses, his imagination, his reason are bewildered—all is bright dazzling confusion before the old man's eyes—and you may count the very beatings of his heart. As the divine rustling of silks and satins ap-

* 1. Literary Souvenir; or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance. Edited by Alaric A. Watts. London. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1826.—2. The Amalet; or, Christian and Literary Remembrancer. London. William Baynes and Son. 1826.—3. Forget me Not, a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1826. London. R. Ackermann. 1826.—4. Friendship's Offering; or, a Literary Album. Edited by Thomas K. Hervey. London. Lupton Relfe, 13, Cornhill. 1826.

proaches, he collects his wandering thoughts, and gaping with incipient discrimination, he chuckles to observe that they are not angels—not goddesses, but four young flesh-and-blood misses, each in her way prettier than her pretty mama, a Forget-me-Not, a Friendship's Offering, a Literary Souvenir, a Christian Remembrancer.

Now, we know not how we could better have expressed our satisfaction on beholding the entrée into our Sanctum Sanctorum of these Four Blooming Perennials. They are all jewels—delights—perfect loves. How happy can we be with either—not were the other dear charmer away—but were they merely lying asleep for a season on our capacious table! Sweet creatures! we are in love with you all, nor perhaps would it be gallant to declare a preference. Each becomes Sultana in her turn—according to the movements of that most capricious of all passions—custom cannot stale your infinite variety—and we swear to be faithful to you during the period of our natural lives, in all the innocent affection of Platonic polygamy.

There was a clever paper in our last Number upon Metaphors, showing, that broken Metaphors (like other bankrupts) always make the best figure. We are availing ourselves of that excellent doctrine, and extending its principle to composition in general. We have spoken first of angels, we think—then of pretty girls—and now, still meaning the same thing, we use the common word, volumes—volumes—twelve shillings, half bound or in boards—embellished with engravings from pictures by the first masters, and the letter-press furnished by forty of the best poets of the age.

Now what is there to hinder a ferocious, shaggy-eye-browed Aristarchus of an editor or contributor to frighten off with a single frown all these four virgin volumes? It cannot be denied that their contents are extremely trifling—not to be weighed for a single moment, against the article Steam Engine in any Encyclopædia, or the Stot's Principles of Political Economy. It would be rash to assert that the state of mankind—nay even of Europe, will be widely, deeply, or permanently affected by the publication of these annual periodicals. In half a century they may even be generally forgot-

ten—but who cares, if they are all perused or looked at with pleasure now? Of all prospects, that of the future is surely the most uninteresting. The present for our money, and the more it is embellished the better, for it richly deserves cuts. None but ninnies look into futurity, and what thanks will they get for their pains? Why not a creature born ten years hence will ever so much as condescend to know that they ever existed. Should it so happen that some one of the Paulo-post-futurum gentry should lay his hand on an author who appealed to posterity, can there be a doubt that he will break out into a horse-laugh, and ask if the idiot could have believed in his heart that children were wiser than their fathers? Show us an instance of any respectable gentleman, passing muster as a blockhead all his own lifetime, and imposing on posterity as a first-rate fellow.—No, it won't do.—Once a dunce, always a dunce. If a literary man, a genius, cannot hold up his head above water, but suffers it to be kept under for the short space of twenty minutes, not all the Humane Societies on earth will resuscitate him. We shall suppose that he has been found drowned, and he must be buried under a plain slab. But get a name—a title from your contemporaries, however small, be it even that of Count Tims, and you are immortal.—Tims will be triumphant over Time. Saturn will in vain try to devour him—long after he has made no bones of Wordsworth, and all those other wisacres who put their trust in posterity.

Where were we? Let us see. Ay, the Literary Souvenir; or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance, edited by Alaric A. Watts. Six thousand copies, he tells us, of last year's volume have been sold, and we can easily believe it. Our own article upon it could not do less than introduce it into a thousand boudoirs. This year there is no falling off; on the contrary, the tree has come to its full bearing, and the fruit is of brighter hue and richer flavour. That palate would be indeed fastidious that could not relish such a dessert. It is a failing of ours to get drowsy after dinner, especially in the heat of a Christmas fire; but with this awakening volume spread fan-like before our eyes, they retain all their usual lustre throughout the evening. What delici-

ous engravings ! Only look at THE LOVERS' QUARREL ! Heavens and earth, quarrel with such a bright, breathing, and beautiful bosom ! Where may you seek for calm beneath the skies, if it sleep not between these tranquil billows ? There is the luxury of love, hallowed by its innocence !—a table spread in Paradise, to be deserted for the fare of the common earth !—Or lo ! the "Forsaken" smiles faintly at her own credulity, and the evaporation of her lover's sigh ! The dream is gone, and the languor of its delight hangs all over the maiden's face and frame. But sorely mistaken indeed art thou, O fair L. E. L., in murmuring for such a Juliet, such a strain as, "Forget me—I would not have thee know

Of the youth and bloom thy falseness laid low ;

That the green grass grows, the cypresses wave,

And the death-stone lies on thy once love's grave !"

Never was there a more needless waste of sympathetic sorrow ; for within three months after she sat to Mr Newton for her picture, did she, the "Forsaken," elope to Gretna-Green with a particular friend of ODoherty's, and before the year had expired, was she safely delivered of twins. Notorious facts like these rob fiction of half its pathos ; nor is it possible to shed tears over youth and beauty brought to-bed under such circumstances. Should L. E. L. introduce into a future Souvenir the "Forsaken" as a widow, let her remember that weeds are mere annuals, and entitle her epithalamium (or, as that accomplished scholar, the late Dr Pirie, would have said, epicedium) "A Year and a Day."

The "Kiss," drawn by J. M. Wright, after Retch, (see his illustrations of Goethe's Faust,) is, if possible, still more charming—fond and impassioned, but perfectly chaste and pure, and not to be gazed on, without delight, by man or woman born. While Lady Louisa Jane Russell, youngest daughter of his Grace the Duke of Bedford, from the statue of Chantry at Woburn Abbey, calms the spirit with a far different image—that of childish delight and love—as the fair creation stands, unadorned and innocent as an infant, and presses with both gentle hands a dove to her sinless bosom.

But we must turn to the poetry. And here it gives us pleasure to present our readers with one of the very best compositions in the volume, from the pen of the editor :—

THE POET'S DEN.

A Sketch on the Spot.

Thus, in this calm retreat, so richly fraught
With mental light, and luxury of thought,
His life steals on.

ROGERS.

'Tis the "leafy month of June,"
And the pale and placid moon,
In the east her cresset rearing,
Tells that summer's eve is wearing ;—
But the sun is lingering still
O'er the old, accustom'd hill,
And condenses all his rays
In one broad, attemper'd blaze,—
Twilight's shadows deepening 'round him,
Like a king when foes surround him,
Gathering, since he scorns to fly,
Life's last energies to die !

See ! the parting god of day
Leaves a trail upon his way,—
Like the memory of the dead
When the sainted soul is fled,—
And it chequers all the skies
With its bright, innumerable dyes.
Waves of clouds, all rich and glowing,
Each into the other flowing,
Pierced by many a crimson streak,
Like the blush on Beauty's cheek ;
Here and there dark purple tinges
Peering through their saffron fringes,
(Amethysts of price untold,
Set in shrines of virgin gold,)
And, anon, a dewy star,
Twinkling from blue depths afar,
Bright as Woman's tearful eye
When she weeps, she scarce knows why.
Not a sound disturbs the hush,
Save the mountain-torrent's gush,
As it struggles, with a bound,
From the depth of shades profound ;
Now through tangled brush-wood straying,

Now o'er velvet moss delaying,
Lapsing now in parted streams,
Like a youthful poet's dreams,
And, anon, their haven won,
Gently gliding into one !
Cooling breezes bathe the brow
With delicious fragrance now ;
Incense sweet from many a bower ;
Odours from each closing flower ;
Swell upon the rising gale,
On the charmed sense prevail,
Till the pulse forgets to move,
And the soul is "drunk with love !"

Where yon sweet clematis flings,
Far and wide, its starry rings ;
Where the graceful jasmine's braid,
Makes a green, eye-soothing shade,
And their shoots united rove
O'er the trelliced roof above,—
Deep embower'd from mortal ken,
Thread we now a Poet's Den !

Bright confusion revels there,
Ne'er had she a realm more fair ;
'Tis a wilderness of mind,
Redolent of tastes refined.
Tomes of wild romantic lore,
Cull'd from Fancy's brightest store,—
(Caskets full of gems sublime,
From the silent depths of Time,)
Poets, whose conceptions high
Are sparks of immortality ;
Sages, Wisdom's self hath crown'd,
People all the walls around ;
Or beneath the 'wilder'd eye,
In "admired disorder" lie
Ingots rich of Fancy's ore,
Scatter'd o'er the crowded floor.

Mystic scraps are strewn around,
Like the oracles profound
Of the Delphic prophetess ;
And—as difficult to guess !—
China vases, filled with flowers,
Fresh from evening's dewy bowers ;
Love-gifts from his lady fair,
Knots of ribbon, locks of hair ;
Sprigs of myrtle, sent to keep
Memory from too sound a sleep ;
Violets, blue as are the eyes
That awake his softest sighs,
And reward his love-sick lays
With their smiles of more than praise ;
Spells of sweetness, gather'd 'round,
Make those precincts hallow'd ground !

Here a broken, stringless lute ;
There a masker's antic suit ;
Fencing foils ; a Moorish brand ;
Tokens strange from many a land ;
Memory's lights to many a scene
Where his roving steps have been ;
Cameos rich, from mighty Rome ;
Laurel wreathes from Virgil's tomb ;
Golden fruit from Scio's vine ;
Views along the winding Rhine ;
Wither'd shrubs from Castaly,
Spread below, or ranged on high,
Mingle there promiscuously !
And many a fair and sunny face,
Many a sculptured shape of grace,
Such as Guido's pencil warm'd,
And Canova's chisel form'd,—
Brows by deathless genius crown'd,—
Breathe their inspiration 'round ;
Like the smile of primal Light,
Making even Chaos bright.

By the open lattice sitting,
Fever'd streams of beauty flitting
O'er his heart, and o'er his brain,
In one bright, unbroken chain ;
Drinking deep through every sense,
Draughts of pleasure, too intense,—
Mark the poet's glistening eye
Wandering now o'er earth and sky !

'Tis a blissful hour to him,—
Slave of feeling—child of whim !—
Builder of the lofty rhyme,—
Bard,—musician,—painter,—mime ;
Ever sway'd by impulse strong,
Each by turns, and nothing long :
Fickle as the changing rays
Round the sun's descending blaze ;
Still in search of idle toys ;
Pining after fancied joys ;
All that charm'd his heart or eye,
Sought—possess'd—and then thrown by !
Doom'd on shadows thus to brood,
Whilst life's more substantial good,
All that wiser bosoms prize,
Fades like day from yonder skies !

There is much fancy of thought and
elegance of expression in the "Ode to
a Steam-Boat," by T. Doubleday, Esq.

ODE TO A STEAM-BOAT.

ON such an eve, perchance, as this,
When not a zephyr skims the deep,
And sea-birds rest upon the abyss,
Scarce by its heaving rocked to sleep,—
On such an eve as this, perchance,
Might Scylla eye the blue expanse.

The languid ocean scarce at all
Amongst the sparkling pebbles hissing—
The lucid wavelets, as they fall,
The sunny beach in whispers kissing,
Leave not a furrow—as they say
Oft haps, when pleasure ebbs away.

Full many a broad but delicate tint
Is spread upon the liquid plain ;
Hues rich as aught from fancy's mint,
Enamell'd meads, or golden grain ;—
Flowers submarine, or purple heath,
Are mirror'd from the world beneath.

One tiny star-beam, faintly trembling,
Gems the still waters' tranquil breast ;
Mark the dim sparklet, so resembling
Its parent in the shadowing east ;—
It seems—so pure, so bright the trace—
As sea and sky had changed their place.

Hush'd is the loud tongue of the deep :—
Yon glittering sail, far o'er the tide,
Amid its course appears to sleep ;
We watch, but only know it glide
Still on, by a bright track afar,
Like genius, or a falling star !

Oh ! such an eye is sorrow's balm,
Yon lake the poet's Hippocrene :
And who would ruffle such a calm,
Or cast a cloud o'er such a scene !
'Tis done !—and nature weeps thereat,
Thou boisterous progeny of Watt !

Wast thou a grampus, nay, a whale,
Or ork one sees in Ariosto :
Went'st thou by rudder, oar, or sail,
Still would'st thou not so outrage gusto !
But when did gusto ever dream
Of seeing ships propelled by steam ?

Now blazing like a dozen comets,
And rushing as if nought could bind thee,
The while thy strange internal vomits
A sooty train of smoke behind thee ;
Tearing along the azure vast,
With a great chimney for a mast !

Satan, when scheming to betray us,
He left of old his dark dominions,
And wing'd his murky way through Chaos,
And waved o'er Paradise his pinions ;
Whilst Death and Sin came at his back,
Would leave, methinks, just such a track.

Was there no quirk,—one can't tell
how,—

No stiff-necked flaw—no quiddit latent,
Thou worst of all sea-monsters thou !
That might have undermined thy patent,
Or kept it in the inventor's desk—
Fell bane of all that's picturesque ?

Should Neptune in his turn invade thee,
And at a pinch old Vulcan fail thee,
The sooty mechanist who made thee
May hold it duty to bewail thee :—
But I shall bring a garland votive,
Thou execrable locomotive !

He must be long-tongued, with a wit-
ness,

Whoe'er shall prove, to my poor notion,
It sorts with universal fitness
To make yon clear, pellucid ocean,
That holds not one polluted drop,
Bear on its breast a blacksmith's shop.

Philosophers may talk of science,
And mechanicians of utility ;
In such I have but faint reliance :
To admire thee passeth my ability ;

My taste is left at double distance,
At the first *sea-quake* of thy pistons.

It may be orthodox and wise,
And catholic, and transcendental,
To the useful still to sacrifice,
Without a sigh, the ornamental ;
But be it granted me, at least,
That I may never be the priest !

Magazines, newspapers, reviews,
have teemed, do teem, and will teem,
with extracts from Mr Watts's *Literary Souvenir*. We have given these two poems, both for their own great merit, and because we have nowhere seen them quoted. We should suppose there are not fewer than eighty articles in the volume, in prose and verse—not many of them below mediocrity—most of them extremely good, and a few of first-rate excellence. The volume is indeed everything that it ought to be in composition and in embellishment.*

The "*Amulet, or Christian and Literary Remembrancer*," is of a somewhat different character from the others, having more of a religious spirit. The editor explains his views very judiciously in a well-written preface :—

"It has appeared to the publishers of the present volume, that a work which should blend religious instruction with literary amusement was still a *desideratum* ;—for the influence of Religion is always most powerful when she is made to delight those whom it is her office to teach ; and many, who would perhaps shun her in the severer garb in which she sometimes appears, may be won to her side by the attractions of a more tasteful attire. The work, however, is to be considered as a religious publication only so far as that every article tends to impress some moral lesson. It depends for its success equally on its literary merits. The nature of the contributions, and the excellence of the embellishments, will sufficiently prove that no expense has been spared to render the volume worthy of the advanced state of literature and the arts.

"It will be at once perceived, that individuals of various religious denominations are among the contributors. This

* But who wrote the story to accompany Newton's Lovers' Quarrel? The Monthly Review is mad, or rather idiotic upon it—lauding it to the skies as if it were absolutely a Tale written by some Great Unknown. Now we pledge our critical character on the truth of the following sentence :—"It is a piece of vile cockney slang, sufficient to turn the stomach of a horse."—C. N.

will be accepted as a pledge, that all entrance on the debateable ground of theology has been carefully avoided. Nothing, it is believed, will occur, either to disturb the opinions, or to shock the prejudices of any Christian: the editor, therefore, indulges a sanguine hope that the volume will prove generally acceptable."

It is long since we have read anything more beautiful than the following poem by Mrs Hemans. The engraving by Charles Heath, from a drawing of Westall's, (a beautiful work of art,) and the poem, delightfully illustrate each other:—

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

The rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her First-born, thence
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vow'd
Unto the Temple-service. By the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God.

So pass'd they on,
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs,
With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest;
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weigh'd their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
As at a red flower's heart: and where a fount
Lay, like a twilight star, midst palmy shades,
Making its banks green gems along the wild,
There too she linger'd, from the diamond wave
Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow.

At last the Fane was reach'd,
The earth's One Sanctuary; and rapture hush'd
Her bosom, as before her, through the day
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd
In light like floating gold.—But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear,
Turn'd from the white-rob'd priest, and round her arm
Clung e'en as ivy clings; the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swell'd high; and o'er her child
Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song—"Alas!" she cried,

"Alas, my boy! thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me,
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart?—

How the lone paths retrace, where thou wert playing
So late along the mountains at my side?

And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair!

And, oh ! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted !
 Will it not seem as if the sunny day
 Turn'd from its door away,
 While, through its chambers wandering weary-hearted,
 I languish for thy voice, which past me still,
 Went like a singing rill ?

Under the palm-trees, thou no more shalt meet me,
 When from the fount at evening I return,
 With the full water urn !
 Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs greet me,
 As midst the silence of the stars I wake,
 And watch for thy dear sake.

And thou,—will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee
 Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed ?
 Wilt thou not vainly spread
 Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
 To fold my neck ; and lift up, in thy fear,
 A cry which none shall hear ?

What have I said, my child ?—will HE not hear thee,
 Who the young ravens heareth from their nest ?
 Will HE not guard thy rest,
 And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
 Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy ?
 Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy !

I give thee to thy God !—the God that gave thee,
 A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart !
 And precious as thou art,
 And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
 My own, my beautiful, my undefiled !
 And thou shalt be His child !

Therefore, farewell !—I go ; my soul may fail me,
 As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,
 Yearning for thy sweet looks !
 But thou, my First-born ! droop not, nor bewail me,
 Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
 The Rock of Strength—farewell !"

We cannot refrain from quoting another poem by the same distinguished writer. It has something sublime :—

THE TRUMPET.

The Trumpet's voice hath roused the
 land,
 Light up the beacon-pyre !
 A hundred hills have seen the brand,
 And waved the sign of fire !
 A hundred banners to the breeze
 Their gorgeous folds have cast,
 And, hark ! was that the sound of seas ?
 A king to war went past !

The chief is arming in his hall,
 The peasant by his hearth ;

The mourner hears the thrilling call,
 And rises from the earth !
 The mother on her first-born son
 Looks with a boding eye ;—
 They come not back, though all be won,
 Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound
 The falchion to his side ;
 E'en for the marriage altar crown'd,
 The lover quits his bride !
 And all this haste, and change, and fear,
 By *earthly* clarion spread !
 How will it be when kingdoms hear
 The blast that wakes the dead ?

We do not remember to have seen before the name of the writer of the verses, entitled "Emblems." They are written with much feeling, and may be said to be even beautiful :—

EMBLEMS.

By the Rev. Henry Stebbing.

There is a freshness in the air,
A brightness in the sky,
As if a new-born sun was there,
Just seraph-throned on high;
And birds, and flowers, and mountain-
streams,
Rejoicing in his infant beams,
Are glad as if the Winter's breath
Had never blown the blast of death.

Softly along the silent sea
The light-wing'd breezes creep,
So low, so calm, so tranquilly,
They lull the waves asleep;
And, oh! as gladly on the tide
Yon lofty vessel seems to ride,
As if the calmly-heaving sail
Had never met a sterner gale.

And in a small, sweet covert nigh,
Her own young hands have made,
A rosy girl hath laughingly
Her infant brother laid;
And made of fresh Spring flowers his bed,
And over him her veil hath spread,
With looks as if for ever there
His form should bloom as young and fair.

And shall these pass away, and be
A wreck of what they were,—
Shall birds, and flowers, and earth, and
sea,

And yon proud ship, and boy so fair,
Be blasted with the tempest's rage,
Or worn with poverty and age,
Till all of life and hope shall seem
A heart-deceiving, feverish dream!

Yes!—and 'tis but few years we need,
With retrospective eye,
In their repeated tale to read
Our own home's history:
We know their end—to us, to all—
They are but blossoms, and they fall;
But yet young life, the sun, the flowers
Are sweet as they were always ours:

For they are emblems to the heart
Of things it cannot see,—
Emblems which have their counterpart
In heaven's eternity;
And though their day be short, or done
With our lost hours and setting sun,
They are, within their moment's flight,
What there shall be for ever bright!

Some of the prose tales are very interesting, especially the Vicar's Maid, by Miss Mitford, Infatuation, by Mrs Hoffland, and the Sailor's Widow, by

L. A. H. This last tale seems to be written by no very practised hand, and the parts are not well proportioned; but there are some touches in it of simple and homely pathos, that go to the heart. The embellishments are in general excellent. Next to the Hebrew Mother, of which we have spoken, the Dying Babe is, in our opinion, the best. Nothing can be more affecting. On the whole, the Amulet is a very pretty, and a very agreeable, and a very instructive little volume. It contains, besides poetry and tales, some serious essays of merit; and indeed its prevailing character may be said to be sweet solemnity, that unostentatiously distinguishes it from all similar publications.

The "Forget me Not" is little, if at all, inferior in what may be called personal charms to the fairest of its rivals. It is indeed most beautifully got up. Contemplation, the Bridge of Sighs, the Child's Dream, and the Cottage Door, are all exquisite. Many of the compositions in prose and verse are excellent—witness the following exquisite lines, by the Rev. G. Croly:—

THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS.

Oh thou Atlantic, dark and deep,
Thou wilderness of waves,
Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
In their uncrowded graves!

The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
Yet never light thy gloom;
The tempests burst, yet never shake
Thy depths, thou mighty tomb!

Thou thing of mystery, stern and drear,
Thy secrets who hath told?—
The warrior and his sword are there,
The merchant and his gold.

There lies their myriads in thy pall,
Secure from steel and storm;
And he, the feaster on them all,
The canker-worm.

Yet on this wave the mountain's brow
Once glow'd in morning beam;
And, like an arrow from the bow,
Out sprang the stream:

And on its bank the olive grove,
And the peach's luxury,
And the damask rose—the nightbird's
love—
Perfumed the sky.

Where art thou, proud ATLANTIS, now ?
Where are thy bright and brave ?
Priest, people, warriors' living flow ?
Look on that wave !

Crime deepen'd on the recreant land,
Long guilty, long forgiven ;
There power uprear'd the bloody hand,
There scoff'd at Heaven.

The word went forth—the word of woe—
The judgment-thunders pealed ;
The fiery earthquake blazed below ;
Its doom was seal'd.

Now on its halls of ivory
Lie giant weed and ocean slime,
Burying from man's and angel's eye
The land of crime.

Mr Ackermann was, we believe, among the first of the booksellers who published volumes of this kind in England, and we strongly recommend his "Forget me Not," both on that account and its own intrinsic merits, which are great and manifold.

We come now to speak of "Friendship's Offering," and its new editor, Mr Hervey. But first let Mr Hervey speak for himself:—

"The present Volume of the 'FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING' is presented to the public, under circumstances which render a few observations necessary. It has, very recently, come into its present Editor's hands, with a view to an entire change in its character and plan ; and, under the disadvantage of that fact, he has, of course, found it impossible to avail himself of all those sources which he has reason to believe are open to him,

next year, for giving interest to its pages. The difficulties of his situation have, however, been greatly relieved, by the kindness and promptitude with which assistance has been given to him, in almost every quarter in which the limited time permitted an application :—and, whilst he has thus been enabled to present to the public, on the present occasion, a very splendid assemblage of names and talent, —the promises which he has received of continued and additional assistance, next year, afford reason to hope that it will have still increased claims to popularity.

"The readers of the 'FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING,' will perceive that the alterations in its plan consist in the removal of all those features which marked it as more peculiarly adapted for one season of the year than another ; and in the dismissal of its more toy-like attributes, for the purpose of combining, with the increased beauty of its embellishments, a high literary character.

"Whilst acknowledging his obligations to the many friends who have given him the use of their names and talents, the Editor may escape the imputation of personal vanity, in expressing his confidence that the Work has attained the character at which it aimed ; because little merit can be due to him, for the moral or literary excellence of a miscellany, which has been fortunate enough to obtain such contributions as those which fill the pages of this volume."

Mr Hervey has acquitted himself admirably in his editorial capacity ; and, like Mr Watts, is himself one of his own very best contributors. There is much passion—much poetry in the following fine stanzas :—

TO THE PICTURE OF A DEAD GIRL, ON FIRST SEEING IT.

THE same—and oh, how beautiful !—the same
As memory meets thee through the mist of years !—
Love's roses on thy cheek, and feeling's flame
Lighting an eye unchanged in all—but tears !
Upon thy severed lips the very smile
Remember'd well, the sunlight of my youth ;
But gone the shadow that would steal, the while,
To mar its brightness, and to mock its truth !—
Once more I see thee, as I saw thee last,
The lost restored,—the vision of the past !

How like to what thou wert—and art not now !
Yet oh, how more resembling what thou art !
There dwells no cloud upon that pictured brow,
As sorrow sits no longer in thy heart ;
Gone where its very wishes are at rest,
And all its throbbings hush'd, and aching heal'd ;—
I gaze, till half I deem thee to my breast,
In thine immortal loveliness, reveal'd,
And see thee, as in some permitted dream,
There where thou art what here thou dost but seem !

I loved thee passing well;—thou wert a beam
Of pleasant beauty on this stormy sea,
With just so much of mirth as might redeem
Man from the musings of his misery;
Yet ever pensive,—like a thing from home!
Lovely and lonely as a single star!
But kind and true to me, as thou hadst come
From thine own element—so very far,
Only to be a cynosure to eyes
Now sickening at the sunshine of the skies!

It were a crime to weep!—'tis none to kneel,
As now I kneel, before this type of thee,
And worship her, who taught my soul to feel
Such worship is no vain idolatry:—
Thou wert my spirit's spirit—and thou art,
Though this be all of thee time hath not reft,
Save the old thoughts that hang about the heart,
Like withered leaves that many storms have left;
I turn from living looks—the cold, the dull,
To any trace of thee—the lost, the beautiful!

Broken, and bow'd, and wasted with regret,
I gaze, and weep—why *do* I weep alone!
I would not—would not, if I could—forget,
But I am *all* remembrance—it hath grown
My very being!—Will she never speak?
The lips are parted, and the braided hair
Seems as it waved upon her brightening cheek,
And smile, and everything—but breath—are there!
Oh, for the voice that I have staid to hear,
—Only in dreams,—so many a lonely year!

It will not be;—away, bright cheat, away!
Cold, far too cold to love!—thy look grows strange;
I want the thousand thoughts that used to play,
Like lights and shadowings, in chequer'd change;
That smile!—I *know* thou art not like her, now,—
Within her land—where'er it be—of light,
She smiles not while a cloud is on my brow:—
When will it pass away—this heavy night!
Oh! will the cool clear morning never come,
And light me to her, in her spirit's home!

Mr Montgomery cannot write anything, however slight, that is not pregnant with piety. Common-place truths are so presented in the following singular little poem, as to strike the heart like a knell. This is the triumph of genius.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Flowers, wherefore do ye bloom?

A. We strew thy pathway to the tomb.

Q. Stars, wherefore do ye rise?

A. To light thy spirit to the skies.

Q. Fair moon, why dost thou wane?

A. That I may wax again.

Q. O sun, what makes thy beams so bright?

A. The Word that said—"Let there be light."

Q. Time, whither dost thou flee?

A. I travel to eternity.

Q. Eternity, what art thou, say?

A. I was, am, will be ever more, *to-day*.

Q. Nature, whence sprang thy glorious frame?

A. My Maker called me and I came.

Q. Winds, whence and whither do ye blow?

A. Thou must be "born again," to know.

Q. Ocean, what rules thy swell and fall?

A. The might of Him that ruleth all.

Q. Planets, what guides you in your course?

A. Unseen, unfelt, unfailling force.

Q. O life, what is thy breath?

A. A vapour, vanishing in death.

Q. O grave, where is thy victory?

A. Ask HIM who rose again from me.

Q. O death, where ends thy strife?

A. In everlasting life.

We remember reading, some years ago, a strange, wild, dreamy thing (we forget its name), by Cheviot Tichburn—a fictitious name we presume. We are glad to see him again in the following elegant stanzas—

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

When the morning awakes in the valley,
And the dew in the sun-beam is bright,
Then forth, with light foot, let him sally
Whose heart—like his footstep—is
light!

But he whose wan spirit is failing,
Whose heart but exists as a tomb,—
Will roam when the mists are prevailing,
In the cloud-woven veil of the gloom!

For the gloom to his spirit is meeter,
To the shade of his fortunes more
true:—

And the scent of night's flowerets is
sweeter,
—Like the last faded hopes that he
knew!

We observe that Mr Hervey has advertised a new work, whether in prose or verse we know not; and as we look upon him as a young man of real talent, and wish our readers to have an opportunity of forming their own opinion, we extract another of his compositions—

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

WAKE, soldier!—wake!—thy war-horse
waits,
To bear thee to the battle back;—
Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates;—
Thy dog would break thy bivouac;—
Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
And thy red faulchion gathering rust!

Sleep, soldier!—sleep!—thy warfare
o'er,—

Not thine own bugle's loudest strain
Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
With summons to the battle-plain;
A trumpet-note more loud and deep
Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep!

Thou need'st not helm nor cuirass now,
—Beyond the *Grecian* hero's boast,—
Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
Nor shrink before a myriad host,—
For head and *heel* alike are sound,
A thousand arrows cannot wound!

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
With that wild, widow'd look she wore
The day—how long to her it seems!—
She kiss'd thee, at the cottage door,
And sicken'd at the sounds of joy
That bore away her only boy!

Sleep, soldier!—let thy mother wait,
To hear thy bugle on the blast;
Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate,
And bid her home to thee at last;—
He cannot tell a sadder tale
Than did thy clarion, on the gale,
When last—and far away—she heard its
lingering echoes fail!

In conclusion we observe, that while the embellishments of this volume are scarcely, if at all, inferior to those of the *Literary Souvenir*—the prose part is perhaps superior. But comparisons are odious at all times, and more especially between such rivals as Mr Watts and Mr Hervey. We have a sincere regard for them both (though we never saw either,) and a free literary trade is best for all men of talents.

Why so laudatory this month, old Christopher? methinks we hear muttered by some pluckless Tory, or some trimming Whig. Because we have been dealing (as in this article) with gentlemen—both editors and publishers. But woe be unto some half score of scribes, in a month or two—yes, woe be unto them—for the asses shall be flayed alive, ears and all, and sent scouring along Grub-street in raw material. The world will acknowledge that it never heard braying till that day—and ONE ANIMAL especially will be seen and heard to open his jaws to such an apochryphal extent, that in future ages the best authenticated accounts of his achievements will with difficulty find admittance into systems of natural history.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr Alaric Watts has announced a volume of Poems, under the title of "Lyrics of the Heart."

Stories for the Christmas Week. In 2 vols.

A Translation of *La Secchia Rapita*, or the Rape of the Bucket; an Heroi-Comical Poem, in Twelve Cantos. From the Italian of Alessandro Tassoni. With Notes, by James Atkinson, Esq. In 2 duodecimo volumes.

A Comparative View of the Different Institutions for the Assurance of Lives, in which every question that can interest the Assurer is discussed, is preparing for the press. By Charles Babbage, Esq. A.M. F.R.S. Lond. Edin. &c. It will contain extensive Tables of the Rates charged at all the Offices, as well as of the Profit made by each at various ages; together with some new Tables of the Rates of Mortality.

The *Divina Commedia* of Dante Alighieri, with an Analytical Comment, by Gabriel Rossetti, is announced. In 6 vols.

The Life of General Wolfe, from Original Documents, is about to appear in a form similar to Mr Southey's "Life of Nelson."

Papers and Collections of Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart. some time Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, will soon appear.

The Story of Isabel. By the author of "The Favourite of Nature."

A Romance, to be entitled "The Last Man," from the pen of Mrs Shelley, is in a state of considerable forwardness.

The Prophets and Apostles Compared. An Essay, proving the ulterior application of the Prophetic Writings; with a Table annexed, explaining the Two Thousand Three Hundred Days of Daniel, is in the press.

A Fourth Volume of Mr Stewart Rose's *Orlando Furioso*, will soon make its appearance.

The author of "The Pilot" has announced a new Novel, to be entitled "The Last of the Mohicans."

A Treatise on the Diseases of Children, by William P. Dewees, M.D. is announced for early publication.

A work is announced, under the title of "The History of the Assassins," from Oriental Authorities. Translated from the German of Jos. Von Hammer. With Notes and Illustrations.

The Second Number of the *Architectural*

Antiquities of Normandy, by Mr Pugin, will soon be published.

A History of the United States of America, from their first Settlement as Colonies, to the close of the War with Great Britain in 1815, will soon appear.

The Fourth Part of Mr Bellamy's Translation of the Bible.

A work, under the title of "The Reign of Terror," is announced; consisting of a Collection of Authentic Narratives, by Eye-witnesses, of the Horrors committed by the Revolutionary Government of France, under Marat and Robespierre.

A new weekly publication, entitled, "The Spirit and Manners of the Age," will appear in January next. To be conducted by the author of "The Evangelical Rambler."

A Memoir of the Court of Henry the Eighth, including an Account of the Monastic Institutions in England at that Period, will soon appear.

A Comparative View of Christianity, and all other Forms of Religion, is announced by Dr Brown.

The Book of Churches and Sects, by Mr Boone, is on the eve of publication.

Mr M. T. Sadler is preparing for publication, a Defence of the Principle of the Poor Laws, in answer to their impugners, Mr Malthus, Dr Chalmers, and others. Together with suggestions for their improvement, as well as for bettering the character and condition of the labouring classes. To which will be added, an Essay on Population, in disproof of the superfecundity of the human race, and establishing, by induction, a contrary theory.

A new edition of Moore's Irish Melodies, in separate Songs, with the Music, is announced for early publication.

Shortly will be published, The Domestic Preacher; or, Short Discourses from the MSS. of some Eminent Ministers.

The Second Volume of Mr Godwin's History of the Commonwealth, is just ready for publication.

Mrs Bray has nearly ready for the press, an Historical Romance, entitled *De Foix*, or Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Fourteenth Century.

Mr Garrow, of St John's College, Cambridge, has announced a History of Lymington and its immediate Vicinity, with a Brief Account of its Vegetable and Mineral Productions.

The author of "Solace of an Invalid," is preparing a work, to be entitled,

"Facts and Fancies, or Mental Diversions."

An Historical and Topographical Description of Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, including the Sixteen Parishes and Hamlets of the Half-hundred of Lothingland, in Suffolk, will soon appear, from the pen of Mr J. H. Druery.

The Third and Fourth Volumes of Kirby and Spence's Introduction to Entomology, or Elements of the Natural History of Insects, will soon appear.

A work on the Infantry Movements, by the author of the "British Drill," (Capt. Barow Suasso,) is announced. In the preface, we are informed, a new mode of Exercise for the Foot is proposed.

Mr Murray projects a Collected Series of his Publications in Monthly Numbers. He begins with Modern Voyages, and in these, with Ross and Parry's First Expedition.

Travels of the Russian Mission through Mongolia to China, and Residence in Pekin, in the Years 1820, 1821, by George Timkowski, will soon be published.

A Letter to Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq. M.P. containing Statements respecting the Profits on Capital employed in Working Mines in England, with an Inquiry as to the Success likely to attend similar undertakings in Mexico, by John Taylor, Esq. is in the press.

Preparing for publication, in one volume, uniformly printed with Dr Todd's edition of Johnson's Dictionary, Etymons of English Words. By John Thompson, late Private Secretary to the Marquis of Hastings, in India.

The History of the Church of England, during the Reign of King Henry the Eighth, by the Rev. Henry Soames, is announced.

The Memoirs of the Prince de Montbarray, will soon appear.

Messrs Hurst, Robinson, and Co. an-

nounce a New Series of the Monthly Review, to commence on the 1st of January next. The Numbers of that work which have been published since August last, exhibit a very visible improvement, both in the style, the variety, and the spirit of the articles. Among its principal contributors, we understand, are some of the most distinguished literary men of the day.

A Digest of the Evidence taken before the Select Committees of the two Houses of Parliament, appointed to inquire into the State of Ireland. With Notes Historical and Explanatory. In 2 vols. 8vo.

Vindiciæ Christianæ; a Comparative Estimate of the Genius and Tendency of the Greek, the Hindu, the Mahometan, and the Christian Religions. By the Rev. Jerome Alley, LL.B. M.R.I.A. &c. &c. In 1 large vol. 8vo.

A new edition of Smith's Wealth of Nations; in one vol. 8vo, with a Life of the Author. A Preliminary Dissertation, tracing the Progress of Political Science, and containing a View of its present State, will be prefixed. Notes upon the text will be subjoined.

The First Number of Bolster's Quarterly Magazine is to appear in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, on the 1st of February. It is the only Literary Journal in Ireland, and the Editor has secured the assistance of many writers of distinguished talent. So great is the interest excited in the sister kingdom by the announcement of this publication, that nearly 1000 subscribers have already come forward to its support.

The First Number of a new Monthly Work, of some originality of pretension, entitled "The Time Piece," will appear on the 1st of March. It will consist chiefly of Sketches of Society, and disquisitions on the more popular parts of literature, and its history.

EDINBURGH.

On the 25th of January next will be published, in 3 vols. post 8vo, Woodstock, a Tale of the Long Parliament. By the Author of "Waverley," &c.

A new periodical work is announced, under the title of the Edinburgh Theological Magazine. No. I. to appear in January next.

A Second Edition of a Treatise on the Law of Evidence. By George Tait, Esq. Advocate.

A Sermon preached on the Sunday after the Funeral of the Rev. William Gillespie, Minister of Kells. By the Rev. A. Macgowan, Minister of Dalry. 8vo.

Martyouffe, a Tragedy. By Thomas Aird, Esq. 8vo.

Annals of the House of Hanover, collected and arranged by Andrew Halliday, M.D.

A New Edition of the Grave, and other Poems, by Robert Blair; as collected by Dr Robert Anderson; to which is prefixed, a Life of the Author, is in the press, and will be ready for publication in the course of next month.

The Edinburgh Annual Register, for the Year 1825. 1 vol. 8vo.

A Painting, illustrative of "Burns's Jolly Beggars," has just been finished by Mr A. Henderson of Glasgow, from which a Mezzotinto Engraving, on Steel, is announced for publication.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE.

An Encyclopædia of Agriculture, comprising the Theory and Practice of the Valuation, Transfer, Laying out, Improvement, and Management of Landed Property; and the Cultivation and Economy of the Animal and Vegetable Productions of Agriculture, including the latest Improvements; a General History of Agriculture in all countries; and a Statistical View of its present State, with Suggestions for its future Progress in the British Isles. By J. C. Loudon, F. L. S. H. S. &c. 8vo, Engravings, L. 2, 10s.

An Essay on the Weeds of Agriculture, with their Common and Botanical Names, their respective characters and bad qualities, whether as infesting samples of corn, or encumbering the soil; also Practical Remarks on their Destruction, by Fallowing or otherwise. The posthumous work of Benjamin Holditch, Esq. late Editor of the Farmer's Journal. Edited by G. Sinclair, F. L. S., F. H. S., Author of *Hortus Gramineus Woburnensis*. 3s. 6d.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Part I. of Dowding's General Catalogue for 1826; comprising a rich, splendid, and extensive Collection of Books of Prints, and Works connected with the Arts and Sciences, in Drawing, Painting, Engraving, Sculpture, Architecture, Surgery, Mechanism, Natural History, &c. &c. embracing every description of Atlases, Surveys, Charts, Maps, Plans, and Scenery of the known World—in History, Voyages and Travels, Biography, Antiquities, Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Military; Habits, Customs and Manners, Trades, and various callings of all Nations in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

Bibliotheca Selectissima; a Catalogue of Books printed in the 15th century, productions of the presses established by Schoiffer, Caxton, Ulric Zell, Mentelin, Eggestyn, Guldenschaaf, Coelhoff, Sorg, Homborch, Creusner, Sweynheym and Panuartz, Pflugel and Laver, Zeiner, Ketelaer, and Leempt, J. de Westphalia, Leeuw, Veldener, the *Fratres Vitæ Communis*, Jenson, Ratdolt, Wynkyn de Worde, and most other illustrious early typographers; including several Editions of *Principes* and Volumes unknown to Bibliographers; with Books printed by the Alduses, miscellaneous, curious and rare Books, and ancient vellum Manuscripts. By W. Baynes. 5s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Miss Jane Taylor. By her brother, Mr Isaac Taylor, jun.

EDUCATION.

A Treatise on Greek Accents. By W. Viger. 12mo, 1s. 6d.

Letters on Entomology, for young persons. 12mo, 5s.

A Manual of the System of Instruction pursued at the Infant School, Meadow Street, Bristol. Illustrated by appropriate Engravings. The fourth edition, considerably enlarged. By D. G. Goyder. 5s.

The Fundamental Words of the Greek Language. Adapted to the memory of the student by means of derivations and derivatives, striking contexts, and other associations. This work is intended likewise as Exercises in Greek, Latin, and English Etymology for the higher classes of Schools. By F. Valpy, A.M. 8vo.

FINE ARTS.

Venus and Cupid, by Westall, and engraved by Killaway. 4s. Proof, 7s.

Woolnoth's Ancient Castles. 2 vols. 8vo, L. 5; 4to, L. 7, 8s.

The School of Athens, in imitative cameo. 10s. 6d. plain; L. 1, 1s. shaded.

LAW.

The Laws of the Customs, compiled by direction of the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury, and published by the appointment, and under the sanction of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs; with Notes and Indexes, by J. D. Hume, Esq. 16s.

The Practice of the Court of Exchequer. Part I. containing the Law and Practice of Extents, Scire Facias, and Revenue Informations, in the office of the King's Remembrancer. The second edition, corrected and enlarged. By James Manning, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. 14s.

The Elements of Hindu Law. By W. Stranger. 2 vols, L. 1, 15s.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Further Observations on the Medicinal Leech. By James Rawlins Johnson, M.D. F.R.S., &c. &c.

The New London Medical Pocket-Book; explaining, in alphabetical order, the Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment of Diseases. By J. S. Forsyth, Surgeon. 6s.

An Address to the Public on the propriety of Midwives, instead of Surgeons, practising Midwifery.

Observations on Cancer; comprising numerous Cases on Cancer in the Breast, Lip, and Face, cured by a mild method of practice, which immediately alleviates the most acute pain. By T. J. Graham, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANIES.

Time's Telescope for 1826; or, a Complete Guide to the Almanack: containing an Explanation of Saints' Days and Holidays; with Illustrations of British History and Antiquities.

Reminiscences of Michael Kelly, of the King's Theatre, including a period of nearly half a century; with original Anecdotes of many distinguished persons, royal, political, literary, and musical. 2 vols. 8vo, L. 1, 8s.

The Free Speaker; Opinions on Human Character and Society. 2 vols. L. 1, 4s.

History of the Transactions in India, during the Administration of the Marquis of Hastings. By Henry T. Prinsep, Esq. his private secretary. L. 1, 12s.

Remarks on the Exclusion of Officers of His Majesty's Service from the Staff of the Indian Army; and on the Present State of the European Soldier in India, whether as regards his Services, Health, or Moral Character; with a few of the most eligible means of modifying the one and improving the other, advocated and considered. By a King's Officer. 8vo, sewed.

The House-keeper's Ledger, for 1826; a plain and easy Plan of Keeping accurate Accounts of the Expenses of House-keeping. And the Elements of Domestic Economy. By William Kitchener, M.D. Author of "The Cook's Oracle." 3s.

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	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, red, old	0	0	White pease	42	to 48
Red, new	45	to 50	Ditto, boilers	52	to 56
Fine ditto	56	to 63	Small Beans, new	48	to 50
Superfine ditto	66	to 70	Ditto, old	52	to 53
White	50	to 60	Tick-ditto, new	38	to 46
Fine ditto	60	to 69	Ditto, old	44	to 50
Superfine ditto	66	to 70	Feed oats	25	to 27
Rye	32	to 45	Fine ditto	28	to 29
Barley	30	to 35	Poland ditto	26	to 28
Fine ditto	43	to 47	Fine ditto	29	to 32
Superfine ditto	00	to 00	Potato ditto	28	to 31
Malt	62	to 66	Fine ditto	29	to 33
Fine	68	to 72	Scotch	0	to 0
Hog Pease	44	to 46	Flour, per sack	55	to 60
Maple	45	to 47	Ditto, seconds	50	to 55
Maple, fine	—	to —	Bran	11	to 12

Seeds, &c.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Tares, per bsh.	3	to 8	Rye Grass	20	to 32
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— Brown, new	12	to 20	Clover, red cwt.	65	to 86
Turnips, bsh.	12	to 16	— White	55	to 60
— Red & green	0	to —	Foreign red	0	to —
— White	0	to —	— White	0	to —
Caraway, cwt.	34	to 40	Coriander	10	to 18
Canary, per qr.	77	to 83	Trefoil	25	to 33
Cinque Poin	40	to —			

Rape Seed, per last, £23, to £26, 0d.

Liverpool, Dec. 6.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.	9	0 to 10	Amer. p. 196lb.	—	—
Eng.	—	to —	Sweet, U.S. 23	0 to 26	0
Old	—	to —	Do. in bond	—	—
Scotch	9	0 to 10	Sour bond	0	to 0
Irish	8	9 to 10	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—	—
Bonded	—	to —	English	28	0 to 35
Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	to —	Scotch	27	0 to 29
Eng.	5	6 to 6	Irish	25	0 to 35
Scotch	5	0 to 6	Bran, p. 24lb.	—	to —
Irish	4	10 to 6			
Foreign	—	to —			
Oats, per 45 lb.	—	to —	Butter, p. cwt. s. d.		
Eng.	3	3 to 3	Belfast	100	0 to 102
Irish	3	3 to 3	Newry	90	0 to 91
Scotch	3	3 to 3	Waterford	95	0 to —
For. in bond	—	to —	Cork, pic. 2d.	98	to 100
Do. dut. fr.	—	to —	3d dry	—	to —
Rye, per qr. 38	0	to 11	Beef, p. tierce	—	—
Malt per b. 8	6 to 10	0	Mess	115	0 to 125
— Middling	7	9 to 9	— p. barrel	—	to —
Beans, per q.	46	0 to 52	Pork, p. bl.	—	—
English	46	0 to 52	— Mess	77	0 to 84
Irish	46	0 to 50	— half do.	40	0 to 44
Rapeseed	23	0 to 25	Bacon, p. cwt.	—	—
Pease, grey	—	to —	Short mids.	60	0 to 62
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	2d.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	224½	224½	222	221½
3 per cent. reduced,	86½	86½	85½	84½
3 per cent. consols,	87½	87½	85½ 6	85½
3½ per cent. consols,	94½	94½	93	92
New 3 per cent.	94½	94½	92½	92
New 4 per cent. consols,	103½	103½	102½ 3	102 2½
India stock,	—	265½	265½	—
— bonds,	1 4 p.	1 3 p.	8 pm.	6 p.
Exchequer bills,	1 2 p.	2 3 p.	8 p. par.	1 p. 1 dis.
Exchequer bills, sm.	1 2 p.	—	2 1 p.	1 p. 1 dis.
Consols for acc.	87½	87½	85½ 6½ 6	85½
Long Annuities,	—	21	20½	22½
French 5 per cents.	99f. 85c.	—	98f.	98f.

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	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.			
SUGAR, Muse.										
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	68	to 70	65	68	64	66	65		66	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	75	75	69	70	70	72	67		71	
Fine and very fine, . .	78	80	—	—	—	—	72		76	
Refined Doub. Loaves, . .	112	120	—	—	—	—	86		90	
Powder ditto,	—	—	—	—	—	—	88		96	
Single ditto,	98	112	92	103	—	—	—		—	
Small Lumps,	96	104	92	98	—	—	79		86	
Large ditto,	90	94	—	—	—	—	93		103	
Crushed Lump,	40	50	—	—	—	—	—		—	
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	32	6 35 6	31 6	32	—	—	34s. 6d.		—	
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	54	58	—	—	50	52	48		—	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	60	68	—	—	61	70	—		—	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70	90	—	—	71	92	64		70	
Dutch Triage and very ord.	54	—	—	—	33	55	—		—	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	60	75	—	—	58	75	—		—	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	85	90	—	—	75	86	—		—	
St Domingo,	—	—	—	—	54	56	—		—	
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	1s 0d	—	— 0s	10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d	0 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d	10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d	—		—	
SPIRITS,										
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 9	—	2s 9d	3s	2s 6d	0s 0d	2s 7d	3s 6d		
Brandy,	3 5	3 8	—	—	—	—	3 3	3 6		
Geneva,	2 1	2 2	—	—	—	—	1 9	1 11		
Grain Whisky,	4 6	4 8	—	—	—	—	—	—		
WINES,										
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	—	—	—	—	—	—	£18		£52	
Portugal Red,	35	46	—	—	—	—	27		32	
Spanish White,	36	48	—	—	—	—	—		—	
Teneriffe,	22	24	—	—	—	—	22		32	
Madeira, . . p 110 gall.	25	60	—	—	—	—	25		50	
LOGWOOD, Jam. . . .	£7	—	6 15	—	£7 0	0	£7 0		7 10	
Honduras,	7	—	—	—	6 15	7 0	7 0		0 0	
Campeachy,	8	—	—	—	8 0	0 0	8 0		—	
FUSTIC, Jamaica,	8	0	—	—	7 8	8 0	7 0		8 0	
Cuba,	9	10	10 0	—	9 15	10 0	10 0		11 0	
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	11s	13s 0	—	—	10s 9	11s 9	13 0		14 6	
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 10	2 6	—	—	2 0	2 1	—		—	
Ditto Oak,	3 0	4 0	—	—	—	—	—		—	
Christiansand (dut. paid,) .	2 0	2 7	—	—	—	—	—		—	
Honduras Mahogany, . . .	1 9	2 4	1 5	3 10	1 1	1 3	1 1		1 4	
St Domingo, ditto, . . .	2 0	5 0	2 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	2 0	2 8	1 6		1 11	
TAR, American,	23	24	—	—	10 0	11 6	—		—	
Archangel,	18	20	—	—	—	—	17 6		—	
PITCH, Foreign,	9 0	10 6	—	—	—	—	7		8 0	
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	41	42	41	41 6	39	39 6	—		—	
Home melted,	45	—	—	—	—	—	—		—	
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	50	—	—	—	—	—	£49 0		50 0	
Petersburgh, Clean, . . .	44	—	—	—	—	—	42 0		0 0	
FLAX,										
Riga Thies, & Druj. Rak.	45	46	—	—	—	—	£50 0		£52	
Dutch,	—	—	—	—	—	—	42		55	
Irish,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—	
MATS, Archangel,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—	
BRISTLES,										
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—	—	—	—	—	—	16 0		—	
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . . .	38	—	—	—	—	—	32		—	
Montreal, ditto,	35	—	32 6	33	31	32	—		—	
Pot,	32	—	30 0	31	30	—	30		32	
OIL, Whale,	35	—	36	37	—	—	31 0		32	
Cod,	—	—	36	—	—	—	—		0	
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	9	10	—	—	0 7	0 9	0 7		0 8	
Middling,	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	0 5	0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 5		—	
Inferior,	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	—	—	0 3	0 4	—		—	
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—	
Sea Island, fine,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—	
Stained,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—	
Middling,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—	
Demerara and Berbice, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 10 $\frac{1}{2}$		1 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	
West India,	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 9		1 0	
Pernambuco,	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 0 $\frac{1}{2}$		1 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Maranhã,	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 11		0 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet	Capt. Hon. F. C. Stanhope, 73 F. Maj. in the army, 27 Mar. 1825	8	Brevet Maj. Lyster, from 3 Vet. Bn. Capt. 8 Apr.
—	Rains, 51 F. 17 Nov.		J. Howard, Ens. by purch. vice Deshon, 33 F. 12 Nov.
2 Life Gds.	Capt. Barton, Maj. by purch. vice Vyse, prom. 19 Oct.	9	Ens. Browne, from 1 Vet. Bn. Ens. 7 Apr.
	Lt. M'Douall, Capt. do.		— Thomas, Lt. by purch. vice Dayrell, prom. 10 Nov.
	Cor. and Sub. Lt. Sir W. Scott, Bt. Lt. do.	10	G. Wright, Ens. do.
	H. L. Bulwer, Cor. and Sub. Lt. do.		Ens. Maxwell, from 1 Vt. Bn. Ens. 7 Apr.
1 Dr. Gds.	Capt. Wallace, Maj. by purch. vice Elton, prom. 5 Nov.	11	— Russell, from do. do. do.
	Lt. Reed, Capt. do.	12	Hosp. Ass. Giffney, Ass. Surg. vice Evers, 86 F. 10 Nov.
4	Lt. Stamer, Capt. by purch. vice Whichcote, prom. 29 Oct.	14	Lt. M'Grath, from 2 Vet. Bn. Lt. 8 Apr.
	— Story, from 96 F. Lt. by purch. vice Shore, prom. 20 do.	16	Ens. Crocker, from do. Ens. 7 do.
7	Cor. Daniel, Lt. by purch. and Adj. vice Doayne, prom. 19 Nov.		Hosp. As. Tighe, As. Surg. 20 Oct.
	— Buller, do. vice Pennefather, prom. 20 do.		— Drysdale, do. vice Alexander, res. 10 Nov.
	Surg. Blake, from 5 F. Surg. vice Rose, ret. 13 do.	17	Ens. Hon. F. Forbes, from 84 F. Lt. by purch. vice Frazer, prom. 5 do.
	Lt. Hunter, from h. p. Paym. vice Lawrence, h. p. Ens. 5 Nov.	18	Hosp. As. Frazer, As. Surg. vice Martindale, prom. 10 do.
1 Dr.	Surg. Jameson, from 75 F. Surg. vice Young, cancelled, 22 Sept.		Ens. Peel, Lt. by purch. vice Macpherson, 91 F. 20 Oct.
1	Maj. Grey, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Hankin, ret. 25 do.		— Dwyer, from 3 Vet. Bn. Ens. 7 Apr.
	Brev. Lt. Col. Lt. W. M. Hill, Maj. do. Lt. Fawcett, Capt. do.	19	— Forbes, do. by purch. 20 Oct.
	Cor. Hull, Lt. do.		Capt. Dobbin, Maj. vice Linn, dead, 3 Nov.
3	Lt. Slade, Capt. by purch. vice Webb, prom. 22 do.		Lt. Hamilton, Capt. do.
	Cor. Philips, Lt. do.		Ens. Robertson, Lt. do.
	C. W. M. Balders, Cor. 10 Nov.	21	W. Bernard, Ens. 17 do.
6	Lt. Gillies, from 94 F. Lt. by purch. vice M'Queen, prom. 27 Oct.		Lt. Boyle, from h. p. 27 F. Paym. vice Creser, h. p. do.
	Cor. Sheppard, from Cape Corps Cav. Lt. by purch. vice Down, prom. 10 Mar.		Capt. Campbell, Maj. by purch. vice Thomas, prom. 27 do.
9	F. Willis, Cor. by purch. vice Rumley, prom. 3 do.		Lt. Peddie, Capt. do.
11	Cor. Laurie, Lt. by purch. vice Bishop, prom. 15 Oct.	23	2d Lt. Beet, 1st Lt. do.
	T. H. Pearson, Cor. by purch. vice Astley, ret. 14 Mar.	23	Gent. Cadet, A. Webber, from R. Mil. Col. 2d Lt. do.
	C. A. Lewis, do. do. 15 Oct.		D. R. Smith, Ens. 3 do.
13	Cor. Cunningham, Lt. vice M'Kenzie, dead, 5 June, 1824		Capt. Harrison, Maj. by purch. vice England, prom. 29 Oct.
	Serj. Maj. Mac Mahon, Riding Master to the Cavalry Depot at Maidstone, Cor. 10 Nov. 1825		Lt. Waller, Capt. do.
16	Lt. Cureton, Capt. by purch. vice Ellis, prom. 12 do.	21	2d Lt. Beaucherk, Lt. do.
1 F. Gds.	Brev. Col. Lord Saltoun, Maj. by purch. vice Jones, ret. 17 do.		H. R. H. C. Elves, 2d Lt. do.
	Lt. and Capt. Clarke, Capt. and Lt. Col. do.		Ens. Robinson, Lt. by purch. vice Darroch, prom. 19 Nov.
	Ens. and Lt. Johnstone, Lt. and Capt. do.	26	A. G. Blackford, Ens. by purch. vice Sturgeon, prom. 12 do.
	— Jodrell, from 62 F. Ens. and Lt. do.		Hon. C. Preston, do. by purch. vice Robinson 19 do.
	Capt. Vernon, Adj. vice Clarke, do.		Ens. Brehaut, Lt. by purch. vice M'Niven, 29 F. 29 Oct.
1 F.	Capt. Macdougall, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. 8 April, 1825	27	J. Guthrie, Ens. do.
	Lt. Sargent, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lt. do.		Ens. Freame, from 3 Vet. Bn. Ens. 7 Apr.
	Ens. Macpherson, do. by purch. vice Dixon, prom. 5 Nov.	28	— Greene, from 33 F. Ens. vice Ogilvie, prom. 27 Oct.
	H. M. Dalrymple, Ens. do.		Hosp. As. O'Brien, As. Surg. vice Portelli, cane. do.
	Ens. Kerr, Lt. by purch. vice Matthias, prom. 19 do.	29	Lt. M'Niven, from 26 F. Capt. by purch. vice Chambers, prom. 29 do.
	C. Ford, Ens. do.		— Deedes, do. by purch. vice M'Niven, 80 F. 19 Nov.
	Ens. and Adj. Richardson, Rank of Lt. 3 do.	30	— Wright, Ens. vice Battley, dead, 17 do.
4	Lt. Rawstorne, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lt. 8 Apr.	32	J. J. Burgoyne, Ens. by purch. vice Markham, prom. 26 Oct.
5	— Fleming, from do. do. do.		Lt. O'Neill, from 2 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Bars, prom. 9 Apr.
	As. Surg. Hamilton, from 39 F. Surg. 20 Oct.	33	— Fiske, Ens. by purch. vice Greene, 28 F. 27 Oct.
6	Lt. Pilkington, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Bowiby, 90 F. 8 Apr.		Lt. Whannell, Capt. vice Sutherland, dead, 3 Nov.
	Ens. Eyre, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lt. by purch. vice Stuart, prom. 5 Nov.	34	— Robertson, from Ceylon Reg. Lt. 17 do.
	W. Curteis, Ens. do.	35	En. Houston, Lt. by purch. vice Sweeney, prom. 19 do.
7	Ens. Ogilvie, from 28 F. Lt. by purch. vice Lennox, prom. 27 Oct.	37	T. Christmas, Ens. by purch. vice Cumberland, 96 F. 20 do.
			R. Burke, Ens. by purch. vice Ralston, 66 F. 29 Oct.

39	Hosp. As. Mair, As. Surg. vice Hamilton, 5 F.	10 Nov.	77	Ens. Porter, from 1 W. I. R. Lt. vice Marshall, dead	20 Oct.
41	Lt. Webb, from h. p. 86 F. Lt. vice Spencer, 18 F.	20 Oct.		Hosp. As. Munro, As. Surg.	do.
	Hosp. As. Dartnall, As. Surg. vice Mostyn, 81 F.	do.		Lt. Corfield, Capt. vice Jeffrey, dead	9 Nov.
	Ens. Childers, Lt. by purch. vice Gos- sip, prom.	12 Nov.		— Buchan, from 91 F. Capt. vice Pig- gott dead	10 do.
42	— Magra, from 77 F. Ens.	do.		C. F. B. Jones, Ens. by purch. vice Magra, 41 F.	12 do.
	Ens. Macdonald, Lt. by purch. vice Hog- arth, prom.	26 do.		Ens. Dillon, from 93 F. Lt. vice Caf- field,	17 do.
43	A. Campbell, Ens.	do.	80	Capt. M'Niven, from 29 F. Capt. vice Butler, prom.	19 do.
	W. A. Ward, Ens. by purch. vice Up- ton, prom.	29 Oct.	81	As. Surg. Mostyn, from 41 F. Surg. vice Cogan, h. p.	20 Oct.
	Lt. Estcourt, Capt. by purch. vice Hop- kins, prom.	5 Nov.		H. S. Jones, Ens. by purch. vice Hope, prom.	27 do.
	Ens. Sir R. Fletcher, Bt. Lt.	do.	83	Capt. Burgess, from 2 Vet. Bn. Capt.	8 April
45	W. Bell, Ens.	do.		C. Adair, Ens. by purch. vice Forbes,	17 F.
	Lt. O'Meara, from h. p. Afr. Corps.	20 Oct.	84	As. Surg. Avers, from 14 F. As. Surg. vice Ewing, cane.	10 do.
	Paym.-vice Webb, h. p.	10 Nov.	86	Ens. Smith, Lt. vice Irvine, dead	do.
	Hosp. As. Tower, As. Surg. vice Camp- bell, cane.	21 Oct.	87	C. F. Parkinson, Ens.	do.
48	Lt. Weston, Capt. by purch. vice Brooke, ret.	21 Oct.		Ens. Doyle, Lt. by purch. vice Ship- ret.	3 do.
	— C. F. Sweeney, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Hay, 51 F.	9 Apr.		R. Dudley, Ens.	10 do.
49	Hosp. As. Duncanson, As. Surg.	27 Oct.		Lt. Woodlard, Adj. vice Soutar, res.	20 Oct.
50	Hosp. As. Ellison, As. Surg.	20 Oct.	88	Adj. only	20 Oct.
51	Capt. Ross, Maj. by purch. vice Keyt, prom.	5 Nov.	89	Lt. Butler, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Blayney, Rifle Brig.	9 April.
	Lt. Matthews, Capt.	do.		— Stuart, Capt. vice Cannon, killed in action	8 Mar.
	Ens. Gordon, Lt.	do.		— Aplin, do, vice Rose, do.	9 do.
52	C. A. Arney, Ens.	do.		Ens. Olpherts, Lt.	8 do.
	Lt. Love, Capt. vice Hewitt, dead,	13 Oct.		— Arrow, Lt.	9 do.
	Lt. Bentham, Adj.	do.		E. S. Miles, Ens.	10 Nov.
	— Smart, from 25 F. Lt. vice Love,	3 Nov.		G. S. Layard, do.	11 do.
53	— Carpenter, Capt. by purch. vice O'Grady, prom.	29 Oct.	90	Hosp. As. Hathwaite, As. Surg.	10 do.
	Ens. Philipps, Lt. by purch.	17 Nov.	91	Capt. Rivers, from 5 Vet. Bn. Capt.	8 April
	J. St Clair Doyle, Ens.	do.		Lt. Macpherson, from 18 F. Capt. by purch. vice Richardson, ret.	20 Oct.
	Hosp. As. Connell, As. Surg. vice Mac- lean, prom.	10 do.		Ens. Foskey, Lt. vice Robeson, dead	10 Sept.
55	— Morgan, do.	27 Oct.		D. Cahil, Ens.	10 Nov.
	Ens. Cumberland, Lt. by purch. vice Mackay, ret.	13 do.		Ens. Williamson, Lt. vice Buchanan,	17 do.
57	G. Bowles, Ens.	do.		M. Kane, Ens.	do.
	Capt. Welman, from 1 Vet. Bn. Cap.	8 Apr.	93	Ens. Crowe, Lt. by purch. vice M' Nichol, prom.	19 do.
58	Ens. Man, Lt. by purch. vice Steven- son, prom.	17 Nov.		C. Herbert, Ens.	do.
60	Brev. Maj. Hamilton, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt.	9 April		J. H. Smith, do. vice Dillon, 77 F.	17 do.
	Brev. Lt. Col. Galiffe, Lt. Col. 13 June	do.	94	Hosp. As. Bulteel, As. Surg.	27 Oct.
	Brev. Maj. Im Thurn, Maj.	do.	95	Hosp. As. Ore, do.	10 Nov.
	Lt. Heslop, Capt.	do.	96	Ens. Hope, from 81 F. Lt. by purch. vice Story, 6 Dr. Gds.	27 Oct.
62	Lt. Hemsworth, from 2 vet. Bn. Lt.	7 Apr.	98	Hosp. As. Smith, As. Surg.	do.
	Ens. Thompson, from h. p. Ens. vice Dely, 1 W. I. R.	20 Oct.		Lt. Hunter, from h. p. 60 F. Lt.	17 Nov.
	F. Lecky, Ens. by purch. vice Jodrell, Gren. Gds.	17 Nov.	99	Brev. Maj. Johnston, Maj. by purch. vice Dodgin, ret.	do.
64	Capt. Andrew Dillin, from 2 Vet. Bn. Capt.	8 Apr.		Lt. Mair, from 64 F. Capt.	do.
	Hosp. As. Thompson, As. Surg.	27 Oct.		Rifle Brig.-Lt. Woodford, Capt. by purch. vice Percival prom.	29 Oct.
	Ens. Draper, Lt. by purch. vice Brown, prom.	19 Nov.		2d Lt. Stewart, 1st Lt.	do.
	C. S. Barker, Ens.	do.		J. Benyon, 2d Lt.	do.
65	Lt. Hunt, Capt. by purch. vice Wood, prom.	29 Oct.		2d Lt. T. S. Beckwith, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Byrne, prom.	10 Nov.
66	Lt. Kirwan, do. by purch. vice Dunbar, 37 F.	do.		T. H. Mackinnon, 2d Lt.	do.
	Ens. Ralston, from 37 F. Lt.	do.		Lt. Norcott, Adj.	do.
70	P. W. Braham, Ens. by purch. vice Howard, Coldst. Gds.	22 do.	1 W. I. R.	Ens. Dely, from 62 F. Ens. vice Porter, 77 F.	22 Oct.
	Ens. Reed, Lt. by purch. vice Laing, prom.	19 Nov.		Lt. Kent, from h. p. 60 F. Paym. vice Mackay, h. p.	3 Nov.
	Gent. Cadet C. Trollope, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens.	do.	2	S. J. Hill, Ens. vice Watson, dead	10 do.
72	D. T. Barton, Ens. by purch. vice Campbell, prom.	29 Oct.		Ceylon R. Lt. Phelan, from h. p. 44 F. Lt. vice Whitaker, cane.	20 Oct.
	Surg. Clarke, from Cape Corps, Surg. vice White, h. p.	20 do.		— Keogh, from h. p. 44 F. do.	3 Nov.
	Capt. Hall, Maj. by purch. vice Middle- ton, prom.	19 Nov.		Cape Corps As. Surg. Parrott, from Prov. Bn. Surg. vice Clarke, 72 F.	20 Oct.
73	Ens. Widdrington, Lt. by purch. vice Wigley, prom.	26 do.		Ens. Brown, from 74 F. Cor. by purch. vice Sheppard, 6 Dr.	10 Nov.
74	Ens. Keames, from 2 Vet. Bn. Ens.	do.		Ordnance Department.	
		7 April		<i>Royal Artillery.</i>	
75	As. Surg. Graham from 51 F. Surg. vice James, 1 Dr.	22 Sep.		2d Capt. Forster, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Bowly, h. p.	13 Oct.
				2d Lt. Severne, 1st Lt. vice Grant, h. p.	21 do.

Maj. Sinclair, Lt. Col. vice Farrington, ret. 5 Nov.
 Brev. Maj. Roberts, Maj. do.
 2d Capt. Hunt, Capt. do.
 Brev. Maj. Paterson, Maj. vice Unett, ret. do.
 2d Capt. Cruttenden, Capt. do.
 — Sheppard from h. p. 2d Capt. do.

Royal Engineers.

2d Lt. Trevelyan, 1st Lt. vice Eyre, dead 25 Sept.

Staff.

Maj. Fitz-Roy, h. p. Dep. Adj. Gen. Cape of Good Hope, with rank of Lt. Col. in the Army, vice Blake, res. 20 Oct.

Brev.-Maj. Elliot, 68 F. Major of Brigade, Lower Canada, vice Shekleton, dead 29 Sept.

Hospital Staff.

Surg. W. Barry, Insp. of Hosp. vice Inglis, dead 10 Nov.
 — D. Barry, from h. p. Surg. vice Bailie, h. p. do.
 Hosp. As. Grant, As. Surg. vice Millar, prom. 20 Oct.
 — Campbell, do. vice Kennedy, res. 25 do.
 As. Surg. M'Andrew, from h. p. 84 F. As. Surg. vice Hosp. As. Leslie, res. 10 Nov.

Garr Mate S. Taylor, As. Surg. vice Brisbane, 74 F. do.
 C. Bell, Hosp. Assist. 20 Oct.
 A. Gibson, do. do.
 I. Ewing, do. do.
 W. Lucas, do. 3 Nov.
 A. Callander, do. do.
 D. Dumbreck, do. do.
 M. Baillie, do. do.
 T. Williams, do. do.
 J. Macdonald, do. 10 do.
 J. Forrest, do. do.
 M. Ryan, do. do.
 T. Beavan, do. do.
 G. J. Hyde, do. do.

Chaplains' Department.

Rev. J. Hudson, A. M. Chaplain to the Forces 25 do.

*Unattached.**To be Lt. Colonels of Infantry by purchase.*

Maj. England, from 23 F. 29 Oct.
 Brev. Lt. Col. Keyt, from 51 F. 5 Nov.
 Maj. Elton, from 1 Dr. Gds. do.
 — Middleton, from 72 F. 19 do.
 Brev. Lt. Col. Thomas from 21 F. 26 do.

To be Majors of Infantry by purchase.

Capt. Levinge, from 52 F. 14 July
 — Chambers, from 29 F. 29 Oct.
 — O'Grady, from 53 F. do.
 — Whichcote, from 4 Dr. G. do.
 — Wood, from 65 F. do.
 — Perceval, from Rifle Brig. do.
 — Hopkins, from 43 F. 5 Nov.
 — Butler, from 80 F. 19 do.
 — Ellis, from 16 Dr. 12 do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lt. Small, from 25 F. 29 Oct.
 — Dixon, from 1 F. 5 Nov.
 — Frazer, from 17 F. do.
 — Pennefather, from 7 Dr. G. do.
 — Stuart, from 6 F. do.
 — Brown, from 64 F. 19 Nov.
 — Wickham, from 37 F. 12 do.
 — Gossip, from 41 F. do.
 — Stewart, from 30 F. do.
 — Hogarth, from 42 F. do.
 — Chichester, from 59 F. do.
 — Wigley, from 71 F. 19 do.
 — Doayne, from 7 Dr. G. do.
 — Mathais, from 1 F. do.
 — Laing, from 70 F. do.
 — Eastwood, from 41 F. do.
 — M'Nicol, from 93 F. do.
 — Hon. H. M. Upton, from 1 Life G. do.
 — Sweny, from 34 F. do.
 — Chambre, from 7 F. do.

Lt. Darroch, from 24 F. 19 Nov.
 — Timson, from 51 F. do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.

Ens. Hon. G. Upton, from 45 F. 29 Oct.
 — Campbell, from 72 F. do.
 — Sturgeon, from 24 F. 12 Nov.
 — Newton, from 8 F. 26 do.
 Cor. Alexander, from 15 Dr. do.
To be Ensigns by purchase.
 Gent. Cadet Wilkie, from R. Mil. Coll. 29 Oct.
 G. W. Tireman 26 Nov.

Exchanges.

Bt. Lt. Col. Hompesch, from 25 F. with Major Chambers, h. p.
 Major Brownlow, from 72 F. with Major Maberly, h. p.
 Capt. Locke, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Marquis of Carmarthen, h. p.
 — Langrishe, from 1 F. G. do with Capt. Fitz Roy, h. p.
 — Kortwright, from Coldst. G. with Lord Hotham, h. p.
 — Rentoul, from 25 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Fenwick, h. p.
 — Murray, from 26 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Prat, h. p.
 — Peat, from 92 F. with Capt. Pilkington, h. 59 F.
 — Coxon, from Rifle Brig. with Capt. Ferguson, h. p.
 Lieut. Yelverton, from 6 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hon. G. A. Browne, h. p.
 — Ramsden, from 7 F. with Lieut. Hon. C. Blayney, Rifle Brig.
 — Hohne, from 6 F. with Lieut. Allan, h. p. 96 F.
 — Stott, from 6 F. with Lieut. Dunn, h. p. 25 F.
 — Radford, from 15 F. with Lieut. Clinton, h. p. 17 F.
 — Booth, from 19 F. with Lieut. Fletcher, 88 F.
 — Douglas, from 19 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Graves, h. p. 55 F.
 — Davies, from 74 F. with Lieut. Crisp, h. p. 18 F.
 — Bickerton, from 94 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Gillies, h. p.
 — Keogh, from 94 F. with Lieut. Coates, h. p. 60 F.
 — Manby, from 2 W. I. R. with Lieut. Morgan, h. p. 37 F.
 Ens. Clarke, from 4 F. with Ens. Clarke, 98 F.
 — Martin, from 46 F. with Ens. Legh, h. p. 61 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel Jones, Gren. Gds.
 — Sir J. M. Doyle, K.C.B. h. p. 12 Gn. Bn.
 — Thomas, h. p. Wag. Tr.
 Lieut.-Col. Sir T. P. Hankin, 2 Dr.
 — Dodgin, 99 F.
 — Ryves, h. p. As. Qua. Mas. Gen.
 — Farrington, R. Art.
 — Cassel, late of R. Mar.
 — Stewart, h. p. 4 F.
 — Tane, late of R. Mar.
 — Bland, h. p. 107 F.
 — Cockburn, late of Vet. Bn.
 Major O'Connell, h. p. 18 F.
 — Sir T. T. F. E. Drake, Bt. h. p. 52 F.
 — Ouseley, h. p. Port-Serv.
 — Unett, R. Art.
 — Poppleton, h. p. 12 F.
 Capt. Brooke, 48 F.
 — Richardson, 91 F.
 — Im Thurn, h. p. 35 F.
 — Blair, late 1 Black Gn. Comp.
 — Pigott, h. p. Port. Serv.
 — Haly, h. p. 66 F.
 — Wiuser, h. p. 27 F.
 — Carden, h. p. 1 Dr.
 — Jackson, h. p. 7 Gn. Bn.
 — Le Grand, h. p. 8 do.
 — Marsden, h. p. 60 F.
 — Pollard, h. p. 39 F.
 — Girord, h. p. 101 F.
 — Clarke, h. p. 1 F.
 — Clarke, h. p. 15 F.

Capt. Hamilton, h. p. 11 Gn. Bn.
 — French, h. p. Unatt.
 — Dashwood, do.
 — Hopson, h. p. 7 Gn. Bn.
 — Douglas, h. p. Nova Scotia Fen.
 — Drew, h. p. 105 F.
 — Wood, h. p. 82 F.
 — Herbert, h. p. 25 F.
 Lieut. Mackey, 55 F.
 — Ship, 87 F.
 — Thornhill, h. p. 7 Dr. Gds.
 — Tyner, h. p. 104 F.
 — Disney, h. p. 2 Gn. Bn.
 — Green, h. p. 2 Dr Gds.
 Ens. Hickman, h. p. 63 F.
 — Robinson, h. p. Cape Reg.
 As. Surg. Alexander, 16 F.
 — Kennedy, Med. Staff.
 Hosp. As. R. Leslie

Appointments Cancelled.

Major John Hewett, h. p. Unatt.
 Capt. Hamilton, 60 F.
 Lieut. Whitaker, Ceylon R.
 — Hon. C. Berkeley, h. p. Unatt.
 Surg. Young, 1 Dr.
 — Graham, 10 F.
 As. Surg. Foote, 12 F.
 — Ewing, 86 F.
 — Portelli, 28 F.
 — Leslie, 60 F.
 — Campbell, 45 F.
 — Howell, Med. Staff.
 Hosp. As. W. H. Crawford.

Deaths.

Colonel Erskine, 48 F. Madras 7 June, 1825
 — Kingscote, h. p. 56 F. 8 May
 Lieut.-Col. Sir T. P. Hankin, 2 Dr. Norwich 26 Oct
 — Hewitt, h. p. Port Serv. 20 July
 — Browne, 87 F. Fort William Bengal.
 Major Johnson, 49 F. Chatham 24 Nov.
 — Payne, h. p. 29 Dr 16 July
 — Walter Scott, h. p. 26 F.
 Capt. Pigott, 77 F. Stony Hill, Jamaica.

Capt. Ladders, late 5 Line; Ger. Leg. Dorum, Haynover 4 Oct.
 — Gunn, h. p. 71 F. 1 June, 1824
 — Short, h. p. Bradshaw's Corps. 17 June, 1825
 — Wallop, h. p. 7 Gn. Bn. 27 Jan. 1824
 Lieut. Buchanan, 58 F. on passage from India 11 Dec.
 — Richard Irvine, 87 F. Fort William, Bengal 23 April 1825
 — Robeson, 91 P. Jamaica.
 — Stapleton, Af. Col. Corps, Gambia 28 July
 — Ramsden, h. p. 18 F. 15 Aug.
 — Nash, h. p. 24 F. 26 May
 — Alsop, h. p. 24 F. 12 April 1814
 — Woore, h. p. 68 F. 11 Nov. 1825.
 — Loftus, h. p. 91 F. London 29 Oct.
 — Crotty, h. p. 5 Ceyl. R. 5 Sept.
 — Bickerton, h. p. Unatt.
 Cornet Lloyd, Royal Horse Gds. Hyde Park Barracks Nov.
 — Greysley, h. p. 19 Dr. 6 Sept.
 — Lloyd, Royal Horse Gds. 19 Nov.
 Ens. Watson, 2 W. I. R. New Providence
 — Hartley, Afr. Col. Corps, Sierra Leone 18 Aug.
 — Craig, h. p. 15 F. 10 Jan.
 — Anderson, h. p. 2 Gn. Bn. 31 Dec. 1824
 — Bellamy, h. p. Wall's Corps 6 Oct. 1825.
 Adjutant Lt. Deans, 92 F. Uppark Camp, Jamaica 8 Aug.
 Quarter-Master Hutchinson, h. p. 63 F. 17 Oct. 1821.
 — Dickons, h. p. 87 F.
 — Boulogne, 27 Jan. 1823

Commisariat Department.

Dep. As. Com. Gen. Allsop, London 7 Nov. 1825

Medical Department.

Dr Hazleton, h. p. Inspector 7 May
 As. Surg. O'Reilly, Staff, Hythe Barracks 15 Nov.
 — Leich, 54 F. on board the Indiana Hos.
 pital Ship, near Camp Kraykangdong 12 Mar.
 Hosp. As. Williamson, Isle de Soss, Africa 23 July.
 — Patterson, Isle de Soss, Africa 22 Aug

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 16. At Madras, the Lady of John Cross Buchanan, of Auchentoshan, Esq. of a son.
 Nov. 3. At Dunsinane, Mrs Nairne of Dunsinane, of a daughter.
 6. At Garterraig, Mrs Millar, of a son.
 7. At 61, York Place, Mrs Andrew Tawse, of a daughter.
 11. At 17, Dublin Street, Mrs Stuart, of a son.
 12. At Kirkaldy, Mrs Menzies, of a son.
 — At Rockvalehouse, Law Torie, Mrs M'Queen, of a son.
 13. At Duncan Street, Drummond Place, Mrs Robert Kirkwood, of a daughter.
 14. At 78, Great King Street, Mrs J. A. Cheyne, of a daughter.
 18. At Tayfield, Mrs Derry, of a son.
 19. At Kensington, the lady of Dr Waller S. Morson, of a son.
 — At No. 2, Gilmore Place, Mrs Balfour, of a son.
 21. At Edinburgh, Mrs Anderson, Walker Street, of a son.
 25. Mrs Greig, Lothian Vale, of a daughter.
 26. At Dunbar, Mrs William H. Ritchie, of a daughter.
 27. At Great Yarmouth, Mrs Capt. R. H. Barclay, royal navy, of a daughter.
 — At 4, Bellevue Crescent, Mrs Rattray, of a son.
 — At Larehgrove, near Edinburgh, Mrs D. Morrison, of a daughter.
 — Mrs A. Stevenson, Walker Street, Coates Crescent, of a daughter.
 28. Mrs Lang of Broomhill, of a daughter.
 — At Linkfield, the lady of William Aitchison, jun. Esq. of a son, which survived only a few hours.
 — At Musselburgh, Mrs Dickson, of a son.
 30. At Edinburgh, the lady of Joseph Murray Esq. younger of Aytoun, of a daughter.

Lately, At No. 11, Picardy Place, Mrs William Cookson, of a daughter.
 — At Madras, the Lady of P. Vans Agnew, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

May 23. At St John's Cathedral, Calcutta, Mr Samuel Wood; Assistant Judicial Department, to Miss Jane Hair.
 June 17. At Bombay, Captain Bruce Seton, third son of the late Sir Alexander Seton, Bart. to Miss Jane Elphinston, daughter of John Elphinston, Esq. of the Civil Service, and late Member of Council at Bombay.
 July 1. At St Thomas's Mount, Madras, John Walker, Esq. Civil Service, to Margaret Somerville, second daughter of Mr William Allan, merchant, Leith.
 Oct. 24. At Slipperfield, Thomas Jackson, Esq. of Broomhill, to Jane, third daughter of Mr Simon Linton, merchant, Biggar.
 24. At Hull, Mr Alexander Anderson, wine merchant, Pathhead, Fifeshire, to Mary, third daughter of Mr John Miller, timber merchant, Hull.
 25. At Jackson's Cottage, near Dumfries, William Bruce, Esq. younger of Symbister, advocate, to Agnes, second daughter of William Gordon M'Crae, Esq. formerly of the island of Jamaica.
 — At St James's Church, London, Lord Charles Fitzroy, second son of the Duke of Grafton, to the Hon. Miss Cavendish, eldest daughter of Lord G. H. Cavendish.
 27. At St Fort, in the county of Fife, W. F. Blackett, Esq. to Catherine, daughter of the late Robert Stewart, Esq. of St Fort.
 — At Newhalls House, Robert Mercer, Esq. younger of Scotsbank, writer to the signet, to Elizabeth, daughter of William Scott Moncrieff, Esq. of Newhalls.
 28. At Rosehaugh House, Ross-shire, James Walker, Esq. of Dalry, advocate, to Miss Lillias

Mackenzie, youngest daughter of the late Roderick Mackenzie, Esq. of Scotsburn.

31. At Kelso, Robert Bruce, Esq. chief magistrate, and writer in Kelso, to Mrs Murray, widow of James Murray, Esq. civil engineer.

31. At Kinloch, Charles Guthrie, Esq. younger of Taybank, to Margaret, second daughter of Geo. Kinloch, Esq. of Kinloch.

Nov. 1. At Edinburgh, John Sinclair Cunningham, Esq. inspector of branches of the Commercial Bank of Scotland, to Janet, eldest daughter of the late Rev. James Rhind, minister of Whitburn.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Edington, merchant, Leith, to Catharine, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Richardson, builder, Pr. stonpans.

— At Glasgow, James Wilson, Esq. Bannockburn, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Mr William Lennox.

— At Fort William, Alexander Macdonell, Esq. Inch, to Mary Isabella, eldest daughter of Duncan Stewart, Esq. of Achnacand, Collector of his Majesty's Customs at Fort William.

— At Edinburgh, James Gilliland Sampson, of Bush Lane and Islington, London, to Jane, only child of the late Mr Thomas Horsburgh of Lee, Peebles-shire.

2. At Greenock, James Smith, Esq. Birmingham, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Thomas Nimmo, Esq. of Auchinblain.

8. At Mary-la-Bonne Church, London, Sir John Thomas Claridge, Recorder of Prince of Wales's Island, to Miss M. P. Scott, eldest daughter of Vice-Admiral Scott.

— At Collonsay House, James J. Duncan, Esq. Craigend, to Mary, eldest daughter of John Macneil of Collonsay, Esq.

— At Ellieston, the Rev. P. Craw, minister of St Boswells, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the deceased William Dunbar, Esq. of Forres.

— At Edinburgh, Archibald Gibson, Esq. accountant, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late James Newbigging, of Whitehouse, Esq.

14. At Edinburgh, Mr William Wallace, Kinross, to Isabella, daughter of Mr Blackwood, tanner, Kinross.

— At Minto, Roxburghshire, J. P. Boileau, jun. Esq. eldest son of J. P. Boileau, Esq. of Mortlake, Surry, to Lady Catherine Elliott, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl of Minto.

— At Naples, Sir James Carnegie of Southesk, Bart. to Miss Charlotte Lysons, second daughter of the Rev. Daniel Lysons of Hampstead Court, Gloucestershire.

21. At Falkirk, Mr John Risk, jun. Camelon, to Marion, third daughter of Mr Thomas Johnston, stationer.

— At Kirkton, William Cullen, Esq. surgeon, Carlisle, to Jacobina Steuart, second surviving daughter of the late Charles Hamilton, Esq. of Fairholm and Kirkton, Lanarkshire.

22. At Stirling, the Rev. James Gilfillan, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late William Telford, Esq.

— At Llanfaes Church, county of Anglesea, Alexander Anderson, Esq. Captain in the Madras Engineers, to Mary Margaret, eldest daughter of John Hampton Hampton, Esq. of Henlys.

— Andrew Barclay, Esq. second son of the late William Barclay, Esq. of his Majesty's Navy Pay Office, to Isabella, youngest daughter of William Creelman, Esq. Portobello.

24. At Rosehill, Hants, Colonel Thackery, of the Royal Engineers, to the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Northesk.

23. At Kelso, Mr Thomas Sibbald, ironmonger, Edinburgh, to Ann, daughter of William Elliott, Esq. architect, Kelso.

29. At Torbanehill, the Rev. James Monilaws, of Annan, to Isabella Luke, eldest daughter of the late John Smellie, Esq. of Torbanehill.

Dec. 1. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Alexander Ferguson, Tobermory, to Catherine, daughter of the late Mr Allan Macdonald, Darroch, Mull.

Latelly, Thomas Aitchison Latta, M.D. Leith, to Mary, youngest and only surviving child of the late John Millar, Esq.

DEATHS.

Jan. 12, 1825. At sea, Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant James Gardner, 51st Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry.

Feb. 22. At sea, William Small, Esq. purser of the General Kyd, East Indiaman, youngest son of the late Andrew Small, Esq. of Dinnanean.

April 15. At Rangoon, Lieut. Williamson, of his Majesty's Royal Regiment.

May 1. At Kandy, Alex. Moon, Esq. Superintendent of the Royal Botanic Garden, Ceylon.

8. At Cuddapah, Madras, Captain H. Miller, of the 8th Regiment, N. I.

22. At Meerut, William Beveridge, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, Bengal Establishment, eldest son of the late William Beveridge, Esq. W. S.

June 1. At Madras, Capt. Felix Robson, in the service of the East India Company, on the Madras Establishment.

3. At Fort William, in the East Indies, in consequence of an accident in a buggy, with a restive horse, Lieut.-Colonel H. R. Browne, commanding his Majesty's 87th Regiment.

7. At the Presidency, Madras, Colonel James Erskine, C. B. of his Majesty's 48th Foot.

— At Indore, of cholera, John Warner, Esq. surgeon of the 15th Regiment Native Infantry.

12. At Arcot, in the Presidency of Madras, Mary Ann Cathcart, wife of Alexander Bruce, Esq. youngest son of Sir William Bruce of Stenhouse, Bart.

— At Arcot, Lieut. George Cheape, youngest son of John Cheape, Esq. of Rossie.

Aug. In Westmorland, Jamaica, Dr John Nisbett.

Sept. 4. At Geneva, state of New York, Mr T. Sym, late of East Brieche.

9. At Koniek, Caramania, (the ancient Iconium,) aged 52, Thomas Ayre Bromhead, Esq. late of Christ's College, Cambridge, only son of the Rev. Edward Bromhead, of Repham, near Lincoln. This enterprising traveller, after an absence of five years from his native country, was hastening homewards, when arrested by a sudden and fatal disease. He breathed his last with no other attendants than his foreign servants, or the uncivilized natives. One of the companions of Mr Bromhead's travels, the Rev. Joseph Cook, Fellow of Christ's College, died on a camel under almost as melancholy circumstances, near the Palm Trees of Elim, in March; and the other, Henry Lewis, Esq. R. N., after traversing Palestine in his company, parted from him at Beirut, in June, and returned to England.

Oct. 5. At Leghorn, from the bite of a spider, Lewis Henderson, Esq. merchant, brother to A. Henderson, Esq. artist, Glasgow.

19. At Erskine, the Hon. Caroline Henrietta Stuart, youngest daughter of Lord Blantyre.

20. In the Barracks at Norwich, Lieut. Col. Sir Thomas Hankin, of the Scots Greys.

— At Saxe-Coburg Place, Mrs Margaret Barclay, wife of John Sim, Esq. accountant of the Bank of Scotland.

21. At Paris, Mrs Renny, Tailleur, of Borrowfield, eldest daughter of the late Sir Alex. Ramsay of Balmain, Bart.

— At his father's house, Leith Walk, Mr Jas. Stirling.

22. At Elder Street, Miss Isabella Page.

— At St Petersburg, the celebrated astronomer Schubert, in the 68th year of his age.

23. At Lyons, in France, Mary, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Honeyman, merchant in London.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Barclay, of the Lord Nelson Hotel, Adam Square.

— At Forres, Mrs Justina Dunbar, widow of George Gun Munro, Esq. of Pointfield.

24. At her house, Broughton, Mrs Margaret Lendrum, relict of Mr Peter Fairley, in the 91st year of her age.

— At Leith, Mr Walter Bruce, wright and builder there.

— At Hawthornden, Mrs Mary Ogilvy Forbes Drummond of Hawthornden, wife of Captain John Forbes Drummond of the Royal Navy.

— At Ramsay Lodge, Miss Isabella Elder, aged 15 months, daughter of Isaac Baylay, Esq.

25. At Leith Walk, Mrs Forrest, relict of Mr David Forrest, solicitor, Supreme Courts.

26. In Upper Harley Street, London, Walter Fawkes, Esq. of Farley Hall, Yorkshire. He was a descendant of the celebrated conspirator of that name, and prided himself not a little on his pedigree.

26. At Nelson Street, Adam Henry Crichton, second son of Mr Hew Crichton, writer.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Crockett, relict of Mr James Murray, solicitor-at-law.

— At Dalkeith, Mr Andrew Grey, baker, in the 62d year of his age.

27. At Preston Mains, Mr John Barn, aged 90 years.

— At Kinnedder, Mrs Anne Haly, of Kinnedder, relict of Mr William Callender, merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Southampton, Capt. Alexander Richard Mackenzie, of the Royal Navy.

28. At Banff, Mr John Richardson, painter there.

29. At Ayr, Mrs Colonel Mackenzie.

— At Berwick, aged 64, John Hall, Esq. M.D.

30. At Bridgend, near Sanquhar, Thomas Barker, Esq.

— At Culross, Henry Brown, Esq. of Prathouse.

— At No. 15, Lynedoch Place, Robert Henry, aged 18 months, youngest child of Robert Paul, Esq. secretary of the Commercial Bank.

— At Dolls, aged 6 years, James Haig, son of the late James Haig, jun. Esq. Sunbury.

— At Queensferry, Mrs Mary Muir, wife of Mr Walter Wilson.

31. At King Edward, the Rev. Dr Robert Duff, in the 87th year of his age, and 61st of his ministry.

Nov. 1. At Leith, John, youngest son of the late Mr John Douglas, shipmaster there.

3. John, only son of Mr James Winkworth, bookbinder.

— At Woolwich, Mrs Bonnycastle, widow of Professor Bonnycastle, of the Royal Military Academy.

— In Wimpole Street, London, Anne, wife of Captain C. S. J. Hawtayne, of the Royal Navy.

— At Edinburgh, Ensign David Jameson, of the Fifeshire militia.

— At Edinburgh, Margaret, second daughter of the late Mr George Porteous, merchant, Edinburgh.

4. At the Manse of Dunse, Andrew, eldest son of the Rev. George Cunningham.

— At Feversham, Westmorland, Henrietta, wife of the Rev. Dr Lawson, Vicar of that parish, and daughter of the late Alexander Ranalsen, Esq. of Blairhall, Perthshire.

5. At Colingsburgh, Mr Arthur Edie, late farmer at Muircambus.

— At Mayfield, Mr Alexander Robertson, fifth son of the late James Robertson, Esq. W. S.

— At Lauriston Place, aged 58, John Claperton, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.

6. At Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Duncan, relict of Mr Alexander Stevenson, one of the deputy clerks of the Court of Session.

— At Ardardan, Dumbartonshire, after a few days' illness, Claud Neilson, Esq.

7. At his house, Bonnington Place, John Boyd, Esq.

— At Perth, Margaret, youngest daughter of Capt. Menzies, 68th Regiment.

8. At Ayr, Captain David Hunter, in the 80th year of his age.

— At Clayquhat, Perthshire, Mrs Janet Mitchell, wife of Wm. Spottiswoode, Esq.

10. At Aberdeen, in the 60th year of his age, Mr James Cromar, rector of the grammar school there.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Neil Whyte, late of Greenock, after a few days' illness.

— At Kirkcaldy, Mrs Ronaldson, widow of Mr Andrew Ronaldson, writer there.

11. At Jamaica Street, Edinburgh, Mr Charles Robertson.

— At Edinburgh, aged six years and 9 months, Charlotte Frances, third daughter of John Hamilton Colt, Esq.

12. At Gainslaw House, Berwick, Ralph Gilroy, Esq. late of Jamaica.

— At Ormiston, East Lothian, Mrs Margaret Reddie, widow of John Thomson, Esq. of Prior Letham, merchant in Leith.

— At Moray Street, Leith Walk, Mr W. Knox, the author of the Songs of Israel; The Lonely

Hearth; The Harp of Zion; A Visit to Dublin; Marianne, or the Widower's Daughter; and a great variety of contributions in the Edinburgh Magazine, and other publications.

13. At Allahabad, Lieut.-Colonel Campbell, of the 32d Regiment Native Infantry.

— At her house, George Square, Mrs Grace Grame, daughter of the late David Grame, Esq. advocate.

— At Kirkcaldy, in her 15th year, Elizabeth, only child of the late Rev. James Hutton, minister of Beath.

— At her house, Edinburgh, Mrs Douglas Dickson, of Hartree, widow of Andrew Douglas, Esq.

— At Leith, Mr Malcolm Wright.

14. At Kirkcaldy, Mr James Greig, aged 77.

— At Edinburgh, John Fuller, Esq. M. D. late of Berwick-on-Tweed.

— Mrs Marion Grahame, wife of John Lang of Harthope, writer in Glasgow.

— At Monteith Row, Glasgow, aged 20, Ann, eldest daughter of Mr Archibald Fullarton, bookseller.

— At his house, North Castle Street, James M'Farlane, Esq. of Balwill.

17. At Aberdeen, Alex. Innes, Esq. surgeon.

18. Miss Sharp of Kincarrathie.

— At her house in London, Mrs Sarah Elliott, widow of Archibald Elliott, Esq. architect.

19. At her house, Gloucester Place, Miss Catharine Glassford, daughter of the late John Glassford, Esq. of Dougalston.

— At Edinburgh, Mary, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Leatham, 38, George Square.

— At Nenthorn, William Roy, Esq. of Nenthorn, and, on the 21st, his daughter Isabella, aged 10 years.

20. At Broadlyes, Mrs Agnes Beatson, relict of Mr Peter Kilgour, late of Balgedie, Fife.

— At 16, James's Square, John Patison, Esq. advocate, many years one of the assessors for the city of Edinburgh.

— At Capenoch, in the 85th year of his age, William Kirkpatrick, Esq. youngest son of the deceased Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Bart.

21. At Edinburgh, Mrs Christian Orphoot, relict of Mr Thomas Henderson, jun. merchant, Royal Exchange.

— At No. 5, Antigua Street, Miss Elder, daughter of the late Thomas Elder, Esq. of Forneth.

— At Strathmiglo, Mrs Elizabeth Gardner, relict of Mr David Gardner, brewer there.

22. At her father's house, Gayfield Square, in the 16th year of her age, Christian, only daughter of Patrick Black, Esq. late principal surveyor of his Majesty's Customs, Greenock.

— At his house, No. 4, Northumberland Place, Mr Adam Russel, builder.

— At Pettycur, near Kinghorn, Mr Duncan Cameron, vintner there.

23. At Montrose, Mrs Innes, wife of Captain Innes, Forfar Militia.

— At Mailingslane, Mr Thomas Sommerville, farmer there.

— At Paisley, Mrs Margaret Morrison, wife of the Rev. Dr Ferrier.

— At her house, Hanover Street, Mrs Janet Calderwood, widow of Mr David Gordon, merchant.

26. At Edinburgh, Mrs Dawson, relict of Mr Thomas Dawson, of the Excise Office, Edinburgh.

25. At Brighton Place, Portobello, Catharine Gunning, infant daughter of D. Hunter, Esq.

— At her house, 15, Chapel Street, Miss E. Thomson, aged 76 years.

— At his house, 65, Potterrow, Mr David Forrest, auctioneer, Edinburgh.

— At Pilrig Place, Leith Walk, David, youngest son of the late Alexander Fairley, Esq. distiller, Dunfermline.

— At Paris, General Foy, (Maximilian Sebastian,) of an aneurism of the heart.

— Suddenly, at his house, George Square, Archibald Campbell, Esq.

29. At Edinburgh, Malcolm Alexander, son of Malcolm Stewart, Esq. of Athole Bank, Perthshire.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CIX.

FEBRUARY, 1826.

VOL. XIX.

BIRDS.

WITH the sound of our PREFACE yet ringing in their ears, our many myriads of readers will open this Number in hope and fear of some tremendous explosion. The very least we can do, after last month's volcano, will be to blow up both Houses of Parliament!—No such thing. The great beauty of our character—that which so rivets the affection of our friends, and so perplexes the hatred of our enemies,—is its apparent inconsistency. We are never the same Magazine for two months together. The moon herself, high as she stands for changefulness, is, in comparison with us, a most steady periodical. During the harvest, especially, she seems always a well-pleased planet, as if a cloud had never crossed her face. Nay, astronomers and shepherds pretend to understand much of her behaviour all the year round, and to predict when the fair editress is about to favour the public with a brilliant Number. But where is the astronomer or shepherd, (even he the Chaldean,) who shall venture to prophesy whether in a troubled or serene heaven will rise the effulgence of our next month's horns? Science herself is baffled, and imagination confesses herself at the wall. The nations see the day of our rising advertised, and wonder if, with fear of change, we are to be perplexing monarchs, or merely diffusing our gentle radiance over the paths of literature, and brightening the privacy of domestic life.

VOL. XIX.

It is surely needless, at this time of day, to point out the surpassing excellence of such a character as this in any public and periodical personage, whether in heaven or on earth. We cheerfully acknowledge that many of the other Magazines are tiresome to a degree, of which those who have never read them can form not even the most inadequate conception; and yet it would be cruel to call them bad Magazines. We believe them to be good Magazines. But what is a cold abstract belief without accompanying emotion? We do not feel them to be good Magazines;—of which there cannot be a stronger proof than this, that when we chance to fall asleep during the perusal of even one of their most interesting articles, we never dream about it—never, so help us heaven!—but in our slumbers as utterly forget them as if such productions never had been borne. Now, no sooner do we sink into repose over an article in Blackwood, (we adopt the common phraseology,) than that Periodical pursues us into the land of Nod, and haunts us in the shape of a dream. We hear an uncertain sound like the rustling of wings; and then a countenance, fluctuating from sternness to suavity, smiles or frowns upon us—is it that of George or Christopher—of North or Buchanan—of Socrates or Solomon?—Into whatever imaginary scene fancy may have wafted the contributor, he seems to ascend steps like the very steps

of No. 17, Prince's Street ; he sees the same long vista of vestibule, front shop, intermediate saloon, (where sits that same one eternal reader of the *Courier*,) and remoter den, till he sinks down in "Rabelais' easy-chair" in the Sanctum Sanctorum.

You may have observed something like this, not merely in literature, but in life. Think of any remarkable man, whom you may chance to know—any man of genius. Why, one day is he not grim and gruff as a bear, and if he condescends to growl, did you ever see such tusks? Another day, he is more like a tiger basking in the sun, with eyes of playful ferocity, and claws, three inches long, sheathing and un-sheathing themselves in a sort of eager but careless instinct within the velvet of his stot-felling paws. Now he is all the world like a very absolute lion—marvellously imitating the part of the king of beasts!—Anon, he is like the unweaned lamb, sporting on the sunny knoll—gentle as the cooing dove—"weak as is the breaking wave,"—voiced like Zephyr, or the Lady-Echo.

We insist on knowing whether, among all your numerous acquaintances, there be a single one whom you love so dearly as this bear, tiger, lion, lamb, dove, zephyr, and echo? To-day you have sworn to speak to him no more,—for he has just cut you, as you think, on the street, or eyed you askance with leer malign,—or overwhelmed you with such a flood of idea'd words, that you, in your slow prosing way, have been unable to slip in one of your long-treasured truisms,—or with one kick he has smashed, like so much crockery, an argument that you had been constructing, as you supposed, with frame-work of iron, instead of wood,—or, with the touch of his little finger, he has let down the card-built edifice of one of your rejected articles to Blackwood. To-morrow, he proposes an arm-in-arm walk round the Calton Hill,—inquires kindly after your wife, your sore throat, or your rheumatism,—asks your opinion of a book or a man,—expresses his concern and surprise that you do not confirm the opinion held of you by all your friends, by giving to the public some work worthy of your talents, genius, and erudition,—wonders you did not go to the bar,—requests you to repeat that most exquisite story,—complains of a pain in his side at your last pun,—

hints that Sheridan was no wit,—and, on parting, proposes a supper at Ambrose's.

It is our fixed determination this month to do the agreeable. We shall, therefore, not suffer any argumentative contributor to open his mouth. We shall not hurt a fly or a worm. Article shall vie with article in good humour and philanthropy. We shall strive to make it impossible for the most sensitive subscriber or non-subscriber (the two great divisions of our race) to take OFFENCE. Should we, nevertheless, fail in such avoidance, and, by some unlucky monosyllable, (for occasionally one word of ours, so small perhaps as to be invisible to readers without spectacles, appears a very mountain of mischief,) raise up the whole world against us, we shall make the amplest apology that ever graced the pages of a periodical work. Yes! Should the complainant be even the acknowledged Idiot of the poet's corner of a Cockney newspaper, we shall, in our apology, cheerfully and unequivocally express our belief,—nay, knowledge,—that he is the Author of *Waverley*.

We had once intended to entitle our leading article, "Characters of our Living Poets." We have written it, but are quite at a loss what to do with it; for James Ballantyne informs us that it would occupy twenty sheets,—that is, about three numbers of the *Magazine*. There are, we find, exactly 103 Living Poets of magnitude in this free and happy island; and an average of three pages a-piece cannot surely be thought unreasonable.—What, then, we ask once more, is to be done with the said article? We are determined not to fritter it down into piecemeals. Will any publisher, Murray, Longman, Hurst, Constable, Blackwood, or Oliver and Boyd, offer FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS?

After dashing off the concluding words of our Essay, ("the most glorious age of British Poetry,") our thoughts began to wander away, by some fine associations, into the woods of our childhood, "Bards of Scotland! Birds of Scotland!" and at that very moment, we heard the loud, clear, mellow, bold song of the BLACKBIRD. There he flits along upon a strong wing, with his yellow bill visible in distance, and disappears in the silent wood. Not long silent. It is a spring-

day in our imagination,—his clay-wall nest holds his mate at the foot of the Silver-fir, and he is now perched on its pinnacle. That thrilling hymn will go vibrating down the stem till it reaches her brooding breast. The whole vernal air is filled with the murmur and the glitter of insects,—but the blackbird's song is over all other symptoms of love and life, and seems to call upon the leaves to unfold into beauty. It is on that one Tree-top, conspicuous among many thousands on the fine breast of wood, where, here and there, the pine mingles not unmeetly with the prevailing oak,—that the forest-minstrel sits in his inspiration. The rock above is one which we have often climbed. There lies the glorious Loch and all its islands—one dearer than the rest to eye and imagination, with its old Religious House,—year after year crumbling away unheeded into more entire ruin! Far away, a sea of mountains, with all their billowing summits distinct in the sky, and now uncertain and changeful as the clouds! Yonder Castle stands well on the peninsula among the trees which the herons inhabit. Those coppice woods on the other shore stealing up to the heathery rocks, and sprinkled birches, are the haunts of the roe! That great glen, that stretches sullenly away into the distant darkness, has been for ages the birth and the death-place of the red deer. Hark, 'tis the cry of an eagle! There he hangs poised in the sunlight, and now he flies off towards the sea.—But again the song of our BLACKBIRD “rises like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,” and our heart comes back to him upon the pinnacle of his own Home-tree. The source of song is yet in the happy creature's heart—but the song itself has subsided, like a mountain-torrent that has been rejoicing in a sudden shower among the hills; the bird drops down among the balmy branches; and the other faint songs which that bold anthem had drowned, are heard at a distance, and seem to encroach every moment on the silence.

You say you greatly prefer the song of the THRUSH. Pray why set such delightful singers by the ears? We dislike the habit that very many people have of trying everything by a scale. Nothing seems to them to be good—positively—only relatively. Now, it is true

wisdom to be charmed with what is charming, to live in it, for the time being, and compare the emotion with no former emotion whatever—unless it be unconsciously in the working of an imagination set a-going by delight. Who, in reading this Magazine, for example, would compare or contrast it with any other Periodical under heaven? You read it—and each article is felt to be admirable or execrable—purely for its own sake. You love or you hate it, as *THE*, not as *A* Magazine. You hug it to your heart, or you make it spin to the other end of the room, simply because it is Blackwood's Magazine, without, during the intensity of your emotion, remembering that Colburn's, or the Monthly, or the London, or the European, or the Ladies', or the Gentleman's, exists. No doubt, as soon as the emotion has somewhat subsided, you do begin to think of the other Periodicals. On stooping to pick up the Number that has so aroused your wrath, you say, “I will subscribe to the New Monthly,”—yet no sooner have the words escaped your lips than you blush, like a flower unseen, at your own folly. Your own folly stares you in the face, and out of countenance—You bless your stars that nobody was in the room at the time—You re-read the article, and perceive, in your amended temper, that it is full of the most important truths, couched in the most elegant language. You dissolve into tears of remorse and penitence,—and vow to remain a faithful subscriber on this side—at least—of the grave.

Although, therefore, we cannot say that we prefer the Thrush to the Blackbird, yet we agree with you in thinking it a most delightful bird. Where a Thrush is, we defy you to anticipate his song in the morning. He is indeed an early riser. By the way, Chanticleer is far from being so. You hear him crowing away from shortly after midnight, and, in your simplicity, may suppose him to be up, and strutting about the premises. Far from it;—he is at that very moment perched in his polygamy, between two of his fattest wives. The sultan will perhaps not stir a foot for several hours to come; while all the time the Thrush, having long ago rubbed his eyes, is on his topmost twig, broad awake, and charming the ear of dawn with his

beautiful vociferation. During mid-day he disappears, and is mute; but again, at dewy even, as at dewy morn, he pours his pipe like a prodigal, nor ceases sometimes, when night has brought the moon and stars. Best beloved, and most beautiful of all Thrushes that ever broke from the blue-spotted shell!—thou who, for five springs, hast “hung thy procreant cradle” among the roses, and honeysuckles, and ivy, and clematis, that embower in bloom the lattice of my cottage-study—how farthest thou now in the snow!—Consider the whole place as your own, my dear bird; and remember, that when the gardener’s children sprinkle food for you and yours all along your favourite haunts, that it is done by our orders. And when all the earth is green again, and all the sky blue, you will welcome us to our rural domicile, with light feet running before us among the winter leaves, and then skim away to your new nest in the old spot, then about to be somewhat more cheerful in the undisturbing din of the human life within the flowery walls.

Why do the songs of the Blackbird and Thrush make us think of the songless STARLING? It matters not. We do think of him, and see him too—a beautiful bird, and his abode is majestic. What an object of wonder and awe is an old Castle to a boyish imagination! Its height how dreadful! up to whose mouldering edges his fear carries him, and hangs him over the battlements! What beauty in those unapproachable wall-flowers, that cast a brightness on the old brown stones of the edifice, and make the horror pleasing! That sound so far below is the sound of a stream the eye cannot reach—of a waterfall echoing for ever among the black rocks and pools. The school-boy knows but little of the history of the old Castle,—but that little is of war, and witchcraft, and imprisonment, and bloodshed. The ghostly glimmer of antiquity appals him—he visits the ruin only with a companion, and at mid-day. There and then it was that we first saw a Starling. We heard something wild and wonderful in their harsh scream, as they sat upon the edge of the battlements, or flew out of the chinks and crannies. There were Martens too, so different in their looks from the pretty House-Swallows—Jack-daws clamour-

ing afresh at every time we waved our hats, or vainly slung a pebble towards their nests—and one grove of elms, to whose top, much lower than the castle, came, ever and anon, some noiseless Heron from the muirs.

Higher and higher than ever rose the tower of Belus, soars and sings the LARK, the lyrical poet of the sky.—Listen, listen! and the more remote the bird, the louder is his hymn in heaven. He seems, in his loftiness, to have left the earth for ever, and to have forgotten his lowly nest. The primroses and the daisies, and all the sweet hill-flowers, must be unremembered in the lofty region of light. But just as the Lark is lost—he and his song together—both are again seen and heard wavering down the sky, and in a little while he is walking contented along the furrows of the braided corn, or on the clover lea, that has not felt the plough-share for half a century.

In our boyish days, we never felt that the Spring had really come, till the clear-singing Lark went careering before our gladdened eyes away up to heaven. Then all the earth wore a vernal look, and the ringing sky said, “winter is over and gone.” As we roamed, on a holiday, over the wide pastoral moors, to angle in the lochs and pools, unless the day were very cloudy, the song of some lark or other was still warbling aloft, and made a part of our happiness. The creature could not have been more joyful in the skies, than we were on the greensward. We, too, had our wings, and flew through our holiday. Thou soul of glee! who still leddest our flight in all our pastimes!—bold, bright, and beautiful child of Erin!—for many and many a long, long year hast thou been mingled with the dust! Dead and gone, as if they had never been, all the captivations of thy voice, eye, laugh, motion, and hand, open as day to “melting charity!”—He, too, the grave and thoughtful English boy, whose exquisite scholarship we all so enthusiastically admired, without one single particle of hopeless envy,—and who accompanied us on all our wildest expeditions, rather from affection to his playmates than any love of their sports,—he who, timid and unadventurous as he seemed to be, yet rescued little Marian of the Brae from a drowning death, when so many grown-up men stood aloof in selfish fear,—gone, too,

for ever art thou, my beloved Edward Harrington! and, after a few brilliant years in the oriental clime,

—“on Hoogley’s banks afar,
Looks down on thy lone tomb the Evening Star.”

Methinks we hear the “song o’ the GREY LINTIE,” perhaps the darling bird of Scotland. None other is more tenderly sung of in our old ballads. When the simple and fervent love-poets of our pastoral times first applied to the maiden the words, “my bonnie burdie,” they must have been thinking of the Grey Lintie—its plumage ungaudy and soberly pure—its shape elegant, yet unobtrusive—and its song various without any effort—now rich, gay, sprightly, but never rude or riotous—now tender, almost mournful, but never gloomy or desponding. So, too, are all its habits, endearing and delightful. It is social, yet not averse to solitude, singing often in groups, and as often by itself in the furze-brake, or on the briary knoll. You often find the lintie’s nest in the most solitary places—in some small self-sown clump of trees by the brink of a wild hill-stream, or on the tangled edge of a forest; and just as often you find it in the hedgerow of the cottage garden, or in a bower within, or even in an old gooseberry bush that has grown into a sort of tree.

One wild and beautiful place we well remember—ay, the very bush in which we first found a grey linnet’s nest—for, in our native parish, from some cause or other, it was rather a rarish bird. That far-away day is as distinct as the present now. Imagine, friend, first, a little well surrounded with wild cresses on the moor, something like a rivulet flows from it, or rather you see a deep tinge of verdure, the line of which, you believe, must be produced by the oozing moisture—you follow it, by and by there is a descent palpable to your feet—then you find yourself between low broomy knolls, that, heightening every step, become ere long banks, and braes, and hills. You are surprised now to see a stream, and look round for its source—there seem now to be a hundred small sources in fissures, and springs on every side—you hear the murmurs of its course over beds of sand and gravel—and hark, a waterfall! A tree or two begins to shake its tresses on the horizon—a birch or a rowan. You get ready your angle—and by the time you have

panniered three dozen, you are at a wooden bridge—you fish the pool above it with the delicate dexterity of a Boaz, capture the monarch of the flood, and on lifting your eyes from his starry side as he gasps his last on the silvery shore, you behold a cottage, at one gable end an ash, at the other a sycamore, and standing perhaps at the lonely door, a maiden far more beautiful than any angel.

This is the Age of Confessions; and why, therefore, may we not make a confession of first love? I had finished my sixteenth year,—I was almost as tall as I am now,—almost as tall! Yes, yes,—for my figure was then straight as an arrow, and almost like an arrow in its flight. I had given over bird-nesting,—but I had not ceased to visit the dell where first I found the grey lintie’s brood. Tale-writers are told by critics to remember that the young shepherdesses of Scotland are not beautiful as the fictions of a poet’s dream. But SHE was beautiful beyond poetry. She was so then, when passion and imagination were young,—and her image, her undying, unfading image, is so now, when passion and imagination are old, and when from eye and soul have disappeared much of the beauty and glory both of nature and life. I loved her from the first moment that our eyes met,—and I see their light at this moment, the same soft, bright, burning light, that set body and soul on fire. She was but a poor shepherd’s daughter; but what was that to me, when I heard her voice singing one of her old plaintive ballads among the braes,—when I sat down beside her,—when the same plaid was drawn over our shoulders in the rain-storm,—when I asked her for a kiss, and was not refused,—for what had she to fear in her beauty, and her innocence, and her filial piety,—and was not I a mere boy, in the bliss of passion, ignorant of deceit or dishonour, and with a heart open to the eyes of all as to the gates of heaven? What music was in that stream! Could “Sabeian odours from the spicy shores of Araby the Blest” so penetrate my soul with joy, as the balmy breath of the broom on which we sat, forgetful of all other human life! Father, mother, brothers, sisters, uncles, and aunts, and cousins, and all the tribe of friends that would throw me off,—if

I should be so base and mad as to marry a low-born, low-bred, ignorant, uneducated, crafty, ay, crafty and designing beggar,—were all forgotten in my delirium,—if indeed it were delirium,—and not an everlastingly-sacred devotion of the soul to nature and to truth. For in what was I deluded? A voice,—a faint and dewy voice,—deadened by the earth that fills up her grave, and by the turf that, at this very hour, is expanding its primroses to the dew of heaven,—answers, “In nothing!”

“Ha! ha! ha!” exclaims some reader in derision, “here’s an attempt at the pathetic, a miserable attempt indeed, for who cares about the death of a mean hut-girl? we are sick of low life.” Why, as to that matter, who cares for the death of any one mortal being? Who weeps for the death of the late Emperor of all the Russias? Who wept over Napoleon the Great? When Chatham or Burke, Pitt or Fox died—don’t pretend to tell lies about a nation’s tears. And if yourself, who, perhaps, are not in low life, were to die in half an hour, (don’t be alarmed,) all who knew you, except two or three of your bosom friends, who, partly from being somewhat dull, and partly from wishing to be decent, might blubber—would walk along Prince’s Street at the fashionable hour of three, the very day after your funeral. Nor would it ever enter their heads to abstain from a comfortable dinner at the British Hotel, ordered, perhaps, a month ago, at which time you were in rude health, merely because you had foolishly allowed a cold to fasten upon your lungs, and carry you off in the prime and promise of your professional life. In spite of all your critical slang, therefore, Mr Editor or Master Contributor to some literary journal, *SHE*, though a poor *Scottish Herd*, was most beautiful; and when, but a week after taking farewell of her, I went, according to our tryst, to fold her in my arms, and was told by her poor father that she was dead,—ay, dead and buried—that she had no existence—that neither the daylight nor I should ever more be gladdened by her presence—that she was in a coffin, six feet in earth—that the worms were working their way towards the body, to crawl into her bosom—that she was fast becoming one mass of corruption—when I awoke

from the dead-fit of horrid dreams in which I had lain on the floor of my Agnes’s own cottage, and cursed the sight of the heaven and the earth, and shuddered at the thought of the dread and dismal God—when I——

We wish that we had lying on the table before us Grahame’s pleasant Poem, “The Birds of Scotland;” but we lent our copy some years ago to a friend—and a friend never returns a borrowed book. But here is a very agreeable substitute—“A Treatise on British Song-Birds,” published by John Anderson, jun., Edinburgh, and Simpkin and Marshall, London. The small musicians are extremely well engraved by Mr Scott, of Edinburgh, from very correct and beautiful drawings, done by an English artist, and there is a well-written introduction, of 40 pages, from the pen of Mr Patrick Syme. We presume that the rest of the letter-press is by the same gentleman—and it does him very great credit. The volume includes observations on their natural habits, and manner of incubation; with remarks on the treatment of the young, and management of the old birds, in a domestic state.

“The delightful music of song-birds is, perhaps, the chief cause why these charming little creatures are, in all countries, so highly prized. Music is an universal language;—it is understood and cherished in every country—the savage, the barbarian, and the civilized individual, are all passionately fond of music, particularly of melody. But, delightful as music is, perhaps there is another reason that may have led man to deprive the warblers of the woods and fields of liberty, particularly in civilized states, where the intellect is more refined, and, consequently, the feelings more adapted to receive tender impressions;—we mean the associations of ideas. Their sweet melody brings him more particularly in contact with groves and meadows—with romantic banks, or beautiful sequestered glades—the cherished scenes, perhaps, of his early youth. But, independent of this, the warble of a sweet song-bird is, in itself, very delightful;—and, to men of sedentary habits, confined to cities by professional duties, and to their desks most part of the day, we do not know a more innocent or more agreeable recreation than the rearing and training of these little feathered musicians.”

Now, we hear many of our readers crying out against the barbarity of confining the free denizens of the air in wire or wicker cages. Gentle readers, do, we pray, keep your compassion for other objects. Or, if you are disposed to be argumentative with us, let us just walk down stairs to the larder, and tell the public truly what we there behold—three brace of partridges, two ditto of moor-fowl, a cock-pheasant, poor fellow,—a man and his wife of the aquatic, or duck kind, and a wood-cock, vainly presenting his long Christmas bill—

“Some sleeping kill’d—
All murder’d.”—

Why, you are indeed a most logical reasoner, and a most considerate Christian, when you launch out into an invective against the cruelty exhibited in our cages. Let us leave this den of murder, and have a glass of our wife’s home-made frontinac in her own boudoir. Come, come, sir,—look on this newly-married couple of canaries.—The architecture of their nest is certainly not of the florid order, but my Lady Yellowlegs sits on it a well-satisfied bride. Come back in a day or two, and you will see her nursing triplets. Meanwhile, hear the ear-piercing fife of the bridegroom!—Where will you find a set of happier people, unless, perhaps, it be in our parlour, or our library, or our nursery? For, to tell you the truth, there is a cage or two in almost every room of the house. Where is the cruelty—here, or in your blood-stained larder? But you must eat, you reply. We answer—not necessarily birds. The question is about birds—cruelty to birds; and were that sagacious old wild-goose, whom one single moment of heedlessness brought last Wednesday to your hospitable board, at this moment alive, to bear a part in our conversation, can you dream that, with all your Jeffreyan ingenuity and eloquence, you could persuade him—the now defunct and dejected—that you were under the painful necessity of eating him with stuffing and apple-sauce?

The intelligent author of the *Treatise on British Birds* does not condescend to justify the right we claim to encage them; but he shows his genuine humanity in instructing us how to render happy and healthful their imprisonment. He says very prettily,

“What are town-gardens and shrubberies in squares, but an attempt to ruralize the city? So strong is the desire in man to participate in country pleasures, that he tries to bring some of them even to his room. Plants and birds are sought after with avidity, and cherished with delight. With flowers he endeavours to make his apartments resemble a garden; and thinks of groves and fields, as he listens to the wild sweet melody of his little captives. Those who keep and take an interest in song-birds, are often at a loss how to treat their little warblers during illness, or to prepare the proper food best suited to their various constitutions; but that knowledge is absolutely necessary to preserve these little creatures in health: for want of it, young amateurs and bird-fanciers have often seen, with regret, many of their favourite birds perish.”

Now, here we confess is a good physician. In Edinburgh we understand there are about 500 medical practitioners on the human race,—and we have dog-doctors, and horse-doctors, who come out in numbers—but we have had no bird-doctors. Yet often, too often, when the whole house rings from garret to cellar with the cries of children teething, or in the whooping-cough, the little linnet sits silent on his perch, a moping bunch of feathers, and then falls down dead, when his liltng life might have been saved by the simplest medicinal food skilfully administered. Surely if we have physicians to attend our tread-mills, and regulate the diet and day’s work of merciless ruffians, we should not suffer our innocent and useful prisoners thus to die unattended. Why do not the Ladies of Edinburgh form themselves into a Society for this purpose?

Not one of all the philosophers in the world has been able to tell us what is happiness. Sterne’s Starling is weakly supposed to have been miserable. Probably he was one of the most contented birds in the universe. Does confinement,—the closest, most unaccompanied confinement—make one of ourselves unhappy? Is the shoemaker, sitting with his head on his knees in a hole in the wall from morning to night, in any respect to be pitied? Is the solitary orphan, that sits all day sewing in a garret, while the old woman for whom she works is out washing, an object of compassion? or

the widow of fourscore, hunkling over the embers, with a stump of a pipe in her toothless mouth? Is it so sad a thing indeed to be alone? or to have one's motions circumscribed within the narrowest imaginable limits?—Nonsense all. Nine-tenths of mankind, in manufacturing and commercial countries, are cribbed and confined into little room,—generally, indeed, together, but often solitary.

Then, gentle reader, were you ever in a Highland shieling? It is built of turf, and is literally alive; for the beautiful heather is blooming, and wild-flowers too—and walls and roof are one sound of bees. The industrious little creatures must have come several long miles for their balmy spoil. There is but one human creature in that shieling, but he is not at all solitary. He no more wearies of that lonesome place, than do the sun-beams or the shadows. To himself alone, he chants his old Gaelic songs, or frames wild ditties of his own to the raven or red deer. Months thus pass on; and he descends again to the lower country. Perhaps he goes to the wars—fights—bleeds—and returns to Badenoch or Lochaber; and once more, blending in his imagination the battles of his own regiment, in Egypt, or Spain, or at Waterloo, with the deeds done of yore by Ossian sung, lies contented by the door of the same shieling, restored and beautified, in which he had dreamt away the summers of his youth.

To return to birds in cages;—they are, when well, uniformly as happy as the day is long. What else could oblige them, whether they will or no, to burst out into song,—to hop about so pleased and pert,—to play such fantastic tricks like so many whirligigs,—to sleep so soundly, and to awake into a small, shrill, compressed twitter of joy at the dawn of light? So utterly mistaken was Sterne, and all the other sentimentalists, that his Starling, who he absurdly opined was wishing to get out, would not have stirred a peg had the door of his cage been flung wide open, but would have pecked like a very game-cock at the hand inserted to give him his liberty. Depend upon it, that Starling had not the slightest

idea of what he was saying; and had he been up to the meaning of his words, would have been shocked at his ungrateful folly. Look at Canaries, and Chaffinches, and Bullfinches, and “the rest,” how they amuse themselves for a while flitting about the room, and then finding how dull a thing it is to be citizens of the world, bounce up to their cages, and shut the door from the inside, glad to be once more at home. Begin to whistle or sing yourself, and forthwith you have a duet, or a trio. We can imagine no more perfectly tranquil and cheerful life than that of a Goldfinch in a cage, in Spring, with his wife and his children. All his social affections are cultivated to the utmost. He possesses many accomplishments unknown to his brethren among the trees;—he has never known what it is to want a meal in times of the greatest scarcity; and he admires the beautiful frost-work on the windows when thousands of his feathered friends are buried in the snow, or what is almost as bad, baked up into pies, and devoured by a large supper-party of both sexes, who fortify their flummery and flirtation by such viands, and, remorseless, swallow dozens upon dozens of the warblers of the woods.

Ay, ay, Mr Goldy! you are wondering what I am now doing, and speculating upon me with arch eyes and elevated crest, as if you would know the subject of my lucubrations. What the wiser or better wouldst thou be of human knowledge? Sometimes that little heart of thine goes pit-a-pat, when a great, ugly, staring contributor thrusts his inquisitive nose within the wires—or when a strange cat glides round and round the room, fascinating thee with the glare of his fierce fixed eyes;—but what is all that to the woes of an Editor?—Yes, sweet simpleton! do you not know that I am the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine—Christopher North! Yes, indeed, we are that very man,—that self-same much-calamniated man-monster and Ogre.—There, there!—perch on my shoulder, and let us laugh together at the whole world.

MOORE'S LIFE OF SHERIDAN.*

IN spite of all the sins, both of omission and commission, with which Torry, Whig, and Radical Journals have, perhaps justly, charged them, these are two volumes of extraordinary interest—nor are they discreditable to Mr Moore. The subject was, indeed, a most difficult and dangerous one, nor was it possible for a man of Mr Moore's peculiar opinions, temperament, and genius, to treat it without involving himself in a sea of troubles. No doubt, were we to submit his work to a strict and unsparing scrutiny, we could get up a long, laboured article, full of refutations and imputations and confutations, that would prove him to be one of the greatest criminals on our annual Calendar. But as we have declared this to be a month of Mercy—we shall treat Mr Moore with a gentleness that may well surprise and delight him—a gentleness, indeed, which even in our most truculent Numbers we generally display towards every writer who has at any time delighted us—and need we say, that that has been done by the poet of *Lalla Rookh*?

Let us take first the Politics—and get done with them in not many words—then a paragraph or two about Sheridan, as Richard Brinsley in domestic and social life—and finally, a few remarks on his Dramatic Genius. Each of these three subjects would furnish matter for an article—but we hate prosing—so hope to settle them all in one sober and sensible sheet.

Never was any secret betrayed with more naïveté, than the account which Mr Moore gives of the principles of the Whigs, in advocating and fostering the cause of reform. We cannot imagine the amazed looks with which Lord Grey, and the remnants and refuse of the Fox party, must have read the passage alluded to, without bursting into immoderate and remorseless laughter. Never was such a charge made by any of all the adversaries of the Foxites, as that little passage contains, where our author, speaking of the institution of the society of "The Friends of the People," explains the real views and motives with which Fox, Grey, Sheridan, &c. connected

themselves with that seditious confederacy. But the exposure of the hypocrisy is too interesting to be merely adverted to; we must, in justice to Mr Moore's simplicity and to Whig honesty, quote the passage.

"In the Spring of this year was established the Society of 'The Friends of the People,' for the express purpose of obtaining a Parliamentary Reform. To this Association, which, less for its professed object than for the republican tendencies of some of its members, was particularly obnoxious to the loyalists of the day, Mr Sheridan, Mr Grey, and many others of the leading persons of the Whig party, belonged. Their Address to the People of England, which was put forth in the month of April, contained an able and temperate exposition of the grounds upon which they sought for Reform; and the names of Sheridan, Mackintosh, Whitbread, &c., appear on the list of the Committee by which this paper was drawn up.

"It is a proof of the little zeal which Mr Fox felt at this period on the subject of Reform, that he withheld the sanction of his name from a Society, to which so many of his most intimate political friends belonged. Some notice was taken in the House of this symptom of backwardness in the cause; and Sheridan, in replying to the insinuation, said, that 'they wanted not the signature of his Right Honourable Friend to assure them of his concurrence. They had his bond in the steadiness of his political principles and the integrity of his heart.' Mr Fox himself, however, gave a more definite explanation of the circumstance. 'He might be asked,' he said, 'why his name was not on the list of the Society for Reform? His reason was, that though he saw great and enormous grievances, he did not see the remedy.' It is to be doubted, indeed, whether Mr Fox ever fully admitted the principle upon which the demand for a Reform is founded. When he afterwards espoused the question so warmly, it seems to have been merely as one of those weapons caught up in the heat of a warfare, in which Liberty itself appeared to him too imminently endangered, to admit of the consideration of any abstract principle, except that summary one of the right of resistance to power abused. From what has been already said, too, of the language held by Sheridan on this subject,

* *Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan.* By Thomas Moore. 2 vols. 8vo. Second edition. Longman and Co. London, 1825.

it may be concluded that, though far more ready than his friend to inscribe Reform upon the banner of the party, he had even still less made up his mind as to the practicability or expediency of the measure. Looking upon it as a question, the agitation of which was useful to Liberty, and at the same time counting upon the improbability of its objects being accomplished, he adopted at once, as we have seen, the most speculative of all the plans that had been proposed, and flattered himself that he thus secured the benefit of the general principle, without risking the inconvenience of any of the practical details."

But this insincerity of the Whigs in the cause of reform, about which they raised such clamours to molest the possessors of place and patronage, is still more clearly described in an earlier part of the work, and that passage also, in justice to all parties, should be extracted. It is where our author speaks of Sheridan's *debut* as a politician.

"In the society of such men the destiny of Mr Sheridan could not be long in fixing. On the one side, his own keen thirst for distinction, and, on the other, a quick and sanguine appreciation of the service that such talents might render in the warfare of party, could not fail to hasten the result that both desired.

"His first appearance before the public as a political character was in conjunction with Mr Fox, at the beginning of the year 1780, when the famous Resolutions on the State of the Representation, signed by Mr Fox as chairman of the Westminster Committee, together with a Report on the same subject from the Sub-committee, signed by Sheridan, were laid before the public. Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage were the professed objects of this meeting; and the first of the Resolutions, subscribed by Mr Fox, stated that 'Annual Parliaments are the undoubted right of the people of England.'

"Notwithstanding this strong declaration, it may be doubted whether Sheridan was, any more than Mr Fox, a very sincere friend to the principle of Reform; and the manner in which he masked his disinclination or indifference to it was strongly characteristic both of his humour and his tact. Aware that the wild scheme of Cartwright and others, which these Resolutions recommended, was wholly impracticable, he always took re-

fuge in it when pressed upon the subject, and would laughingly advise his political friends to do the same;—'Whenever any one,' he would say, 'proposes to you a specific plan of Reform, always answer that you are for nothing short of Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage—there you are safe.' He also had evident delight, when talking on this question, in referring to a jest of Burke, who said that there had arisen a new party of Reformers, still more orthodox than the rest, who thought Annual Parliaments far from being sufficiently frequent, and who, founding themselves on the latter words of the statute of Edward III., that 'a Parliament shall be holden every year once, and *more often if need be*,' were known by the denomination of the *Oftener-if-need-be*s. 'For my part,' he would add, in relating this, 'I am an *Oftener-if-need-be*.' Even when most serious on the subject (for, to the last, he professed himself a warm friend to Reform) his arguments had the air of being ironical and insidious. To Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage, he would say, the principles of representation naturally and necessarily led,—any less extensive proposition was a base compromise and a dereliction of right; and the first encroachment on the people was the act of Henry VI., which limited the power of election to forty-shilling freeholders within the county, whereas the real right was in the 'outrageous and excessive' number of people, by whom the preamble recites that the choice had been made of late.—Such were the arguments by which he affected to support his cause, and it is not difficult to detect the eyes of the snake glistening from under them."

When the Whig-club dinners are remembered—the meetings in Palace Yard—the motions in the House of Commons, to say nothing of the hobnobbery of the Duke of Norfolk with Wishart the tobacconist—history loses her gravity, and holds both her sides. The poor Whigs wanted but this to render their degradation as complete as their influence and pretensions have become despicable. But the worst part of the effect of the simplicity with which these exposures of the public dishonesty, of so many time-honoured and flagrant patriots, is the distrust with which it must inspire the people against every pub-

* "Elections of knights of shires have now of late been made by very great outrageous and excessive number of people, dwelling within the same counties, of the which most part was people of small substance and of no value." 8 H. 6. c. 7.

lic man who professes to be their friend. And yet, in the face of this "peaching" of his whole political associates, Mr Moore impugns the integrity of Mr Burke! He does not, certainly, attempt to underrate the wonderful mind and acquirements of that extraordinary man; but he speaks of him as so enthralled by his temper and irascibility, as to have been little better than a maniac—an inspired maniac he would perhaps be willing to allow. But what are we to think, either of the candour or the discernment of our author, who, with the visible demonstration before him of all that Burke's forecasting wisdom had predicted—come to pass—acted and done—described and recorded in the chronicles of every civilized nation—yet ventures to insinuate that the influence upon the prophet himself, of the stupendous apocalypse with which he roused and alarmed the world, was the effect of a sordid calculation—the consent of his poverty to a crime! And, forsooth, because it was the opinion of those pure and precious reformers—those "Friends of the people," with whom he had acted, till they became such friends of the people as Mr Moore has in his simplicity described. In quitting them, it is alleged, that he sold himself to the ministry, when, in point of fact, except in the simple principle of hostility to France, it is matter of history and moral demonstration, that there was little communion of spirit, or common scope of intelligence, between Burke and Pitt, or any of the prominent members of the administration as it stood prior to the accession of the seceding Whigs. But Moore attacking Burke, is the antelope attacking the elephant—the war elephant, castled and garrisoned with all his gorgeous trappings gloriously upon him, as he comes forth from the orient gates of imperial palaces, amidst the Nabobs and Rajahs of the Indus and the Ganges.

Humiliating as the views of human nature are, which the Memoirs of Sheridan lay open, in the conduct of his political associates—there are yet passages which must awaken feelings of intenser mortification than even those which draw so much sympathy towards him, in as much as they affect the secret sentiments of every man of talent, who, without

family consideration or political energy, has the misfortune to incur the acquaintance of the great. Mr Moore touches the subject with the delicacy peculiar to his poetical pen, and considering how much he has himself experienced of that costly condescension, there is perhaps not another paragraph in his book so pregnant with meaning, as the few sentences in which he speaks of Sheridan's enjoyment of the proud consciousness of having surmounted the disadvantages of birth and station, and placed himself on a level with the highest and noblest of the land. But mark what follows, and let those who are possessed but of genius—remember the admonition it contains, whenever they may be honoured with the humbling situation of a place at the tables of the lordly.—"This footing in the society of the great he could only have attained by Parliamentary eminence. As a MERE WRITER, with all his genius, HE NEVER WOULD HAVE BEEN THUS ADMITTED *adeundem* among them. Talents in literature or science, UNASSISTED BY THE ADVANTAGES OF BIRTH, may lead to association with the great, but rarely to equality—it is a passport through the *well-guarded* frontier, but no title to naturalization within. *By him who has not been born among them, this can only be achieved by POLITICS.*"—Vol. II. p. 73. This is well said; but Mr Moore might have gone farther—for he must have often observed—shall we venture to say felt?—that the author or the artist at the table of the great, is but as a dainty, served up for the entertainment of the other arrogant guests. There are not half-a-dozen tables in London of "the lovers of the arts," as Mick Kelly calls them, which a man of genius, unknown in politics, who has a right respect for himself, would desire often to revisit—so offensively does the spirit of the legislative *caste* reign at them all.

There is one part of this work which will be read with interest and with surprise—we refer to Sheridan's intimacy with his present Majesty—and we will venture to assert, that every word Mr Moore says regarding it will be wormwood and gall to many a proud and pompous Whig. One thing it makes out very clearly, viz. that there never did exist between the Prince of Wales and Mr Fox that entire and

free political and party friendship, which it has been so long the endeavour of Whiggery to represent—first, as an inducement, prior to the establishment of the Regency, to draw recruits to their standard—and, second, as a pretext for the abuse, with which they have clamoured against him for his personal independence subsequent to that era. It appears to be matter of historical fact, that in the secret negotiations during the year 1789, when the Regency question first arose, Mr Fox was not even then the first person in the confidence of his Royal Highness; and that what has been called his Royal Highness's desertion of his early friends, is just one of those factious cries which require but a plausible show of outward circumstances to give them currency. That his Royal Highness, by daring to act according to the determination of his own judgment, did disappoint many expectants, and that their patrons ascribed the cause rather to his faithlessness than to their own overestimated influence with him, admits of no doubt whatever; but whatever may have been the social intimacy of the Prince—his youthful companionship—with Lord Grey and Mr Fox, it by no means appears very clear that he ever did regard them prospectively as his ministers. That he contemplated the probability of having them about himself in the great offices of the household, is, we think, not to be disputed; but we suspect he had seen too much of the character of both the one and the other, ever to have imagined they were qualified for the offices of the state. For the one, by his dangerous facility of temper, however well, for the short time he was in power, he may have acted, as new brooms sweep clean, was unfitted to withstand the hydra importunities of a government like that of England; and the other, by his impracticable fastidiousness, was still less adapted for those details and daily obtrusions in office, to which the minister of a free people must constantly submit. There does indeed appear to have been a prodigious deal of double-dealing about the whole Whig party; and it is impossible to be grave, when remarking the manner in which our biographer has exposed it. The account he has given of the views and principles of the leaders on the ques-

tion of Parliamentary Reform, was bad enough for them all; but the light he has let in upon the state of their connexion with the Prince of Wales, is still worse. Who could have imagined that ever Shakspeare's knowledge of man would have received in any point such an illustration as the simple expression of—"Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds!" obtained in the looks and feelings of the Whigs, when they found the Prince had resolved to betake himself to counsellors in more esteem with the kingdom!

But the most interesting part of all this party history, is the constancy of the Prince's attachment to Sheridan. Of the talents, the practical knowledge of mankind, and of the tact of that singular being, his Royal Highness seems to have been uniformly sensible; and to have consulted and trusted him in what respected his own character towards the public, much more confidentially than he did any other of those who arrogated to themselves the title of "the Prince's friends."

Mr Moore says little satisfactory on the subject of the well-known coolness between Sheridan and Fox during the Talent administration—We would ask, does he *abstain* from doing so? He is not ignorant of the cause, or we must question the wonted faculty of his eyes and ears. The thing, however, is of no particular consequence; nor perhaps would it much redound to the honour of Mr Fox, were it known. It is enough that the world knows how inadequate the place of Treasurer of the Navy was to the station Sheridan occupied in the eyes of the country—a circumstance which might induce some to fancy that the alleged coolness was not, as it has been insinuated, altogether a pulling up into dignity on the part of Fox, in consequence of Sheridan's circumstances, but perhaps was rather a withdrawing from him and his new associates on the part of Sheridan, in consequence of being consigned to an office so unworthy of his talents. Be this, however, as it may, whatever the cause of coolness was between these two orators, it is evident that it did not extend its influence to the Prince of Wales; for we find that, on the eve of the regency, Sheridan was deepest in the councils and bosom of his Royal Highness—indeed so much so, that it

had the effect of preventing the Lords Grey and Grenville, from forming an administration. The manner in which they took the pet, because the Prince presumed to improve their draft of the answer to the House of Commons, and to make it more congenial to his own sentiments, was eminently absurd; but the tone in which they resented to his Royal Highness the consultation he had held with Sheridan on the subject, deserves, and will ever obtain, a stronger epithet than only that of foolish.

But after all that confidence, how, it will be said by the Whigs, did the Prince in the end treat this beloved Sheridan? We will state at once our own opinion, JUST AS HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AS A GENTLEMAN OUGHT TO HAVE DONE. He bestowed upon him a handsome sinecure for life; and when apprised that he was reduced to extreme poverty by the consequences, less of his own imprudence than the backing he received from Whitbread, and other similar friends, in his embarrassed theatrical property, his Royal Highness, in the most delicate way possible, intimated that the means were ready to procure him every comfort. It was silly, nay worse—it was insulting and contemptible to reject the boon—and then to cry out, that it was sent too late, especially when the parties who advised that most injurious step, perfectly well knew that the relief was offered in the very moment that the need was made known.

We wonder, however, in all that has been whined about Sheridan's poverty at the last, how so little has been said of Mrs Sheridan's conduct. What became of her separate settlement at that time, to which Sheridan contributed fifteen thousand pounds? Was it in pledge? We believe not. Surely it was not likely to occur to any person who knew her circumstances, to imagine that her husband would be allowed to perish, as it were, in want; and where, too, were all those splendid friends whose eleemosynary liberality enabled Mr Fox to maintain the rank of his birth after he had squandered both patrimony and pensions? Poor Sheridan had no patrimony. The lordly income he acquired and spent with those friends was earned by his own talents. But, alas! he was grown old, and fallen into infirmities, and could no longer

serve the purposes of those cold and haughty peerages, over whom and whose cause the glory of his manhood shed such unparalleled lustre. To have paid the debts of Sheridan by subscription, was an undertaking which those who reflected for a moment on the subject never conceived either practicable or probable; but the whole noble herd who deserted him in his utmost need, well knew that they themselves were the causes of the persecutions and the miseries of his last hours. *His death-bed was beset by duns and bailiffs, in the hope of wringing from him a supplication to the insolent charity of those who afterwards so audaciously attended his funeral.* But though the payment of his debts was not within the scope of any reasonable proposal, a composition to obtain the relief of a discharge might have been accomplished; no one, however, interposed to mediate such an arrangement with the creditors. But that was not surprising, for a rational man of business was not to be found at any time among the Whigs. How then, when the question was how to assist a man who had exalted them to such a pitch of consideration in the eyes of the world, were they likely to produce one, when the person to be assisted could serve them no more? And yet these same Whigs, with all their paper trumpets—the daily, the monthly, and the quarterly press—have never ceased to proclaim how much he was shamefully forsaken by the King, although it appears, even by Mr Moore's account, that of all the public friends of Sheridan his Majesty alone was true; and that, aware of his afflicting embarrassments, his Majesty actually offered to procure him a seat in Parliament, to protect him from the importunity of his creditors. That it was not accepted, and for the reasons explained by his biographer, reflects honour on the high-mindedness of Sheridan; but the offer does not detract, in any degree, from the character of the King.

There are, no doubt, spirits among the Whigs who will represent his Majesty's conduct in thus proposing the Parliamentary sanctuary for his old friend as a misdemeanour in the trusts of the Regency; but the common sense of the world, that sense which considers not the theory, but mere practice amidst existing circumstances,

will vindicate the motives of the King. We feel, however, that upon this topic we are saying too much, and that we are taking a great liberty in presuming to offer any remark which might be construed into a defence of his Majesty, when the simple question is, whether the Whigs or his Majesty were in fault, as respected the latter days of Sheridan; when, in point of fact, the King to the last continued his friend; and at the last the Whigs would have allowed him to starve, and to die neglected. It is, no doubt, true, a melancholy truth, that for some time before the final extinction, that once brilliant spirit, whose splendour had dazzled nations, suffered a dark and disastrous eclipse. Few things in authentic story afford a scene half so touching as that of such a man as Sheridan sitting, in his old age, forlorn of friends and of fortune, weeping at the fire-side of the honest and faithful Kelly, as, with the true-heartedness of the "poor fool" in *Lear*, he sung to him his own tender and pathetic ballad.

"No more shall the spring my lost pleasure restore,

Uncheer'd I still wander alone,
And sunk in dejection, for ever deplore
The sweets of the days that are gone.
While the sun as it rises, to others shines bright,

I think how it formerly shone;
While others cull blossoms, I find but a blight,

And sigh for the days that are gone.

I stray where the dew falls through
moon-lighted groves,

And list to the nightingale's song,
Her plaints still remind me of long banish'd joys,

And the sweets of the days that are gone.

Each dew-drop that steals from the dark
eye of night,

Is a tear for the bliss that is flown:
Where others cull blossoms, I find but a blight,

And sigh for the days that are gone."

Of Sheridan's personal character as he left it at his death, it would be painful indeed to speak. But in his youth, and during some part of his manhood, it seems to have been in some respects estimable. It cannot, however, with truth be said, that he ever showed the possession of any true, warm, unselfish, and disinterested feel-

ing, such as endear to us the character of a man for ever, and disposes or rather forces us to sink his many vices even in his few virtues. From the time he left school, he appears to have been a reckless lover of pleasure, and to have sought nothing but his own enjoyment. His birth did not throw him into the most reputable circles; and perhaps it is not going too far to say, that he never showed the soul of a perfect gentleman. There is much that is offensive in all that story of his first love; and it is not possible to find him afterwards, for one single week, unassociated in one way or other, with fiddlers, and buffoons, and players, and managers, and farce-writers, and melo-dramatic mechanicians, jobbers of all sorts, men of the town, the press, and the prison.

It would not be easy,—it would be impossible, to lay your finger on any one noble action of his whole private life. In the glow of triumph, when his genius was aroused, no doubt his heart warmed with many sympathies; but they led to nothing steadfast and permanent. His domestic affections cannot be said to have been cold—but certainly they were far from being either pure or deep; and many men, unfortunately as wild, dissipated, and unprincipled as himself, have retained amidst their vices, far more tenderness, truth, and sincerity of affection, in the most sacred relations of life. Bursts of feeling Sheridan sometimes showed—or rather bursts of passion; for regret, remorse, shame, and perhaps pity, were in his heart rather than love. The very triumphs of his genius had nothing affecting or august. Vanity and selfishness seem to be almost the necessary vices of every professed wit; and the most deplorable thing of all is, that a professed wit must perpetually be dependent on the frivolous and the foolish. For one man of real genius like himself, how many wretched creatures must Sheridan have sought to enliven with his fancy! He seems at last to have been driven, even in the prime of his talents—to study table-talk as a profession,—to have lain a-bed devising good things that should keep a party awake all the next night—and constructing spring-guns and man-traps, to set in taverns, or even private parlours, that they might go off upon some Bond Street puppy, or Essex calf, to shake the sides of

Yorkshire boobies with nextinguishable laughter. All this must, in the course of thirty or forty years, have become disheartening and debasing,—and even in Mr Moore's account of the matter, one cannot help pitying poor Sheridan, reduced at last to attempt to do that with infinite labour and pains, which can be done effectually but by the unpremeditated power of genius.

Yet it can admit of no doubt, that in his best days, Sheridan must have been an admirable wit at the festive board. He had little or no learning; and was, therefore, wholly free from pedantry, the utter destruction of all convivial merriment. His knowledge of human life was just sufficient to render him not absolutely superficial, and, therefore, he never penetrated too deep for ordinary apprehension. He was intimately acquainted with all the varieties of what is called, with a somewhat ludicrous limitation of its latitude, Life—and, therefore, needed never to be at a loss for illustrations familiar to all his listeners. His animal spirits seem to have been just sufficiently irregular to give him in reality those occasional moods of comparative depression that serve to bring out the brilliancy of happier hours, and which would-be wits often wofully strive to forge in their penury. All his reading, and all his writing, lay where he had found perpetual opportunities of plagiarism. His taste was correct, and so was his judgment, at least in all conversational displays, and his was the cheering, inspiring, elevating name (well-earned), of the wittiest of the witty, so that all rivals quailed before him, and he was still looked up to as the leading star.

We cannot believe, to its fullest extent, the account which Mr Moore gives us of Sheridan's painful preparation for company. Whatever may have been his apparent slowness in boyhood, nobody can deny that he was in conversation one of the wittiest of men. Then, he had been a diner-out, and a supper-out, and a sleeper-out, for many and many a long year, so that all the common-places of conversation were familiar to his mind. He was in perpetual training; and, can it be believed, that such a man, soliving, crammed himself with all good things before he set out to dine and to dazzle? Latterly, he might have done so—no

doubt he did—but his spirits were exhausted; he knew, that even the inspiration of the goblet for him was gone—that the feeling had left the fancy to itself—that the brain was barren because the bosom was desolate—that the wine of life was on the lees—and, thus sick of the society he once delighted in, waxing old “and miserably poor,” not much respected now by any one, and despised by himself—no wonder that Yorick, if he still were ambitious to set the table in a roar, should be driven to the dismal *dernier ressort* of the worn-out wit, when not one spark of his former fires could be otherwise awakened in the dead ashes of his imagination.

But although we think Sheridan was a brilliant wit, we never can believe that he was a great orator. In nothing so much as in oratory, may the world be abused by a man gifted with fancy and powers of speech. Sheridan had an ear for sonorous declamation; and his imagination supplied him with a multitude of figures of speech. He infused a certain fervour into his periods; and by gross exaggeration and falsehood, which the excited public feeling greedily swallowed, he no doubt worked upon the minds even of first-rate men to a degree that is scarcely credible, if we believe them to have been perfectly sincere in their emotions and their eulogies. For our own part, we shall never believe that Burke thought Sheridan the greatest of all orators. He expressed that belief in an odd fashion, when he said that Sheridan's speech was neither poetry nor prose, but something better than either—the severest criticism that could have been made on all that fustian and rhodomontade. What remains of it—in all the forms alike—is execrably bad; nor is there any writer of any character who would not be ashamed to have written it; nor any orator who would be proud to have delivered it at a tavern dinner. But get the ear of your audience—nay, get their minds and their hearts, by means of some passion or prejudice not at all of your awakening—pour forth upon them words—words—words—be apparently impassioned, rapt yourself—and having once got hold of them, never relax your hold—out then with tropes, figures, metaphors, and similies, in what appears to be one uncontrollable flood, or sudden blaze; but all of which has been

written, and re-written, and delivered, twenty times before, till it is as part of yourself; and can there be any doubt that you will prevail over assembled crowds, and on some fortunate occasion perhaps win the everlasting fame of a great speaker, omnipotent over the feelings and judgments of men? Such things have often been, and perhaps are not achievable but by men of genius, although that is doubtful; but that such triumphs, splendid as they are, are positive proofs of surpassing eloquence—eloquence true as that of Pericles or Demosthenes, or Chatham or Grattan—will not be thought by any one who knows under what delusion the spirits of men may be brought, when swayed by their own united sympathies, and the prodigious power of all their suddenly roused and unreasoning passions.

We have left ourselves no room to moralize; and, indeed, it is well, for the chief reason why the world dislikes moralizing writers is, that on all great and affecting occasions it moralizes for itself. When men of genius disgrace and degrade themselves, or by any means whatever are seen to be disgraced and degraded, does not the world weep? It has many faults, but it is not a cold-hearted world. It says, "Let every man take care of himself, and should he not do so, but perish in want and misery, I will weep over him, if at least he be a man whom living I admired or loved." This is all that can be expected, all that ought to be done, and were it otherwise, we should be worse off than we are in this state of being. Sheridan would ruin himself, and he did so, in soul, body, and estate. Some of his friends behaved well to him—others ill—others indifferently, but to himself he himself behaved worst of all, and thence a blasted reputation, beggary, starvation, death, and an arrested corpse. The laws of society, good and honest, but, no doubt, somewhat stern and inexorable laws, took their usual course, and had their revenge at last on him who had so often held them in derision. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was for many years not an honest man. Charity loses both its character and its power on the unprincipled, and all the friends on earth could not have saved him from ruin. Richardson, we believe, or some one of his many social friends,

said, "That make Sheridan rich, and you would immediately make him everything that was good." A sorry saying! and a severe libel on his character. Give a man all he could desire in this life, and he will neither beg, borrow, nor steal!

We remember the editor of the Edinburgh Review having been much abused, some years ago, for writing rather sharply, in an article about Burns, of the improvident habits of too many men of genius. The sentiments he then uttered were most excellent. Because Nature gives a man a vivid imagination—fancy—wit—eloquence—and so forth, does she give to him any sort of right whatever to act immorally or dishonestly, more than to the veriest dolt that ever broke stones, without a thought beyond, for the Macadamizing of the highways? The temptations of the latter to drink, devour, deceive, lie all day a-bed, run into debt, cheat, swindle, steal, rob, and murder, are far—far greater than any temptations that can assail the manager of Drury-Lane, or any other theatre. But no excuse for a dull, stupid, heavy man, who keeps the table on a snore, when he cheats his creditors. It goes hard enough with him, should he even be an honest bankrupt. Decent, prosperous people, are shy of his company, and do not immediately recognize his person in the cabin of a steam-boat. But be a wit and a genius—and not only will your vices and delinquencies be pardoned, when you are alive, but after death you will undergo a sort of a dubious canonization. All your friends, perhaps even your King, who had often and often kept you from jail, will be abused for not obliging you to be an honest man. To speak the truth of you—that is, to say that you were a dishonest man—will be accounted shameful scurrility against the dead. Of your brutal habits—your loose manners—your shameful and shameless sensualities—your utter destitution of all manliness of soul—and seared callousness alike to principle and feeling—no man must speak, as he values the character of a gentleman—and no one, it will be said, who knows how to appreciate genius, and mourn over its extinction, will feel any disposition to remember such things of him, whose sallies of wit were inexhaustible, whose repartees were irresistible, whose prologues and epi-

logues could save plays from being damned, who absolutely wrote something nearly as good as the Beggar's Opera, and never was known to be at a loss even for a pun in all his life.

We have now spoken out, freely and without restraint, and be it, without much consideration; for on a subject so notorious, what need of consideration? Mr Moore has, we think, pitched his tone with sound judgment and right feeling, when speaking of Sheridan's general character. We have heard him blamed, most absurdly, for unsparing severity, but no charge can be more unfounded. He has not hidden the truth under too deep veil, neither has he blazoned it forth. Everybody sees what his own opinions and sentiments are, and while he has deceived no one, he has, as a biographer, endeavoured to present the subject of his memoir in as favourable a light as possible. A more timid and temporizing biographer would have left on our minds a more painful impression; a less sympathizing biographer would have left sterner thoughts. Men will judge for themselves ultimately of the merits and demerits of Sheridan as a man; but they will not demand the utmost justice from the writer of the *Memoirs* of such a man as Sheridan. It was his duty not to blind the world, if, indeed, that had been possible; it was his duty, too, to have a kind leaning towards so highly-gifted a man, and in decidedly showing that, he has done credit both to his own head and his own heart. He has, on the whole, executed a difficult task better—at least as well as any one we could name; and the reception of these volumes, with all their imperfections, proves, that the work is honourable both to himself and the unfortunate subject.

Of Sheridan, as a dramatist, there can be but one opinion. He stands at the head of all comedy since Shakspeare. Tried on the three questions, of plot, character, and dialogue, he is superior to all of France, Spain, and England. Molière has more humour, a stronger conception of comic contrast, and a more decided expression of human absurdity; but he is as coarse in his materials, as rude in their management. The variety and invention of Calderon will probably never be equalled; but his endless intricacy of adventure supersedes character,

and is fatal to interest in the catastrophe.

Johnson in character, Cibber in plot, and Congreve in dialogue, have exhibited great powers. But their merits are now too remote for admiration on the stage. Their coarseness is excessive; their views of life were taken either from books or from an exclusive class of society; with much admirable art, they give but little evidence of having looked into the nature of even their own day; and their comedies have thus disappeared from the stage. It is the combination of singular dexterity of dramatic language, happy insight into the peculiarities of the better rank of society, and simplicity and strength of plot, that make Sheridan to this hour the resource of the British theatre.

Sheridan's first comedy, "*The Rivals*," was brought out at Covent-Garden on the 17th of January 1775. As he was born in September 1751, he was then little more than twenty-three years old. There were theatrical delays, too, in the production of this play. Sheridan, in a preface of thanks to Harris the manager, mentions his original work as having been twice the length, which was "kindly cut down by Mr Harris's judgment to its present size,"—a kindness which, however absolutely essential, was perhaps remembered in Puff's agonies,—the "prompter's double cuts."—All this must have taken time, and in our conjecture he may be concluded to have written the play at one-and-twenty.

Early instances of skill in comedy have not been unfrequent; but Sheridan's style has a characteristic knowledge of the world, an easy finesse, and a sly severity, that at once distinguish him from his predecessors, and seem to imply maturity of mixing with mankind.

Yet all this may have been without a miracle. We are to recollect, in the first place, Sheridan's genealogy. He was the son of a theatrical manager, and of a popular authoress and dramatist. He imbibed the drama on both sides. All his early habitudes were connected with the drama. The family library was a repertorium of plays; he probably never heard his father speak of anything with respect but a stock-piece, nor the family cir-

cle, in their most confidential moods, converse upon anything with more enthusiasm than the prospects of "the season." Surrounded on all hands with theatric talk, theatric friends, and theatric interests, Sheridan's first dream of glory or food must have visited him in the shape of stage triumph. Here was the inspiration.

In the second place, Sheridan's earliest residence was with his family in Bath. In the salient time of life, when man takes his direction for every future year of it, when the sight of a militia parade incites him into the future conqueror of India or the Peninsula, or the sight of the four-and-twenty "prebendaries," each snug in his stall,

"With the Dean, the Bishop, and Vicars choral,"

involves his soul in visions of Lawn, or the procession of the Judges to the County-hall, inflames him with rivalry of the Hales and Blackstones, and the love of black-letter and buzz wigs, to the end of his days; or last and most visionary, when the sight of woman in her graces makes him mad, guilty of stanzas to the moon, nay, rashly resolute enough for matrimony. —In that day of vivid impressions, Sheridan lived—in Bath!

We know no spot on earth which more deserves a panegyrist. What is our modern boast of charity, with its Bedlams and Bethesdas, the largest of them incapable of holding more than a very few thousand patients?—What are our houses of refuge and hospitals, compared to the sweeping benevolence of Beau Nash, when he devoted a whole city to the purpose; when he erected in the swamps of Somerset a caravansera five miles round for the halt in mind and body, for the incurably idle, the desperately card-playing, and the inveterately splenetic; a great and unrivalled receptacle for the turgid with idleness, opulence, and bile, and the tribes that prey upon them by the laws of nature and the diploma of the college in Warwick-Lane? The language of this assemblage of gossips and hypochondriacs, of the poor living by their wits, and the rich panting through a round of pills, whist, and mutual sneer, was echoing in Sheridan's ear from morning till night. Here he found his dialogue.

In the third place, he was deep read in the whole catalogue of forgotten farces; and as he had no scruples about them, or anything else that he could turn to profit, he plundered without a pang. His characters he generally stole; his plots always. To all this, we must add, that the state of his family finances, a state which, as all the world knows, has been copied with filial fidelity, supplied of itself an unequalled access to his knowledge of the world. From the first drawing of a "bill, not to be paid," to the final clearance by the legislative abstersion, the whole is a course of education. The pleasant subterfuge, the ready invention, the direct encounter, and the dexterous retreat, are all incomparable sharpeners of the wit that lieth in a man; and perhaps the merest rustic would find the six weeks of his prison institute place him on a rank with the intellects of even an attorney who had never enjoyed the same advantage. In matters of this order, Sheridan was *au fait*. His first knowledge of money was obviously in its issue from a Jew's pocket, and he never wanted a guinea while there was a Jew to lend it. Accordingly, we find that his habitual thoughts are borrowed from the same source as his treasure; his choicest witticisms turn upon the bill trade, on indorsements, protests, post-obits, securities, flying kites, men of straw, and the whole mystery of Hebrew dealings. His plays always have a prominent Jew, or a Christian a Jew in everything but beard and Shibboleth. Yet the generosity of his nature, gives good words, all that he had to give; and he deals not unjustly with the character of the ancient nation; his Moses and his Isaac are both pleasant fellows, and though a little roguish, a sacrifice to truth of character, yet altogether not much of a different description from the shaven part of mankind.

It is well known that this clever play, with all the advantages of the manager's especial confidence of success, of the whole force of his excellent company, and of all the fame of all the Sheridans, yet failed; was, in fact, all but d—d, and was withdrawn. Mr Moore attributes this disaster to the bad acting of Lee in Sir Lucius. But potent as a single unlucky actor may be in the over-

throw of an author's castle in the air, the fault was at least divisible with the writer. Sir Lucius was too coarse a transcript of even the Irish adventurer. Mrs Malaprop, also, brought down critical vengeance. The conception wanted novelty and nature. Dogberry had long before blundered more pleasantly and more to the purpose. The lady's contortions of language were pronounced improbable, which, in the drama, is equivalent to impossible. Julia and Falkland, too, were felt to be incumbrances, both borrowed from the Bath boarding-schools, and neither uttering a sentence beyond the calibre of fifteen.

The play had in addition the inextinguishable crime of being almost four hours long. But no man could profit by correction more rapidly than Sheridan. His play was revised; the obnoxious portions were extracted; the inordinate extent was curtailed; it was restored to the stage, where it will live as long as the language.

When Marmontel, on his arrival in Paris, applied to Voltaire for a royal road to fame, the Aristarchus bade him write a play. Marmontel wrote a tragedy, and on the shoulders of "Dionysius," meagre as it was, was exalted into sudden splendour, was feted and fed, invited to the select conversaziones of the most select, and was in a moment hand and glove with all the bluest blues of the city of the Graces.

Sheridan's theatric success raised him into notice, for we then lived in an idle time. We were copying France with all our tardy souls; and in return for the export trade of English boots, postilions, and broad-cloth, were bringing back, as is our custom, the mere tinsel, and unsubstantial fabric of the land of tinsel. We even imported French manners, principles, and practices. A French woman of letters, now and then even visited our unromantic shores, to wonder at the bad pronunciation and unteachable morals of our women; and even a royal Duke had ventured, for the express purpose of hazarding his purse and person, among the spurred and booted generation of Newmarket. But willing as we were to adopt the dissipations of the most pestilent capital since Gomorrah, we had our reverses as to other points of similitude, and Sheridan, talked of as his play was, had to

thank for his reception into the bosom of the noblesse, claims of a totally different description.

"——— And on my life,

That Murphy had a very pretty wife."

Sheridan was the husband of the prettiest woman of her time. Miss Linley's celebrity was certainly reflected on her husband with rather more vividness than the frosty morals of our day would desire. Sheridan's elopement with her from the very fangs of Matthews—for, on the whole, the Captain was a very rascally and ill-used gentleman,—attracted the attentions of the women of the noblesse: Miss Linley's share in the adventure was not calculated to give a very formidable idea of her severity to future worshippers, and the result was a course of attentions to both, that turned marriage into a long and miserable train of jealousies, anxieties, and recriminations, ending in penitence, almost too late for pardon, and regret, when the grave had closed.

In speaking with scorn of the habitual tardiness of the higher orders of England—the privileged class of rank, opulence, and power—to notice men of literary ability,—Heaven forbid that we should speak of it with the slightest regret! The most direct and inevitable resolution to lay waste and eradicate all that is worth the name of literature, would be to chain it at the feet of Patricianism. The day that "makes man a slave, takes half his worth away." The sentiment is as old as Homer, and will be true while there is a man weak enough to degrade his genius into dependency upon man.

On the opera of the *Duenna*, Sheridan had expended a considerable time; and his letters to Linley exhibit his well-known anxiety in the preparation of his dramas, careless as he was in every other thing upon earth. It was perhaps the most successful opera upon record. It was played seventy-five nights during its first season,—the only intermission being a few days at Christmas, and the Fridays in every week, on which, Leoni, as a Jew, could not perform. The run of the "Beggars' Opera" was but sixty-three nights. Yet frequency of representation is not the highest standard. Among the performances of even our own day, we have seen a German opera, with no plot, or only

the heavy and bewildering plot of a German romance, and with no other dialogue than could be supplied by translators, making its way from month to month, and from year to year, played fifty and sixty nights at each of the principal theatres, after having been played without intermission during the summer, in London, and still played, and still popular. In the triumph of the *Freischütz*, all dramatic merit is out of the question. The story lingers intolerably, the characters are of the most common-place material of melo-drame, the incidents are unconnected, feeble, and improbable. One scene, the Incantation, is striking only as a compilation of all the extravagancies of stage ghost-seeing. The foundation of this signal popularity is the music; and even of this music, a large portion is singularly heavy and repulsive. But as a whole, the composition of the *Freischütz* is a great work. It has singular novelty, richness, and appropriateness. Some of the melodies seem to be more the impulse of poetic inspiration than the art of the musician; and the cadences and recitations preparatory to the more remarkable incidents, give some of the first specimens of musical *thought* that Germany has ever boasted. "The Duenna" had the advantage, rare in the writings of its indolent author, of being brought out at just the time it ought.

It is a curious circumstance, that one of the best months of the year for bringing out a new play is November, while the very next month is the very worst; that the lucky moment does not arrive again until February; and that nothing worthy of life can hope for it after May. But, as in all cases, the longer the time for performance, the longer for triumph; the best time must be the earliest, and "The Duenna" appearing in November, had thus a whole year of fame and finance to run.

"The Beggar's Opera" was brought out in the season of 1727-8; but its popularity was of an altogether higher class. It became at once the single subject of theatres, conversation, books, engravings, and popularity in all its shapes, for an extraordinary length of time. It was played in the provincial theatres with almost its London frequency, to the thirtieth and fortieth night; at Bath and Bristol, fifty; it

swept everything of rivalry from the stage in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; it was performed even in Minorca; its songs were the only music of the fashionable world; its poetry was carried about on fans; its scenes and music met the eye on screens, and all the grotesque and ornamental furniture of that stately day, of the toilet and the drawing-room. If, inferior to St Cecilia's miracle, it drew no angel down; it nearly overthrew a minister, and it raised an actress to the ducal coronet. England was then as whimsically prone to discover all excellencies in any object of its fickle wonder, as it is still. This actress, whom chance flung into the part of Polly, was suddenly exalted into the possession of every talent under heaven. She was fabricated into even a wit; and books were published, containing the bon mots and repartees of Miss Fenton! Her picture eclipsed all the noble portraits of the day; her "Life" was invented and published; her face and person became the standard of grace; her dress superseded French millinery, and last, and most improbable of all glories, her songs drew back the noble worshippers from the Italian Opera.

The secret of "The Beggar's Opera" is its admirable adaptation to the peculiar turn of the English mind; its sound sense, its shrewd satire on general human nature, its vigorous seizure of national character, and, finally, its *hits* at men in office.

Walpole's ability as a minister has received the praise of Burke, who looks upon his solidity and vigour as essential to the settlement of the nation after the Hanoverian succession. But his disregard of the moralities of office, his open hire of the press, and the general free-living habits of the statesman, who declared, that he introduced but "*one topic*" after dinner, because on that one alone all men of all parties were agreed, had left him open to a large share of public dislike, unconnected with even the fiery resentment of the exiled faction. Gay, too, had his wrongs; for the poet had been treated with dishonest scorn by the court party; a treatment deserved by every poet who annexes himself to the skirts of any patron; and Walpole's careless and unrevenging head was the safest, if not the loftiest, at which his vengeance could be flung.

It is recorded that great expectation

of the satire of the opera was excited, and that in the song,

"When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be.
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
That each cries, 'That was levell'd at
me,'"—

the whole audience turned round to Walpole's box, where the minister had the courage to be present, and the good nature to acknowledge the allusion but by a smile.

One of the singularities of this striking performance, is its utter contrast to all the other works of Gay. It is one of thirteen dramas of its author, of which no man now hears, and which never attained any celebrity. It was not his first and last, as we have sometimes seen in the out-break of genius, nor his last and best, as sometimes in the maturity of stage knowledge. It was his seventh. He was born in 1688; he died in 1732; his opera was played in the season 1727-8, in his fortieth year; and with his opera his genius expired. But this is more improbable than that this work should have been largely indebted to another parentage. Gay's habitual style was graceful feebleness. His "*Polly*," the opera written immediately in the full inspiration of success, is perhaps the tamest production in the language. His "*Trivia*" is less common-place; but its chief merit with posterity will doubtless be its having been capable of transfer almost wholly to the "*Human Life*" of Mr Rogers.

The solution may be approached by our supposing that Swift, who originally suggested, "what a pretty thing a Newgate pastoral would make," was the chief maker of the opera. Spence, at least a half-informed personage, and the humblest harbinger of Boswell, tells us, that as it went on, it was read at intervals to Swift, Pope, and probably their customary fellow-conspirator in wit and bitterness, Arbuthnot: and that they suggested ideas, but "the writing was all Mr Gay's," who finally retired to Edinburgh, probably as to the spot where he might find the most elevated attic on the face of the earth, if not inhale the most appropriate air for sarcastic inspiration.

We have now done with "*The Beggar's Opera*;" its indecencies are inex-

cusable in our age, but they are much purified, and were virtue to the theatrical tone of its original day; its encouragement of highway robbery has vanished with the years when gentlemen took the road after the play, and cleared the purses of the Hounslow-Heath and Bagshot travellers until morning. Its tavern life was the customary recreation of our moral ancestors in the age of chivalry and the constitution, "sixty years ago." But its songs and its wit will live while England is England.

It is pleasant enough to think that this opera was lately repelled in America with the most furious indignation. Incledon's Macheath, the most genuine exhibition of the character that the world had ever seen, or will ever see—the truest compound of the easy audacity, unruffled resolution, and joyous indulgence of the king of highwaymen, was driven off the stage in a hurricane of "national delicacy." Yet America might have exhibited that virtue of toleration on her stage, which she so magnanimously exhibits in receiving the refuse of our population. The land of refuge for all European sinners, might have opened its generous bosom to some of our sins; and the adventures of the highwayman should have found mercy in the eyes of Jonathan.

The plot of "*The Duenna*" is plundered from Wycherley's "*Country Wife*," and is the feeblest of Sheridan's adoptions. Mr Moore thinks otherwise, pronouncing it to be "constructed and managed with considerable adroitness, having just material enough to be wound out into three acts," without too much intricacy or too much extension. This is inexact. The only intrigue of the piece, is the artifice of the Duenna to entrap the Jew into a match; and the whole interest closes with her success. The remaining portion, the escapes of the cloistered fair ones, and the mistakes of the lovers, are absolute excrescences, endurable only for the sake of the past pleasantries. But the dialogue throughout is dramatic; and the scenes between the Jew and Don Jerome, while under their mutual misconception, are among the happiest conceptions of the stage. Mr Moore describes the easy and obvious wit of those passages, as of the kind that is "produced without effort." This, too, seems to us inexact. How

it may have been produced by Sheridan, is now beyond inquiry ; but if we are to judge of its difficulty by its rareness, it is the most difficult of all products. Easy writing is, according to the proverb, not always easy reading ; and the conceptions that cost us the least trouble, are generally least worth the trouble. The power of turning common things into uncommon—uniting simplicity with point—is perhaps the most dexterous operation of the fancy. The difficulty is in direct proportion to the apparent ease. Nothing is more facile than to be *recherché*. This Mr Moore, with all his brilliancy, frequently shows by his merciless illustrations from everything strange in heaven and earth, and the waters under the earth.

The poetry of the *Duenna* has much of the epigrammatic neatness of Sheridan's prose, and sometimes has its tenderness and power. The following song deserves considerable praise.

" Ah, cruel maid, how hast thou changed
The temper of my mind !
My heart, like thee, from love estranged,
Becomes, like thee, unkind.

By fortune favour'd, clear in fame,
I once ambitious was ;
And friends I had who fann'd the flame,
And gave my youth applause.

But now my weakness all accuse ;
Yet vain their taunts on me ;
Friends, fortune, fame itself I'd lose,
To gain one smile from thee.

And only thou should'st not despise
My weakness or my woe ;
If I am mad in other's eyes,
'Tis thou hast made me so.

But days like this, with doubting curst,
I will not long endure :
Am I disdained, I know the worst,
And likewise know my cure.

If false, her vows she dare renounce,
That instant ends my pain,
For ah, the heart must break at once
That cannot hate again !

Mr Moore looks upon this song as having been written in some of the moods of its author's love-making, and the conjecture is not improbable.

In our present age of publishing

everything, it may seem curious that Sheridan's plays were, we believe, in every instance kept back from the press. This might have been in some measure the result of the partial and ridiculous law, which refuses dramatic authorship the common privilege of all other, down to an almanack or a spelling-book, that of belonging to those who produce or pay for it first. As the law stands, the moment a play is published, every Theatre in the empire may seize it in defiance of the author, whether he choose that it should not be played at all, or not played for nothing. If it have been played, and of course paid for by a manager, another party is added to the wronged. This should be amended without delay, as it is at once an offensive anomaly in our law books, and a most extensive and fatal impediment to the cultivation of the most brilliant, and perhaps by no means the least national, honourable, and useful, of all authorship, that of the Drama. With a Monarch the most accomplished of his race, and with a Ministry obviously anxious to turn the public mind to the fame of Literature and the Fine Arts, no time could be more favourable for relieving Dramatic authorship from a burden which absolutely weighs it down, and must extinguish it in this country. Let the proposition be made in the House of Commons, and its reasonableness and importance must carry it through.

In 1775, Sheridan negotiated with Garrick for the Drury Lane Theatre, which appears to have been sold in June following, for £70,000. Sheridan had two fourteenths at £10,000. Linley the same for £10,000, and a Dr Ford three fourteenths for £15,000. The remainder of the property was, we believe, in a Mr Lacy. The interest of this money was £3500 ; and Sheridan adds, " that it must be infernal management that would not double the sum ! " Sheridan was now to become one of the thousand and tens of thousand exemplifications of " the tide in the affairs of men." It was now at its flood, and Fortune lay before him. A successful theatre is, perhaps, the most money-making machine ever invented by man, with all his faculties on the stretch for money-making in all its ways. Its failures, however, are tremendous ; and when

once they fairly commence, are precipitous and rapid beyond all other forms of ruin. But Sheridan's powers were eminently dramatic, and it is beyond question, that a regular exertion of them, fearless of all results but that of leaving the theatre without new performances, be they of what rank they might, must have placed his establishment at the head of the English stage. But he was habitually indolent, as all the world knows; and, besides, he seems to have had the common vice of early triumph, and to have been childishly nervous about his fame.

"The School for Scandal," it is true, appeared subsequently to this period, but the greater part of it had been written long before: it would probably never have been attempted after "The Duenna." It is remarkable, that the most distinguished dramatists, when from their celebrity they have been taken into dramatic firms, have seldom been of any use to their partnerships.

When Betterton, in 1695, opened his theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, Congreve was the first Dramatist of his age. The Comedy of "Love for Love," was brought out at the New Theatre, and all the "Town" crowded to it for the season. On the strength of this, the patentees gave Congreve a share in the house, on the single condition of his supplying them with a play every year. But his fame stood in his way. He obviously dreaded to risk his laurels, and it was not till two years after that he ventured to produce the "Mourning Bride." The exigencies of the house called on him again. He wrote, we may suppose, reluctantly, for his next work, "The Way of the World," played in 1699, was his worst. The casual diminution of his usual applause repelled the sensitive author from the course to which his genius, and in some degree his duty, urged him. He left the theatre to struggle and to perish, and from that time gave up his pen to madrigals and sonnets, to Lord Halifax and my Lady's eye-brow. His places under Government allowed of his doing this with impunity, and for the sake of his fame, he abandoned his reputation.

Sheridan's first effort as manager, was an alteration of Vanburgh's Comedy, "The Relapse;"—a profligate

and yet feeble performance in its original state, which Sheridan, if he left it less profligate, left still more feeble. This revival was under the title of "A Trip to Scarborough," and was played February 24, 1777.

"The School for Scandal," was first performed May 8, 1777.

Mr Moore's details of the composition of "The School for Scandal" are perhaps among the most amusing in the volume. They are collected from the most authentic sources, and when they may not strike by their importance, they will interest by their novelty. He gives a note of Garrick, written four days after the first performance.

"Mr Garrick's best wishes and compliments to Mr Sheridan.

"How is the Saint to-day? A gentleman who is as mad as myself about the School remarked, that the characters upon the stage at the falling of the screen, stand too long before they speak.—I thought so too the first night.—He said it was the same on the second, and was remarked by others; though they should be astonished and a little petrified, yet it may be carried to too great a length;—all praise is Lord Lucan's last night."

Mr Moore in giving the "rise and progress" of this fine drama, justly remarks, that nothing could be less like the perfection of this finished work than its rudiments; that no man took more anxious and persevering care in correction than its author.

The "Sketch," which was afterwards enlarged into "The School for Scandal," was written probably before Sheridan had tried the stage. It was one of those *jeux d'esprit*, the natural progeny of Bath, and of which a parentage and succession have been nurtured by that acrid and grotesque population from the days of its first pump to the last printing season. Retired and dissatisfied public men; idle members of the universities; opulent barristers, bitter and bedridden with gout; poets, too rich or too old or too keenly criticised, to make anything longer than a copy of "verses to the master of the ceremonies," or the Sabrina of the pump-room,—all those harpies and vultures of Spleen let loose upon a perpetual feast of bilious East Indians, bloated men of Manchester and Liverpool, Irish adventurers, struggling physicians, loung-

ing parsons, and ladies of rank, chiefly remarkable for the delicacy of their reputations, amply account for the redundant sourness of the "City of Indolence," for the "Bath Sketches," the "Intercepted Epistles," the "Dr Warner's Ghost detected Waltzing," the "Conversations of a Woman of Quality with her Monkey," the "Popillons," the "Wroughtoniad," the "Sorrows of Dr Vegetable," the "thousand and one Burlesques on King," the late Master of the Ceremonies," and in the "Bath Characters," the "Bath Guide" is but the loudest and tallest of an immense family, and Anstey, but the crowned bard of a host, each decorated with its appropriate tea leaf.

Sheridan's Sketch bears the family on the frontal.

It is among the many distinctions of the Novel and the Drama, that in the former the names of persons are not required to bear any similitude to their qualities; and that in the Comedy they are. The palpable reason is, that the Novel is a picture of general life; the Comedy of particular character. The dexterity of the author is tried in discovering a name sufficiently expressive, yet not bearing the marks of being manufactured for the purpose. Thus the "Lackwits," "Money-traps," "Plausibles," of the ancient stage, are too palpably forced into the service; and the object is never completely obtained, but when a name in common use can be adopted into the dramatis personæ. "Lockit" and "Peachem" are fortunate seizures from common life. The "Penruddocks," "Beverleys," "Bellamonts," &c. the whole stock of romantic nomenclature, are totally useless to dramatic effect. They express nothing but the *inopia verborum* of their author.

But another difficulty occurs, peculiar to the Drama. The qualities of members of the same family are, for the sake of dramatic contrast, made to consist of totally distinct elements. Yet they must in general bear the same name, and the artifice of the author is tasked to find a name comprehensive enough for all their varieties. Macklin, in the "Man of the World," after inventing the crude appellative of "Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant" for his bitter, louting, and worldly hero, is forced to apply the title to his wife, and

exhibits a M'Sycophant, generous and unworldly. His son, described as a model of manliness, feeling and independence, escapes from this badge only by the awkward contrivance of a name taken from a relative. Of this difficulty, our Comedies, old and new, give numberless examples.

The "School for Scandal" exhibits striking instances of success in this point. It has, in the two brothers and Uncle Oliver, three personages distinct in all points but one—their all disguising their true characters. It gives the three the name of "*Surface*," a name not too remote from common use, and yet expressive of the three. The merit lies in discovering perhaps the only name that could have answered the object. Sir Peter and Lady Teazle are as opposite as youth and age, love of scandal and fear of it, intrigue and jealousy, contempt and fondness. But their names must be of course the same; and Teazle, a name not remote from common life, happily expresses the characters of both.

In "The Rivals," Sheridan had not reached this tact; yet "*Absolute*" was perhaps as good a name as could be suggested for a father and son equally self-willed. Acres is natural and suitable; Sir Lucius O'Trigger is, however, a nominal caricature.

The merits of the play are now beyond criticism. It stands at the head of all our "Comedies of Manners." Its wit, the more admirable, not from its remoteness, but from its obviousness, its strong distinctness of character, and its plain progress of story, leave it without a rival.

Mr Moore thinks that Wycherley was the model of the dialogue; and considers Sheridan's displeasure at any allusion of the kind a proof. Yet a man of Sheridan's elegance of dialect might have been, not unnaturally, offended at the imputation of having drunk from that stream of grossness and vulgarity, the Fleet-ditch of Wycherley. If he had any other model than the tone of that high life into which he was so early introduced, or his own instinctive tact, he probably found it in Congreve; undoubtedly the most elegant conversational dramatist before Sheridan, and requiring only to be cleared from the customary indecencies of his age to be his closest competitor.

The proverbial faults of the "School for Scandal," are its presumed encouragement to seduction, as in the instance of Lady Teazle's arguments against old husbands, and to prodigality, in the triumph of Charles's wit and character. Yet, till we have a proof that either man or woman has ever been led by those poetic paths into ruin, we may fairly question the culpability of the drama. In fact, plays mislead no one. They may sometimes stimulate latent generosity or manliness, by a noble sentiment or an impressive character, and the applause which regularly follows both (and loudest and most unfailing from the very humblest class of the audience), shows that the stage may be made a teacher to those who will reluctantly learn of more formal discipline.

The satire on hypocrisy, the meanest of all the vices, and, in general society, perhaps the most dangerous, much more than turns the beam.

The faults of the plot are, its tardiness in the first two acts; the superfluity of the two scenes of the "scandalous coterie," a splendid superfluity, and the fifth act. The interest is wrought up to its point by the discovery of Lady Teazle behind the screen, and all that follows is mere explanation, not worth the development, or incident of no importance to the play. The curtain should fall on the discovery.

Charles's love for Maria, a love which never gives rise to a meeting nor a word, is one of the blots of the play, and it becomes still more ridiculous from the present custom of giving the lady's part to a mere girl, who talks of men and matrimony in a bib and tucker.

Sheridan's last "legitimate work," "The Critic," was brought out in 1779, evidently formed on the plan of "The Rehearsal," and even with some plagiarisms from the dialogue of that clever and obsolete performance. Fielding's "Pasquin," too, was a contributor; and "The Critic" is to be looked on chiefly as the most ingenious of pasticcios. A sketch of this farce seems to have been the earliest of all his dramatic efforts, as its completion was his last. The first half of this celebrated farce yields to nothing of its author, if it does not exceed all his works in strength of language and dexterity of sarcasm. Puff's descrip-

tion of his modes of life, his elucidation of the popular art of puffing, and the excoiation of Sir Fretful, are all masterly. The second part is not merely inferior, but unequivocally tiresome. Sheridan was a remarkably good-natured man, and there are few wits on record who bore their faculties more meekly. Cumberland, too, was a man of gentle manners, a graceful and accomplished person, and though a popular dramatist, totally out of the line of rivalry. Yet every man has his point of susceptibility. Sheridan's was his drama, and some of those "good-natured friends" that are never wanting to public character, had conveyed stories of Cumberland's sneering at "The School for Scandal."

One of the old theatrical recollections is, that Sheridan, in his anxiety to collect opinions on the first night, asked what Mr Cumberland had said of the play.

"Not a syllable," was the answer.

"But did he seem amused?"

"Why, faith, he might have been hung up beside Uncle Oliver's picture. He had the d—d disinheriting countenance. Like the ladies and gentlemen on the walls, he never moved a muscle."

"Devilish ungrateful that," said Sheridan, "for I sat out his tragedy last week, and laughed from beginning to end of it."

From this feeling something might be expected to come, and the expectation was prodigally fulfilled in Sir Fretful. Cumberland complained bitterly of the attack, and declared, that on the first night of the School for Scandal he was not in Drury-Lane, but in Bath. But the shaft was already flown; and Cumberland's notorious admiration of his own labours, and equally notorious sneer at every one else's, ranged the laughers against him for life.

Fragments of other projected plays are given by Mr Moore. What they might have been rendered by Sheridan's extraordinary talent for turning his rudest material into value, must now be mere matter of conjecture. "The Foresters" seems too extravagant for anything but melo-drame. His sketch of "Affectation" shows the keenness with which he collected his hints from every rank of society; yet the subject seems too feeble for the stern requisitions of the stage. Affec-

tation is a common quality, but it is a sickly one; it produces but little effect in actual life, and that effect is scarcely capable of transfer to the drama, where character is almost incident. The subject of "The School for Scandal" was, on the contrary, palpably pregnant with dramatic power; scandal, the most pertinacious, cutting, universal, and characteristic of all the evils of civilized society:

Sheridan wrote some of those com-

positions which are called for by the chances of the Theatre. "A Monody on Garrick's Death," in 1779, a feeble and tedious production, prologues, epilogues, &c. From the specimens given by Mr Moore, he would have been popular in the latter style, if his general dislike for exertion had not so soon led him to abandon everything that belonged to a career for which he was more eminently marked out by nature than any man of his century.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW OF DR MACMICHAEL ON CONTAGION AND THE PLAGUE.

THE number of the Quarterly Review which is just published, contains an article on the contagiousness of the plague, which professes to be a review of Dr Macmichael's "Brief Sketch of the Progress of Opinion upon the Subject of Contagion," but which says nothing about him or his book. This is not fair, particularly as the reviewer, in that part of his article in which he destroys the authority of the anti-contagionists, by showing their ignorance of facts, derives his most powerful argument from Dr Macmichael. The Westminster Review had said, if the plague had been contagious, it would have been so manifest that it never could have been doubted, for no one ever doubted that the small-pox was contagious. To this assertion Dr Macmichael's pamphlet is an unanswerable refutation. He shows, that as late as the great English Hippocrates, Sydenham, physicians were not aware that the small-pox was contagious, but attributed it to other causes, particularly unhealthy states of the air, and that the notion of contagion, so far from being obvious and manifest even in those diseases in which it is now the most certain, as small-pox, measles, and scarlet fever, was arrived at very slowly and gradually. When Dr McLean was examined on the subject of contagion by a committee of the House of Commons, he was asked how he explained the fact, that people who shut themselves up in a house, while the plague was raging about, escaped the disease? His answer was, that their safety depended on the air in which the house is situated, on its elevation from the ground—on shutting the windows at the most dangerous periods of the day, so as not to

allow a draught of air from the town. On this Dr Macmichael's remark is very striking,—

"Now it may be worth while to inquire, what is the exact situation of those Frank inhabitants of Constantinople, who, during the height of the plague in that city, shut themselves up and adopt the precautions of a voluntary quarantine; and I will select the residence of the British embassy, which is usually called the English palace, as an example. It is situated in Pera, and stands in the centre of a large garden, which is surrounded by high walls. It immediately adjoins a Turkish cemetery, where multitudes are buried daily during the season of pestilence. All the windows of the apartments usually inhabited look to the south and south-west; they are almost always kept open, and the freest ventilation constantly maintained. The inmates of the palace take exercise in the garden, which is of several acres extent, at all hours, and expose themselves without the slightest reserve, to every change of temperature; in short, the only precaution they adopt is to remain within their walls, and avoid the possibility of touching any one infected with the plague. If it were possible that the disease should be excited by the air, what could save the English residents from its attacks? They are as much exposed to the influence of the atmosphere, particularly to the pestilential blasts from the south, as if they were walking the streets of Constantinople, and yet they uniformly escape. But it may be observed, that the wind here blows generally from the east or west, that is up or down the channel of the Bosphorus, and when it sets in from

the west, which is often the case, the gales are charged with the effluvia from the city of Constantinople. Nor is the assertion true, that the Turks themselves have no idea of the infectious nature of the plague; many of them believe it to be so, and the most enlightened of them all, the Pasha of Egypt, adopts a quarantine for his own security. When the plague is at Cairo, he either retires to a garden situated about two leagues from the city, and surrounds himself by his troops, or he shuts himself up in a fortress on the other side of the Nile at Gizeh."

In the statements of the anti-contagionists, there are some instances of fraud and of folly which it is utterly astonishing that the reviewer should have overlooked. Can it be believed that the Westminster reviewers have quoted Dr Russell as an authority for the uncontagiousness of the plague, although, in point of fact, he is the greatest authority for the opposite opinion. No man ever brought to bear upon the subject such a combination of all the requisites for a right judgment about it, namely, great experience of the disease, great reading about it, and great judgment. "Dr Russell," says the Westminster Reviewer, "has recorded a fact in confirmation of the non-contagious nature of this malady, which, for the singular completeness of the proof it affords, is of extraordinary value."

Who would not believe, from the foregoing passage, that Dr Russell, for many years physician to the British factory at Aleppo, living in the thick and thin of the plague—who, that did previously know otherwise, would not believe that he was an anti-contagionist? When I first read the above passage, it led me into this error. I have shown it to several persons, and all have acknowledged, that if they had not previously known to the contrary, it would have led them to suppose that Dr Russell was an authority for the non-contagious nature of the plague.

If this is not *intentional* fraud, it is a curious *accident* in composition, and puts me in mind of the mistakes in tradesmen's bills, which *always* happen to be in their own favour. Now for an instance of indisputable folly. The Westminster Reviewers, after writing two long articles to prove that the plague and all other fevers are never propagated by contagion, relate the following case.—A poor family, consisting of four persons, were attacked with malignant fever; they all lay in the same bed in an exceedingly close and dirty apartment, where they were visited by two physicians; the one, whenever he entered the room, went to the window, threw it open, observed the sick at a distance, and staid a short time—he escaped the disease. The other took no precaution, examined the skin of the patients closely, and inhaled their effluvia and breath. He was seized with the disease, and died of it. This case might be supposed to be decisive of the question; but no, say they, it proves that the disease is not a *contagious*, but a *contaminative* fever. The disease, it is true, was communicated from the patient to the physician, but not by a specific contagion generated by the body of the patient, but by the exhalations from his body, rendered poisonous by being concentrated. In short, the fever was not a contagious, but a contaminative disease. It is plain, however, that it was a communicable one, and that is the practical question.

"O that such difference should be
Twixt tweedledum and tweedlee."

A pretty consolation this to a person who had been induced, by the previous argument, to expose himself without precaution to the plague, or typhus, to tell him, "True it is you have *caught* the plague from the patients whom you have approached, but be of good cheer, for I am happy to tell you that you are *dying*, not of a *contagious*, but of a *contaminative* disease."

TO MY BIRDIE.

Here's onlie you an' me, Birdie—here's onlie you an' me!
An' there you sit, you humdrum fool,
Sae mute and mopish as an owl,
Sour companie!

Sing me a little sang, Birdie—lilt up a little lay !

When folks are here, fu' fain are ye

To stun 'em wi' yere minstrelsie,

The lee lang day.

An' now we're onlie twa, Birdie—an' now we're onlie twa !

'Twere sure but kind an' cozie, Birdie,

To charm wi' yere wee hurdigurdie

Dull Care awa !

Ye ken, when folks are pair'd, Birdie—ye ken, when folks are pair'd,

Life's fair an' foul an' freakish weather,

An' light an' lumb'ring loads, thegither

Maun a' be shared—

An' shared wi' lovin' hearts, Birdie—wi' lovin' hearts an free,

Fu' fashious loads may weel be borne,

An' roughest roads to velvet turn,

Trod cheerfully !

We've a' our cares an' crosses, Birdie—we've a' our cares and crosses !

But then, to sulk and sit sae glum—

Hout tout, what gude o' that can come

To mend ane's losses ?

Ye're clipt in wiry fence, Birdie—ye're clipt in wiry fence ;

An' aiblins I—gin I mote gang

Upo' a wish—wad be, or lang,

Wi' friens far hence.

But what's a wish ? ye ken, Birdie !—but what's a wish ? ye ken !

Nae cantraip naig, like hers o' Fife,

Wha “darnit” wi' the auld weird wife

Flood, fell, an' fen.

'Tis true, ye're furnish'd fair, Birdie—'tis true, ye're furnish'd fair,

Wi' a braw pair o' bonnie wings,

Wad lift ye, where yon lav'rock sings,

High up i' th' air.

But then that wire sae strang, Birdie—but then that wire sae strang !

And I mysell, sae seemin' free,

Nae wings have I to waften me

Whar fain I'd gang.

An' say we'd baith our wills, Birdie—we'd each our wilfu' way !

Whar lavrocks hover, falcons fly,

An' snares an' pitfa's aften lie

Whar wishes stray.

An' ae thing, weel I wot, Birdie—an' ae thing, weel I wot,

There's Ane abune the highest sphere,

Wha cares for a' his creatures here,

Marks ev'ry lot—

Whaguards the crowned King, Birdie—wha guards the crowned King,

An' taketh heed for sic as me,

Sae little worth—an' e'en for thee,

Puir witless thing !

Sae now, let's baith cheer up, Birdie !—an' sin' we're onlie twa,

Aff han', let's ilk ane do our best

To ding that crabbit, canker'd pest,

Dull Care, awa.

NUGÆ LITERARIÆ. NO. I.

GRATTAN.

I WAS in the gallery of the House of Commons on the night when the late Mr Grattan made his first speech in the English Parliament. The subject was Catholic Emancipation; the question was opened by Mr Fox. I went at eight in the morning, waited at the door of the gallery till twelve, and then had my ribs nearly broken in a squeeze to get in. The House met at four; at five Mr Fox rose; he spoke till after eight in a way which I need not describe. He was followed by Mr Percival, then by Dr Duigenan, and then Mr Grattan rose. It was a striking sight and moment. The lower part of the House was crammed with Members, so that numbers could find room only in the upper side galleries. The fame of his eloquence had raised great expectations, yet repeated instances of the failure of Irish eloquence, when transplanted into England, caused considerable anxiety, especially among the Irish, of whom there were numbers in the Strangers' Gallery, and still more at the outer door, waiting to hear the success of their champion. After a pause of dead silence he began. He was dressed, if my eyes did not deceive me, in black, with yellow gloves—his queer person, his large red face, his limbs thrown about in a most rapid and graceless way—his pronunciation, which to my ear sounded less like the brogue of an Irishman, than like the broken English of a foreigner—his plunging headlong into his subject without any of the introductory remarks which are so common in English oratory, and his epigrammatic sentences, altogether produced a sensation so totally new to the English House of Commons, that for many minutes it was doubtful, among the best judges of Parliamentary eloquence, whether it would not terminate in a complete failure. During this interval of suspense, I have heard on good authority the following incident. Mr Pitt, who was sitting next Mr Canning, manifested the greatest possible anxiety; he seemed to shrink every now and then when the effect of what was said bordered on the offensive: but a few minutes passed—Grattan became accus-

tomed to the House, the House to him—the orator, though singular, became successful and brilliant in the highest degree; and at the moment when it was plain that all was safe, Mr Pitt turned round to Mr Canning, and clapping him on the knee, and with a strong expression of delight in his countenance, exclaimed, "It will do!" He was too great himself to be jealous of another, even of one who was to be his political opponent.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

I have heard Lord Wellesley talk about his brother, the Duke of Wellington—about his military career, and about the peculiarities of mind which led to his splendid successes, and enabled him to conquer the conqueror of the world. He said that he was the opposite to a cunning man—that he had done all by simple manly heroism; and that he could not define his character better than by the following lines in Milton's "Samson Agonistes," which ought to be placed at the foot of his pictures:—

He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind.

MOST OFFENSIVE OF MONUMENTS.

Passing through Brussels on my way to the Rhine, we of course paid a visit to the plains of Waterloo. On our way we stopped at an ugly red brick church, on the right side of the road, where there are monuments to many of the English officers who fell on this occasion. We were conducted by a grey-haired old man into the chapel, and there, on both sides along the walls, are inscriptions to the memory, of not single individuals, but whole companies. The thought that this splendid victory was purchased by the lives of so many in the flower of their age, full of life, and joy, and heroism, oppresses the heart. With this mournful feeling we left the chapel, and were conducted through a dirty lane into a little shabby garden, to see a large black stone, sacred to the memory of whom?—the Marquis of Anglesea's leg—I had almost written his toe. The bathos is not merely ridiculous—it is disgusting. If the

living owner of the leg did not direct it, he might have prevented it. Some one has written below—

Here lies the Marquis of Anglesea's limb ;
The devil will have the remainder of him.

AMBERGRIS.

The origin of this substance is involved in complete obscurity. All that we know of it is, that it is most commonly found in lumps floating on the ocean, sometimes adhering to rocks, sometimes in the stomachs of fish—but whence does it come? by what process is it formed? Everybody knows the history of that greasy substance called Adipocire—that on digging up the bodies in the cemetery of St Innocent's at Paris, many of them were found in part converted into a substance resembling spermaceti; and that it has since been ascertained, that if the flesh of animals, instead of undergoing putrefaction in air, undergoes the slower changes which take place under water, in a running stream, it is gradually converted into this substance. It is not an improbable conjecture, that Ambergris is the flesh of dead fish which has undergone this change—that it is marine adipocire. And this conjecture is corroborated by a fact which was lately stated in one of the American newspapers. A marine animal of gigantic size has lately been discovered and dug up in the neighbourhood of New Orleans, in the groove of one of whose bones was found a matter closely resembling Ambergris. This animal, which is supposed to be extinct, had been buried for an incalculable time.

THE PLAGUE.

During the great Plague in London, in 1665, Dr Hodges was one of the persons appointed by the College of Physicians to visit the sick. The great Sydenham quitted London to avoid the contagion, but at length returned, apparently ashamed of his cowardice. Many physicians volunteered their services on this occasion: among those was the celebrated Dr Glisson. Out of the number employed in this benevolent task, nine perished. Hodges survived, and has given the following account of the means by which he believes he preserved himself from the infection. As we shall most likely have the Plague in Eng-

land—thanks to the wrong-headedness of some of our physicians, and the supineness of others—it is worth while knowing the means which he employed. “As soon as I rose in the morning early, I took the quantity of a nutmeg of the anti-pestilential electuary; then, after the dispatch of private concerns in my family, I ventured into a large room, where crowds of citizens used to be in waiting for me, and there I commonly spent two or three hours, as in an hospital, examining the several conditions and circumstances of all who came thither, some of which had ulcers yet uncured, and others to be advised under the first symptoms of seizure; all which I endeavoured to dispatch, with all possible care to their various exigencies. As soon as this crowd could be discharged, I judged it not proper to go abroad fasting, and therefore got my breakfast; after which, till dinner time, I visited the sick at their houses; whereupon, entering their houses, I immediately had burnt some proper thing upon coals, and also kept in my mouth some lozenges all the while I was examining them. But they are in a mistake who report that physicians used on such occasions very hot things, as myrrh, zedoary, angelica, ginger, &c. for many, deceived thereby, raised inflammations upon their tonsils, and greatly endangered their lungs. I further took care not to go into the rooms of the sick when I sweated, or was short-breathed with walking, and kept my mind as composed as possible, being sufficiently warned by such who had grievously suffered by uneasiness in that respect. After some hours visiting in this manner, I returned home. Before dinner, I always drank a glass of sack to warm the stomach, refresh the spirits, and dissipate any beginning lodgement of the infection. I chose meats for my table that yielded an easie and generous nourishment, roasted before boiled, and pickles not only suitable to the meats, but the nature of the distemper (and, indeed, in this melancholy time, the city greatly abounded with variety of all good things of that nature). I seldom, likewise, rose from dinner without drinking more wine. After this, I had always many persons who came for advice; and, as soon as I could dispatch them, I again visited till eight or nine at night, and then

concluded the evening at home, by drinking to cheerfulness of my old favourite liquor, which encouraged sleep, and an easie breathing through the pores all night. But if in the day-time I found the least approaches of the infection upon me, as by giddiness, loathing at stomach, and faintness, I immediately had recourse to a glass of this wine, which easily drove these beginning disorders away by transpiration. Yet in the whole course of the infection, I found myself ill but twice, but was soon again cleared of its approaches by these means, and the help of such antidotes as I kept always by me." In another part of his history of the Plague, he gives the following extraordinary account. Speaking of the nurses who attended the sick, he adds, "These wretches, out of greediness to plunder the dead, would strangle their patients, and charge it to the distemper in their throats; others would secretly convey the pestilential taint from sores of the infected to those who were well. The case of a worthy citizen was very remarkable, who, being suspected dying by his nurse, was beforehand stripped by her; but recovering again, he came a second time into the world naked." (*Loimologia, or an Account of the Plague in London, in 1665, by Nath. Hodges, M.D.*)

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

There are two kinds of plagiarisms. In one the *thought* is borrowed, but it is clothed in new words, is adapted to its new situation, and undergoes more or less of transmutation. This is a kind of plagiarism which, in the present stage of literature, is and ought to be practised, by men of the greatest genius. Milton describes himself as preparing for the composition of his great poem, among other things, by "select and attentive reading." But there is another kind of plagiarism, which consists in borrowing not only the thoughts, but the very words in which they are expressed—stealing whole pages from writers of eminence, not only without inverted commas, but without the slightest hint that it is borrowed from any one. I had no notion, till lately, that this mode of writing with the eye and scissors, instead of the mind and pen, was so common as it is. I have found; in works of some celebrity and extensive

circulation, long portions copied from works that are little read, or translated literally from foreign writers. Being at a dinner party one day, and sitting next an author in whose writings I had repeatedly detected this wholesale plagiarism, I mentioned the subject in general terms; and then turning to him, said, "But perhaps the wonder is not that authors should practise this mode of writing, but that I should wonder at it;" on which he looked impudently at me, and said he believed so. I have met with some ridiculous instances of this practice. Being led by an advertisement in the newspapers to look at a saddle-horse, and perceiving some remarkable differences between the description and the animal, I mentioned it to his owner, who coolly told me, that not being able to write an advertisement himself, he had copied one from an old newspaper which seemed something like.

When the process of hatching chickens by steam was exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, a little sixpenny pamphlet, descriptive of the progressive growth of the chick in the egg was sold at the door. It professed to be the composition of Mr—What's his Name?—the inventor of the process; but the truth is, that it was extracted verbatim from the English copy of "The Exercitations on Generation, by Wm. Harvey," the discoverer of the circulation. But the best of the joke was this—after describing the cicatricula, that is the little white spot near the blunt end of the yolk, where the first signs of life are seen, Harvey says, "and yet this first principle of the egg was never yet, to my knowledge, observed by any man." (Page 82, A.D. 1653.) By an absurd blunder of the person who extracted the descriptions, this passage is preserved, so that Mr —, of the Egyptian Hall, claims the discovery of the use of the cicatricula. But although there may be some excuse for hack compilers and ignorant horse-jockeys, there is none for writers of first-rate genius. And yet even these will sometimes stoop to similar acts of literary dishonesty. Lord Kames produced the beautiful parable on persecution as an original composition of Franklin's. Franklin, during his lifetime, permitted it to circulate as such, and it is still inserted as his own in his collected works; yet it is stolen from the last page of Jeremy

Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying." Another unpardonable instance of plagiarism in a man of learning and genius, was Porson's claiming "the Devil's Walk." I have good reason to know, that although Porson might not distinctly say that he was the author of it, yet he used to repeat it in such a way as to lead people to believe it was his own. Even Blackwood's Magazine mentions it as the composition of Porson. Yet the fact is that it was the joint composition of Coleridge and Southey in some playful moments. As you have attributed it to Porson, it is but right that your pages should correct the error; and I now send you what I believe to be a complete copy.

From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
A-walking the Devil is gone,
To look at his snug little farm, the world,
And see how his stock went on.

How then was the Devil drest?
He was in his Sunday's best;
His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where his tail came through.

Over the hill, and over the dale,
And he went over the plain;
And backward and forward he switch'd his tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

He pass'd by a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And he grinn'd at the sight—for his favourite vice
Is pride that apes humility.

He saw a Lawyer killing a viper,
On the dunghill beside his stable;
And the Devil was shock'd, for it put him in mind
Of the story of Cain and Abel.

An Apothecary, on a white horse,
Rode by on his vocation;
And the Devil thought of his old friend,
Death, in the Revelation.

He went into London by Tottenham Court Road,
Rather by chance than by whim,
And there he saw Brothers the Prophet,
And Brothers the Prophet saw him.

He went into a rich Bookseller's shop;
Quoth he, we are both of one college—
For I sat myself like a cormorant once
Upon the Tree of Knowledge.

As he pass'd by Cold-Bath-Fields, he look'd
At a solitary cell;
And he was pleased—for it gave him a hint
For improving the prisons of hell.

He saw a Turnkey in a trice
Fetter a troublesome blade;
How nimbly, quoth he, the fingers move,
If a man is but used to his trade.

He saw the same turnkey unfetter a man,
With but little expedition;
And he laughed—for he thought of the long debate
On the slave-trade abolition.

He met with an old acquaintance
Close by the Methodist meeting,
She bore a consecrated flag,
And she gave him a nod of greeting.

She tipp'd him the wink, and then cried
Avant! my name's Religion;
And she leer'd on Mr Wilberforce,
Like a love-sick pigeon.

As he stood near Somerset House, he saw
A pig down the river float;
The pig swam well, but every stroke
Was cutting his own throat.

He view'd the sight with gloating eyes
Of joy and exultation;
For he thought of his own daughter, War,
And her darling child, Taxation.

He met a Lord of the north countrie,
The Lord of the Dale was his name;
Such was the twin-likeness between the pair,
That it made old Beelzebub start and stare;
For he thought, to be sure, 'twas a looking-glass there,
But he could not see the frame.

He saw a certain Minister,
A Minister of his mind,
Go into a certain house,
With a majority behind.

The Devil quoted Genesis,
Like a learned clerk:
How Noah and his creeping things
Went into the Ark.

When he saw General _____'s face,
He fled with consternation;
For the Devil thought, by a small mistake,
'Twas the general conflagration.

THE COUNTRY CURATE.

CHAP. IV.

The Shipwreck.

DURING the months of February and March, in the year 18—, the coast of Kent was visited by a succession of violent storms, which caused a greater quantity of damage to the shipping and villages on the sea-shore than had been known to have occurred in the memory of man. On a certain day in the earlier part of the latter month, my duties led me to visit that quarter of my parish which lies on the other side of the last range of hills, and adjoins to the parish, or rather to the outskirts, of the town of Folkestone. The wind was out with a degree of fury, such as even I, who reside so near this tempestuous coast, have seldom witnessed. The clouds were not sailing, but rushing through the sky, in grey fleeces; a huge black mass ever and anon came up upon the blast, driving away from east to west, and sending forth a shower of hailstones, which beat in my face as I ascended the height, and compelled me more than once to cling to a piece of gorze, or fern, for support. The sheep were all cowering under the hill-top for shelter, with their backs turned towards the storm, and huddled closely together; and the shepherds either took their places beside them, or ran home to their different houses, among the glens and hollows near. It was, indeed, a day in which no one who could find a roof to cover him would have chosen to be abroad; so boisterous was the gale, and so keen and cutting were the gusts of hail and sleet which rode from time to time upon it.

It is impossible for one whose habitation, though it be shut out from a view of the ocean, stands within the sound of its waves, when they are in wrath, not to think with peculiar anxiety, during every gale or storm, of the poor mariners who are exposed to its violence. To-day, in particular, I felt myself full of apprehension; for there was a considerable fleet of vessels at anchor in the Downs, and several large India-men had been seen at a late hour last night not far from the Point of Dungeness. They had not passed,

my man told me, during the night; indeed, the night had been too dark, and too blustering, to encourage them to lift their anchors; but the gale had increased so much towards sun-rise, and was still so heavy, that I could hardly hope that the anchors had not dragged, or, which might prove even more fatal, that the cables had not parted.

As I neared the top of the hill, the noise of the mighty element increased upon me, till its roar would have almost drowned the thunder itself, so loud and so increasing had it become. But if the sense of hearing had impressed me with feelings of awe, these feelings were increased to an indescribable degree by the spectacle which presented itself to the sense of sight. Immediately below me was the ocean, boiling and foaming far and near; one huge caldron of troubled waters, which tossed and tumbled, as if a thousand fires were burning beneath it. The coast of France, which, on other days, may be distinctly seen, even to the glancing of a sun-beam on the windows of the houses in Calais, was now entirely hidden. I could not, indeed, send my gaze beyond mid-space between the two shores; and from that point onwards, wave followed wave, in fearful succession, till, one after another, they burst in tremendous force upon the chalky cliffs and pebbly strand of Kent. The town of Folkestone appeared devoted to utter destruction. The tide was pouring through its lower streets, sweeping all live and dead substances before it; the few fishing vessels which had been moored in the harbour were lying high and dry, far up the side of the hill, or floating in broken fragments upon the water; whilst the inhabitants, who had with difficulty escaped, were congregated in the upper parts of the town, to watch with grief and dismay the progress of a power to which human ingenuity could oppose no obstacle. All this was awful enough; but my fears were too much alive for the brave men who were embarked in ships, to think much

of the state of those who suffered only from a loss of property.

I looked anxiously, first towards the Downs, and afterwards in the direction of Dungeness. From the former point the fleet had entirely disappeared. Many I saw stranded upon the shore; others had probably escaped to a more safe anchorage; and those which had endeavoured to beat out to sea, were just visible on the lower part of the Goodwins. The waves were dashing over their broken hulls, and their very masts were hidden, as every breaker, of a size somewhat larger than the rest, burst upon them. For them and for their crews there was no hope—all must perish—and all did perish before I quitted my station. In the direction of Dungeness, again, only one ship could be descried. She had succeeded, apparently, in working out before the storm had reached its height; and now having secured sea-room, was endeavouring to scud, either for the Downs or the river. Her top-gallant-masts were all struck; the only sail hoisted was the fore-top-sail, and that close-reefed; under which she made way, rapidly indeed, but not without falling every moment faster and faster to leeward. It was, in truth, manifest, that if she persisted in going on, she must run ashore several miles on this side of Deal; and of that her crew appeared to be as fully convinced as those who watched her from the land.

She was now abreast of Folkestone, with a hurricane right on shore, and herself not above a mile and a half from the breakers. Having carried a telescope in my hand, I saw by the help of it that her decks were crowded with people, some of whom held by the rigging and shrouds, others by the binnacles and bulk-heads; whilst some were lashed to the wheel, by which they vainly endeavoured to guide her. An attempt was now made to wear, but it failed. The ship reeled round, and drove towards the shore with a velocity which caused me to shut my eyes, that I might escape at least the horror of beholding her strike. But she did not strike. Two anchors were let go at once from the bow. By little short of a miracle, they held; and as if Heaven itself had desired to save her, the tempest suddenly lulled. The waves, however, ran as they had run before, "mountain high;" consequently no boat could be launched

to her assistance; and there she rode, straining and pitching her bows and bulwarks under, at the mercy of a couple of cables, and a couple of crooked bits of iron.

Having stood for about half an hour to observe her, and fancying that, as she had hitherto done well, she would continue so to do, especially as I thought that I could observe a clearing up to leeward, indicative of a change of wind, I paid the visit which I set out to pay, and returned to my house. Here the rest of the morning was spent in alternate hope and fear, as the face of the heavens seemed to indicate a total cessation, or a renewal of the storm; but hope gradually gave way to alarm, and alarm grew into despair, soon after darkness began. The sun went down fiery red, like a ball of burning coal. The wind, as if hushing him to sleep, began again to renew its violence. It came, for a while, in alternate lulls and gusts; which, succeeding each other more rapidly every moment, ended at length in the same tremendous hurricane which had prevailed during the day. I could not sit quietly in my chair. "I must go," said I, "to see how the Indiaman fares, and I will pray upon the beach for the poor people whom I cannot otherwise serve." So saying, I put on my great-coat, and, seizing my hat and stick, sallied forth.

The clock struck nine as I laid my hand on the latch; and I rejoiced to find, on crossing the threshold, that it was moon-light. I looked up into the sky, and beheld the fleeces receding in the direction which they had followed in the morning; but not so thick as greatly to obscure the moon's rays; which, on the contrary, shone out clear and bright occasionally, and at all times exerted some influence. I rejoiced at this; not only because I regarded it as a good omen, but because I hoped that it might prove of essential service to the people on board; whose fears, at least, would be more tolerable than if the night had been pitchy dark; and under this impression, I pushed on with a quick pace. But my satisfaction was not of long continuance,—if, indeed, the feeling be worthy of that title,—which the mere glancing of the moon's rays had excited.

I had not yet reached the top of the hill, when the report of a gun, heard amidst the roar of the tempest, assured me that the vessel had struck. It came

upon me like the last despairing shriek of a drowning man, who cries out because nature so urges him, though aware that no human aid is at hand. Nor were my prognostications erroneous. When I attained the summit, I beheld a multitude of lights glancing along the shore; I heard voices and shouts, and every other indication which sound could give, that all was over. I ran towards the spot, and beheld the ship, her masts gone and her hull broken, in the midst of the breakers, at the distance of a full mile and a half from the land. Another gun was fired—it was the last. Planks, bulkheads, and spars, began now to drive upon the shingle. A sort of rending noise came from the wreck, which instantly disappeared. She had split up into fragments; and of the living creatures which had hitherto clung to her, the majority found a grave amid the surf.

There are few spectacles more appalling, and at the same time more full of deep excitement, than that of a shipwreck. Not only is your attention drawn to the vessel and its crew, but the hurry and bustle on shore, the real sympathy displayed by men from whose outward appearance little sympathy could be augured—the cries, and exclamations, and movements of the crowd,—all tend to give to the thing a degree of additional interest, which, in sober earnest, it hardly requires. It is enough to see a number of our fellow-creatures hovering on the brink of eternity, without having our feelings additionally worked upon by the proceedings of those around us.

A cry was now raised for boats. "Where is the Dauntless?" shouted one: "High and dry," exclaimed another. "Is the Nancy safe?" "No, she is in pieces." And so it was, that not a boat or barge of all that usually lay at anchor in the harbour could be brought on the instant into play. But the Kentish fishermen are not restrained from action by trifles. "Launch the Dauntless!"—"Down with the Sisters!"—"There lies the Pilot," were echoed from mouth to mouth; and in half a second, an hundred hands were at work, hauling the boats named from the beach, where the ebb tide had left them, and rolling them along the shingle. "Hurrah, hurrah," was now the only word uttered. Down they came over the loose stones, till they

neared the reach of the waves, and then having watched a receding billow, the gallant party which dragged them hurled them into the breakers, whilst half a dozen stout fellows sprung into each as it rose upon the foam. "God speed ye, God speed ye—away, away," and away they went. But the next wave was fatal to two of them. Over they rolled, bottom upwards, and the crews were dashed upon the beach. The third, however, rode it out. She bore one lantern in her bow, and another in her stern; and it was truly a nervous thing to watch these lights appearing and disappearing, as the brave boat rose and fell with the rise and fall of the waters.

In the meanwhile, many eyes were eagerly turned towards the water-mark, with the expectation of discovering some human creature who might be washed ashore, on a plank or raft. All such, however, came tenantless. Either the beings who had clung to them lost their hold, or not expecting the ship to part so suddenly as she did, they neglected the precaution of making themselves fast to the spars. Our best hope, accordingly, centred in our own boat, which we saw bravely making her way; the tide being in her favour, though the wind was against her. At length she appeared to have gained her utmost limit. There she lingered, rising and falling, her lights glancing and disappearing to our unspeakable terror, for a full quarter of an hour; when having, as it would seem, done her utmost, she put about, and made towards land. Twenty torches were held up to guide her. Her progress was like that of the lightning, and her crew having watched the opportunity, she mounted upon the top of a wave, and rushed, with all its white foam, far up the beach. Then our party running in, seized her by the bow, and so securing her against the ebbing, in three seconds she was safe.

The search which her dauntless rowers had undertaken, proved all but fruitless. So complete was the wreck, that they could not discern any single portion of the Indiaman more attractive than the rest. Nothing could be observed, indeed, in the darkness of the night, except floating boards, all of them without occupants; and hence their sole success was in saving the life of one man, whom they found

clinging to a hen-coop, and a good deal exhausted. I must do the men of Kent the justice to observe, that the shipwrecked individual had no right to complain of want of hospitality. Each of the spectators appeared more anxious than the rest to afford him accommodation ; and it was only because I pressed his removal to the vicarage, that they yielded the point to me. A post-chaise was accordingly prepared, into which we lifted him ; and as the distance by the road exceeds not one mile, he was undressed, and laid in our best bed, within half an hour from his landing. Some mulled wine and other cordials being administered to him, he was left to his repose ; and it was not till a late hour on the following day, that the ringing of his bell gave testimony that he had awoke from the sleep into which our narcotics had lulled him.

When he joined our family circle next morning, we were all much struck with the appearance and demeanour of the stranger. He was very tall, considerably upwards of six feet—his figure was commanding and noble—his features were fine, but there was an expression of wildness in his dark eye, which could not pass unobserved. His age I should guess to have been about fifty ; perhaps it was under that, for black hair soon grows grey ; and the lines, which were strongly marked in his forehead, seemed to be the traces rather of violent passions than of time. With respect to his manner, it is not very easy to describe it. No one could mistake that he was a gentleman ; but there was a restlessness and incoherence in his conversation, which produced the reverse of an agreeable sensation upon those around him. It was curious enough that he never once alluded, of his own accord, to the events of yesterday. We, of course, referred to them, and were beginning to congratulate him upon his escape, but he abruptly changed the subject, by asking some trifling questions respecting the surrounding country. Had any person entered the parlour ignorant of the mode of his arrival amongst us, he would have imagined that the stranger had landed the day before, in perfect safety, and in an ordinary way, from a voyage. The effect of all this upon the ladies was to create in them feelings of absolute horror, and they soon began to view him with dismay ; for

myself I was astonished, and more than half-suspected that the poor gentleman was not altogether in his sound senses.

The stranger continued an inmate of my house for three whole days, and nothing passed between us all this while beyond the common intercourse of social life. I did not deem it consistent with propriety to demand his name, or to make any inquiry into his condition ; and he, as it appeared, felt no inclination voluntarily to offer the information. Only once he observed, casually, that he was afraid he must intrude upon my hospitality till he should receive remittances which might enable him to travel, for that there was no money in his pockets when the ship foundered, and that all his effects had perished. Beyond this, however, he communicated to me nothing, and of his company I enjoyed no more than was absolutely indispensable during meals.

Whilst his sojourn lasted, our mode of living was accordingly this : The stranger rose early and walked out ; he returned to breakfast, which he hastily swallowed, and then went forth again ; and immediately on the conclusion of dinner, he retired to his apartment, where the remainder of the evening was spent in writing. This I learned from my servant who carried up lights when he rang for them ; and because he had requested me to supply him with pens, ink, and paper ; but whether they were letters, or what the subject of his writings might be, I of course had no means of ascertaining. On the evening of the third day, however, a slight change occurred in his manner. He sat with me after the dinner had been removed, and made an effort to be sociable, but he drank no wine ; and ever and anon, after supporting a common-place conversation for several minutes, he relapsed into silence. The ladies soon left us, and then it was that I determined to sound him as delicately as I could, on the state of his mind.

The fire was blazing brightly, for the evening was frosty and calm ; we had drawn our chairs round it, and I again urged him to take wine. " I have not tasted wine," said he, " these twenty years, and I may not taste it while I live."—" Perhaps it disagrees with you ; you may be of a consumptive or inflammatory habit?" " I know

not what you mean by inflammatory," said he; "there are inflammations of the body, and inflammations of the mind; mine is, I believe, of the latter description. Is it not strange," continued he abruptly, "that the only individual saved out of a whole ship's company, should be one who desired it not? Heavens! if you had heard the lamentations of the poor wretches in that vessel when she struck, if you had seen their wild and despairing looks—strange, strange, that they should perish, and I survive. Are you a fatalist?"

I must confess, that this commencement of familiarity between us by no means delighted me. I looked at my guest again, and saw with horror a sort of smile or grin upon his countenance, indicative of a feeling such as I could not commend. "I am not a fatalist," answered I; "nor am I able to conceive how any rational being can adopt a creed so absurd. He who regards himself as the mere tool of invincible destiny, must hold his opinion in direct opposition to the surest of all testimony—that of consciousness." "Yet some of the wisest men the world has ever produced, were fatalists," rejoined he. "Among the celebrated writers of antiquity, almost all were fatalists. Homer and Hesiod were both fatalists. Socrates and Plato were of the same way of thinking; so were Zeno, Chrysippus, Epicurus, and all the Stoics. So was Herodotus, so was Lucretius. Seneca has declared, that the same chain of necessity constrains both gods and men; and even Cicero shows, in more passages than one, a leaning favourable to a similar view of the subject. In India, fatalism has ever prevailed. Those wise men, for an acquaintance with whose philosophy the sages of Greece scrupled not to undertake long and dangerous journeys, were all believers in irresistible destiny; and the principles which they held, their descendants hold at this present day. Mahommed was a fatalist, and though he played upon the credulity of mankind, who will deny him the praise of transplendent talents? And to come nearer home, has not our own country produced a host of fatalists among her distinguished sons? What was Hobbes, Lord Kames, Hume, Priestly, ay, and greater than all these, what was Locke? A man may well be pardoned who adopts

opinions which can be supported by such names as these."

Though not very anxious to enter into a metaphysical discussion, and though, indeed, I had hoped to draw my guest into a conversation on his own situation and circumstances, rather than to follow him through the labyrinth into which I saw we were about to plunge, I considered it due to my character and station to notice this remark:—"With respect to the classical writers you have named," replied I, "it is very true that the greater number are generally considered to have held the sentiments you attribute to them; my own persuasion, however, is, that the opinion is ill-founded. Whether Socrates was a fatalist or not, we are scarcely competent to judge, inasmuch as none of his own writings have come down to us; but I see no decided proof of the matter in the account given of his philosophy by his pupils. It was surely not consistent with fatalism to look forward, as he undeniably did, to a state of rewards and punishments beyond the present life. Fatalism, properly so called, is directly contrary to a theory, which necessarily depends upon moral responsibility; for moral responsibility cannot exist without perfect freedom of will. Of all the philosophers, therefore, whom you have enumerated, perhaps Lucretius is, in point of fact, the only real fatalist. Seneca speaks indeed, in the sentence referred to, too strongly; but he more than once contradicts himself, whilst his reflections on the approach of death clearly imply, that, in the proper sense of the line, he was no fatalist. The fatalism of Aristotle and Plato, again, extended only to such matters as we should call accidental occurrences; indeed, it may be held as a general truth, that not one among them all, Lucretius only excepted, no, not even the Stoics themselves, carried their notions on this head into the region of morals. As a proof of this, you have only to attend to the leading principle of their doctrines. The true Stoics held, that the mind should not depend upon the body at all; that perfection was to be attained only by the absolute subjection of the passions to the understanding. Now, such an opinion cannot surely subsist, with a persuasion, that man is a mere machine, continually guided by the most press-

ing motives. For this, I apprehend, is all that can be meant by moral fatalism. That you should have enumerated Cicero among the defenders of fatalism, particularly surprises me. True, he sometimes employs the common language of the day, exactly as I might remark, that the falling of my horse, or the dislocation of my arm, occurred by chance, though quite aware that chance is a nonentity. But when he seriously treats of fate, and its influence, he attributes to it no more power than we should attribute to providence. Lucretius was indeed a fatalist, and to teach fatalism in its true sense, is one object of his writings; but even he contradicts himself more than once, as all men must who support opinions in the face of their own consciousness.

"With respect to the sentiments of the Brahmins and of Mohammed, I scarcely think that they were worth quoting; whilst the contradictions and absurdities into which our own writers fall, have been pointed out too frequently to render it necessary that I should point them out again. Of Locke's fatalism, however, I would observe, that it amounts to nothing more, than a firm persuasion of the necessity which exists, that there should be some invisible power, not corporeal, to guide by fixed laws the corporeal world. Beyond this, I can discover no evidence of his having gone. I esteem it an unfair thing to him, that his name should be held out as giving authority to sentiments so outrageous. But perhaps I am doing you injustice all this while. Your fatalism, probably, goes no farther than my chance; and if so, I freely allow, that, in our progress through life, many events happen for which we find it no easy matter to account."

The stranger was silent for some moments, and so was I; for I was not desirous of continuing the controversy, and yet wished not to appear afraid of it.

"It may be so," he at length said, and his countenance assumed at the same time a cast of deep melancholy, "I may be mistaken. There may be no power superior to us—we may be our own puppets, and not the puppets of fate; but I would give worlds to think otherwise. Do you see this mark?" continued he, at the same time untying his cravat, and exhibiting a broad scar round his throat, as if an

iron collar had cut into the skin for many years, "how came that there?"

"How can I tell?" replied I. "Perhaps you were born with it, or—"

"Perhaps it was forced upon me," interrupted he, and then laughed hysterically.

I was now quite convinced, that the unfortunate man's reason was unsettled, and began to wish him fairly on his way to some other abode. But he recovered his composure again instantly, and, starting a new subject of conversation, became as rational and collected as possible. I now learned from him, for the first time, that he had taken his passage at Calcutta, having spent several years in India, and was returning to enjoy the fruits of his services at home. When he used the word "enjoy," indeed, I saw the same Satanic curl of the lip which had shocked me before; but it soon passed away, and during the rest of the evening he was more collected and rational than we had seen him. He remained with us till our usual hour of parting; and then, having coldly wished good night to the ladies, and waited till they retired, he addressed himself to me in the following terms:

"I have to thank you, sir, for much kindness and hospitality,—kindness bestowed upon one whom you did not know, and who is far from being worthy of it. I likewise owe to your people my life. It is a poor boon; but it must not go unrequited. Do me the favour to distribute the contents of this purse amongst them. To yourself I can offer no remuneration; but as I see that you feel an interest in me, and that my manner has excited your curiosity, I have determined to gratify it. To enter into the detail of my own history in ordinary conversation is a task too hard for me;—I have not even noted it down upon paper without much suffering. But it is recorded, and the sad record I now commit to you. This night I take my departure. My real name you will, of course, excuse me for concealing, as well as the names of other actors in the eventful drama; but the facts stand as they occurred. Why I have thus made you my confidant I cannot tell. I have never acted so with any one besides; and the fact that I am now intrusting a mere stranger with a secret such as mine, confirms me in my belief, that we are none of us our

own masters.—Farewell ; I hear the carriage at the door.”

The stranger here put into my hands the produce of his nocturnal labours, in the shape of a packet of papers closely written ; and before I had time to remonstrate with him on the abruptness of his departure, or to press his stay, he had quitted the house ;—the noise of wheels was soon heard, and the stranger was gone. I never saw or heard of him afterwards.

As soon as I had so far recovered my astonishment as to be fully convinced that the stranger was gone, I sat down to peruse the manuscript which he had committed, under cir-

cumstances so peculiar, to my care. It was written in a clear, strong, legible hand. Here and there traces of haste might be discovered in it, as if the writer had hurried over a passage or two under the influence of excited feelings ; but, in general, the person who inspected it would have said, that it had been compiled with perfect composure—even deliberation. Yet the opening was certainly not such as a man in his calm and rational senses would have given. The idea of *fatalism* seemed to have taken a strong hold upon the individual's mind, and his story accordingly began with the following expressions.

CHAP. V. *The Fatalist.*

“ I AM a fatalist. I am perfectly satisfied, and from the first dawn of reason I have been satisfied, that the things which men call chance and free will, exist only in their own bewildered imaginations. It is very flattering to human pride to suppose, that each man guides himself in all the changes and occurrences of life ; that his own will, or his own reason, or something worthy to be called his own, directs his actions, and regulates his thoughts. A slight degree of attention to passing events must, however, convince all who reflect, that the human will, even if it be the spring of human actions, is itself no more than part of a complicated machine, which is acted upon, and set in motion by a power which it cannot control. Were it not so, why should instances occur, I say not frequently, but so constantly, of persons ruining their own peace wantonly, with their own eyes open, and with no other discernible purpose in reason ? Why should the miser hoard his gold, and starve ? Why should the spendthrift waste his substance, knowing all the while that he must bring himself to poverty ? Why should the thousand extravagances occur, which society daily places before us, were not all men, without exception, mere machines ? Nay, nay, read the following narrative, and then determine whether it be possible to conceive that the freedom of will, which all are so anxious to claim, could have ever had existence, at least in me.

“ I am the representative of a family, which, from the period of the

Norman Conquest, has held considerable estates in the county of Rutland, and which, by a steady adherence to the custom of entail, has managed to preserve its estates almost in their pristine extent. My mother dying whilst I was an infant, and my father before I reached my tenth year, I was left to the care, or rather to the neglect, of certain titled personages, who called themselves my guardians, because they were so called in my father's will ; but who conceived that they did enough when they entered me at one of our public schools, and permitted me to spend my vacations wherever and however my own fancy might suggest. Thus were my habits, temper, disposition, and pursuits, allowed to form themselves as chance directed, without any human being giving himself the trouble to advise me to what was good, or to warn me against what might be evil.

“ Nature had, however, settled these points so effectually, that I do not believe any care on the part of others would have made me very different from what I am. My earliest recollections represent me as a selfish, violent, capricious, revengeful being ; as one who desired a thousand things which he had not, and who no sooner obtained them than he ceased to value them. It strikes me, indeed, that in my younger days I was never wantonly or gratuitously tyrannical. I cannot remember, that whilst at school I oppressed the little boys. I never crouched to the big ones, for I was not mean. But an injury I never for-

gave. However apparently slight it might be,—were it but a cross word, or look,—I never felt at ease till I had taken vengeance for it; nor was any labour too severe, or any plan too complicated, provided I saw the chance of obtaining my end by enduring the one, and acting upon the other.

“I will give but one specimen of myself in my character of a revenger of wrongs, whilst I was at school.—One of my companions, my favourite companion for the time, played off upon me, on a particular occasion, some trifling practical joke. It raised a laugh against me, and I burned to chastise him for it. To beat him was not in my power, for he was older and stronger, and a better master of the pugilistic art than I. To repay him in kind would not satisfy me. I knew that he would not feel as I felt, were he put in ever so ridiculous a light, but would probably laugh at the circumstance as readily as those about him. What I desired was to give him positive pain; and I succeeded. He had a favourite dog, a white terrier, to which he was strongly attached. The animal used to go with us when we were out rabbit-shooting; and the boy was naturally proud of its good nose, and great activity. I watched my opportunity one day, and pretending to mistake it for a rabbit, I shot it dead; my revenge was ample.

“In like manner, with respect to caprice, I may observe, that I never loved any of my companions beyond the space of a few weeks, or, at most, a few months. The consequence is, that I never have had, and never expect to have, one friend. Of reptiles who called themselves such, I have known many; but whenever an acquaintance has done me a favour, or exhibited a superiority over me in any respect, I have invariably quarrelled with him. Of all feelings, that of being under an obligation to another man, is to me most insupportable.

“With these dispositions, and in the course of acting which they were calculated to produce, my boyhood and youth were spent. I left school for college, detested by all who knew me, and cordially detesting them in return; and I passed through the usual academical career without forming a single connexion which has survived

it. It was then the fashion to travel. I followed that fashion, and travelled too; but my tutor and I quarrelled before half our tour was completed, and I left him. I returned home, determined to live for myself alone at the family mansion in Rutlandshire.

“Having formed this prudent resolution, I endeavoured to acquire a decided taste for field-sports. I kept hounds, and hunted, or affected to hunt them myself. I invited all my neighbours to come and see me; pretended to be pleased when the field was full, and the sportsmen adjourned to my house; but, somehow or another, they and I fell out. Our quarrels too were generally about circumstances which no human being would have quarrelled about, except myself. One man, for example, was better mounted than I; I was desirous of purchasing his horse, and he would not sell it. We never spoke again. Another rode better, and took the lead of me. I cursed him cordially, and so our acquaintance ended.—Thus it was, that, at the age of four-and-twenty, and after spending little more than two years at the family mansion, I found my table absolutely deserted, except when the village apothecary found it convenient to eat my venison, and drink my claret. Even the parson was too proud, or too right-minded, call it which you will, to put up with my freaks and humours; and he ceased to be my guest, though there was no man in the county with whom I was more desirous of continuing on a friendly footing.

“When I say this, do not suppose for a moment that I courted the rector’s society from any feeling of respect either for his character or talents. Both were undoubtedly excellent; indeed, if merit were rewarded as it ought to be, he never would have remained so long as he did upon that living. But what were the man’s character and talents to me? Nothing, or worse than nothing; inasmuch, as I never heard him praised without suspecting that the design of his laudator was to pass censure upon myself. By no means. The chances are, that I should have liked him better had he been a profligate; for in truth, it was on account of his daughter, a lovely and a gentle creature. Well, well, let that pass.

"I say, that the rector of my parish, whom, for the sake of perspicuity, I shall call Travers, had a daughter. Oh such a daughter! When I came to reside at Claremont, she had barely completed her seventeenth year. Sir, you never beheld the picture of an angel so beautiful, you never will behold a real angel (if there be such things), worthy to stand a comparison with her, and her mind, and heart, and disposition; there exists not her fellow throughout the universe. I loved her madly; but my love for her, like my love for everything else, was purely selfish. Judging of her from the specimens of her sex which had heretofore crossed me, I dreamed that it would be no difficult matter to obtain her on my own terms; so I laboured assiduously, but with extreme caution, to accomplish her ruin. The young creature was absolutely too pure to understand me. I gained her affections,—how, I am sure that I cannot tell,—but upon her morals and innate chastity I made no inroad; of course, I was too well versed in these matters to make my advances very openly, and she was far too delicate in her ideas to detect anything amiss in my proceedings.

"Not so her father. The rector, though a scholar, was a man of the world, and readily saw into the motives which led me to pay attention to his daughter. He challenged me with my wickedness; and I own it with shame, I quailed beneath his indignant frown. From that hour I hated, though I respected him; but our acquaintance ceased for a time, and I had no means afforded of gratifying my malice.

"To marriage I always had an insuperable objection; and to marry the daughter of a country parson would, I conceived, disgrace me for ever. Yet to continue near Lucy—to see her, as I contrived to see her, every day—to hear the silver tones of her voice, her warm protestations of continued love, notwithstanding the prohibition of her parent—to do all this, baffled, as I constantly was, in my base purposes of seduction, without so far committing myself as to propose a union, I felt to be impossible. The struggle was a desperate one, but I resolved to leave the country. I dared not trust myself with a parting interview; for I was

conscious of my own weakness, though I despised myself for it; so I desired my valet one morning to put up my wearing apparel, and throwing myself into my travelling-chariot, set out for London.

"Having now embarked, or rather having resolved to embark, in the business of a fashionable life, I was not so far guided by the caprice of the moment, as to be unaware, that if I desired to act a creditable part in it, (that is to say, if I desired to amuse myself,) it was indispensably requisite for me to lay some restraint upon my natural irritability and caprice. I made the resolution, and adhered to it. Many a pang it cost me, to smile, when I felt disposed to frown, and to hold out my fore-finger to men on whom I desired to turn my back, if I did them no more serious injury; yet I so far obtained a mastery over myself, as to be admitted into all the coteries, as well as into the best of the clubs, usually frequented by people of rank. My fortune, indeed, was known to be ample. My rent-roll stood in reality at four thousand a-year—the world set it down at ten; and what are the freaks and fancies which will not be tolerated and excused in a young man supposed to be worth ten thousand a-year? All the unmarried women were a-flutter when I came among them, whilst their mammas took good care that I should be fully informed of their many commendable qualities, and of their amiable dispositions. 'My daughter Fanny,' said the Countess of —, 'is all excellence. She is really too good-hearted, and too much the slave of delicate feelings. It was only yesterday that she was prevailed upon to subscribe one guinea a-year to the Church Missionary Society; and look here,' drawing my attention to a number of shell pin-cushions, and other gewgaws—'all these she made with her own hands; they are to be sold for the benefit of the children of — Sunday school. Perhaps you will become a purchaser.'—'Only think, mamma,' said Lady Louisa Gallop, 'the horse that Charles bought for me, took me clear over the bar at the highest notch this morning, in the riding-school.'—'You will never have done, child,' replied mamma, 'till you meet with some serious accident. What strength of nerve she has!' continued the dowager,

turning to me. 'She is none of your delicate hot-house plants. Dear creature! what a misery it is for her to be cooped up in town, when all her wishes point to a country life. You are fond of field sports, I think, Mr St Clair?' Thus was I waylaid at every turn. Did I express my approbation of this or that habit, it was exactly the thing of which Lady Fanny, or Lady Louisa, approved. Did I abhor this or the other mode of proceeding, the young ladies abhorred it also. But all would not do. I looked at these minions of fashion, as an ordinary spectator looks at the birds or butterflies in a museum—I never felt that they could have had one spark of life in them.

"Of this silly mode of living, I soon began to grow tired. My thoughts were eternally wandering into Rutlandshire—to the little drawing-room in the Rectory—and to Lucy, as she has often sat at her instrument, and sung to me like a seraph. A thousand times did I resolve not to suffer pride to stand in the way of my happiness, but to hurry back, confess my errors to her father, and make a tender of my hand and fortune. But then the idea of being triumphed over by a poor country clergyman—of sitting and whining before one so far beneath me in rank and station—this was gall and wormwood to me—I could not brook it. 'No,' said I, 'I will never marry—at least I will never marry, except to advance me in circumstances, or to add to my dignity.'

"Excitement became now the sole object of my search. Drinking was then in fashion, but I had no taste for it. Intrigues, operas, masquerades, all palled upon me. I ran the round of them till they ceased to affect me, and I was disgusted. Play was my next resource. The dice-box was seldom out of my hand; and to the honour of hazard be it spoken, for almost an entire season it continued to engross my attention. Like other amateur gamblers, I was, it is true, more frequently the loser than the winner; but that circumstance made no impression upon me. I played on till my ready money became exhausted—I raised several large sums on life annuities; and I found myself, towards the close of three months, called, in fashionable parlance, 'the winter'—a poorer man by full two thousand

pounds per annum, than I had been on my first arrival in London.

"About this time, when even the gaming-table was beginning to lose its influence over me, it chanced that, to kill an hour one morning, I strolled into the British Gallery. I was gazing, or pretending to gaze, at one of the Cartoons which hung at the extremity of apartment No. 2, when my ears actually tingled, and my pulse ceased to beat, at the sound of a sweet voice, to which, for some time back, I had listened only in my dreams. 'How beautiful,' said the speaker. These were the only words uttered, but the tone of utterance was not to be mistaken. I turned round, and beheld Lucy, leaning upon the arm of her father. Our eyes met. A deadly paleness came over her countenance, and fearing that she was about to fall, I sprang towards her, and caught her in my arms. A scene, of course, followed. The Dowager Lady Twaddle, happening to stand in the way, received a push which drove her back upon Lord Fiddlestick, who trod upon the gouty toe of Sir John Callipash, who roared aloud with agony. The company were all in motion in an instant, crowding about us, like moths about a candle; and Lucy, who might perhaps have recovered the agitation produced by this unexpected meeting, overcome with shame and terror, fainted. This was not a time to regard trifles, and Dr Travers himself made no opposition whilst I bore her through the throng, towards the stairs. My carriage was at the door; in it I placed her, and her father taking a seat on one side, whilst I sat on the other, I requested to know whither the coachman should drive. 'To Brunswick Square,' replied he. Our destination was soon reached, and Lucy had regained her senses before the carriage stopped.

"It was now, for the first time, that the remembrance of my last interview with the Doctor, and the peculiar circumstances under which we parted, occurred to me. As long as Lucy lay motionless upon his bosom, I could think of nothing but her, and the thoughts of her good father were manifestly occupied by the same object. We never exchanged a syllable during the drive, except when he replied to my question as to the part of the town where they lodged. Now, however, I

felt embarrassed and confused, as I had done when he formerly upbraided me with my intended villainy, and forbade me his house ; whilst he too appeared to have recovered his self-command sufficiently to recall images unpleasant to himself, and unfavourable to me. I offered to accompany them up stairs into their lodgings. This the doctor prohibited. 'No, Mr St Clair,' said he ; 'though I thank you for the attention just received, I cannot forget former occurrences. Learn to respect the feelings of others, as well as your own. Become a good member of society, as I fear you have hitherto been a bad one, and then welcome. But till then, farewell !' I slunk back into the carriage, and drove home in a state of mind utterly incapable of description.

"The sight of Lucy, particularly under existing circumstances, at once renewed the passion which I had striven, during many months, to smother. Like other fires, which have for a time been covered over, it burst forth again with increasing violence, and all further attempts to oppose it I felt to be useless. The contest between inclination and pride was at an end. To live without Lucy was impossible—to obtain her, it would at least be necessary to seek her upon honourable terms. I resolved to do so. Nay, I went farther than this—I doubted whether I had not been hitherto acting upon a wrong principle, and whether it would not conduce more to my own comfort, were I in some degree to study the comfort and wishes of my neighbours. I had tried every other road to happiness without success—I determined now to make the experiment, whether I might not be made happy myself, by dispensing happiness to others. With this view—a good feeling at work within me—I sat down to address the doctor. I acknowledged my past misconduct—I entreated him to forgive and forget it—I assured him of my unalterable attachment to his daughter, and my determination to make myself, if possible, worthy of her—I even went so far in the paroxysm of virtuous enthusiasm, as to beg that he would become my guide and director in all my concerns, promising to act in every matter in obedience to his wishes. Having sealed this letter, I dispatched it with my servant, and waited the result in all the misery which an impatient man

endures, whilst anything materially affecting his future welfare hangs in doubt.

"My man returned in a couple of hours with a note from Dr Travers. It was short, dignified, but not unkind. It expressed the satisfaction of the writer at the promises made by me, but it gave no immediate sanction to my suit. "To conceal from you, that Lucy's affections are gained, would," continued the billet, "be impossible ; but this I am proud to say of my daughter, that she will never give her hand to any man of whom her father does not approve. In your case I am willing to believe as much as in the case of other men ; but till I see some evidence that you can act as well as protest, I must still require you to abstain from visiting or holding any intercourse with my child.' I cursed the old man's suspicious temper, and tore his letter into fragments ; how I refrained from rushing forth again into my former vicious habits is more than I can tell.

"It has been my invariable practice through life, to act upon the spur of the moment, according as whim, or rather destiny, directed. I had engaged myself to dine with a party of gambling friends this day, and had resolved when I rose in the morning to return from the meeting either a ruined or a recovered man. Now I had neither spirit nor inclination to fulfil that engagement. On the contrary, I ordered the travelling chariot to be got ready, and in an hour after the receipt of the doctor's communication, was on my way into the country. My reasoning was thus :—

"The doctor and Lucy will, without doubt, return home as soon as she is able to travel. I am still forbidden to call upon them ; and yet I know that if I remain in town I shall not be able to attend to the prohibition. But a breach of it may lead to the worst consequences, and therefore it is better, even viewing the matter thus, to fly from temptation. Again, should the doctor be informed of my sudden departure, it will doubtless act favourably for me. He will believe that my protestations were sincere, and that I really have abandoned for ever the haunts of vice, with the view of carrying my good resolutions into practice. Besides, a thousand circumstances were likely to operate in my favour in the

country, which could hardly be expected to occur in town,—and let me do justice to myself, I was then serious in my design of acquiring other and better habits. Smile if you will here, but it is true. I actually felt at that time remorse, deep remorse, for my past misdeeds. I was actually eager to begin my new course of living,—indeed, a gentleman of your cloth, to whom in epistolary correspondence I opened my mind, assured me, that I had experienced the new birth. My correspondent was a pupil of Mr Simeon, and an intimate acquaintance of the Laureate.

“Well, I returned to the country. I found all things as lonely and comfortless as they had been when I left it; I determined that they should be otherwise. My first directions to the house steward were, that a huge cauldron of good broth should be made ready every Tuesday and Saturday, and given to the poor. I caused a large portion of the village church to be new-pewed at my own expense, and presented the altar with a new covering, the desk and pulpit with new cushions. I visited the school; put my name down as a subscriber to double the amount formerly given; gave directions that each of the boys should be supplied with a cap and gaberdine, and each of the girls with a frock and bonnet, at my cost. I attended one or two parish meetings; looked narrowly into the accounts of the overseer; ordered relief (for no one presumed to contradict my wishes) to several paupers who had been previously refused, and spoke largely of the necessity under which we all lay of alleviating each other’s distresses. Several poachers were brought before me as a justice of the peace; I reprimanded them severely; but as the crime had been committed on my own lands, I did no more. I dismissed them, and desired that they would never poach again. In a word, the change wrought in my behaviour and notions astonished all men. I was now talked of as the good squire, as the very pattern and model of a country gentleman; all this occurred previous to the return of the rector.

“From the little which I have already said of Dr Travers’s temper and ideas, you will readily believe that he suffered me not to continue long in doubt as to the satisfaction which my pre-

sent conduct gave him. He waited upon me a few days after he had resumed his parochial labours, and spoke to me more as a parent is wont to speak to his son, than a village pastor to his next neighbour. I was deeply affected. The perfect independence of manner—the more than independence—the decided superiority which a consciousness of rectitude always sheds over a man’s external actions, shone prominently forth in the good doctor’s deportment, and I felt, and acknowledged it; ay, and with little, very little of the bitterness with which I had been accustomed to feel it in other days. We became intimate friends. My past errors were blotted out; I was admitted at all seasons to the rectory, and in three months after the commencement of my reformation, was rewarded with the hand of Lucy.

“If you or any other individual can explain whence it arose, that I was hardly put in possession of the prize for which I had so long sighed, ere it began to lose its value in my eyes, I will freely admit that men are not over-ruled in their deeds and wills by an irresistible fate. That I ever ceased to love Lucy—I say not. Far from it. I doated upon her ever, ever; I doat upon her memory now—I mean that I abhor and execrate myself for my behaviour towards her. But what then? We had been married little more than six weeks, when I began to see a thousand things in her general demeanour of which I could not approve. Sometimes she was a great deal too affectionate towards myself,—it was silly—nay it produced a suspicion that it could not be real. I checked it, and checked it rudely. At other times she was too cold and distant; I more than once caught her weeping. I hated tears, and I told her so. Then her unwearied attention to the poor and to the schools disgusted me. I became gloomy, morose, irritable. At last I determined to return again into public life. Ambition was now the idol of my worship. I resolved to shine in Parliament, and for this purpose I bargained for a seat, as the representative of a neighbouring borough, at the trifling cost of seven thousand pounds.

“My gentle Lucy endeavoured once, and only once, to divert me from my scheme. As a matter of course, I imputed her opposition to the worst motives, and in truth, had my mind not

been previously made up to the matter, the very fact of her having ventured to speak against it would have determined me. I brought my bargain to a close. To make good my stipulations, I was obliged once more to have recourse to the plan of an annuity; and as my creditor chanced to be aware that the estate was entailed, he farther insisted upon my insuring my life. For the loan of seven thousand pounds, I accordingly lessened my revenues by seven hundred; having little more than twelve hundred a-year to support my new dignity.

“For some time after the commencement of my career as a senator, I was myself conscious of a change for the better, both in my habits and notions. There was some excitation continually on my mind. I desired to take a lead as a speaker; once or twice I was fortunate, and my success delighted me. But like most men in a similar situation, I permitted my vanity to carry me beyond my depth. I ventured to oppose the minister on a question which I had never studied; I gave utterance to certain common-places badly put together, and ending in nothing. The honourable gentleman who replied, turned me into utter ridicule; I reached my home in a state of insanity.

“And now I come to a detail of the blackest part in my black course. I hated the man who had thus silenced me, with the hatred of a brother who has quarrelled with his brother. Mine was not a rancour to be appeased by anything short of the death of him who had offended me. There was not a morning of my life, part of which was not now devoted to pistol shooting. I practised till I could split a ball upon the edge of my knife, or snuff a candle at twelve paces distant; and as soon as I had attained this degree of perfection, I laid myself out for a quarrel. In public and in private I sought every opportunity to insult and irritate my opponent. I strove to satirize him as he had satirized me, before the House; but I was no wit, and my satire consequently degenerated into personal invective: I was called to order. Out of doors I was more successful. Though a brave man, he was exceedingly good-tempered, and either did not, or would not, see my intentions for some time. At length,

however, I insulted him so grossly in the lobby of the Opera-house, that it was out of his power to pass it by; he sent me a message. I accepted his challenge; and as there was some risk of the affair getting wind, I proposed that we should settle our dispute without delay. We met at an early hour the following morning, and at the first fire I shot him through the heart.

“Was I happy after this?—by no means. Matters had been so well arranged, that though all the world knew by what hand my victim had met his death, the coroner’s jury found themselves at a loss to say on whom the suspicion of guilt should rest. As far as my immediate fortunes were concerned, therefore, I experienced from the result of the duel no inconvenience whatever; but my mind was never for an instant at rest. If ever man deliberately committed murder, I did. I prepared myself before-hand for a meeting—I studiously sought for it—and I went to attend it in the firm determination of destroying my enemy if I could. Were it possible to believe that men are free agents—were I not perfectly satisfied that we never act but as fate decrees—I should regard myself as the most guilty and cold-blooded of assassins. Nay, let me acknowledge my own inconsistency; such was the light in which I then viewed—such is the light in which I sometimes view myself still.

“From that fatal day, I became more than ever a torment to myself, and to all around me. To Lucy I was absolutely cruel. We had been married upwards of a year and a half, and she brought me no child. Shall I confess it? I upbraided her for this, as if it were something blameable on her part, and yet I loved her all the while with an intensity such as few married men experience for their wives. Amiable and gentle being! She bore my reproaches with the meekness of an angel; she wept under them, but she never complained. Her father believed to the last that she was the happiest of women, and I the best of husbands. Everything, too, went wrong with me. I lost all interest in public business; the very gaming-table produced not sufficient excitement. I had recourse to the bottle. Among bon-vivants and jolly souls, none were now my superiors; and I reeled home, morning

after morning, only to overwhelm with reproaches and abuse one who never gave me cause to reproach her, even through inadvertence.

"As a natural consequence upon the kind of life which I had led, my affairs became deeply involved. Creditors were importunate; and the very Jews refused to furnish me with money, except on terms such as even I perceived to be ruinous. At last an execution was threatened; my furniture, plate, horses, carriages, were all about to be seized. What was now to be done I neither knew nor cared.

"My wife, though the daughter of a country clergyman, was connected, both by the father and mother's side, with several families of distinction. One of her maternal uncles had held some high situation in India, and her cousin now enjoyed the fruits of his toil, which he himself never lived to enjoy. He mixed with the best circles—supported a splendid establishment—and withal was regarded, by those who knew him, as a person of singularly kind heart and correct morals. Of course he visited his cousin when she appeared in the hemisphere of London as the wife of an M. P.; and as she liked his society we saw a good deal of him. Only conceive, sir, I became jealous, madly jealous, of that man. I contrasted his frank, open, and affectionate manner, with my own pettish and inconsistent deportment. I could not deny that the first was far more attractive than the last, and I came to the conclusion that it must be so regarded by my wife. There wanted but some decided act of friendship on his part towards Lucy to convince me, that a criminal passion subsisted between them.

"When the execution above referred to actually occurred, Lucy, worn out with irregular hours, and broken in spirit by my unkind treatment, was exceedingly ill;—the effect of the seizure of our furniture was to increase her illness to an alarming degree. I was not within when the bailiffs arrived, otherwise I should have probably done some deed which might have been the means of cutting short my course, as it deserved to be cut short. The news was brought to me at a moment when my last guinea was staked upon the turn of a die. The throw was against me, so I rushed forth with the firm

determination of committing suicide. First, however, I resolved to see with my own eyes how matters stood at home: for which purpose I flew towards Harley Street. I was met at my own door by Mr Blake, Lucy's relative.

"'For God's sake go in and comfort your wife, St Clair,' said he; 'she is very ill. I am now on my way for a physician.'

"I passed him without speaking a word. The bailiffs were gone; the furniture and effects all stood as I had left them in the morning. I believed that I was in a dream. I ran up stairs to my wife's apartment, and found her lying upon a sofa in violent hysterics. Her maid was attending to her as well as she could, but I desired her to leave the room, and she did so.

"'How is this, Lucy?' said I, affecting to be calm. 'Have done with these airs, and tell me how it comes about that there are no bailiffs in the house. I thought that an execution had been going on.'

"'And so it was,' cried she, struggling to subdue her emotions: 'We were indeed ruined; but Blake,—good, kind Blake,—discharged the debt, and we are still left in possession of our house.—Oh, Charles, I will never, never upbraid you with the past; but let us change our mode of living. How happy were we at Claremont, till——'

"'Till what?' exclaimed I, madly; 'Till I took into family, and to my bosom, a wretch that has dishonoured me!—Blake, Blake, eternally Blake!—He paid the debt, and how was he paid?'

"'Charles,' replied Lucy rising, and with dignity, 'this is the worst of all. Neglect, harshness, cruelty, I could bear; but to hear you insinuate aught against my honour, or that of my cousin, to whom you are so deeply indebted——'

"My brain was on fire. I replied not; but struck her violently in the face with my clenched fist. She fell—a corner of the fender entered her temple—and she never moved again!
* * * * *

"A notion very generally prevails, that insane persons, at least during the paroxysms of insanity, are ignorant of all things which pass around them. The notion is not more com-

mon than erroneous. I have been the inhabitant of a cell for six long years,—mad, raving, outrageously mad,—and there occurred not an event, either to myself or others, of which I was not perfectly aware at the time, and of which I retain not now the clearest recollection. I saw numbers of wretches, the slaves indeed of a wayward fancy, but I never saw one who felt not that he was not where he ought to be, or where nature designed him to be. For myself I had no fancy. My sole desire, it is affirmed, was to destroy all who came within my reach, or to destroy myself.—How was this prevented? You shall know.

“Having tried every other method in vain—having torn my back with the whip—subjected me to the restraint of a strait waistcoat—chained me down for days together to my crib—and finding, as it was affirmed, that I possessed craft enough to be calm till I was released, and only till then, the tyrants vented their spleen upon me thus. I recollect the occasion well. I had been for some time fastened by a long chain, which, passing through a hole in the partition, enabled the keeper, by going into the next cell, to draw me close against the wall at pleasure. This he was in the habit of doing several times a-day, and then lashed me till the exercise wearied his arm. If I had been violent before, such treatment of course increased my violence. I no sooner felt the chain tightened than I roared like a wild beast; and when the brute appeared, armed as he invariably was, with a heavy cart whip, I gnashed my teeth upon him in impotent fury.—But I had my revenge. With the straw allowed me in lieu of a bed, I so stuffed the chain, that it could not be forced through the aperture. One morning the wretch strove in vain to draw me up as usual; he failed, and trusting, I suppose, to the effect of habitual terror upon my mind, ventured to come within my reach. Ha, it was a glorious moment! I shrunk up as I had been wont to do, into the corner, for the purpose of deceiving him; he followed, brandishing his whip, and prepared to strike. One bound brought him within my clutch. Sir, I had no weapons but my hands and feet, but they were sufficient. I caught him by the hair, dashed him

on his face to the ground, and then planting my knees strongly upon his shoulders, I tore his head back till the joints of the neck began to give way. Fortunately for him, the struggle had been overheard, and assistance arrived just in time to save his worthless life.

“It was in consequence of that act that a new mode of restraint was exercised upon me. An iron collar was rivetted round my neck, to which was attached a massive chain, only twelve inches in length. This was again made fast to a ring in a strong iron pillar, so formed as that it could slide upwards or downwards; the pillar itself being built into the wall, and of the height of six feet. Round my body another iron girdle of vast strength was soldered, about two inches in width, attached to which were two circular projections, one on each side, for the purpose of pinioning and restraining my arms. To keep the girdle in its place again, other bars crossed my shoulders, and were rivetted to it both before and behind; whilst a couple of links, connecting the collar with the shoulder-straps, and a couple of chains fastening the back-bars to the pillar,—all power of moving head, hands, and arms was taken away from me. Thus was I kept for four whole years. I could lie down, it is true, because my trough was placed close to the wall, and the ring in the pillar being made to slide, permitted me to stoop or stand upright. But when I did lie, it was only on my back, the sharp points in the girdle effectually hindering me from resting on my sides. Nor were the miscreants contented with this. They chained my right leg to the trough, in order, as they said, to guard against violence from kicking. Standing and lying were accordingly the only changes of posture; I could not walk, for the chain which held me to the wall measured no more than twelve inches. My garments rotted from my back, and were replaced by a blanket; my food was half-dressed lumps of beef without salt, and potatoes; and then for my amusement—music, I had music—but it was the music of damned spirits—the howls and execrations of the furious—the laugh and shriek of the idiot—these were the only sounds to which I listened by day and by night,

till my beard had grown to my chin, and the nails of my fingers were like the talons of an eagle.

"Thus was it till a change took place in the arrangement of the asylum. How it came about, I know not; but after enduring this treatment for a series of years, I was one day set at liberty, and furnished with proper clothing. Whether my mind was ever in a state of chaos, I cannot tell. There are moments when I believe it. There are others when I believe it not; perhaps it may be the case still.

"I was set free as one cured. They told me that my wife died from accidentally falling upon the fender, and that my grief for her decease turned my brain. Poor fools, they knew not that it was I who killed her.

"My affairs had, during the period of my confinement, in some degree re-

covered themselves; but I was still an embarrassed man. To help me out of my embarrassments, an appointment in India was procured for me. There I have spent the last ten years, and with the mode of my return you are acquainted."

Thus ended a tale as wild and extravagant as any which I ever perused. The impression left upon my own mind was, that the poor gentleman laboured under a derangement of intellect when he compiled it. I believe it is no uncommon matter for insane persons to fancy themselves stained with a thousand crimes which they never perpetrated, and the victims of a thousand evils which they never endured; and I am strongly disposed to hold that opinion in the case of my shipwrecked guest.

ON THE DRAMATIC POWERS OF THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

Why does not the Author of Waverley write a play? The question has been often asked, but I do not know that I have ever heard it fully and satisfactorily answered. No less an authority than Sir Walter Scott, has given his opinion, that the habits of narration unfit a novelist for a species of composition which consists altogether of dialogue; and of dialogue from which the narrative and the descriptive must be wholly banished. This is nothing else than saying, that the novelist requires larger and more varied powers than the dramatic writer. Dialogue, choice of character and incident, are common to both. The difference lies in narrating and describing, in the novel, what is not written in the drama, but represented in the scenery, or done by the actors on the stage. The triumph of the drama is in the incidents which develop passion, and the language which gives it utterance; and it is the power which the Great Unknown possesses, of throwing his characters into those situations in which the human heart works the strongest, and suffers the deepest, and of giving to the keenest anguish, and the most stormy passion, language of terrible fidelity, that has placed his writings upon a level,

scarcely ever approached but by him, with the wonders of Homer and Shakespeare. In mere description, it is true, he yields to no poet, not to the highest, of ancient or modern times. The landscape almost lives in his page. It is truer than painting. There is an extent in the grouping, and a minute variety, which no pencil could picture. We tremble at the brink of a precipice, and listen for the voice of the waters that are raging and roaring below. We shudder at the approach of a devouring flood, and at the rapid ruin which it spreads as it advances. We are hurried along in the tumult of the battle; and see, not posture, but action; not the struggle of a single moment, but a succession of dangers and achievements. In no other writings, except those of the great poets I have just mentioned, and perhaps the productions of the great Athenian orator, (for eloquence, in its highest state, differs little from pure poetry,) do we find so many passages, in which we are prone to forget, that we are not beholders or hearers, but readers only, in which we grow unconscious that our conceptions are awakened merely by the magic which genius can lend to language.

But it is surely too much to say, that

because description is more diffuse than dialogue, that he who excels in both combined, may not succeed in either separately. Still more inconsistent is it to maintain, that the writer whose grandest feats are performed by exhibiting the passions through the language of those they agitate, and by means of such situations as best unfold them, could not excel in a kind of composition, confined to that work only. It is easy to show by reference, both to particular parts of the novels of the Author of *Waverley*, and generally to those of his tales which have been most popular, that his most successful efforts have been in passages essentially dramatic. I shall select but two of these passages, both of which shall be from *Ivanhoe*; and I select from that tale, chiefly because, highly dramatic as it is throughout, its descriptions have been often deemed the principal cause of its great popularity.

The first is the interview between Rebecca and Brian de Bois-Guilbert, in the chamber of her confinement in *Front-de-Bœuf's* castle. Bois-Guilbert, a Templar, sworn to celibacy by the vows of his order, had taken Rebecca and her father prisoners, in an excursion from the castle. He enters her apartment, and after confessing his rank and calling, and seeking in vain to win her by persuasion to his desires, threatens her with violence by the right of the conqueror over his captive. The situation, even at this moment, is fraught with harrowing interest. A woman, young, lovely, and a captive, of a degraded caste, yet with a loftiness of soul that never left her for a moment, through danger or debasement, stands, alone and defenceless, under the licentious gaze, and within the grasp, of a lawless and remorseless ruffian, come with the avowed purposes of violating her honour. Escape is impossible; supplication is useless; resistance vain. The ruin of the victim seems inevitable. The next instant, by one prompt and decisive act of heroic fortitude—that act her own—she is snatched from the sacrifice. But it is only to encounter another peril, scarcely less horrible. Opening a latticed window, she springs upon the battlement, and exulting in the alternative of the dreadful death which the precipice offers to her, she taunts the ravisher with her security

from his violence. Never did dramatic poet imagine a situation more intensely agitating. Never did any poet conceive a more lofty instance of the moral sublime; the love of purity, the dread of dishonour, the intrepid dignity of habitual virtue, joined to a high sense of what she deemed due to the ancient faith of her fathers—a faith which she cherished with a spirit unbroken by fatigue, captivity, solitude, and insult—all urging weak woman to brave the King of Terrors in one of his most appalling forms. One might well expect that language would faint under the effort to give expression to the emotions which, at such a crisis, must agitate such a being. The author tries the experiment; and the success is, if possible, more wonderful than the previous work which made success so hazardous. The sentiments that burst from his heroine, are those which alone could sustain her at the elevation to which he had raised her; defiance to her brutal foe; an appeal to her religion, which she was saving from pollution in her own person; an expression of horror at the fate from which, by her own high courage, she is thus rescued, mixed with triumph at the dreadful means of refuge to which she resorts. Dramatic poetry furnishes not a speech of sublimer pathos than that comprised in these brief words:—“Submit to my fate!—And sacred Heaven! to what fate?—embrace thy religion! and what religion can it be that harbours such a villain?—*Thou the best lance of the Templars!—craven Knight!—forsworn Priest!*—*I spit at thee, and I defy thee. The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape to his daughter—even from this abyss of infamy.*”

Nor is this all. The whole dialogue which follows is held to the same elevation; nor, to the conclusion of this wonderful scene, does it descend for one moment. It is rather enhanced by the final conquest gained by an unprotected Jewish maiden over the haughty Templar, a warrior, and a conqueror, cowed by the fearless valour of mere unaided virtue, into an involuntary homage to its purity. I may observe here, that this is a kind of contrast, which is, in all works of the imagination, especially those of the dramatic kind, of infinite power. It is when moral strength, coming in

aid of physical weakness, wins an unexpected victory over mere brute physical force, which seemed, and was believed, to be above resistance.

The other passage which I shall notice, is that of Rebecca's trial for pretended witchcraft. The Templar has borne her off from Front-de-Bœuf's castle when it was stormed and burned, and has concealed her in the establishment of his order, at Templestowe. She is discovered by the Grand Master; and the Warden, a friend of Bois-Guilbert, persuades him, as the only means of escaping the punishment incurred by a Templar convicted of an intrigue with an infidel, to sanction a charge, preferred against Rebecca, of having employed sorcery to seduce him. Before the whole body of the Templars, assembled in their hall with all the pomp of the order, with the Grand Master, a weak and austere bigot, at their head, she is brought forth, without an advocate or an attendant, to answer a charge, in establishing which the pride of the order, anxious that the frailty of a brother should be proved not to have flowed from human corruption—the universal belief in the existence and efficacy of witchcraft—and the detestation in which the age and country held her race—conspired to overwhelm a beautiful Jewess, whose loveliness was considered as the instrument, and therefore taken as a proof, of her guilt. Here again she was alone, a woman, and defenceless; before adverse and interested judges—an armed tribunal—an ecclesiastical court—clothed with the triple terrors of arms, religion, and law; from whose judgment, in those bigotted and forceful times, appeal was hopeless. Can any addition be conceived possible, to the sympathies arising from this subjection of innocence unprotected, and beauty made a crime, before interested guilt, brandishing a stern, remorseless, and resistless power? The author finds a circumstance to make pity still more deep and painful, by enhancing our sense of the purity of the victim, and of the heartless rigour of her enemies. She is ordered to unveil. She pleads in excuse the customs of her people, that a maiden should not stand uncovered “when alone in an assembly of strangers.” At the stern mandate of the Grand Master, the guards are about rudely to unveil

her.—“Nay, but for the love of your own daughters,” she cried, addressing the senior judges;—“alas, you have no daughters!—but for the remembrance of your mothers—for the love of your sisters, and of female decency, let me not be thus handled in your presence. It suits not a maiden to be disrobed by such rude grooms.—I will obey you,” (and she withdrew her veil.) “*Ye are elders among your people, and at your command, I will show you the features of an ill-fated maiden.*” The scene did not require this last exquisite touch of nature, the excuse which the poor persecuted Jewish maid, forced to forego the decent customs of her race, thus makes to her own wounded modesty, when she tells her judges that she will obey them, because they are *elders* among their people.

But in a few moments the character of the scene changes. Pity gives way to admiration. Rebecca appears again, cool, collected, fearless in the midst of danger, as when before she looked down without a shudder upon death, and stood with an eye that “quailed not,” and a cheek that “blanched not,” upon the brink of the battlement. She is condemned to die the death of a sorceress—to be burnt alive. Yet her spirit bends not. She supplicates no mercy from her judges, nor intercession from her accuser; but with the boldness and pride of conscious innocence, indignant at a charge, not against her piety merely, but against the purity of her maiden honour, she turns to Bois-Guilbert and cries,—“To himself—yes, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, to thyself I appeal, whether these accusations are not false?—as monstrous and calumnious as they are deadly?” There is a pause; all eyes turn to Bois-Guilbert; he is silent. “Speak,” she says, “if thou art a man—if thou art a Christian, speak! I conjure thee, by the habit which thou dost wear—by the name thou dost inherit—by the knighthood thou dost vaunt—by the honour of thy mother—by the tomb and the bones of thy father—I conjure thee to say, are these things true?”

The group and the situation in this scene, to say nothing now of the astonishing powers of language displayed in it, have, for dramatic effect, been seldom equalled. The place, the assemblage, are imposing. The cha-

racters, strongly marked as individuals throughout the work, are here brought out in full and clear developement. The Grand Master, a gloomy religionist, severe and self-denying in his own person, devoted to the interests of his order, and sore of any imputation on its credit,—the sworn foe of the infidel, sits in judgment on a Jewess, accused of having corrupted, by hellish arts, the purity of a Templar. Still the Grand Master is a man. Pity for the youth, the beauty, and the intrepidity of the victim, all friendless as she is, incline him to clemency; but habit, superstition, and the spirit of his order, are too strong for nature, and he finally remains stern and inflexible. Bois-Guilbert, a man not wholly vicious, but of violent passions, which long indulgence had made ungovernable, and which had choked up, though not quite destroyed, the early seeds of virtue, stands struggling between, on the one hand, ardent love, or a passion of equal force which usurped its place, inspiring a rude sense of right; and, on the other, the dread of shame and degradation, and of the loss of long-cherished projects of ambition. Half inclined to relent, he is by turns scolded and soothed by the wily Warden, who, having aided his designs upon Rebecca, and being fearful of a disclosure, is interested in her condemnation. Rebecca herself—how shall I describe her?—surrounded with circumstances, and exhibiting qualities, all conspiring to render her an object at once of sympathy, reverence, admiration, and even wonder. Her peril—terrible; her beauty—the cause of it; her innocence—unfriendly; her courage—unbroken by the prospect of the faggot that was to consume, and the stake that was to hold fast in the flames her tortured body—or even by the perpetual infamy to which her yet unspotted name was to be consigned. One thing only seems wanting to complete the sublime interest of the scene, that which gives the finish to all moral grandeur,—the triumph of cool, unaided, superior intellect, over a host of foes, whose dreadful sentence no force could parry. And this addition is supplied. It is suggested, hurriedly, at the moment when it is all *but* too late, that she should demand the trial by combat, and a champion. With a presence of mind which goes to the very limits of

nature, but does not step beyond them, she adopts the suggestion on the instant, and, for a time, she is saved. The suspense and anxiety impressed on the reader or the audience by such a scene, is extreme. Here, as in the passage before referred to, there seems no hope of refuge. Bois-Guilbert, who alone could prove her innocence, is her accuser. Even the poor grateful creature, who had been cured by her skill in medicinals, and had come forward to disprove the charge of sorcery by giving evidence of her beneficent acts, is deemed only to have confirmed her guilt, which is presumed from the very skill thus pleaded in her favour. The judges are convinced, and inexorable; but she is again preserved in a manner the most unexpected and sudden. And again, to crown the triumphs of the poet's genius, she is her own preserver.

But strong as is the temptation, I must for the present forbear from farther allusion to particular passages, and humbly undertake the office of attempting to vindicate the author of *Waverley*, from the implied imputation of incapacity for dramatic composition, that has not long since fallen from a quarter, from which the public, for some reason or other, were least inclined to expect it.

The lovers of the old genuine British drama had been for some time indulging and expressing hopes, that the amazing powers displayed in the whole series of these dramatic tales, (for such in strictness they are,) would be applied at length to prove, that the ancient staple of British literature had not for ever vanished from amongst us. As each half-yearly period succeeded another, in which the Magician scattered his enchantments, he was besought by those who felt his charms most deeply, to conjure back to us, in his own proper form and dress, the genius of Shakspeare. As if to show us that poets and enchanters will not be bidden to their work, the Great Unknown has, I fear, announced through one, who is, somehow, supposed to be the confidant of all his literary secrets, that the mantle which Shakspeare dropped, and which none after him has ever since lifted, will be left still unappropriated by the nearest of his kindred, whom the world has seen since he departed.

Sir Walter Scott, in his *Critical and*

Biographical Notice of Fielding, prefixed to a late edition of that author's works, and written with all that delightful ease and spirit which would have betrayed the writer, even if it had not been dated from Abbotsford, has the following passage:—"Force of character, strength of expression, felicity of contrast and situation, a well-constructed plot, in which the developement is at once natural and unexpected, and where the interest is kept uniformly alive till summed up by the catastrophe;—all these requisites are as essential to the labour of a novelist as to that of a dramatist, and indeed appear to comprehend the sum of the qualities necessary for success in both departments." It is scarcely possible for language to express, with greater clearness and vigour, the title of the Author of *Waverley* to the same supremacy in the old sphere of the first glories of British genius, as in that new region which he has half-conquered, half-created for himself. But the hopes raised by this passage, which seems almost to promise what we have so long desired, are cruelly dealt with in the succeeding pages; and we are told, that "he who applies with eminent success to the one (pursuit), becomes in some degree unqualified for the other,—like the artisan, who, by a particular turn for excellence in one mechanical department, loses the habit of dexterity necessary for acquitting himself with equal reputation in another; or as the artist, who has dedicated himself to the use of water-colours, is usually less distinguished by his skill in oil-painting."

If this opinion be well founded, we must bid adieu to all hopes of the regeneration of the drama, perhaps for another century. It is not likely that the next age will be more prolific in the works of the imagination than the last. The world is growing sadly unpoetical; and if the greatest dramatic genius which has appeared for a century and a half has, by his habits of composition, unfitted himself for that kind of poetry, where can we expect the adventurous spirit to arise that will attempt the task, and achieve it, in which the Author of *Waverley*, had he tried it, must have failed?

But I do not think the present generation will easily be induced to believe that the genius of a poet can, by

any habits, be confined for ever to a certain track, like the mechanic and the artist, whose powers of execution depend as much, and often far more, upon manual dexterity, than on the intellect or the imagination. The great critic, whose fiat I now venture to question, is himself an example of versatility, more than sufficient to show, that the creative faculty, instead of becoming fettered by its own works, and growing less flexible by progressive excellence in one direction, may increase in strength, as its sphere of exertion becomes larger and more various, and, after holding the world for years in admiration of its deeds in old and beaten paths, may astonish still more by its exploits upon new and untrodden ground.

The passage first quoted is indeed a decisive answer to the second. Fictitious narrative and dramatic poetry are of kindred natures. The novelist must be, to a certain extent, a dramatist; or, in as far as he fails in being such, his works will want truth, vivacity, and power. The most elaborate descriptions of the loveliest and sublimest objects, the most vivid narratives of events of the highest interest, will not of themselves make a novel readable. The persons must speak as well as act, or they will excite but little sympathy. Sentiment and passion cannot be given at second hand;—they can be known only by the language of those who feel and are agitated. And if it is the dramatic character that gives life and spirit to a novel, the novelist who imparts it to his works must surely become, by each successive trial, more and more qualified for dramatic composition.

It is urged at some length, in the disquisition which I here presume to canvass, that narration and description are so foreign from the drama, that they cannot be pursued long by any writer without impairing his dramatic powers; and Fielding is alleged as an instance of the truth of this opinion. Fielding's plays certainly add nothing to his reputation; but it is very far from clear that his habits of narration prevented his success in that style of writing. It is indeed impossible to read a dozen pages of any of his novels, without perceiving that his was never a dramatic genius. His great excellence is in *describing* situations. In dialogue he is always diffuse, and

often dull. No writer ever excelled him in unfolding the mysteries of human character; but in the execution of this part of his art, it is the novelist himself that speaks, and not the persons who figure in his history. Fielding was by nature denied the power of throwing into a few brief words all that could be told of the wildest passion or the deepest distress; and hence, though we are always interested, we are seldom, if ever, agitated by the perusal of his works. Enough of the dramatic is in them to preserve animation; but clear and rapid glimpses of characters, unfolding themselves as if without the assistance of the author,—guilt working up spontaneously into the ferment that betrays it,—tenderness or anguish expressing themselves in the fitful, broken, half-uttered language, which affects us as much by what we imagine, though it is left unspoken, as by what is freely and fully told,—these, and such as these, are the instruments by which the dramatic poet maintains his dominion over our emotions;—for these we shall look almost in vain in the writings of Fielding,—in every other writer of this class they appear at intervals, and as a sort of *coups de main* upon the reader; but they are crowded, as a matter of course, and as part of the ordinary *matériel*, in every production of the Author of Waverley.

Although, therefore, the plays of Fielding are immeasurably inferior to his novels, it by no means follows that he would have succeeded at all better in the drama, had he never been a novelist. But that a writer who excels in the dramatic parts of his novels should be disabled from composing a purely dramatic work, because these parts are mixed with composition of a different kind, is hardly conceivable. His excellence in these portions would seem, on the contrary, to be a proof that the powers necessary for their production are not, and cannot be, impaired by the habit of blending them with other styles of writing of an opposite character. The instance which Sir Walter himself adduces towards the close of his remarks on this subject, leads irresistibly the other way. "It follows," he says, "that though a good acting play may be made by selecting plot and character from a novel, yet scarcely any effort of genius could

render a play into a narrative romance. In the former case, the author has only to contract the events within the space necessary for representation,—to choose the most striking characters, and exhibit them in the most forcible contrast,—discard from the dialogue whatever is redundant and tedious,—and so dramatize the whole. But we know not any effort of genius which would insert into a good play those accessaries of description and delineation which are necessary to dilate it into a readable novel." Is it not obvious, that the author of a novel possessing dramatic force, has actually performed all the requisites for a drama, and that his work differs from a play only in containing additional matter, unsuited, indeed, to the stage, but separable from the former after the whole is composed, and therefore separable also in its first execution? Such a writer, in short, when composing a play, is engaged in a work that differs from his ordinary productions, not in kind, but in quantity. If his powers are such, that he can include all the essentials of a drama in his novel, the writing of a play is to him but the omission of that which it is at his option to give or to withhold.

The other illustration is beside our question here. It is perhaps perfectly true, that a play could not, by any effort of ingenuity or genius, be expanded into a novel or a romance. But surely the inference from this is, not that the writing of novels incapacitates the author for dramatic composition, but that the powers required for producing a perfect drama are not sufficient, of themselves, to qualify their possessor for fictitious narrative.

The extraordinary success of the dramas taken from the writings of the Author of Waverley amply proves, that the prodigious quantity of narrative and descriptive writing which he has been pouring forth for more than a dozen years, has not, in him at least, impaired the vigour of a dramatic genius, of which even English literature can furnish but a single rival. These pieces have, indeed, to comply with the humours of the day, been all produced in the shape of operas; but everybody knows, that, of far the greater number, their music is the least attraction. Several of our best performers have found in them characters suited to the exercise of

their highest powers. The dialogue is, of course, uneven, and, in many instances, poor; for part of it must have been supplied by the hand which pared down the remainder for the stage. Some of the incidents, natural and likely in the tale, are forced into a compass too narrow for probability. Many of the finest passages, and these the most dramatic, of the original work, are omitted in representation, from the difficulty of combining them with such as are retained, or from the laziness or incapacity of those who adapt them. But enough is left to show that the wand of the enchanter is there, and is of power "to extend," where he wills it, "his sway over the stage." We see the bones of the giant, which require but to be breathed upon, to assume the force and exhibit the movements of vigorous life. If the mere sketch of an author's plan, with a few of his own brief touches, mixed with the clumsy patch-work of a common artist, can interest and agitate an audience, what may not be expected from a piece, completed by the master's own hand, and designed from the first for representation?

I believe the truth to be, that the most original, vigorous, fertile, and essentially dramatic genius of the age, is deterred from the drama by other reasons than any misgivings concerning his own vast and various powers. And I believe these reasons will be found partly in the hazard which every modern play must encounter, and partly in the substantial and tempting attractions which other departments of literature now offer to an author.

The enormous size of our national theatres leads to a division of the play-going public into two grand sections;—one composed of those who hear and see, the other of those who see only. All banquets are, of course, furnished and regulated according to the taste of the guests, for this simple reason, that if they disliked the fare, they would soon desert the parties of their entertainers. But, above all, it

behoves managers to suit the palates at least of the most numerous classes of those who frequent their houses. Now it is very certain that three-fifths of the audiences of our two largest theatres hear almost as little of what is spoken upon the stage, as the inquisitive people who cling to posts and scaffolds during a Westminster election, can distinguish of the oratory which produces the most violent gesticulations under the portico of St Paul's, Covent-Garden. This large portion of "the discerning public" go to a play with dispositions for amusement not at all differing, in kind, from the tastes of those curious and delighted crowds that flock together at the end of a street to witness the prodigies of agility, performed to the beating of a drum; upon a four-posted theatre at some twenty yards' distance. And, indeed, it is a fact worthy of notice, that the popularity of Punch, which has wonderfully increased of late years, has only kept even pace with the growing love of the public for those kinds of entertainments in which the eye is indemnified for the distance that prevents it from discerning the human countenance, by witnessing the miracles of machinery; and compensation is made to the ear, for the want of sense, wit, or poetry, by mimic artillery and thunder.

Far be it from me to prick my fingers with the thorny question, how far this taste in the public may have been caused by the monopoly of the two famous companies,* which wield over the stage a dominion, curiously made up of confederate despotism and separate rivalry. The effect, however, is as natural and as certain, as that children in frocks and jackets should gaze with wonder and delight upon a contrivance of Farley's, or that a look of Liston should set children of all dresses and ages in a roar. If the audience are pleased with any description of drama or mode of performance, it becomes the care of the actor or the writer to supply it; and the audience

* I must beg to say, that Mr North would confer a very great obligation on his readers, if he would insert in one of his Numbers, the latter part of Sir Walter Scott's brief but admirable Essay on the Drama, contained in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. The proprietors of that work could not object to the publication of part of an article, which would induce every one who would read it, if he had not the work, to purchase it, if he could, for the sake of the remainder.

(like all other petted people) will not easily bear the exhibition of anything which sacrifices any portion of their accustomed amusement to maxims of criticism, which they are unused to apply. A play which depends chiefly on dialogue for the unfolding of its plot, and for the interest which is to decide its fate, would be unintelligible to a great majority of the crowd who throng to a playhouse for entertainment, and yet from that majority it must receive its final, and usually its immediate doom. There is no appeal to those who listen and admire, from those who cannot hear, and who therefore condemn. If a writer consults his own taste, or that of the judicious critics who may chance to sit within hearing of his piece, he is sure to be reminded of the homage that he owes to those distant deities, who never speak their displeasure but in a voice of thunder, and to whose fiat, when they are verily in earnest, all below must bow.

Of all the tortures of the mind, there is perhaps not one, (if we may judge from appearances,) which it is harder for poor human nature to bear, than that of a poet compelled to prune his best conceptions into a shape, which, to him, is all deformity, out of complaisance to those who possess the two formidable qualities, of being, in his opinion, tasteless and ignorant, and of holding the most absolute power over the fate of his productions. It is a species of humiliation to which a great genius seldom will, and perhaps never ought to bend. And it may be pronounced with certainty, that in any attempt to please all parties, a dramatic writer, in the present state of the public taste, must either wholly fail, or produce a work which, instead of establishing or upholding his fame, would sink him below his proper and merited level. The fate of Miss Baillie's plays will long serve as a warning to dramatic poets. Some of their finest passages are deformed by incidents, introduced for no other purpose than to gratify those who can be pleased only through the eyes. Yet notwithstanding these humblings of genius against its own enlightened sense, these dramas failed chiefly, because too much still remained, which spoke only to the ears and the affections.

The necessity of consulting the whims of those who come to gaze at

what they cannot hear, leads of course to an implicit deference towards certain regularly bred doctors; who spend their lives in feeling the public pulse, and, therefore, not without reason, deem themselves the persons best qualified to pronounce what treatment is calculated to excite or abate it. These are of course the Players. In their way, they are as absolute as the body whose humours they interpret; and the poet would be a madman beyond the reach of all the virtues of Ellebore itself, who would disobey their decrees. They are in the drama what your practical politicians are in Parliament. Rules and maxims of criticism they very properly disregard, as much as they do the mere promptings of the author's genius. Experience is their test; and it is a word as fatal to the dreams of the poet as it sometimes is to those of the political economist.

If audiences usually judged with discrimination, and relished the beauties of a sterling play, perhaps the most enlightened critics might be found among the first rank of players. Even at this day, some of our best performers preach and practise what it is known that their taste and their judgment condemn. An actor who has studied his profession, and is ardent in its pursuit, acquires an habitual power of exactly estimating the temper, the partialities, and the sympathies of his audience, somewhat similar to that which a public speaker attains by long practice in a popular assembly. But the same cause which makes him a safe guide to the securing of applause, disables him in general for sound criticism, when the public before whom his habits are formed indulge a vitiated taste. It is no wonder then, that most of our living poets whose powers might have restored the departed glories of the English Drama, have, like Byron, shrunk from the humiliating task, of thus working in chains under the direction of an actor.

These are discouragements which would operate in any age or country, gifted with such audiences, playhouses, and critic players, as distinguish this present time, and this spectacle-loving people. But it is also true, not only that we are "a nation of shopkeepers," but that one of the most valuable wares we buy and sell, is literary manufacture. The demand

has increased so much upon the supply, that although the number of houses and hands engaged in preparing this sort of commodity for the market is immense, the belief is very general, and is becoming more so every day, that its quality does not at all improve as fast as its quantity enlarges. As buyers grow more greedy, and more numerous, articles of the best texture and finish must become prodigiously enhanced in price; and thus it is demonstrable, to the satisfaction of the Ricardo Lecturer himself, that authors will be tempted to vest *their* capital in those kinds of production which yield the largest profit. Poets are no longer led a dance after the bubble reputation, in which there is any probability that the object of their pursuit will burst before they catch it. They select those paths which lead to gold as well as honour, and as they have descended from garrets, and presume to seek the solid comforts of this eating, drinking, and sleeping world, they shun those modes of acquiring glory which require much labour, offer much hazard, and afford but scanty pay.

Whether, therefore, the Author of *Waverley* be most actuated by the pride of genius, or the love of gain, or, (what is more probable, as well as more natural,) shares in a fair proportion both these very reasonable sentiments, it is probable that he may deem it a breach of the ordinary rules of prudence to try the hazards of a regular drama. He now rules sovereign in our literature,—I should say in the literature of this age. His supremacy is undisputed and unrivalled. And his revenues are as large as his dominion is glorious. It is almost superfluous to say, that the annals of genius afford nothing that bears comparison with the mine of wealth which he has found in the stores of an apparently exhaustless imagination. As far as we can

judge, there seems no end to its riches; but it is not unnatural that he should be reluctant to leave those tracks in which he has wrought so successfully, and in which he is sure of succeeding still, for others in which his course must be less profitable, and may possibly be attended with humiliation and disappointment. He may reason thus: "If I write for the stage, I must either forfeit my own approbation, and trifle with my own renown, by adding to the number of those metrical prodigies that offend taste and disgrace genius, or I shall probably fail with a public who frequent theatres for wonder, not for criticism,—as spectators, not as hearers. At present, I am rewarded for my labours by wealth, still accumulating as I proceed in the work of my own selection,—the contribution of admirers whom I cannot satiate. It would be unwise to fling away for new and uncertain trials, these sure and steady gains; nor have the public any title to expect that I shall abandon a pursuit which they requite so liberally. But, above all, I have built a fabric of fame which shall last for ages. I *will* not stoop to the writing of melodramas; and if I do *not*,—and if I write for the stage in such a style as alone can satisfy and suit my conceptions,—what may be the fate of the Author of *Waverley*? His play, having occupied him for weeks or months which he might have devoted to other works that would secure him certain profit and renown,—having passed the vexations of managers and committees,—having undergone the stretchings and amputations of the players,—and even having at last travelled through the miseries of the rehearsals,—may yet die upon the very threshold of immortality, and may owe its death to the very qualities which ought to have made it immortal."

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.

CHAP. XVIII.

Though I'm roughish in my speech, and though I'm stern in my frown—

Oh! it is not in my nature, 'tis all only art;—

For there's one thing yet within me that is sure to put me down—

My Country and its Music still lives in my heart.

THE fine elevated situation of Halifax Hospital was admirably adapted for the renovation of such a constitution as that possessed by our hero. Situated on the declivity of a hill, which, gradually rising, terminates in a battery and signal-post,—with a glorious arm of the ocean right in front, crowded with shipping and vessels of war of all shapes and sizes—the bustling town to the right of the as bustling dock-yard—and the heavy armed and beautiful fort of King George, standing in the centre, and breasting, like a determined line-of-battle broadside on, the entrance of everything hostile or unfriendly,—the whole formed, in association, as lovely a piece of animated landscape as Edward had ever beheld. The weather was delightfully serene and warm—the surrounding foliage luxuriated in the richest verdure—while the powerful orb of day, hung in the clear blue sky, shed down his fervid beams with all the steady vigour of a North American summer's sun. When it is also considered, that the principal doctor of the hospital and his medical assistants, were men eminent alike for their skill and humanity—that every indulgence was granted to its inmates which an enlightened benevolence could bestow, or a strict regard to returning health warrant—and that the naval allowance of provisions and cordials was actually unbounded—it will excite little surprise that Edward recruited so amazingly fast, as in a very few weeks to be declared convalescent. His wounds were no doubt still delicate, and his body in a state of considerable exhaustion; but then his heart was whole, his hopes were high, his appetite sound and healthy, and his strength accelerating in vigour daily. He was no longer, therefore, confined to his ward; but, furnished with crutches, he used occasionally to swing himself along to the upper end of the hospital green, which was excellently furnished with benches,

and there seated, basking in the summer's sun, with the busy and beautiful scene before him, would he ruminate on the events of other years, or chat with such other of the invalids as chance led to the same quarter.

Among these was a man—or rather the shell of a man—who, from his rude, unsocial, and unconciliating manners, had been dubbed by the very unpopular name of the Boat-swain's Mate. He might be between forty-eight and fifty years of age, was remarkably tall and large boned, with a visage peculiarly forcible and striking, which, added to a stern voice, and a keen, sharp, cynical mode of converse, had long made him be dreaded by all the inmates of the hospital. Nobody knew what countryman he was—very few his name—and altogether there hung a sort of mystery over the old man, that was more than sufficient to excite the curiosity of a less attentive spectator than Edward. He had early attracted Edward's notice, from his frequently observing, that amidst all this apparent surliness and misanthropy, there appeared a strong dash of genuine feeling and generosity to those he thought more unfortunate than himself, which he in vain endeavoured to conceal. There was, therefore, altogether a something about his person, in despite of his bad temper, that gave Edward a great desire to be better acquainted with him; but how to bring this about he knew not, as any attempts he had hitherto made had been always repelled with the most surly indifference. Continually foiled, he had long given up any farther hope of an introduction to him, when a simple incident which happened one day, accomplished the business at once.

Edward, whose present feebleness precluded him from all manner of exercise, being a tolerable proficient on the flute, was often in the habit of carrying along with him a small octave he possessed, with which, occa-

sionally, he often found amusement in the conning over one or other of his native airs, either lively or slow, according to the feeling of the moment. One charming afternoon he was seated, as usual, on his remote bench on the hospital green, not a stone's throw from the edge of the water, when reflecting on a conversation he had heard in the early part of the day, where one of the hospital retainers told another, that he had been down at the quay that morning taking farewell of an old friend who had sailed for Greenock, he could not avoid indulging in a train of thought far from being pleasurable. Snatching out his octave, while the melancholy idea yet floated before him, he almost unconsciously commenced the plaintive and beautiful melody of *Farewell to Lochaber*. He had played a very short time, when he was startled by hearing an uncommon stern voice behind him demand, "what devil's country that cursed drawl came from?" Suddenly halting, and turning round his head, he was not ill pleased when he beheld the bulky frame of the veteran boatswain's-mate stuck up behind him: but as he had often heard, that the best way to treat, and even win these surly people, was to serve them plentifully with their own sauce, he resolved to hazard the experiment. Darting, therefore, as furious a look at the veteran as he could muster, he surlily answered, "From a country you'll never have the honour to belong to."

"Then it must be a d——d lousy one, young Mr Consequence," growled the old man, "for there's few countries worth speaking on but what I've been aboard."

"That be d——d for a lie," said Edward, gruffly, "for there is one worth speaking on would suit the likes of you to a nicety. You were never in it, I'll be sworn, thof the sooner you are there the better, my heart;—and I hopes, once they get you, they'll keep you there till all's blue."

"Ah, ha! I smoke you, my saucy Jack," cried the veteran; "you mean Botany, don't you?"

"What then?"

"Why, that you're a d——d uncivil, ill-mannered young dog; and were it not I despise to touch such a poor crippled reptile, I'd convince you in a

brace of shakes, that you must talk to me in future in another manner."

"You'd convince me, thou shadow of a man!" cried Edward, seizing and brandishing his crutch in his left hand with infinite dexterity;—"crippled as I am, but dare to elevate your arm to injure me, and I'll stave in these musty ribs of yours in a twinkling."

The veteran started, and fell back at the threat; then surveying Edward from head to heel, with a countenance seemingly marked with the most inveterate malignity, was slowly retiring, when Edward, somewhat amused with the rencontre, as well as with the ease with which he had discomfited the terror of the hospital, once more laid hold of his octave, and struck up, *The Ducks dang owre my Daddie*. The sound caught the old man's ear at once; he halted and looked back—then hesitated—and at last once more approached Edward.

"So, my young Master Saucebox," cried he sternly, "you not only laugh at me yourself, but make that yellow piece wattle of yours laugh at me also. Art not afraid to affront me so?"

"As for fear, old man," said Edward carelessly, "I've had too many hard blows in my time to fear anything now-a-days. Besides, my old boy, you'll please to remember that I belong, like my music, to what you are pleased to call the devil's country, and I dare say you know as well as I do, that it is the devil's proper vocation, and all that belongs to him, whether men, wattles, or music, to laugh at all manner of mischief."

"Ha, ha, ha!" burst out the veteran, seating himself down on the same bench; "Why, you're the devil's own bird sure enough, that's flat. Here am I, who have gone under a false character now nearly three months, all to save myself from being bored to death by a parcel of ignorant impertinent whip-jacks, brought to my marrow-bones in as many minutes by two tunes and a broadside from a young raw Scotchman. Well, well, I can't help it, for the never an inch on me could hold out a moment longer.—Ay, man, so ye're a Scotchman, it seems," continued he smiling, and altering his voice, "and what part of Scotland d'ye come frae, if a body might spier?"

"Hey day!" cried Edward, with

real astonishment; "What, art really a Scotchman?"

"So they say, my man," said the veteran; "I'm frae the devil's country mysel atweel."

"I'm very very happy to hear it, mate," cried Edward, shaking the old man heartily by the hand. "May I inquire the name of the place where you come from?"

"Giff-gaff maks gude friends," said the old fellow laughing. "I put the question first, neighbour."

"And shall have the first answer, undoubtedly," answered Edward in high glee; "for, thank God, I have no occasion for concealments.—I come from Edinburgh, and my name is Edward Davies."

"Davies be d—d, you young wag!" rejoined the old man, laughing; "who the devil ever heard of a Scotchman of the name of Davies?—Ah ha, my young blade, you mustn't think to come over an old file like me in that manner.—Come now, confess it honestly, isn't that a purser's name?"

"Oho, if you begin to doubt me, old ship, I'm done with you at once," said Edward, somewhat testy.—"But before we begin to dispute any farther, do at least give me yours—giff-gaff, you know, as you said yourself."

"I meant no offence, young man," said the veteran, "and shall certainly keep my word to you, although it raises painful regrets within me—I entered the service also in Edinburgh, but my native place was Roslin.—D'ye know that little place?"

"Know it, mate,—I believe few better; ay, and its chapel and castle too—the bonny bleachfield at the foot of the brae—the Esk that washes its castle wa's—and Dryden, and Hawthornden, and Lasswade, and Dalkeith, and Inveresk, and Musselburgh, and the sea."

"Truce, truce," cried the old man, "you've gone far enough to make a Turk believe. I see you are a good sterling dollar—though there are too many counterfeits now-a-days."

"Ay, but, my good old fellow, your name if you please?" asked Edward.

The old man, after considerable hesitation, and a look of peculiar significance, answered "My name for the present, is Jack Scizzey."

"A purser's, of course?" said Edward.

The old man nodded assent; and

added, while a faint smile crossed his pallid cheek, "Belike, Ned, there was mighty good reasons for my adopting it, and the strange character you've knocked me out of; but what then? what objections have you to it? I'm certain there are as foolish surnames in England."

"Oh, that's no doubt true, old ship," said Edward; "but the English, you know, are like no other people on the face of the earth, being, like the contents of their dock-yards, a medley of all sorts—As to what you were saying of my objections to your present name, why, I own I have no very material ones;—and yet Scizzey, Scizzey—why, that's the cant in Edinburgh for a sixpence."

"I know it is, my brave lad," replied the old man, "and it was principally to keep me in mind of that dear quarter that I chose it.—Edinburgh!" continued he, becoming highly affected, "Lord help me, what would I not now give to be within hail of old St Giles's—or, rather, to be outside of the Grange-toll, on my way to the old ruins! Then, my dear fellow, you'd see whether these old shattered trotters of mine, hard-up as they are now, wouldn't do their duty.—But why do I talk nonsense, since that is now impossible; at least," added the old man, with a deep sigh, "it is more than poor old Jack expects. But God's will be done;—if it is his good pleasure that this old weather-beaten hulk shall founder and rot in a foreign land, who shall say him nay. Yet oh, Davies, it is a sad sad thought, and wrings this withered heart to splinters! D'ye know, my dear boy, that I'll be the first of my family, for scores of generations, whose carcase will miss muster in the little beautiful church-yard yonder that crowns the top of the wooded knoll."

"Come, come, Jack," said Edward, eagerly interrupting the old man on a subject which he saw gave him pain, "you get quite womanish now, piping in that silly manner; and did I not know how weak you are at present I'd hardly excuse you. But I've heard you were at one time a great deal worse—so bad, indeed, that old Jec-tionbag told me he thought you'd have kicked the bucket. You must be sensible, for I see it myself, how much you've improved everyway lately; so why mayn't you not get on again, see-

ing, as one may say, you've already doubled the Cape. Cheer up then, my old heart, and never say die! You may yet get stout again, and go home and see Auld Reikie along with me. You see I'm determined not to knock under; for certainly I do think the war cannot last for ever."

"Ay, ay, my dear fellow," said the veteran, "you may say it, for you are young, and have the weather-gage of me by some twenty years or better; but it's more than I expect, my lad, that's all. Howsomever, I thank you kindly for your good wishes; they are a balm to this old heart of mine, and come, like music, with a gentleness over it, to which it hasn't been accustomed this many a day.—But seriously, Ned, do you really hope to see Scotland again?"

"Do I, my old blade!" cried Edward, "assuredly I do; unless, to be sure, I get a smasher on the road, and then you know Scotland's nothing to me, and I am nothing to Scotland. God help us, my good soul, it is as well to live in hope as die in despair.—But that's not what we were talking on. Come now, Jack, oblige me honestly with your real name, for Scizzey, you know, it can't be."

"Well, Ned, as we're alone I will. What wouldst think of Adams?"

"Why, my heart," cried Edward, "I'd think it a very respectable surname of the country you've hailed for. But I say, Jack, if it's a fair question, what made you dounce it? Did you cut for it?"

The old man hesitated answering for a moment—then seizing Edward's hand, he replied, "Yes, Davies, I *will* trust you—I *will* give a vent to feelings which I've concealed for years from every one—which I've sheltered under a false name and a false character—and which I must still continue to do to every one but you. May I depend upon you? Give me your word you'll not betray me."

"I do most solemnly, Jack," said Edward, gravely, "and am only sorry you should think it necessary."

"Well, well, Ned, have done, have done," cried the old man. "I did run, my lad, and the broad R has stood against the name of poor old Adams the matter now of between fourteen and fifteen years. At the time I cut, Ned, there was due me better than some eighteen months' pay

as captain of the forecandle, besides a good round sum of prize money, and a stock of clothes I wouldn't have given for the best fifty guineas that ever was coined—but what then, I ran for my life."

"Your life, Adams!" cried the astonished Edward; "what hadst done to forfeit your life?"

"Nothing I was ever ashamed to think of, even when alone," said the old man; then added in a half whisper,—“You must know I was one of the few who had the pluck, at the risk of fame, fortune, and life itself, to plant that glorious tree of indisputable rights, the fruits of which the whole fleet throughout the world are this day reaping.”

"And yet you ran for your life?" cried Edward. "Was it in danger?"

"Why not me as well as more innocent men," said the old man, "who fell a sacrifice to the cold-blooded revenge of an interested faction? I am as certain I would have gone for it as I am now speaking."

"Fourteen or fifteen years ago—certain of going for it—innocent men," said Edward to himself, calculating mentally.—“Why, my dear fellow,” continued he aloud, “you must allude to the Mutiny of the Fleet—”

"Rather," said the old man, sharply interrupting him, "to the redress of the grievances, the notorious grievances of the Fleet."

"Well, well, my old blade," cried Edward, "I shan't fall out with you about a name. One calls it a mutiny, the *great* mutiny, and so forth; another simply a redress of grievances, or, as you say, *notorious* grievances. Now which of you is right I neither know nor care. It's a business, I must say, I think happily over; for certainly, certainly, it cost many a poor, ignorant, simple soul his life,—while those who most richly deserved it, eluded the kinch, and escaped."

"I thank you for the compliment," said the old man, testily; "but your ignorance excuses you, for you speak boldly without knowledge."

"Why, my old blade," cried Edward, "mayhap I may; for I confess I never yet heard an *HONEST* ACCOUNT of the matter—merely bits of snatches here and there, told us now and then by the Captain's steward, who said he was a boy on board the Sandwich, attending the gun-room,

at the time the story happened. He's an old fellow now."

"I knew it, I knew it," said the old veteran, brightening up;—"I knew you had never heard anything like *THE TRUTH* of the story."

"Well, well, mate," said Edward, grasping his crutch, "to put an end at once to all botheration,—for you see it is time we were on the move,—will you favour me with *your* account of the matter? I would like nothing better; and you may depend upon my making no improper use of anything you say."

"Well, I don't care although I should," said the old man. "I will rake up my memory to-night as soon as I turn in, and to-morrow, if the

weather is favourable, I will meet you here at the same hour.—But, God help me, I must no longer be Jack Adams, but the surly brute of an old fellow Jack Scizzey.—Good night, Ned; I can make quicker way than you, and will reach the house long before you. Don't be surprised if you should catch me on your arrival in a brawl; 'tis a character I must keep up now so long as I am here, and, according to circumstances, probably hereafter. However, I'll explain the reason of that to-morrow, and other things which may possibly surprise you, in a short bit of an account of what I myself have encountered in my voyage through life."

CHAP. XIX.

Oh, whatever you do, never flinch from your King,
From your Country, your parents, and all
The best blessings which from honest duty do spring,
To join in a Mutinous brawl:—
For mind me, my mates,—and I say it in sooth,
To avert from you every dread evil,—
That the first is the way of high honour and truth,
But the last is the road to the devil!

NEXT day, the weather proving fine, Edward was seated on the appointed bench punctual to a moment; and he had sat no long time when he beheld the tall gaunt form of Adams coming striding towards him. The salutations of the day being over,—

"I see very well, Ned," said the veteran, addressing him, "that I have screwed your curiosity up to a far higher pitch than, I doubt me, there was any occasion for, and I sincerely pray God you mayn't be disappointed. I have no marvels, mind me, to give you; nor, from beginning to end, is there a single hobgoblin or merry-andrew to be found to excite your interest. It is all plain simple narrative; such homely gear, indeed, that I'm afraid, before I get through it, you'll think both me and my story alike exceedingly dull, and send us a-packing to the devil."

"Oh, never fear, Jack," said Edward, "no matter-of-fact story can be absolutely dull, however plainly told—particularly such an interesting one as you're alluding to. On the contrary, I assure you, I anticipate a vast deal of pleasure, were it no more

than in the simple comparing of your way of it with the morsels here and there which I've already so often heard."

"Well, well, Ned," returned the veteran, "I'm glad you are content to hear it in any shape. I'll do my best to please you, and I hope you'll accept the good will for the deed. I was never a great fist at telling of stories, even in my prime, and I much doubt me I am too old to improve now. However, as I hate all apology-making, here's at it;—be so good as interrupt me as seldom as you can, lest you should break the yarn, tough though it be, and I'll give you old Jack's word for it, that if he don't please you, at least he will not detain you."

"Enough, my dear fellow," said Edward; "begin, begin, for I'm all impatience."

"Then listen," said the veteran, "to what you may call, in shore lingo, the

"STORY OF JACK ADAMS.

"I was born in Roslin, as I told you before, and entered the service at

Edinburgh, by leaping on board of a boat, then patrolling the streets on a wheeled carriage, nicely bedizened with flags, and flashy Jacks, in rib-boned hats, and music, and plenty of stuff, and the devil knows all what. I don't remember what year it was—nor does it matter—I was a careless, merry, youngish fellow at that time, fully taller than I am now, and had what my grandmother used to call a bee in my bonnet. I recollect I pocketed the thirty guineas of bounty with a vast deal of pleasure,—commenced gentleman in a trice—carried on like a scapegrace while it lasted—drank the most of it; was robbed of the rest; and was then hurried on board the *Martin* tender, lying in Leith Roads, in a state something between the drunkard and the madman. Well, here I had ample leisure to come to my senses, while waiting for the completion of our live cargo, which was no sooner done, than we sailed for the *Nore*, and were bundled on board of the *Guardo*. As I hated to be inactive, I soon grew tired of a guard-ship and volunteered as quickly as possible; so that before you'd have said Jack Robinson, there was I in the West Indies a-fighting with the Blackamoors, sometimes on shore, sometimes on board, along with Sir Jolin Jervis,—he, I mean, we now call Earl St Vincent. Well, we had strange doings there for a great length of time, and as I was young, and stout, and healthy, and lived like a perfect fighting-cock, faith I can't say but I passed the best part of a couple of years there quite to my heart's wish. But this was too good to last for ever. We were ordered home, and were hardly in sight of St Helen's, when we were drafted on board the *Queen Charlotte*, and in her I fought out the 1st of June. I was on board of her during all the riot, and only left her to come to the *Nore*, by order of my officers—but more of this anon.—Well, time wore on—and troublesome times they were—for Boney was always a-talking of invading England, and kept us eternally on the alert. I assure you, my lad, the Channel in those days was the devil's own corner for bustle and business, and a turn in for a whole watch, was a thing which occurred but seldom. However, we

had always plenty of prize-money; for though we were seldom paid by our agents, by dint of our papers we used to lay Moses and his brother smouches under a constant contribution, and so contrived to have a little pleasure when we had the opportunity. But I'm wandering to leeward—Where was I?—Oh, ay, I recollect—Well, by this time I'd been dubbed A. B. with about ninepence halfpenny a-day, and stationed on the fore-castle—

"I beg your pardon, matey," said Edward, interrupting him, "but you're away yet.—We'll take your promotion and all that for granted. Rather tell me at what time you first observed any symptoms of dissatisfaction among the crew of the *Charlotte*—because, stationed as you were on the fore-castle, and messing choak forward in the nose of her, you must have been very early apprised of anything of the kind."

"True, my lad, true," replied Adams; "but before I go any farther, Ned, just bring me up with a round turn, the same as you've done now, my boy, whenever I'm inclined to go off my regular course.—Well, to answer your question in few words, I think, as far as my memory serves me, it was about the end of 1796 I first saw any of them printed gear, as came from the shore, in the hands of any of my shipmates. Who sent them, or who the devil made them, I neither knows nor cares—neither does it matter—certain it is, that not only our ship, but the whole fleet, received large lots of them every other day; and I haven't a-doubt but they had a main hand in kicking up all the riot that afterwards happened. I recollect well enough of reading two or three of 'em—but I soon got tired, for they told me nothing but what I already knew—though how to better myself I knew not—for as for kicking against the very thing that pricked me, why you know that was all in my eye."

"If you remember, Jack," said Edward, "I'd like to know what these printed affairs spoke about."

"Everything, matey," replied the veteran; "they generally commenced with telling what brave hardy fellows we were—how the country adored us—and such other blarney. Then out came what a d—d shame

it was that we had so little pay, when the soldiers, who did nothing, were getting so and so—what a pity it was that a parcel of rascals, such as our officers were, should fatten and grow rich, by cheating us out of the allowance given us by our king and country—that while the soldiers got furloughs to go to the far end of the kingdom, to see their wives and families, we were cooped up on board like a parcel of convicts; or at most, allowed a twenty-four hours' liberty-ticket to go on shore, while all the soldiers had orders to look after us, and even got three guineas reward for nabbing us when we overstretch-ed the time.—This and such like everyday stuff, was the eternal change they rung—shifted a little here and there—but still ending in the same chime. Then, having set all your abominations in proper ship-shape before you, they generally tolled in with the usual blustering swagger of a long line-of-battle of questions, such as the asking us ‘If we were men?’—As that could hardly be doubted, they then asked, ‘Why we bent under, or allowed of such tyrannical doings? Had we not made our enemies tremble, and were not all our enemies who sought to make us, free-born Englishmen and Britains, slaves?’—and the whole would conclude with a strange rigmarole exhortation, generally taken from a song, such as—‘Now’s the day and now’s the hour!’—‘Britons strike home!’—and such like.—Pshaw! I ever held them to be d—d mischievous trumpery; though I must confess, ’twas not the case with the greater part of my shipmates, for they first set them all a-reading, and then they set them all a-grumbling—seeing they told many of ’em of rights they as yet knew nothing about—and laughed and sneered at the simplicity of men who thought themselves the cleverest fellows on God Almighty’s waters.”

“Ah, but, harkye, my brave fellow,” said Edward, “you must acknowledge, now, that there was a strong spice of truth in this nonsense. I have often heard say that there was ample cause for the riot that took place.”

“Why no one will dispute that, my lad,” said the old man, “who has a particle of common sense in his skull. We had various matters to

complain of, and they were often complained of—but of what use was it, or what good did it do?—You were certain, by way of redress, to be either hooted off the quarter-deck, laughed to scorn, or receive a good drubbing; and, in good sooth, my lad, I can’t say I was ever patriot enough to volunteer to undergo such a discipline.—For instance now, for simple, common, everyday treatment, I can’t say I ever could relish the being kicked for nothing by a mere boy, escaped from the school or the nursery, or even to be rope’s-ended by the hobbledehoy hands of a young raw master’s mate—far less did I relish the almost constant startings, running of gauntlets, playing of dumb-bells, and other ingenious arts of tormenting, which were then in fashion; and as for the almost daily practice of flogging, and particularly the too common one of keel-hauling, it shocked the whole fleet, and completely put my pipe out. D—n me. it was using men worse than the beasts that perish. As for our grub again, we had, no doubt, what the Purser called full twelve ounces to the pound of either flour or bread;—four ounces being kept back, he said, for the necessary waste attending the doling it out.—But God knows what he called *his* ounce—I believe it was one invented by himself—as it wasn’t to be discovered in ever a Dilworth of the kingdom. And then for his liquor measures, why they were in the self-same mess; and, through the whole fleet, were larger or smaller just as the Purser loved money, or had a larger or smaller particle of conscience about him. Now, no doubt, the like of these things made us surly, and at times growl at him; but still you know he could very flatly tell us, we had our regular pound allowed us by Government, as well as our regular pint of grog; and why, if we wanted any more, we must apply to Government for it, not to him, for he could do nothing for us. The Captain and first Lieutenant sounded the same chime—ay, and sometimes accompanied it with a d—d good thrashing, by way of mending the matter. Besides all this, we had to growl, and we did growl, at several other minor matters, which all tended to impoverish us, poor devils, while it enriched no one but the Captain, the Purser, and

the ship's agent. This was the irregular method they had at that time of paying ship's companies their wages, sometimes allowing three, four, and if out of the land, even seven years to run, before they received a cross of pay due them. This, of course, you know, was all in the Purser's favour—the men were compelled to take slops—and if they were great wearers—why when pay-day came they were often in the Purser's debt. This, however, as you may guess, did not occur often. Then there was no such thing as short allowance money—and if your grog was stopped, whether for punishment or sickness, it was never afterwards accounted for.—But the best of all was, that were you wounded, or in such bad health, as to be compelled to go to the hospital, you got no pay from the hour of leaving the ship until you was mustered again, and entered on her books by the Clerk of the Cheque. All these were grounds—and devilish good ones, for many bickerings, squabblings, and heart-burnings—but still, except a brush now and then, things went on pretty fairly until these printed gear came on board, and set all hands as-spouting about rights and privileges. Then there was nothing but the devil to pay;—meetings, and committees, and delegates got quite in fashion; and really and truly it was impossible for a fellow with the spirit of a cockle to stand neutral on the occasion. As I told you before, I cared little about those printed gear, because they told me nothing but what I already knew—but 'twas not the case with my shipmates—they were completely converted by them, and were very generally seized with the mania of reform; of course the petitions for redress to the officers were multiplied out of number, and, as usual, the petitioners were scouted or kicked for their pains.—Now, my dear soul, I believe I am stating the matter as fairly as a poor old fellow can do, when I frankly say, that our officers did wrong in treating the ships' companies in such a lousy manner, when they came respectfully forward and petitioned for a redress of some of these grievances; and I will be also bold to say, that in my conscience I think it was this unkind and even barbarous treatment, combined with the paltry pay, and other disagreeable

comparisons between them and the military which these printed gear put into their heads, that drove disagreements to such a height, or first gave us the idea of pushing matters to a head at all risks in the manner we did.—Well, my lad, finding we could make nothing but abuse and ill usage out of our own officers, we resolved to attack their betters, and accordingly sent about a dozen of nameless petitions to the post-house, some to one *Ral* and some to another, not forgetting old 1st of June, nor the Lords Admirals themselves. But being in no one's name, d'ye see, they cared nothing about them, and we were as wise as ever. Well, on this we had a meeting on the main deck, (for by this time, my lad, we cared not a straw for our officers, any more than they did for us,) when I got up and spouted a while as well as I could, telling them, 'twas all in my eye the sending ashore such half-done work,—that if they wished any attention to be paid to their demands, there was nothing like fair, even-down thump work for it—and that if they would take my way on't, they should once more make out the petitions, get them signed in the round-robin fashion, and send them off to the Admiral of the fleet at once, and such other nabs as they thought proper, telling them plumply and plainly, that if they wouldn't comply with our demands, we wouldn't comply with theirs. Well, all this was agreed to, and I was appointed one of a committee that was to see it done; so that the moment the petitions were ready and signed by a number of our first-rate hands, we went through the fleet and got all to sign them in the same manner, then dispatched them ashore. But, God bless you, what a devil of a nitty they did kick up!—why, there was nothing but yard-arms, and shooting, and walking the plank spoken of. Every rumour that came from the shore that day was worse than the other; and upon my soul, Ned, I will candidly confess to you that I did not altogether lie on a bed of roses that night. Next day, while we were considering what was to be done, who should burst in upon us but old Lock, our captain, absolutely foaming with rage. He abused us all in the most violent manner, struck all around him, and behaved so like

a madman, that we manned a boat, and turned him ashore, there to come to his senses at leisure. Well, we were still waiting very patiently for an answer of some one kind or other, when who should board us but that madeap of an old woman, Admiral Gardner,—a fellow that never did anything worth mentioning,—and he made matters a great deal worse.”

“Pshaw, pshaw, mate,” loudly interrupted Edward, “that will never go down. Admiral Gardner was *never* an old woman in his born life—but the very reverse. Doesn’t think, my old boy, but I’ve heard before now of the old Queen he was aboard on? Ay, that I have, and often, matey;—and, more than that, every one as spoke of her always said and swore, that she played the best stick on the first of June of the whole fleet, not excepting your great Charlotte herself.”

“Why, who the devil disputes that, Davies?” cried the old man with eagerness.—“I know as well as any one that the old Queen fought on that glorious day like a very devil, and went through and through the French line like a flaming evil spirit. But what then, my lad?—You’ll please to recollect, that she wasn’t fought on that occasion by Admiral Gardner—no, nor ever a Gardner in the fleet. It was honest old Hutt that fought her—as fine a fellow as ever trod a quarter-deck—and he lost both leg and thigh on the occasion, and died, brave heart, coming home.—No, no, Davies, depend on’t that I tell you truth when I say, that little credit goes to the Admiral for that day’s work, as well as many others who shall be nameless.”

“Well, well, Jack,” continued Edward, “all that may be true. But as to Captain Hutt, you know, that was his bad luck, poor fellow, and no fault of the Admiral’s; for certainly, lad, that doesn’t make out yet what you say.”

“Bah, d—n him, I do not like him, that’s flat!” cried the old man impatiently;—“he’s a proud, haughty, fiery hothead!—He has no patience in the world, and, when once fairly roused, will neither listen to rhyme nor reason, but right or wrong, up fist and down with you.—Blast him!—I’ll not forget in a hurry what a devilish good thrashing he served me out one day I were keeping holiday

on board his hooker, and all for a mere nothing.”

“Oho!—Jack, I see it now, my hearty,” cried Edward smiling; “and so he gave you a thrashing, did he?—Ah well, that makes the matter somewhat clearer than mud, and sufficiently accounts for your very handsome epithet.—You may now proceed—pray how did he come to make matters worse?”

“Why, you must know, my dear fellow,” continued the old man, somewhat mortified, “that by way of striking a salutary terror into these gentry, we had lashed a block on the yard’s arm, and rove a rope through it, which was made fast to the fore rigging. On seeing this he lost temper completely, and cursed and swore, and strutted and capered about the deck like a monkey in a china shop.—‘Whew! for himself, he didn’t give a single d—n for the whole of us—he would stand under the yard-arm rope and defy us all—We sailors!—that was a lie—we were a parcel of d—d lubberly lousy tailors—mutinous scoundrels, that deserved to be sabred into dog’s-meat,’—and in this manner he went on abusing us until his wind failed him. This was rather overdoing the thing; and accordingly some of our spinks certainly did return his fire with language of a similar description. I stood silent, watching the progress of this war of words; at last, apprehensive of the worst of consequences, I went up to the Admiral, and taking him by the hand, I requested that he would be so good as withdraw while there was anything like good manners remaining. I then conducted him to the gangway, and saw him into his boat, which he entered amid the hootings and hissings of the whole ship’s company. Now, would you believe it, this very man had been ordered on board for the purpose of giving us our answer—and certainly a pretty answer we had to expect which was begun in such elegant language. No time was therefore lost, and the signal for a council of delegates was immediately hoisted. They came directly on board and had a consultation, when it was determined to adopt such measures as should secure the delegates from any surprise. I was therefore dispatched to the Admiral’s ship, the Royal George, with orders from the council to haul down the Admi-

ral a flag, and hoist the red flag in its stead—being a signal for every ship to send a boat manned and armed for the protection of the court of delegates on board the Queen Charlotte. The Captain of the Royal George, indeed, did make some resistance to this, and swore he would be d—d ere such a flag should be hoisted without the Admiral's permission; but his objections were soon over-ruled, and the flag was hoisted. While I staid there a-telling of them how Gardner had behaved on board the Charlotte, who should come alongside but his Lordship himself along with Admiral Pole—a real good fellow—to demand, forsooth, what was the meaning of the red flag, which was flying at the fore-topmast head?—He had asked the question three times without a single soul giving him a word of answer; when at last a fellow mustering up courage, went forward to the gangway, and told his Lordship the ship's company wished to have nothing to say to him; but as for Admiral Pole, if he chose to step on board, the ship's company would gladly hear what he had to tell them. The good fellow immediately complied, and the whole business was put to rights in a twinkling. The moment he came on board, and all hands gathered round him, he mildly said, 'What do you mean, my lads, by hoisting of signals now, when Admiral Gardner has already told you that your petition is accepted and will be complied with?'

"My Lord," replied one of the quartermasters, 'we heard a very different story, now, of his Lordship's behaviour on board the Charlotte;—it was told us by one of the delegates now on board, who I dare say will gladly carry any message your Lordship may be pleased to give him to the council, now assembled on board that ship.'

"Ah well, where is he?—send him to me directly," said his Lordship.

"Well, of course you know, I was bundled forward; and after answering various questions as to his Lordship's behaviour on board the Queen Charlotte, which I did as respectfully as I could, he told me in positive terms, to assure the council of delegates the moment I went on board, that, on his honour as an officer and a gentleman, the petition was accepted, and would be complied with without delay.

"Thank you, thank you, my Lord,"

cried I, grasping the good soul by the hand, which I shook heartily, I assure you. 'This is indeed the best news we've had these many months; and I've no doubt will allay all our ill-nature and restore us to a good understanding again. I'll go on board directly, my Lord, and execute your commission before the council breaks up.—Signalman, bring me a white flag instantly.'

"What are you going to do with a white flag, my good fellow?" inquired his Lordship.

"Why, my Lord," cried I, 'I'm so d—d happy, that I shall not only carry a white flag, but I believe I shall have a band of music with me also, to do honour to your Lordship's message.—Tomlins,' cried I to the quartermaster who had first spoken, 'muster me up your band if you please—by Jupiter, this is not an ordinary occasion.'

"You are a strange fellow," said the Admiral, smiling, 'but I hope you'll not forget what I've told you?'

"Never fear, my Lord," cried I, 'it will give too much pleasure to be easily forgotten.'

"Do then hasten on board, like a good boy, while your what-d'ye-call-it is sitting," said his Lordship;—'for you know the sooner a story of this kind is settled 'tis so much the better.'

"I gave his Lordship a sea bow, and he retired to his boat, and rowed off.

"Now come, my jolly hearts," cried I, 'who will volunteer to go on board the Charlotte with me with the happy news? They shall have plenty of fun and oceans of grog. By the Lord, I'm half crazy with joy—so let me be off.—Come, Tomlins; d—n it, at least you must go—for you got the message as well as I.—Come, my jolly warblers, are you all in there—Ay, that's right—Come, let's aboard, old boy.'

"Shall I haul down the red, Adams?" inquired the signalman.

"No, no, my lad," said I, 'you had better wait the council's orders about that affair. I'll tell you what, I'll ask about it as soon's I get on board, and if you are to haul it down, you'll know by the union being bent on the fore-yard's-arm rope. D—n me, better to hang the union, than one of its jolly subjects.—Come along, Tomlins.'

"What shall we strike up, Adams?" said the Master of the Band, addressing me after we were in the boat.

"Eh?" cried I, busily employed bending on the white flag to the boat's hook, 'd-n me if I know, Hartley—you ought to be the best judge.—But I say, give us none of your nationals—that's a d-d Jerry-Sneak way of going to work, and not like true blues at all.—I'll tell you what, my heart, give us, *Hey, my blue bonnets, jump over the Border!*—it is lively—in my opinion it is applicable—and it will give no offence to the radicals. So strike up, my hearts, and stretch out, my lads, and let us on board."

"The band struck up, the white flag was elevated, and thus we rowed to the Queen, to the utter astonishment of the armed boats which by this time now surrounded her.

"Hilloah, Adams, why what's the matter?" roared a hundred voices.

"Good news, my happy lads," cried I, 'glorious news, boys!—but I've only time to say, our petition is accepted by the Lords Admirals;' and I immediately ran up the side, still carrying my standard. Ordering the band to the quarter-deck, I whispered into Hartley's ear to strike up that good old antijacobin, '*Up and waur them a', Willie!*'—while I sent in to the council to announce my arrival with a message from authority. The band immediately did so, and I marched at their head round the whole three decks, refusing to answer a single question, and contriving it so that I should make my halt at the cabin door, where the council of delegates was still deliberating. The door being thrown open, I immediately entered, taking the old quarter-master along with me.

"What is the matter, Adams?" said Jack Morris, who was sitting as President,—'have you got any good news for us that you make all this hubbub?'

"Master President," replied I, 'as I take it, I've got glorious news to tell to you and this honourable meeting. Admiral Pole, on the quarter-deck of the George, has pledged his honour to you, before me and this old man I've brought with me to back my assertion, besides hundreds of others on board, that the Lords Admirals have accepted your petition, and that every

demand would be complied with without a moment's delay.'

"I won't believe a word of all that there story," cried Tom Allen of the Mars. 'If it was true, Mr President, why didn't Pole come here himself with the news? D-n me, he knew we were assembled, and it was the least thing he could have done, in my opinion.—For my part, I think he has been gammoning Adams.'

"For shame, Allen," cried I, 'to suppose for a moment that a gentleman like Pole would utter a deliberate falsehood.—Mr President, the person appointed to bring you the intelligence from the proper authorities; was no other than the redoubted Admiral Gardner;—at least so said Admiral Pole in all our hearings, and him I *will* believe, let Tom say what he will;—and how Gardner delivered his message, or rather what a pretty kettle of fish he made on't, I suppose you'll all have heard on. What I've told you, Mr President, I assure you honestly is truth, for the verification of which I not only appeal to my worthy old ship here, but to three-parts of the ship's company of the George—and as for his gammoning me, I've the conceit to think so highly of myself, that I believe I'd be gammoned by neither Admiral Pole nor Tom Allen.'

"Glory, Adams!—glory, my hearty! burst from two or three voices.

"Order, gentlemen!—order if you please!" cried the President;—"I'd have you to consider that this is a matter of the most serious nature, and one which demands your greatest attention.—What say you, shall we take Adam's message for truth or not?—you see the Mars is of opinion that he's been gammoned."

"Mr President," cried I rising, 'by the way in which you're putting that question, the truth or falsehood of the message hangs upon my shoulders. This I protest against; for it is not Adams's message,—it is not Tomlin's message, our worthy quarter-master here—it is Admiral Gardner's message, which he had been sent expressly here to deliver—but which, like everything else, he botched, and murdered, and made a hundred times worse.—I hope, therefore, I'll hear no more of Adams's message—the words I have uttered came from the mouth

of Admiral Pole, and to him I pledged my troth, at his earnest desire, I would deliver them to you. I have done so—I believe them—but still, farther than that, I disclaim all responsibility for their truth or falsehood—that you are to judge of.—I’ve got no more to say, Mr President,—I’ve already said I believe in the honour and truth of Admiral Pole—I beg leave to repeat my assertion;—and have now only to request that you’ll be so good as examine old Tomlins here, as to what he heard, in some measure to take away any doubts of my report of the Admiral’s words, and more fully to show that I was not quite gammoned.’

“ ‘Glory, Adams!—quite right!’ was shouted again.

“ ‘Well, gentlemen,’ said the President, ‘what d’ye say, shall we examine Tomlins in the first place before we proceed to the vote?’

“ ‘Oh, undoubtedly,’ cried a great number, ‘it can do no harm—and after all, is but fair play.’

“ The quarter-master was now examined, and backed every syllable I had uttered. I saw the impression this examination had made on the majority, and immediately said that if they had the least doubt of the quarter-master’s being also gammoned, they might send to the George and take the evidence and the belief of the story from hundreds who heard it. For this service I immediately proposed Tom Allen of the Mars, and Bill Senator of the Marlborough, two of the stubbornest hotheads I believe in the fleet, along with Bill Ruly of the London, and Mark Turner of the Terrible, two men of sense and also of moderation.

“ This was agreed to, and they were immediately dispatched—the meeting meantime chatting on indifferent mat-

ters. At the end of an hour they returned, and fully verified the message I had given; both Bill Ruly and Mark Turner adding, that the news was firmly believed on board the George. This, however, was contradicted by Allen and Senator; who allowed that no doubt there were a few that said they believed the story, but that the great majority shook their heads, expressing their fears that it was too good to be true. In this dilemma it was proposed to come to no resolution for the present, but to adjourn the meeting until next day, when possibly further intelligence might reach them. On the same account the red flag was ordered to be kept hoisted until it was dark, and the Admiral’s to be hoisted in its place in the morning.

“ Well, Ned, upon my soul, the result of this meeting chagrined me most confoundedly, and all that afternoon and evening I could not be bothered with the chat of any one, but walked the fore-castle, with my arms a-kimbo, as sulky as you please. I had no fears of being laughed at openly, my boy, for I assure you there were very few in those days, as this old withered fist can show, who would have stood long before me. But I also knew that there were plenty, both laughing and squibbing at me silyly, and the very thought was cursedly mortifying. However, I bore up in the best manner I could—spoke little and took less notice—and was rewarded next day by a complete triumph. A triumph do I call it?—It was more, my boy—it was a glory—a sort of northern halo that encircled me, and caused me to strut the decks for the whole following day as lofty and proud as e’er a quarterly-account Jackey in the service.”

HORÆ ITALICÆ.

No. II.

Aristodemo ; by Vincenzo Monti.

WHEN we presented our readers with an account of the ARMINIO of Ippolito Pindemonte, we promised them an early introduction to that author's principal rival, *il Cavaliere Vincenzo Monti*. We are now about to fulfil our engagement ; but before entering upon our task, we feel bound to confess, that in thus classing together these two Italian dramatists, we have been influenced rather by our own individual opinion, than by what we understand of the relative estimation in which they are held by their own countrymen, who appear hardly to consider Pindemonte as deserving of any sort of comparison with Monti. Indeed, we have ourselves heard an Italian critic, of no ordinary abilities and acquirements, select the ARISTODEMO of Monti as the masterpiece, not only of the Italian, but of the universal European modern theatre.—Now, how much soever we may question the authority of such a sentence, as far as it regards absolute merit, it would surely be great presumption in foreigners to dispute the decision of compatriot literati respecting the relative pre-eminence amongst themselves of the authors or the works of any country. These are points upon which foreigners, we apprehend, can scarcely ever be competent to judge. There is a sort of congeniality or homogeneity in the language, genius, and taste of every separate people, whether produced by peculiarities of national character, or by whatever else generated, which necessarily occasions great discrepancy between their judgments and those of strangers ; produces considerable embarrassment and awkwardness in all translations ; and renders it more-over a difficult, not to say unfair attempt to appreciate any work of imagination when thus presented to us under the disguise of an idiom, with which those views, sentiments, and flights of fancy, most enthusiastically admired at home, have no such affinity. Let it not, however, be supposed, that in thus prefacing our account of, and extracts from, an Italian tragedy, with remarks tending to depreciate translation in general, we intend, by an un-

exampled exuberance of modesty, to undervalue those our labours, past, present, or future, in which we have endeavoured, do now, or may hereafter endeavour, to make our readers acquainted with the literature of foreign nations. Such labours are far from useless, although their utility be of a more limited description than desultory readers are apt to conceive. If we cannot thus enable him, who is familiar with none but his mother tongue, fully to comprehend and participate in the delight which the works passed under review excite in their native land, we at least afford him the means of learning the different tastes of different nations, and, according to the peculiar temper of his mind, of either investigating and comparing such different tastes,—a curious political, not less than metaphysical study,—or flattering and feeding his national vanity, with the conviction of the immeasurable superiority of our own British taste and genius.

We proceed without farther procrastination to ARISTODEMO, an Italian tragedy, in which there is not a single word or thought of love from beginning to end ; a circumstance, it may be thought, sufficiently remarkable, had the play no other distinction to repay the trouble of reviewing.—Remorse and parental affection constitute the whole interest. The story upon which the poet has founded his drama is taken from Pausanias. But we shall suffer it to develop itself in the progress of the piece. The action passes in the palace of Aristodemus, king of Messenia, and the scene is described in the stage directions as a royal hall, *sala regia*, at the back of which is seen a monument. We have inserted the Italian words for the satisfaction of any sceptical reader, who, surprised at such a choice of locality for a sepulchre, might accuse us of mistranslation.—The piece is opened by two Spartans, in the following dialogue.

Lysander. Ay, Palamedes ; harbinger of peace,

From Sparta to Messenia's king, I come.
Sparta is weary of hostilities ;
So deeply in the blood of citizens

Are dyed our laurels, that upon the brow
They weigh a heavy burthen and a shame-
ful.

Wrath is subdued by pity; and sound
reason

Prevails, alleging that 'tis utter folly
Through avaricious jealousy of state
To crush ourselves and desolate the earth.
Then since the enemy was first compelled
To wish for peace, wise Sparta grants
the boon,

And I convey it hither. Nor alone
Do I bring peace, but with it liberty
To such of ours as here in servitude
Are pining, chiefly to thyself, loved friend,
Who, howsoe'er regretted and desired,
Three years, unhonoured, amidst hostile
walls,

Hast languished, an illustrious prisoner.

Palamedes.. I joy to see thee once again,
Lysander;

And gladly some through thee shall I re-
gain

My liberty; unto the dear embraces
Of friends and kin return, and hail again
The light of day upon my country's soil:
Albeit not Fortune's self could have pro-
vided

An easier slavery. Thou'st not to learn
That fair *Cesira*, old *Talthibius*' daughter,
Is here my fellow-prisoner. But further
Know, that such favour in the monarch's
eye,

Cesira's loveliness, her courteous speech,
And gentle bearing, have obtained, that
never

Have servile fetters by *Aristodemus*
Been suffered to oppress her with their
weight;

Rather with lavish kindness does he load
her;

Whilst me, unbound, at pleasure he per-
mits

To wander o'er the palace, a partaker
In her indulgencies.

Lys. *Aristodemus*

Then loves this Spartan maiden, *Palamedes*?

Pal. He loves her with paternal ten-
derness;

And only by her side th' unfortunate
Feels sometimes in his breast a drop of
joy

Soft penetrate, alleviating the grief
That overwhelms him still. Without
Cesira

Not ev'n the briefest lightning of a smile
Were seen to irradiate that melancholy
And darksome countenance.

Lys. Throughout all Greece

His mortal melancholy is the theme
Of men's discourse; its cause a mystery.
But here I judge, what elsewhere is un-
known

Must be apparent. Kings are ever cir-
cled

By vigilant observers, who explore
Their every word, ay, every sigh and
thought.

Then tell me, friend, what secret cause
of gloom

Has so much busy watchfulness disco-
vered?

Pal. Plainly, as it was told me, I'll re-
late

This most unhappy man's sad history.
A fatal sickness laid *Messenia* waste,
When for stern *Pluto*, *Delphi*'s oracle,
In horrid sacrifice, a virgin claimed,
Of th' *Epitæan* race. The lots were cast,
And on *Liciscus*' daughter fell the doom.
The father, guiltily compassionate,
By secret flight rescued his child from
death,

And the wronged people eagerly required
Another victim. Then *Aristodemus*
Stood forward, to the sacrificing priest
Willingly offering his proper child,
Dirce the beautiful. And in the place
Of her who fled, *Dirce* upon the altar
Was slain; she quenched with her pure
virgin blood

The thirst of the insatiable *Avernus*,
And for the general safety gave her life.

Lys. All this I know; *Fame* bruited
it abroad,

And of the mother's inauspicious fate
Added dark rumours.

Pal. She, enduring ill

Her *Dirce*'s loss, by grief, by rage im-
pelled,

Her bosom desperately gashed and tore,
And lay, a bloody and disfigured corse,
The nuptial couch defiling, whilst i' the
realms

Of death, a raving but contented shade,
Her daughter she rejoined. This was
the second

Misfortune of the sad *Aristodemus*,
And closely was it followed by the third,
The most disastrous chance of his *Argia*;
She was her father's sole remaining hope,
A lovely, sportive infant, who as yet,
Tottering unsteadily on tender foot,
Had scarce seen half a lustre.* Often-
times

Clasping her fondly to his breast, he felt
The recollection of his suffered woe

* It is *Monti*, not we, who must answer for thus making Greeks compute time
in Latin.

By little and by little hushed to rest;
Whilst once more sounded sweetly in his
heart

The name of father, brightening his dark
brow.

A short-lived solace! Even of this last
Sole remnant of his bliss, he was de-
spoiled.

For then it was our armies suddenly
Won the tremendous battle at Anfea,
And the precipitous Ithomé press'd
With all a siege's horrors. Fearing then
The city's loss, Aristodemus gave
His daughter from his arms, intrusting her
Unto Eumæus' oft-tried loyalty,
To Argos secretly to be convey'd;
Oft hesitating, and a thousand times
Commending to his care so dear a life.
Alas, in vain! 'Upon Alpheus' banks
A troop of Spartans, either of the flight
Privately warned, or thither led by
chance,

Fell on the little band, unsparingly
Slaught'ring her guards, and in the mas-
sacre

The royal infant died.

Lys. Of this adventure
Know'st thou aught further?

Pal. Nothing more.

Lys. Then learn.—

Lysander was the leader of those forces,
The conqu'ror of Eumæus.

Pal. What, art thou
The slayer of Argia? Should that deed
Here be discovered——

Lys. With thy history
Proceed.—The rest to more convenient
season

Shall be reserved.

Pal. After Argia's loss,
Aristodemus gave himself a prey
To his affliction. Never since has joy
Shone on his heart, or if it shone, 'twas
merely

In guise of lightning's flash, that, fur-
rowing

The darkness, vanishes. Thoughtful and
sad,

In solitary places now he strays,
And from his inmost soul laments and
moans.

Then madly hurrying onward, howls in
anguish,

Calls upon Dirce's name, and at the foot
Of yonder monument that holds her
ashes,

He flings himself, and with convulsive
sobs

Embracing it, remains immovable;
Ay, so immovable, he might be deem'd
A marble image, were't not that the tears,
Which, streaming down his cheeks, de-
luge the tomb,

Mutely proclaim him living. This, Ly-
sander,

Is of the miserable king the state.

Lys. In truth a wretched state! But
what of that?

I came to serve my country, not to weep
The sorrows of her foe. Upon this point
I have important matters to disclose;
But for such speech a season must be
found

More free from interruption. Some one
comes

Who might o'erhear us.

Pal. Mark, it is Cesira.

Although we certainly do not in general consider dialogues between the minor personages of a drama as best calculated for selection in a review, which can, necessarily, afford space only for a small proportion of any piece, we have been induced to extract the preceding scene at full length, because it appears to us a fair, and not unhappy specimen of our author's dramatic talents. It communicates, not unnaturally, all that can be known concerning Aristodemus, prior to his own disclosures, and, by awakening an interest in his sorrows, prepares the mind to receive those disclosures, when made, with a sympathy which, did they come upon us abruptly, their horrible nature might repress. We are aware, nevertheless, that fastidious critics might carp at the very anti-laconic loquacity of Palamedes, and might wonder, perhaps, that the Spartan ambassador should have had nothing more important to discuss with his friend than the gossip of a foreign court. With respect to this last objection, it will hereafter appear that Lysander bore a private and especial hate to Aristodemus, which, joined to other secret reasons, might naturally enough make him wish for information concerning the king's state of mind. Had his curiosity been thus explained and justified, for which a word or two would have sufficed, we should have thought the exposition of the subject a very able one. To proceed :—

Cesira now enters and inquires after her father, but pays little attention to Lysander's account of the old man's anxiety for her return; appearing to be wholly engrossed with the kindness she has received from Aristodemus, and her regrets at leaving him a prey to melancholy. The party

is presently joined by Gonippus, the King's confidant, who, after describing the royal mourner as nearly delirious with agony, desires his companions to withdraw, because Aristodemus wishes, in this spot,

Once more to look upon the light of day;—

a wish that would seem more germane to the matter were the scene laid in a garden. The three Spartans, however, comply with the courtier's request, and the hero of the piece appears.

The next scene is one of high importance, but we hardly know how to deal with it. To give it *at full length*, as it might deserve, is impossible! For some of the details upon which the Italian poet dwells, apparently with a sort of incomprehensible delight, are so revolting to British delicacy of every various kind, whether mental or personal, of fancy, of stomach, or of nerves, that we can scarcely bring ourselves even to insinuate their nature to our readers. We shall discharge this disagreeable part of our duty, when we come to it, as inoffensively and as briefly as may be.

The dialogue begins with complaints upon the part of Aristodemus, and remonstrances upon that of Gonippus, who observes that his master's mind appears to be occupied with some horrid thought. The King replies,—

Gonippus, yes, the thought is horrible, Thou can'st not know how murderous—ly dreadful.

Thy glances cannot penetrate my heart, Nor when the tempest that convulses it. Thou faithful friend, believe me, I am wretched,

Immeasurably wretched! Sacrilegious, Impious, accurs'd of Heav'n, nature's abhorrence,

Yet more mine own!

Gonip. Alas! What strange disorder!

Sorrow bewilders sure thy faculties, And from inflam'd and false imaginings Thy melancholy springs.

Arist. Would that were all!

But dost thou know me! Dost thou ev'n conjecture

Whose blood is ever trickling o'er my hands?

Hast thou beheld the bursting sepulchre From out its dark profundity send spectres

To hurl me from my throne? amongst my locks

To twist their fingers, tearing off my crown?

Or hast thou heard, for ever echoing round,

Those frightful accents, 'Die, barbarian, die?'

Yes, I will die; here is my ready breast, My ready blood; shed, shed it all, and spare not!

Avenge offended nature, and at length Relieve me from thine aspect, cruel shade!

These expressions, whilst they fill Gonippus with terror, strongly excite his curiosity; and he presses Aristodemus with supplications until the latter reluctantly promises to reveal his secret to him. The king first displays a blood-stained dagger, declares that the blood which discolours it once flowed in Dirce's veins, and asks Gonippus if he knows what hand drew it thence? The shuddering confidant now shrinks from the fearful tale, but the gloomy narrator resolutely goes on with it. He begins, as did Palamedes, with the required sacrifice of a virgin of the Epitean race, and the flight of Liciscus with his devoted daughter. Then reminding his hearer that the throne was vacant during those dreadful days, he subjoins, that ambition had suggested the idea of gaining all suffrages to himself, by the seemingly generous, voluntary proffer of his own daughter to the sacrificial axe. He further relates, that having so offered her, the lover of Dirce had endeavoured to prevent the execution of his purpose, and finding entreaties and menaces alike inefficacious, had declared the sacrifice to be impossible, since Dirce no longer answered to the description given by the oracle of the victim required; she had yielded to his passion, and bore within her bosom the pledge of love; a statement confirmed by the mother of the intended victim; and that he, Aristodemus, maddened by disappointed ambition, and impending, apparently, inevitable disgrace, had rushed to the chamber of his daughter, and stabbed her to the heart, as she lay asleep, exhausted by previous agitation.

Gonippus here interrupts the tale

with expressions of horror, which Aristodemus desires him to reserve until he shall have ampler cause for them; a request which we might well address to our readers, notwithstanding our purpose of sparing them and ourselves as much as possible of what the monarch, in the plenitude of his sovereign power, inflicts upon his humble friend.

The father had opened his daughter to seek for the evidence of her frailty, and had convinced himself of her innocence. The mother, entering unexpectedly, and overpowered by the spectacle before her, had snatched up the fallen dagger, and plunged it into her own bosom. The priests, gained to his interest, had conveyed the murdered Dirce privately to the temple, and spread the report that she had been offered up in sacrifice during the night, and Aristodemus had obtained the crown. But he is tortured by remorse, and nightly a horrid spectre—Gonippus again interrupts him, refuses to listen to ghost-stories, assures the King that his remorse has abundantly expiated his crime, and urges him to attend to state affairs, and to receive the Spartan envoy. Aristodemus rouses himself, with an evidently painful effort, to consent, and the first Act concludes.

We must here pause for a remark or two.—Monti asserts that the preceding details are taken, without alteration, from Pausanias. We write—*Proh pudor!* That critics should have to confess such degeneracy from the book-worm habits of their predecessors! But so it is; and the confession is wrong from us by the necessity of the case. We write at a fashionable watering-place, whither *il Cavaliere* Vincenzo Monti has, at our especial invitation, accompanied us, but where we have no possible means of referring to Greek authorities. We are willing, however, to take our friend the *Cavaliere's* word for the accuracy of his version of Pausanias; and still we must observe to him, that a poet is not bound to such strict historical truth—more particularly when his subject is one of remote antiquity—as should preclude him from softening down, if not omitting, any minor, or rather unessential circumstances, that happen to be absolutely irreconcilable with the common natural feelings of mankind. Of this description, most in-

dubitably, is the disgusting mangling of his murdered child's corse by the father. Her immaculate purity would have been sufficiently established by her dying mother's testimony; and Aristodemus would have had ample cause for remorse, melancholy, bloody hands, and ghost-seeing, in the simple fact of his *filicide*,—if we may coin a name for a crime that scarcely seems to have entered into the contemplation of legislators. A question arises with respect to this ultra-atrocity of tragedy, under the management of writers whose national theatre has been habitually charged with tameness, or maudlin softness, which we cannot pass over unnoticed, although our present leisure serves not for its full investigation. Does so violent a change proceed merely from the reaction which we see constantly taking place in all things, physical and moral, around us? Or is it a sort of volcanic eruption of a naturally blood-thirsty disposition, previously restrained, upon the stage at least, by the arbitrary laws of dramatic decorum, and of the scenic fitness of things? This doubt first presented itself to our minds during the perusal of Voltaire's "*Mort de Cæsar*," in which, it will be recollected, Cæsar discovers himself to Brutus as his father, accompanying the declaration of their consanguinity with all the documents requisite to substantiate his paternal claims; whereupon Brutus first requires that Cæsar, like a dutiful father, should instantly comply with his wishes, and lay down the dictatorship; which when Cæsar, persisting with unparalleled obstinacy, refuses, the inflexibly virtuous son, never for a moment putting nature in the balance against patriotism, hurries back to his fellow-conspirators, to make the final arrangements for the assassination of his newly recognized parent. Assuredly no British audience, hardened to sanguinary representations as our nerves and hearts are by foreigners supposed to be, could sit out such a deliberate parricide, any more than the descriptions put by Monti into the mouth of Aristodemus. But, as we have already said, we cannot now go into all the *pros* and *cons* of this difficult question; and therefore, recommending it to the reader's serious consideration, we return to the business in hand.

The second Act, like the first, opens

with a conversation between our two Spartan acquaintance, Lysander and Palamedes. In this it appears, as may have been anticipated, that Cesira is the lost Argia, whom Lysander, in the hope of thus obtaining some unexplained advantage over the detested Aristodemus, had saved, together with her guardian Eumæus, intrusting both to the faith of Talthibius, the one to be educated as his child, the other to be kept a close prisoner. Palamedes would fain reveal the secret to comfort the bereaved and sorrowing father; but Lysander insists upon its concealment, and hurries away his friend, to convince him elsewhere of the patriotic duty of silence, upon seeing Cesira and Gonippus approach. The last-named persons have scarcely succeeded to the vacated stage, and exchanged a few sentences about Aristodemus, ere the hero himself joins them, and dispatches his confidant to summon and introduce the Spartan ambassador. We shall give the scene of unconscious natural affection between the mutually unknown father and daughter, that fills up the period of his absence. The spectator's previous knowledge of their actual relationship gives it a peculiarly touching charm.

Arist. If Heav'n, Cesira, favour mine attempts,
This day shall close the long hostilities
Twixt Sparta and Messenia—shall bestow

Peace on the nations. And of smiling peace,

The firstling, bitter fruit, must be thy loss.
Infirm and sorrowful shall I be left,
Whilst thou, delighted, hurriest to greet
Thy native Spartan walls.

Ces. Erroneously
My heart thou reade'st,—better do the gods

Read and interpret it.

Arist. Oh, generous maid!
Wouldst thou remain with me?—Is't possible

Thou shouldst desire it? Hast thou then forgotten

The father who expects thee, and but lives
On the sweet hope of seeing thee?

Ces. My father
Dwells in my heart, but thou art also there;

For thee that heart speaks strongly,
urging still

That thou to its affection art entitled—
Entitled by my gratitude; thy sorrows,

And by another powerful feeling, wakening

Inexplicable tumults in my soul.

Arist. Our hearts have sympathized.—

But to thy father,
To him alone, these tender sentiments
Are due.—To him return; comfort his age.

Most fortunate old man! Thou, at the least,

Art not of those whom, in their indignation,

The gods made fathers! Thou upon thy death-bed

Shalt have a filial hand to close thine eyes—
Shalt feel thine icy cheeks new-warm'd
by kisses

Given by a daughter's lips. Alas! had fate

But spared her to mine anguish, I, ev'n I
Might well have hoped to taste such happiness—

Might in her arms have laid the burthen down

Of all my woes.

Ces. Whom speak'st thou of?

Arist. Argia.

Forgive that I so oft remember her.

She was, thou know'st, the last remaining treasure

Whence mine age once hoped solace. All things now

Recall her. Everywhere does an illusion,

Cruelly flattering, depict her. Thee

When I behold, on her I seem to gaze.

My heart, meanwhile, trembles and palpitates,

And of mine idle tenderness the gods

Make mockery.

Ces. Most pitiable father!

Arist. Her years would equal thine, and nor in beauty,

Nor virtue, should she thine inferior prove.

Ces. Oh wherefore would the gods deprive thee of her!

Arist. They sought the consummation of my griefs.

Ces. Were she yet living, wert thou so content?

Arist. Cesira, could I once embrace her, once,

I'd ask no more.

Ces. Oh, would I were Argia!

Arist. Wert thou—Oh, daughter!

Ces. Wherefore call me daughter!

Arist. My heart resistlessly inspired the name.

Ces. Me, likewise, me, oft-times my heart impels

To call thee father.

Arist. Do so—call me father;

There is a sweetness in the very name—
A charm that ravishes the soul; and none
Can taste it thoroughly, save who, like me,
The bitterest dregs of agony have drunk—
Have in their bosoms' depths felt nature's
touch—

Have lost their children—have for ever
lost them!

Ces. (aside.) He breaks my heart!

Lysander is now ushered in by Gonippus, who, with Cesira, immediately withdraws. Left alone with the ambassador of his arrogant and triumphant enemies, the unhappy King shakes off his depression, and shows himself worthy of the exalted dignity he had so flagitiously acquired. This scene is written with considerable talent; but the political squabbles of Lacedæmon and Messenia are, at this time of day, too absolutely uninteresting to justify a detailed account of the arguments of the two interlocutors. Suffice it to say, that Aristodemus displays a lofty and resolved spirit, unbroken by adversity; and while he consents to purchase peace—impelled thereunto by the impatience and sufferings of his subjects—with the surrender of a portion of his dominions, he positively rejects a condition, apparently of less moment, but which he considers dishonourable: and that the Spartan character is well portrayed in Lysander, save and except a small deficiency in laconic brevity, such as we before imputed, more largely, to Palamedes. But then we must frankly own, that it would be no easy matter to eke out one of these incidental tragedies, half the *dramatis personæ* being Spartans born or bred, did all those individuals strictly adhere to the conversational fashion of their country. Lysander, who seems to set more store by solid profit, and less by the bubble reputation, than Aristodemus, agrees to a compromise; they strike hands upon the bargain; and the war and the second Act are at an end.

In the third Act, Aristodemus is discovered sitting beside Dirce's tomb, immersed in gloomy meditations. These he intimates in soliloquy, and their evident tendency is towards suicide. He is joined by Gonippus, who endeavours, by no means successfully, to console him, and presently gives place to Cesira. She comes to take leave of her royal and paternal friend, prior to quitting Messenia for Sparta. In this

valedictory interview, much of that indistinct and unconscious natural affection, of which we have already given a specimen, is expressed on both sides, and sometimes in terms so energetic, that, in the representation, we should almost apprehend its approaching too nearly to the character of passion;—certainly, if it is preserved from it, the preservation must be chiefly due to the spectators' consciousness of that consanguinity, of which the parties themselves are uninformed. But be that as it may, poor Cesira, from her ignorance of the real source of Aristodemus's distress, in her professions of attachment, her praises, and her various efforts at consolation, so irritates the wound she would fain heal, that the afflicted monarch breaks from her in an agony of despair. The Spartans immediately afterwards come in search of her; Lysander sternly rejects her entreaties to delay their departure, as well as the private remonstrances of Palamedes upon his inhumanity; and Cesira, yielding to the plea of filial duty, sets forth with them upon their homeward journey, leaving a kind message for the King with Gonippus, who had come to see them off.

Aristodemus, when they are gone, returns upon the stage, again rejects his confidant's attempts at consolation, and announces his now settled purpose of self-slaughter. Against this intention Gonippus argues vehemently, and we cannot but think in somewhat too Christian a strain. The king, to prove the utter impossibility of his longer enduring life, now relates the fearful manner in which he is haunted by his daughter's ghost; but his description of the spectre reminds us too disagreeably of a *subject* in a dissecting-room, to be dwelt upon. The confidant's incredulity is overpowered, or at least silenced, and he begins proposing journeys, and such other received methods for the cure of sorrow; but Aristodemus, without attending to him, determines to enter Dirce's sepulchre, and there question the dreadful phantom. The utmost that Gonippus can obtain by his opposition, remonstrances, and supplications, is the surrender of the before-mentioned blood-stained dagger, and the king's visiting the abode of death unarmed. The third Act closes with the entrance of Aristodemus into the monument.

In the first scene of the fourth Act Cesira again makes her appearance. Palamedes having contrived, in some unexplained way, to detain Lysander a little longer in Messenia, she has taken advantage of the delay, to return in quest of Aristodemus, and to decorate with flowers the tomb of the lamented although unknown Dirce. Whilst she is engaged in the latter occupation, the miserable father exclaims from within the monument,

Leave, leave me, horrid spectre!

Ces. Gracious Powers!

Did I not hear Aristodemus' voice?

Ye gods, protect me!

ARISTODEMUS bursts from the tomb, and rushes to the front of the stage.

Arist. Leave me! hence! avant!

Pity me, barbarous as thou art!—[*Faints.*

Ces. Oh, where

Shall I seek shelter! Me unhappy! neither

Can I endure his sight, nor shriek, nor fly—

What shall I do?—Let me assist him—gods!

The ashy hue of death is on his brow,
Whence sweat-drops thickly burst—his hair uprises—

His aspect terrifies—Aristodemus,
Aristodemus, answer, hear'st thou not?

Arist. Fly! touch me not! Avant, revengeful shade!

Ces. Look up, and recognize me—it is I

Who call upon thee.

Arist. How?—Is't vanish'd? Say,
Whither is't gone? From such relentless rage

Who rescued me?

Ces. What speak'st thou of? and why
So anxiously look round?

Arist. Didst thou not see?

Didst thou not hear?

Ces. What should I hear or see?

I shudder whilst I listen to thine accents—

Arist. And thou, who mercifully com'st to aid me,

What art thou?—If a deity from Heaven,

Reveal thyself, I pray thee. At thy feet
I'll fall in adoration.

Ces. Mighty gods!

What wouldst thou? Dost thou not remember me?

I am Cesira.

Arist. Who?—What is Cesira?

Cesira (aside).—Woe's me! his senses are entirely lost.

(*Aloud*)—Dost thou not recognize my features? Look.

Arist. Upon my heart they are engraved—My heart

Now whispers to me; and the mist disperses.

Thou soother of my sorrows, to mine arms

Who has restored thee? Let me with thy tears

Mingle mine own;—this heart will burst with anguish

If not by tears relieved.

Ces. Into my bosom

Pour all thy tears and sufferings—None other,

With pity and with grief so deeply touched,

Shalt thou e'er find.—But from thy lips such words,

Oh king, have burst, I shiver even yet With horror at their sound. What is it,

say,

The spectre that so cruelly pursues thee?

Arist. The innocent that persecutes the guilty.

Ces. And who the guilty?

Arist. I.

Ces. Thou? Wherefore thus

Strive to persuade me thou art criminal?

Arist. Because I slew her—

Ces. Whom? Whom didst thou slay?

Arist. My daughter.

Ces. Heavens! he raves. Alas, what frenzy

Urged him within her tomb to set his foot?

Merciful gods, to be termed merciful
If 'tis indeed your pleasure, oh restore
His wandering faculties! Be moved to pity!

Alas, thou tremblest: what so fixedly
Gazest thou on?

Arist. It comes again—the spectre!
'Tis there! Dost thou not see it? Oh,
protect me,

In pity shield me from its sight!

Ces. Oh! this

Is mere distraction—Nothing I perceive
Save yonder tomb.

Arist. Observe, upon its threshold
Erect and menacing the phantom stands.
Observe, immovably on me its eyes
Are fixed;—it shudders.—Oh, be thou
appeased,

Thou ever-wrathful! If my daughter's
shade

Thou be, why take so terrible a form?

Who gave thee licence o'er thy father thus,

O'er nature's self to tyrannize? 'Tis mute,
And slow receding, now it vanishes.

Oh me! how cruel, and how frightful!

Ces. I,

I also feel the ice of terror creep
Through every vein. Nothing I saw, no,
nothing,
In very truth. But, that faint moaning
heard,
The silent horror from the yawning
tomb
Out-breathed, thy words, the paleness of
thy cheek,
Chiefly the inward tumult of my soul,
All, all forbid me longer to dispute
That in yon dismal sepulchre abides
A dreadful spectre. But if manifest
To thee, say wherefore is't from me con-
cealed?

*Arist. Thou'rt innocent; those pure
and gentle eyes
Were ne'er design'd to look upon such
secrets
As the indignant deities reveal
But to the guilty, with remorse and
shame
To overwhelm them. Thou no mother's
blood
Hast shed; the cry of Nature dooms not
thee.*

Ces. Art thou indeed then guilty?

Arist. I have said it.

But question me no farther—Prythee,
fly,—
Forsake me.

*Ces. I forsake thee? Never, never!
Whatever thy misdeeds, within my heart
Is written thy defence.*

*Arist. My condemnation
In heaven is written, written with the
blood
Of innocence.*

*Ces. And thus implacable
Are parted spirits?*

*Arist. Wholly to themselves
The gods beyond the confines of the
grave*

Reserve the privilege of pardoning.
But say, wert thou my daughter, and,
misled

By guilty wishes, I had murder'd thee:
Spirit of clemency, couldst thou forgive
Thy barbarous assassin? Speak, Cesi-
ra;

Wouldst thou forgive?

Ces. Oh, speak not thus!

*Arist. And farther,
Believest thou Heaven would sanction
thy forgiveness?*

*Ces. Is't possible that Heaven should
allow*

In souls of children such enduring wrath,
Against a father, such relentless ven-
geance?

*Arist. Severe, inscrutable, unfathom-
able,*

Are Heaven's decrees; through their ob-
scurity
No mortal eye may penetrate. Per-
chance

Heaven, as a warning to mankind, or-
dains

Mine agonies, whence Nature to revere,
Ay, and to dread, may every parent
learn.

Believe it, Nature outraged is ferocious.
The name of father with impunity
None bear; whoever violates its duties,
Sooner or later shall repent and weep.

*Ces. And thou hast wept. After such
sufferings*

'Tis time to dry thy tears, and to im-
plore

From adverse gods of thy long penitence
The fruits. Take courage! Every crime
admits

Of expiation. This resentful shade
With grateful incense and the choicest
victims

Propitiate.

*Arist. Be it so—I will. The victim
Already is selected.*

Ces. By thy side

I at the holy office will assist.

*Arist. No, no! Desire not of the sa-
crifice*

To be a witness—I advise thee—do not.

*Ces. I would myself with flowery
wreaths adorn*

The victim, and by supplications strive
To change thy destiny.

*Arist. 'Twill change, Cesira;
I hope it——confidently. Soon 'twill
change.*

*Ces. Misdoubt it not. All evils have
their period;*

Heaven's clemency, though sometimes
long delayed,

Ne'er wholly fails; and thou, whose pe-
nitence,—

He hears me not, but gazes on the ground
With eyes, whose very lids are motion-
less.

He seems a statue.

*Arist. (aside.)—Nought but this—'Tis
so.*

One instant, then repose.—(*Aloud.*)—I
have resolved.

Ces. Resolved on what? Explain.

Arist. Only on peace.

*Ces. That say'st thou in such troubled
accents?*

Arist. No;

I'm tranquil; seest thou not? I am all
tranquil.

*Ces. This calmness more affrights me
than thy fury.*

For pity's sake—Again he heeds me
not.

What seeks he underneath his mantle
thus?

There's not a fibre in my frame but
trembles.

Arist. (aside.) No matter. I shall find
another. Any may serve.

Ces. Oh, stay! I pray thee, go not
hence!

Prostrate before thee, I adjure thee, stay!
Hear me, renounce thy horrible intent!

Arist. What strange intent shapes out
thy startled fancy?

Ces. Spare me the agony of utterance!
Dimly I see it, and with horror freeze.

Arist. Nothing disastrous apprehend for
me,

Be thy vain terrors by this smile dispell'd.

Ces. That smile? Thou can'st not
know how ghastly 'tis.

It terrifies me. Thoughts whence spring
such smiles,

Cannot be innocent. Oh, change them,
change them!

Oh, fly me not, but look upon me! See,
'Tis I implore thee—Gods! he listens
not.

Frenzied he stands—I am undone—Oh,
stay!

Listen, I follow thee.

[ARISTODEMUS, by threatening signs,
forbids her following him, and rushes
out.

Alas! alas!

Am I forbidden thus?—That sign, that
glance,

Have stunn'd my senses.

Enter GONIPPUS.

Oh, the gods be praised!

A deity, Gonippus, sends thee hither.

The king is frantic—Fly, pursue his steps,
Preserve him from the frenzy of his soul.

Gonippus silently obeys, and after
this powerfully-conceived and striking
scene, Cesira remains alone, over-
whelmed with grief and terror. In
this condition, she is found by Eumae-
us, the guardian of her infancy, who,
upon being liberated from his Spartan
imprisonment, has forthwith hurried
home. It can hardly be necessary to
say what his arrival immediately re-
veals to Cesira, or, as she is thence-
forward called, Argia, the mystery of
her birth, and extorts from the still
unwilling Lysander, a confirmation of
the important discovery. Argia, de-
lighted at learning her near affinity to
him she already so filially loves, flies
to seek her father; and the Spartans
take their final departure from Messe-
nia, which the good-natured Palame-
des has no longer any object in retard-
ing. Thus ends the fourth Act.

The fifth is very short. It begins
with the anxieties and alarms of Argia
and Gonippus, neither of whom has
been able to find Aristodemus. Argia
desires Gonippus to prosecute the
search, promising to wait the result
where she is, the hall, containing
Dirce's monument, being the king's
favourite haunt. She is no sooner
alone, however, than she recollects her
unhappy father's recent visit to the in-
terior of the tomb, and is seized with
terror, lest he should have returned
to a spot so well calculated to exaspe-
rate his previously frenzied feelings.
After a moment's hesitation, proceed-
ing from dread of the spectre, which
she has learnt to believe inhabits the
sepulchre, she resolves to enter it in
quest of the royal penitent. She has
scarcely disappeared in execution of
her enterprize, when Aristodemus
comes upon the stage, armed with a
dagger, and after a very brief mono-
logue, stabs himself. Argia, Gonip-
pus, and Eumaeus, rush in, and the
wretched man is presently informed,
that in his beloved Cesira, he beholds
his long-lost, and vainly-regretted
daughter, Argia. He exclaims, in de-
spair at thus discovering, too late, what
happiness had been within his reach,

And thus must I recover thee! Oh, now
Of Heav'n's revenge the direful consum-
mation

I see, the agonies of death now feel!

Oh, cruel recognition! Oh, my child!

Ungovernable fury fills my breast,
Compelling me to curse the hour that
gives

▲ daughter to mine arms.

Argia. Ye pitying gods,

Oh, give me back my father, or with him
Here let me die!

Arist. Art raving, that thou hopest
Compassion from the gods? That gods
there are,

I well believe, abundantly to me
Is their existence proved by my misfor-
tunes,

But they are cruel. Their barbarity,
Daughter, to this has driven me.

Argia. Ye powers!

Hear me, behold my scalding tears, and
pardon

His frantic accents! Oh, my dearest
father,

To suffering add not crime, the worst of
crimes,

The blasphemy of desperation.

Arist. 'Tis

The only solace left me. Shall I hope

In this condition pardon? Can I ask it?
Know I if I desire it?

Argia. Mighty gods!

My father, strive against this horrid terror;
Oh, tranquillize thy spirit, and thine eyes
Raise trustingly towards Heaven!

Gonip. He casts them down
And murmurs 'twixt his lips; see from
his face

All colour fades.

Arist. Oh, whither do ye drag me?
Where am I? What a darksome solitude!
Remove those pallid phantoms. Say for
whom

Those dreadful scourges are design'd?

Argia. Woe's me!

Eum. Unhappy king!

Gon. The agony of death
Causes confusion. Aristodemus,
My sovereign, dost thou know me? Me,
Gonippus?

See'st thou thy daughter?

Arist. Well, what would my daughter?
If I destroy'd, have I not wept for her?
Is't not enough of vengeance? Let her
come,

I'll speak to her myself. Look on her, see;
Her tresses bristle on her brow like thorns,
And in those empty sockets, eyes are
none!

Who tore them out? Why do her nostrils
pour

Rivers of blood! Alas!—O'er all the rest
In pity cast a veil. Spread over her
My royal mantle's ample folds. To frag-
ments

Rend, crush the diadem her blood distains,
And with the remnants of its dust bestrew
The thrones of earth. Proclaim to haugh-
tiest kings,

That royal state by guilt is dearly pur-
chased—

That I—expired— — —[*Dies.*

Gon. Oh, what a dreadful end!

We have in general little relish for a long *critique*, appended, epilogue fashion, to the end of the analysis of a drama. If the analysis and extracts be worth anything, the faults and merits of the piece in question must have been already made manifest; and moreover, in these enlightened days, when, whatever reading and writing may do, criticism indisputably "comes by nature;" all the labours of the Reviewer, whether laudatory or damna- tory, but more especially explanatory of either sentence, might seem to be works of absolute supererogation. But notwithstanding these motives for sup- pressing all further reflections upon this extraordinary tragedy, and follow- ing our author's example by abruptly concluding our article as he does his drama, with the death of its hero, there is one remark with which we

must trouble our readers; because, being perhaps rather of a negative than of a positive character, no power of ge- nius could, without an attentive peru- sal of the whole play, enable them to make it for themselves. It is this—to not a soul of the *dramatis personæ*, from the commencement of the first Act to the close of the fifth, does it ever occur to suggest as a topic of con- solation to the grieving monarch, the good use he has made of his royal au- thority, however nefariously acquired; to dilate upon the battles he has fought for the protection of his people; upon the happiness he has diffused around him by wise government; or upon the grateful affection borne him by his subjects. Once indeed, Cesira, in com- bating his belief of being an object of divine wrath, observes, that on the contrary, the gods must be favourably disposed towards so good a father, citi- zen, and king. This, of course, is pre- vious to her knowledge of her royal friend's guilt. And once Gonippus in- vites him, by way of a diversion to his sorrows, to walk forth, and see how the people rejoice in the peace conclu- ded with Sparta. This last is the only passage in which we find the slightest intimation of what ought to constitute the enjoyments of sovereignty, or the slightest tendency towards what might have been conceived to be the topics best adapted for soothing the pangs of the miserable criminal with hopes that his unnatural deed had been in any degree expiated. Through the whole play, the pomp and exaltation of royal- ty seem to be the principal, if not the only ideas connected with the kingly office, or, to speak more in the spirit of the work we are reviewing, with the kingly title; and the remorse, tears, and secluded melancholy of the sor- rowing penitent, including, we cannot but apprehend, the at least occasional dereliction of duties which neither na- ture nor fortune had thrust upon him, are the sole grounds upon which he is encouraged to hope for pardon. We suspect that this marvellous apparent deficiency of all philosophical concep- tions of public virtue, love of fame, or even of generous ambition, as at least not incompatible with high station, must be ascribed rather to the moral and political *mal aria* of the fair, but de- graded land, where our poet's "young idea" first learned "to shoot," than to any vulgar or jacobinical prejudices appertaining more idiosyncratically to *il Cavaliere Vincenzo Monti*.

AXEL,

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM A POPULAR SWEDISH POEM.

BY ESIAS TEGNER.

PULTOWA'S fight was o'er—the royal Swede
 Immur'd in Bender, like his own war steed
 Impatient chaf'd—his country bled to death
 Like a spent warrior; while the fickle breath
 Of men that swell'd so late the hero's fame
 In murmurs deep subsiding, cursed his name,
 Unmoved he stood, as ocean's rock defies
 The dashing waves that round its bosom rise,
 The storm might burst, Earth's trembling base be rock'd,
 Th' unconquer'd Spirit still the tempest mock'd.

Eve closed at Bender, as its curtain falls
 Upon the exiled—and the monarch calls
 Young Axel to his presence; bids him choose
 His fleetest steed, and bear momentous news
 To Sweden, to the Council—day nor night
 Must the youth stay his swift adventurous flight.
 He was an orphan—since by Charles's side
 His father fell, the King his place supplied.
 The camp's wild nursling own'd a form and face
 Too rarely seen 'mid our degenerate race;
 Youth on his cheek bade freshest roses shine,
 His form was stately as his country's pine;
 His brow was cloudless as heaven's summer air,
 And his pure soul was all reflected there.
 His bright eye, like the eagle's, fearless raised
 On the great source of light, confiding, gazed,
 While unappall'd alike, that stedfast eye
 Could all the powers of darkness calm defy.

Proud had been Axel, when the gracious hand
 That nurtured, join'd him to a chosen band
 Of seven bright youths, their Sovereign's trusty guard,
 From rest, from love, from luxury debarr'd.
 Strange were the vows which they had sworn to keep,
 Ne'er on th' inglorious couch of ease to sleep,
 Ne'er in the battle's stormy hour to yield,
 Till seven proud foes lay vanquish'd on the field;
 And, ah! how harder far than all beside,
 Never to wed, till Charles should choose a bride;
 Vainly must eyes their azure heaven unfold,
 Vainly may cluster o'er them locks of gold,
 Vainly must roses on the lip repose,
 Vainly the swan-like bosom heave its snows;
 Thou sword-betroth'd One! close thine eyes or flee,
 There is no bride, save Victory—for Thee!

How did the heart of Axel swell with joy,
 As from his master's presence turn'd the boy!

The precious letter in his belt he sew'd,
 And day and night the stripling gaily rode,
 Till, on the confines of the wild Ukraine,
 A band of warriors seized his flowing rein.
 One bade him yield (or die) the precious scroll—
 Quick flash'd the hero's sword, and gave his sole,
 His Scandinavian answer—to the shore
 Of Lethe sent, that caitiff spoke no more !

The youth his back against a trusty oak
 Supporting, still with quick successive stroke
 His foes diminish'd—on his oath he thought,
 And not with *seven* alone, but *twenty* fought ;
 Numbers prevail'd, and desperate grew the strife,
 No more for victory, nor even for life ;
 Now every blow the fainting warrior gave
 Was but to gain companions to the grave.

From many a purple wound, life ebbing fast,
 Whisper'd this fatal hour must be his last ;
 The blood, retreating, slumber'd round the heart,
 From the chill hand the faithful sword must part ;
 Night spread her pall before his closing eyes,
 He sunk, as one who never more might rise !
 Madden'd by sight of comrades stretch'd below,
 Cruel had been the mercies of the foe,
 But, by loud sounds of sylvan warfare scared,
 They fled—and in their haste, the stripling spared.

Hurrah ! like whirlwind o'er the boundless plain,
 Come rushing to the spot a hunter train.
 Outstripping falcon's flight, and staghound's speed,
 Rode foremost, on a tiger-spotted steed,
 With bow and quiver arm'd, in greenwood guise,
 Rose on her cheek, and daylight in her eyes,
 A lovely female form, too soft, too young
 For Dian's—as her half-wild courser sprung
 In terror from the fancied corse,—one bound
 Brought the light fearless rider to the ground.

Not Dian's self, as o'er the slumb'rer charm'd,
 On Latmos' peak the goddess hung alarm'd
 By her pale crescent, saw with streaming eye,
 A form more lovely, or more deathlike lie !
 He lay, as stately oak in northern wood,
 Prostrate 'mid saplings—matchless even in blood !

Her trembling hand was to his heart applied,
 She bound the gushing wounds his vest that dyed,
 Then bade her vassals to her home convey
 The form half lifeless in their arms that lay.
 Long did she watch through nature's dubious strife,
 Hang o'er the couch where hover'd death and life,
 As if in that bright Grecian land of song,
 (That land, whose sun, alas ! has set so long,)

A wild rose rear'd its fond and fragile tress
O'er the fall'n statue of a Hercules !—

He wakes ! but ah ! that eye that beam'd so mild,
Roams round the chamber in delirium wild.
“ Where am I ?—damsel ! hie thee hence, and flee !
No eye of woman must even look on me.
I am King Charles's—and no tear of thine
Must pour its balsam into wound of mine.
From the cold grave, where sleeps my father now,
He frowns upon me, and records my vow !
Hence, bright temptation ! Sorceress, away !
My sword, my belt, my letter, where are they ?
Give me my father's sword, whose deadly bite
Was ever fatal to the Muscovite ;—
How gladly did its shining sickle mow,
To-day, the bloody harvest of the foe !—
Oh ! had my King been witness to the deed !
But how is this ? methinks myself I bleed.
Let me to Stockholm—give the precious scroll,
On which lies pledged the honour of my soul ;
Moments are precious ; up ! and let me ride ! ”—
Thus, in wild fever's paroxysm, cried
War's dauntless nursling,—then in speechless pain
Upon his friendly pillow sunk again.
At length, glad umpire in the lingering strife,
Youth gave the palm of victory—to Life !
'Mid the fond leisure slow recovery lent,
How many a speechless glance the rescued bent
On that bright creature of an Eastern sky,
But for whose cares he had been doom'd to die !

This was no fair but melancholy maid,
(Such as might haunt a northern greenwood shade ;
Such as might grace a northern poet's lay ;
Her locks bright beaming with the gold of day ;
Her cheek just tinged with evening primrose hue,
And eyes where sat Forget-me-not's deep blue ;)
Eastern she was in feature, form, and air,
Dark lay the masses of her raven hair,
At times reposing on her cheek's rich red,
Like midnight slumbering on a rosy bed !
Bright glow'd her forehead with that freshest ray
Aurora wears when leading on the day ;
Her step was that of fabled Oread,
So unconfined, so dancing, and so glad ;
High beat the youthful bosom's silver wave
With joys that youth and health spontaneous gave ;
Her soul, a summer heav'n, like it was bright
With flowers, with perfume, melody, and light !
In her dark eye celestial fire oft strove
With earth-born sweetness, stol'n from Venus' dove.

O Axel ! since on wounds received in war
Time laid his hand, and left thee scarce a scar,

Since all forgotten was the external smart,
 Fond dreamer, say, how fares it with thy heart?
 Less fatal were to thee the Turkish brand,
 Or Russian carbine, than that milkwhite hand
 That bound thine wounds—'twere safer for thine ear
 Pultowa's thunders once again to hear,
 Than those fresh rosy lips, which only part,
 To whisper hopes delusive to thine heart.
 When in the grove thou'dst fly the noontide heat,
 Stay on thy faithful sword thy trembling feet,
 And that round snowy arm for ever shun,
 Where Love himself might rest—and be undone.
 Oh, Love! thou wonder both of earth and sky!
 Whisper of more than earth's felicity!
 Refreshing zephyr of celestial breath,
 Sweeping along this thirsty vale of death!
 Thou heart in nature's breast! thou healing rill,
 Whence peace and hope for gods and men distil!
 Even in the boundless ocean's blue abyss,
 Drop clings to drop, with instinct's wondrous kiss;
 From pole to pole, the planets in the sky
 Weave bridal dance around the world's bright eye.—
 Thou shinest upon man like twilight ray,
 Or pale reflection of some brighter day
 Of blessed infancy; whose pastimes free,
 Beneath heaven's silver-fretted canopy,
 Claim'd kindred with a bright-wing'd cherub train,
 And, lipping, join'd in heaven's seraphic strain!
 Alas! how oft, since first he fell to earth,
 Is Love unmindful of his heavenly birth!
 Yet there are moments when his upward eye
 Explores, with wistful glance, his native sky;
 When, 'mid life's tumult, on his ravish'd ears
 Steals once again the music of the spheres;
 Like that resistless melody which fills
 The Switzer's soul with memory of his hills.

It was the evening. In the glowing west
 The waves lay dreaming on their bed of rest;
 The stars, like Egypt's priests in solemn rite,
 Led on the silent mysteries of night;
 Earth lay beneath their silver flood so fair,
 She seem'd a happy bride,—her raven hair
 With nuptial wreaths entwining, and a smile
 And blush contending on her cheek the while.
 Exhausted with the playful toils of day,
 In grotts the Naiads meditating lay;
 While the last glowing tints of evening drest
 In brighter hues the roses on their breast.
 Each little Love that, in the solar blaze,
 Lay sadly bound, now on the lunar rays,
 With bow and quiver arm'd, was riding free
 O'er a wide world, where all was glad as he;

Through many an arch of woodland triumph cast,
 Where Spring's blest footsteps had but newly past.
 Now Nature seem'd to hold her pastoral hour,
 Delighted, in her own sequester'd bower ;
 So full of life, and yet so stilly sweet,
 Her very heart was almost heard to beat !

The pair enchanted walk'd ; and, as they ranged,
 In bridal pledge their youth's fond tale exchanged.
 He told, how childhood's happy moments flew,
 When, in his mother's fostering care, he grew
 In the far north ; where, from the forest hew'd,
 Stood, 'mid its kindred pines, her dwelling rude.
 He told of that dear country, and the grave
 It, one by one, to all his playmates gave !—
 He told how, in the stormy winter eves,
 His soul devour'd the Saga's mystic leaves ;
 How he would long to hear the clash of arms—
 To taste the fiery bliss of war's alarms—
 To mount the giant steed that Sigurd bore
 Through flames unscath'd, to Fame's immortal shore ;
 Till flying, to relieve his throbbing breast,
 To the wild woods, he climb'd the eagle's nest,
 And rock'd him in the northern wind, to seek
 Ease for his heart, and coolness for his cheek !—
 From thence, how often did he long to sail
 On every cloud that fled before the gale,
 To that bright land where Victory seem'd to wave,
 And Fame wove deathless garlands for the brave ;
 Where royal Charles (scarce numb'ring seven years more)
 Pluck'd with his sword the crowns that monarchs wore ;
 And gave, with bounty open as the day,
 The glittering baubles, valueless, away !—
 “ My mother yielded !—To the camp I flew,
 Amid its kindred atmosphere I grew ;
 And, like its steady watchfire, faithful burn'd,
 Though fame deserted, and though fortune turn'd.
 Yet still, when wandering in the soft green wood,
 I saw the winged mother rear her brood :
 When glad and rosy children round me play'd
 On the brook's margin, in the flowery shade,
 Then, images of peace delicious stole
 O'er the rude warrior surface of my soul,
 Like golden ears of grain, that love to yield
 Their peaceful mantle even to battlefield—
 Then, at her cottage door, in evening light,
 Methought I saw a maiden form, as bright
 As those which oft in blessed dreams had come,
 And whisper'd wondrous tales of love and home ;
 By day, by night alike, I see her now—
 Linda ! the bright reality art *Thou* !”

“ How blest is man !” said Linda with a sigh,
 “ Free as the wind that traverses the sky,

The joy of danger, Glory's fiery bliss,
 Earth's smile, and Heaven's aspirings, all are *His*.
 But woman ! Man's pale satellite is she,
 To light his path, and then forgotten be ;
 The victim on Love's altar still to lie,
 While man, the brilliant flame, ascends the sky.

“ My father, whose delight was still in war,
 Fell in the distant battles of the Czar ;
 My mother's angel form, and fond caress,
 Fled like a dream of infant blessedness ;
 Alone, the desert's daughter sadly grew
 In this lone castle, 'mid a servile crew
 Of abject slaves, whom conscious meanness bade
 Worship the idol which themselves had made.
 Ill brooks the noble spirit, and the free,
 To dwell, where all around is slavery !

“ Say hast thou seen upon the boundless plain
 Our lovely wild steeds, guiltless of the rein ?
 Light as the fawn the desert turf they spurn,
 Brave as the hero, for the fight they burn ;
 With ears erect, they snuff the danger nigh,
 A moment stand, then to the battle fly,
 Their own wild battle, where, by barbarous steel
 Ungoaded, in untutor'd ranks they wheel !
 Blest children of the desert ! Oh, how fair,
 How unconfined, how happy are ye there !

“ Oft have I woo'd the beauteous forms to stay,
 Where my tamed Tartar bore me on their way,
 On the rein'd slave they gazed with proud disdain,
 Then bounded to their native wilds again !

“ No more the castle's stillness might be borne ;
 Madly I woo'd the chase ; with hound and horn
 Drove the keen wolf, and savage boar, to bay,
 And rescued from the bear his trembling prey.
 Nature alone, alas ! we conquer not—
 Upon the throne, as in the lowly cot,
 Huntress, or shepherd maid upon the hill,
 Sovereign or slave, is woman, woman still,
 A feeble vine, whose tendrils sadly fade—
 If the supporting elm deny its shade,
 One who her being's half must fondly win,
 Whose every joy is born—a lovely *twin* !
 Now somewhat in my side began to beat,
 Which had been painful, were it not so sweet ;
 Methought some angel wafted me on high
 To starry palaces beyond the sky,
 Then would I, wearied, fold again my wings
 Amid those lovely but neglected things
 Of earth, 'mid which my happy childhood grew.
 Ye flowers of every scent and every hue !

Thou hill of sunshine, and thou shady grove !
 Thou crystal brook, still murmuring songs of love,
 To me ye seem'd inanimate no more,—
 I loved ye, as I ne'er had loved before—
 Myself alone unprized—a loftier-flame
 My spirit panted after—and it came,—
 She falter'd—o'er her cheek averted, spread
 Love's matchless tint, " celestial rosy red,"
 And that soft smile, which in a lover's eyes
 The half-told tale a thousand-fold supplies.

The nightingale was singing clear and loud,
 The moon stood listening from his silver cloud,
 When, warm as life, and true as death, a kiss
 Dissolved their souls in harmony of bliss.
 The mingling breath ascended to the skies
 Like blended flames from one pure sacrifice.
 For them the world stood still, and Time had laid
 His hour-glass, all forgetful, in the shade.
 Yes ! mortal hours their courses must fulfil ;
 Rapture or agony are measured still ;
 But Death's cold kiss, and the warm kiss of Love,
 Are children of Eternity above !—

The blest ones !—Earth upon her funeral pile
 Had blazed—and they unconscious stood the while ;
 Its mighty bulwarks been in fragments hurl'd,
 And they not wak'd amid a falling world.
 Thus fondly lock'd together, mouth to mouth,
 Had stood these Genii of the North and South ;
 And past unheeding, even that bridge of sighs,
 That severs human bliss from Paradise !

First came young Axel from his heaven-ward flight,
 " Now, by my soul, I swear !—by Sweden's might !—
 By the North's honour !—by those stars that shine
 Like bridal guests !—by earth and heaven ! thou'rt mine !
 Oh that my soul were free this blessed hour
 With thee to live or die in peaceful bow'r !
 But ah ! the pallid spectre of a vow
 With glance reproachful stands between us now.
 I feel, alas ! its icy finger rest
 On the warm surface of my faithful breast.
 Fear not !—this hand, which dares not break, shall loose
 The bond abhorr'd ; and when May's rosy dew
 Earth's icy fetters have alike untied,
 Axel, released, shall fly to claim his bride.—
 Farewell, my soul's far dearer part ! Till then,
 Linda, farewell !—It ne'er shall be again."

By duty urged, now Axel spur'd his way
 Through the Czar's hostile armies ; oft by day
 Lurking in woods ; but, like the arrow's flight,
 Urging his fiery courser through the night—

Still guided by the Pole's unsetting star,
And the bright wheels of Charles's northern Car,
Till, safe arriving on the Swedish strand,
The monarch's packet reach'd its destined hand.

How fares young Linda? Oft, in her lone halls,
Vainly on Axel's name the sad one calls!
The rustling woods have learn'd with it to sigh,
And taught the mountain echoes to reply.
How oft did Fancy, self-tormentor now,
Brood o'er the mystery of Axel's vow,
Till, to the widow'd heart, the maddening thought
Of some fond earlier love it wildly brought.

"Dread, northern maid! the South's fierce rivalry;
Earth may not hold us; thou or I must die!—
Behind thy snow-clad hills, and frozen wave,
I come to seek thee; and they shall not save.—
Peace, idle ravings! hence, chimeras wild!
Left Axel not his native land a child?
Since then a dweller in that camp's rude scene,
Where timid love has still a stranger been?—
Sat falsehood e'er on brow so proudly high?
Lurk'd treachery ever in that clear blue eye,
Through whose pure depths his soul reflected lay,
As the fresh silver fount transmits the day?—
What then thy vow? Oh, does it bid thee break
This faithful heart?—Alas! in vain I wake
These native echoes; far between us roll
Hoarse dashing billows, restless as my soul:
And the lone murmur of the widow'd dove
Dies in the hollow whisperings of the grove.—
He hears me not!—Oh, let me to him fly,
And on his faithful bosom seek reply!—
If woman's fragile form must danger shun,
Let me but bear a sword—and I am none.
Oft have I play'd with death in perils past;
Oft, careless, staked my life upon a cast;
Oft have I to my gallant courser grown,
And still unerring has mine arrow flown.—
Sure 'tis a God inspires the blest design!—
Oh, Axel, Axel, thou again art mine!—
Farewell, farewell, my father's hallow'd home,
'Tis but to bring thee peace and bliss I roam.
Welcome, wild War! thy eagle wings expand,
And bear a warrior-maid to Axel's land!
But, gentler Night! thy veil in pity lend,
To bear her safely to her bosom's friend."
'Twas said, 'twas done! in woman's soul of flame,
To will and execute, are still the same!

Who but a loving maiden e'er had dream'd
Of reaching Sweden?—who but she had deem'd
The journey light that bade her wondering see
The frozen confines of Czar Peter's Sea?

Where the North's future Empress on her bay
 Already like a new-born Hydra lay—
 Wreathed in the sunny sand, one might descry
 The latent mischief in her treacherous eye;
 The fangs already are with venom hung;
 Already fiercely darts the cloven tongue,
 Wanting but power, as now, to rend the spoil,
 And strew with vassal crowns the vanquish'd soil.

The sea with barks was studded—death they bore,
 Vengeance and flame, to Scandinavia's shore—
 Sad mission for a heart to Sweden given!
 Yet did the maid, by love and madness driven,
 Strive, vainly strive, amid the helm's dark plume,
 To veil her midnight tresses' kindred gloom;
 The all-unwonted cuirass rudely prest
 Th' indignant heavings of her snowy breast;
 O'er a soft shoulder Grecian art might frame,
 Strangely reposed the carbine's mouth of flame;
 While from that cestus Grecian lays record,
 (By love himself suspended,) hung the sword!
 A place she sought amid the hostile crew—
 Her form disguised, this scornful comment drew:
 "Fond stripling! to the Swedish maids thy charms
 More fatal seem, than to the foe thine arms!"
 Reluctant granted, yet at length prevailed
 Her fond entreaty—and the vessels sailed!—
 Bright glow'd the Scandinavian summer eve,
 When Sotaskär must once again receive
 Love's victim. Long tradition mark'd the place
 Where brave Hialmar lock'd in last embrace
 Fair Ingeborg—at Fame's resistless call
 The youth descended to dark Odin's hall;
 And still fond Fancy on the rock descried
 The hovering phantom of the widow'd bride.

Now spread along the shores the wild alarm;
 Vain the loud Tocsin, and the call to arm—
 The land's defenders lived not, or were far;
 And feebly rose, in mockery of war,
 Old men and children, who the banners flung
 That long in mould'ring state had idly hung,
 O'er rusty weapons, kept the halls to grace
 With stern memorials of a mightier race.
 Yet fought they, as men fight when more than life
 Hangs on the issue. Desperate grew the strife,
 When, like war's fiery angel, Axel sprung
 Into their ranks, and cried, with loyal tongue,
 "God and King Charles!"—A thousand voices gave
 Back the proud shout; and like one mighty wave
 At once advancing, with impetuous shock
 They swept the hostile legions from the rock.

The land was rescued, and the Russians fled;
 And Sweden's sole invaders—were the dead!

As, like a sated raven, brooded Night
 O'er this still host, and the moon's glimmering light
 On corpses rested—wander'd Axel forth
 Amid the rival offspring of the North.
 In pairs they lay united, foe with foe!
 Yes! he who would not seek in vain below
 Union, beyond the severing power of fate,
 Must seek it in the iron grasp of hate;
 Love's fondest, holiest clasp, may be entwined
 By death relentless, or a world unkind;
 But the fierce gripe of foemen can defy
 The mortal pangs of life's last agony!
 'Twas silence all—when hark! a sound that broke
 Death's solemn stillness—surely some one spoke—
 Some one? ay, none but *one*; that voice had power
 To summon back yon blessed Cossack bower—
 It breathed his name; it softly bade him bring
 Love's cordial to a spirit on the wing.—
 “Can you be Linda?—In the youth reclined
 On yonder rock, can I my true love find?”—
 The moon, from clouds emerging, bade him see
 Too well, too sadly, surely—it was *She*!

Once more upon his faithful bosom laid,
 Her fond confession sigh'd the dying maid.
 She told, that jealous fears, and wild despair,
 With one brief glance had vanish'd all in air,
 And that she should but bear to realms above
 Faith unalloy'd, and unabated love!
 Faintly she whisper'd, “Axel, fare thee well,
 Ask not what brought me hither—Love can tell.
 Already Death sits icy at my heart,
 And the long night's grey twilight bids us part.
 Oh! when thus shivering on life's fearful brink,
 How do its puny cares unheeded sink!
 I came to Sweden to extort the vow,
 Which, had I life to hear, I would not now;
 No! let me read it, 'mid the records high,
 Of love and constancy, beyond the sky,—
 There, freed from all the clouds and mists of earth,
 Bright 'mid the stars shall shine thy stainless worth.
 Pardon, for love's own sake, each bitter tear
 Which thou must shed o'er my untimely bier;
 Pardon the lonely orphan, doom'd to see
 Her father, mother, brethren, all in *Thee*!
 Thou wert my all! O, Axel, let me hear
 On the grave's brink, that Linda still is dear;
 Thou swearest!—what could longer life avail?
 Life in mine ear has poured her loveliest tale.
 My Axel, dost thou see yon envious cloud,
 Veiling the moon with transitory shroud?
 Ere it has vanish'd, I shall be no more;
 But my freed soul, on yon celestial shore,
 For thee a suppliant at Heaven's throne shall be,
 And, with Heaven's thousand eyes, still gaze on thee.

" My Axel ! grant thy bride a Swedish grave,
 And o'er it let a rose of India wave,
 That when the sun's bright offspring in the snow
 Lies buried, thou may'st think on her below,
 Whose days of bloom were short.—See, Axel, see !
 The cloud is past—the moon and I are free."
 Her spirit softly fled—and Axel gave
 In Sotaskär's love-hallow'd spot—a grave !
 Then from the floods beneath the earth, arose
 Death's younger brother, Madness ; he who goes,
 In fearful pilgrimage, the world around,
 His scatter'd hair with Lethe's poppies crown'd :
 Now upward gazing wildly on the sky,
 Now fathoming the deep with rayless eye,
 Whose tears, o'erflowing, mock the ghastly smile
 That plays around the pallid lip the while.

This fiend on Axel seized—and night and day
 He hover'd round the spot where Linda lay ;
 Sat on the rocks, and to the waves that roll'd
 In stern derision, thus his sorrows told :—

" Be hush'd, be hush'd, blue wave ! no more
 Beat wildly thus against the shore !
 Thou scarest with thy boding sound
 The dreams that haunt this hallow'd ground.
 I love thee not ;—thy glistening foam
 Comes blood-polluted to my home.
 A youth lay here, and sadly bled,
 Fresh roses on his grave I shed,
 Because—I will not tell thee why
She he resembled, could not die !
 They tell me that my love lies low,
 That flow'rs from her pure bosom grow—
 'Tis false—my grief they only mock,
 This night she sat upon the rock—
 Pale was she, as men paint the dead,
 But 'twas the light the moonbeam shed ;
 Her lip, her cheek was cold—I knew
 'Twas but because the north wind blew.
 I bade my soul's beloved remain ;
 She laid her finger on my brain—
 That brain, its leaden veil withdrawn,
 Grew light and clear, as summer dawn,
 And from the far, far East, the rays
 Brought memory bright of former days.
 Poor Axel then was blest—there stood
 A castle in the lone green wood.
 Murder'd I lay—a thing of bliss
 Revived my spirit with a kiss.
 To me that warm fond heart she gave,
 Which now lies withering in the grave.
 'Tis past ! Ye stars in heav'n that hear,
 Be quench'd, and vanish from your sphere.

I knew one beauteous morning star,
Like you it shone—ay, brighter far !
Like you it pour'd its silver flood,
Then sunk—into a sea of blood !”

Thus pour'd he forth his plaint ; day dawning found,
Night closing left him on the hallow'd ground.
At length a stiffen'd corse beside the wave
He sat—still turning towards his Linda's grave.
His hands in prayer were clasp'd—on his pale cheek
A tear half-frozen, still of grief would speak ;
And e'en in death, his closing eye had tried
To rest for ever—on his Russian bride !

LECTURES ON PRANDIOLOGY.

BY ABRAHAM SPOON, M.D. F.R.S. L. AND EDIN.

Taken in Short-hand by a Gentleman of the Press.

“ DINNER, n. s. THE CHIEF MEAL ”

JOHNSON'S Dictionary.

LECTURE I.

GENTLEMEN,

THERE is no concern of life—(if all the world would tell the truth)—there is really no subject of anticipation, of hope, of desire, of anxiety, so universally engrossing—there is nothing we should fare so ill without, nothing we should so deprecate the want of, as—DINNER. Where, when, and how he shall dine, are not matters of light interest to any one duly impressed with a sense of the importance of the subject ; and who is not ? I speak not to those, I know, who are callous upon a matter of such intense interest, and I claim their undivided attention while I endeavour to lay down the principles of a science worthy of all the consideration they can bestow upon it.

What avails it that Macculloch holds forth about Political Economy to starving operatives, who, neglecting their business, will soon be unable to pay him for his prosing ? Better it would be for both to consider the means of improving their *domestic* economy ; for surely it is less germane to the matter to know how to govern, than how to dine, at least to those who, Heaven grant, may never do the former, while they must, if possible, daily do the latter.

How pitiful it is to think that the charlatany of Craniology should have bewildered the minds of many, even sensible men, who used to throw away money to hear idle windy harangues about bumps in their heads, which would have been better spent in creating bumps in their hungry chil-

dren's hollow stomachs. The day of this humbug is, however, closed ; there is no faith now placed in a science (Spirit of Bacon ! a science ! !) which found benevolence largely indicated in the skull of the murderer, and honesty in that of the thief, but accounted for this by assuring you that the bump of cruelty rose paramount in the one, and covetousness in the other ; in other words, that the manslayer would have been humane, if he had not been savage, and the plunderer a true man if he had not been a rogue !

But if you want a true criterion of a man's character, look at his dinners ; you will judge of his liberality or meanness, his taste or his vulgarity, by what you behold upon his table, and will estimate his worth and the consideration in which he is held in society—his qualities as a husband, a parent, or a friend, by the demeanour of those you find assembled around it. For although the board may groan with embossed plateaus, and although the fumes of the richest viands, elaborated by the most learned cooks, may ascend in exciting vapour to the noses of the guests, yet, if the master of the feast have a taint in his character, those noses must, if they belong not wholly to the bottle-nosed tribe of sharks, who will submit to any degradation for a dinner, be uplifted discernibly in scorn of the wretch, and even in contempt for themselves, as submitting to the degradation of dining with him ; while, on the other hand, be the worthy householder ever

so poor, be his beef-steak ever so single, his whisky ever so Lowland, and his servant-lass ever so barefooted, you will be sure to find the smile of friendship playing on the countenance of his guest, and will at once see proofs of the esteem felt for a man of honour, albeit in distress. Even in such a case, there is no need for the beef-steak to be tough, the tumblers or the lassie's feet to be dirty;—cleanliness, and comfort, and taste, are compatible with, and will evince themselves in the poorest situations in life; while it is equally possible for the gorgeous grandee, with all means and appliances to boot, to let his ignorance of those matters appear even in the midst of his splendour. I have seen, gentlemen, the table of a Duke, overspread with plate of the richest, while the handles of the knives were of all colours, some black, some green, and some white; the chairs appearing as if borrowed from the nearest alehouse, and the wine not long enough deposited in his Grace's cellar to allow it to recover from the

shaking it had got in coming from the grocer's, (importer of and dealer in foreign and British wines and spirits.) Ah! gentlemen, believe me there is much to be learned at a dinner.

Having thus opened to you, in some slight degree, the importance of the subject, it may be expected that I should proceed to lay down a methodical arrangement of my Lectures. Many different systems might be pursued in delivering myself to you. I might follow a historical order, in which case I must obviously invert our usual mode of marshalling the meal, inasmuch as Adam and Eve were conversant only in *desserts*, while we owe the consummation of cookery, the exquisite coup de maitre of the art, *SOUP*, (with which we begin our entertainment,) only to the latest investigations of the culinary chemist; or, I might make this course of lectures follow the course of the entertainment, and so form a table of contents and a bill of fare all in one. As thus,

PART I. Fish and soup. Appendix, Patés,

PART II. Substantials, with their accompaniments of dressed dishes,

PART III. The second course, with its soufflets, fondus, and cheese,

PART IV. The dessert,

PART V. The wine,

being, as it were, the advanced guard and skirmishers, who precede the or main body, and flanking troops, which next advance to the general engagement.

aply portraying a corps de reserve advancing to fill up any vacancies in the main body, with light troops to provoke and assault the yielding power of the enemy; and lastly,

or rear-guard, which achieves the final victory over the discomfited appetite, and leaving a clear field; nothing remains but

or bloodshed, consequent on such an engagement.

This would be mighty allegorical, and mighty instructive to boot, perhaps. But I bethink me, gentlemen, that method is now accounted tiresome and intrusive. It binds down too narrowly the soaring imaginations of aspiring mechanics, and other philosophers or students, and is, in brief, wholly exploded in the world of fashion. What would now seem more tiresome than the arrangement of a sermon into heads, divisions, and sub-divisions, after the manner of the field-preachers of olden time? What modern professor of law would now cramp the genius of his students or himself, by laying down

a regular plan of that airy and fantastic study, or would foolishly reduce into writing that which it is so much easier to spout, "as fancy dictates or as chance directs?" No! my hungry hearers! what I have got to say shall be of the unfettered frisking of a fast-ing fancy; and if my poor exertions can excite an imaginary appetite in one overfed bailie, or can quell for a moment the pangs of hunger in one famished operative, my brains will not have been buttered in vain.

That the subject is one which has at all times, and still does attract and attach the philosopher, the historian,

and the poet, every one, however slightly he may have applied his mind to the study of useful knowledge, must be aware. From the mighty Homer, whose enduring strains have influenced the literature of ages, to the nameless bard, whose graphic description of Jack Horner, (the ancestor of that unassuming citizen, who lately got into the scrape of being chairman to Mr Hume,) who sat in a corner eating his Christmas pye, (would I had one to exemplify to you by experiment how he) popped in his thumb, and pulled out a plum; and conscious of his own merit, far from calling himself a humble individual, unworthy of the honours done him, &c. &c., like some of his descendants, honestly and boldly proclaimed his worth to all whom it might concern, exclaiming, with a stomach and a conscience simultaneously gratified,—“What a good boy am I!” I

might here remark how our education embraces an acquaintance with the interesting topic, from our earliest years. Is not the gate of knowledge opened with the delightful description contained in what our friend Mr Hogg would call that string of charming apothegms, beginning with, A, Apple pye, B bit it C, cut it, &c.? And are we not more willingly led on to learning by the stomach, than driven to it *a posteriori*? But let every man put the question honestly to his own conscience, and he will freely confess with me, that in very truth, the assertion with which I opened my mouth, and this course of lectures, is founded on the basis of eternal truth, and that there really is no one subject of such vital interest, nothing so exciting in expectation, so grateful in fruition, so pleasing in reflection, as a good and substantial, or elegant and tasteful, or splendid and gastronomical DINNER.

ON CANT IN DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

MISS KELLY'S LADY TEAZLE.

I WISH some one would write a Dictionary of CANT. It would be a useful present, even to the existing generation, but far more valuable to those that are to follow. Nothing can be more certain than that without some such expositor, half the writings of the present day will be absolutely unintelligible to posterity. Every one who has at all looked into the literature of the times, “when Hambden bled in the field,” must have lamented the utter impossibility, for the most part, of catching even glimpses of meaning. Men who, upon some subjects, displayed a force both of thought and of language, seldom reached by their descendants, seem to us, when they write on topics connected with the prevailing Cant of their day, to deal out stark nonsense. Whether this was occasioned most by the obscurity of the theme, or by the circumstance that they composed in a tongue (I mean that of the *Cant Puritanical*), which is, to many intents and purposes, a dead language, I shall not now (so don't be alarmed, reader) waste one word in discussing; but I think the CANTERS of the present day, whether in Ethics, or Chrestomathics, or Politics, or Political Economy, or Humana-

nity, or Criticism, employ dialects, which, though read very easily, and spoken very glibly by us, will be wholly lost to succeeding ages.

Take the following as a sample; it is from the *cant* of dramatic criticism; one of the most prevailing, and certainly not the least plaguing of those dialects.

“Miss Kelly played Lady Teazle last night. The part is wholly *out of her line*. Lady Teazle has always been represented as a woman of fashion; but Miss Kelly *gives an air of rusticity* to the character *which the author never designed*. They who can remember, or have learnt from description, or tradition, the *style of Miss Farren's exquisite performance of this part*, will never reconcile their tastes to the *innovations* of Miss Kelly.”

Unluckily those ready-written dogmas do their work among the public. The drama is a subject on which almost every one thinks himself qualified to be a critic; and yet the number of those who do not commit to others the charge of thinking for them, is perhaps greater in this department than in any other within the whole range of literature. The reason is obvious. Each frequenter of a theatre feels that

he is no unimportant unit in a very formidable number of people who have the privilege of passing, on whatever is presented for their amusement, an instant, summary, and final sentence. Audiences at playhouses are not the only congregations of capricious judges, who have confounded, in their estimate of themselves, the power to decide with the capacity to deliberate; and we cannot be surprised, if, on a subject which surely requires some reflection, and no inconsiderable acquaintance with a very large section of British literature, they take their notions, as did the Athenians on weightier matters, and certain crowded modern assemblies on matters weightier still, from a few flippant critics, whom they follow without knowing that they are led.

It must be owned, that this will of necessity be always, to some extent, the lot of the far greatest number of the patrons of the drama. The minority is small indeed, who form their opinions of its literature or its representation from their own study of its productions, rather than from the commentaries of the critics. It is right, therefore, that these latter gentry should be from time to time reminded, that their duty is something more than merely to praise or to condemn; and that common justice and honesty require, that the bread of a performer, or the character of an author, shall not be sacrificed to the dull sport or the heedless haste of paragraphs in the newspapers.

These are now almost the sole vehicles of dramatic criticism. With very few exceptions, they talk a language strangely compounded of terms of art, confidently dealt out without measure or mercy,—bold appeals to general rules as established, concerning the composition or performance of the drama, which were never heard of, or probably thought of, before; and short, terse, little sayings, disposing, in a line, of a whole act of a play, or of the voice—or mayhap a limb, of some unhappy actor. But there is one striking feature which is common to them all. They have a horror of anything new; and they usually decry it for one or other of two of the most opposite reasons in the world; either because it was never ventured before, or because it is *like* something, (though not the *same*,) with which they have

been long familiar. Thus, if a performer appears for the first time, and displays considerable talent, in a department in which some old favourite is greatly distinguished, the *debutant* is instantly set down as an impudent imitator of Mr Kean, or Mr Young, or Mr Macready, or Mr Kemble. Again, if an actress of acknowledged taste, great abilities, and a highly cultivated judgment, presume to give a new reading of a very doubtful part, the attempt is at once denounced as an innovation, to which a gracious pardon is indeed extended for the sake of the popular and favourite performer,—accompanied, however, by a gentle admonition, that she ought not to tempt the fates by a repetition of the experiment.

Miss Kelly's attempt to introduce novelty in the personation of Lady Teazle, is an opportunity not to be lost, of combating this besetting cant of the drama. It is in itself, when opposed in any particular instance, by a little argument, or a slight analysis, as fragile and contemptible, as any of those eastern insects which individually may be crushed between the fingers, but which in the gross will lay waste a whole country. Insignificant as bad criticism always is, when combated in detail, its visitation is often a deadening blight to genius; and I cannot help thinking, that it is doing some good service for the drama, to bring to the question those objections which have been made to Miss Kelly's reading of the "School for Scandal."

I must be allowed here to observe, that Miss Kelly has herself (evidently against her better judgment) given some colour to the cause of the CANTERS, by the extreme timidity which she has expressed upon the subject. A day or two after her appearance in the part of Lady Teazle at Drury-Lane theatre, the following paragraph appeared in the London newspapers:—

"MISS KELLY'S LADY TEAZLE.

"Some of the papers having censured Miss Kelly for undertaking the part of *Lady Teazle*, it has been deemed an act of justice to communicate to us the following letters; the first addressed by that Lady to the Stage Manager previously to her consenting to undertake the character, and the second, subsequently to her performing it:—

LETTER—No. I.

"Nov. 27, 1825.

"DEAR SIR—I read '*Lady Teazle*' last night, and again this morning, with great attention; I do not see the slightest difficulty to *myself* in performing the part. My view of her character is still the same. She appears to me anything but a *fine lady*; indeed, there is not a single line in the whole play which describes her either as a *beautiful* or an *elegant woman*; but, on the contrary, as having been, six months before, a girl of limited education, and of the most homely habits.

"Now, if I could reconcile it to my common sense, that such a person could acquire the fashionable elegance of high life in so short a period, I hope it is no vain boast to say, that having had the good fortune to be received for many years past into society far above my rank in life; and having, therefore, had the best opportunity of observing the manners of the best orders, I must be a sad bungler in my art if I could not, at least, convey some notion of those manners in the personation of '*Lady Teazle*;' but this, I repeat, is contrary to my common-sense view of her character. Still, the town has been so long accustomed to consider her, through the representation of Miss Farren, and all her successors in the part, in this, and in no other light, that I should really tremble to attempt my simple reading of her character, from the dread of drawing on myself a severity of criticism which I have ever had the good fortune to escape; and perhaps a censure from the public, who have hitherto received me with so much kindness, as considering I have never ventured beyond the limits of my humble abilities. After saying so much, I must leave it to the wise heads, who have suggested this hazard to me, to determine whether the business of the Theatre is in such a position as to make the effort essential to its interests, in which case, and in which case alone, I could be induced, though with fear and trembling, but '*by particular desire*,' to put on feathers and white satin, and make a fool of myself. I am, dear sir, your obedient faithful servant,

"F. M. KELLY."

"To the Stage-Manager, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane."

LETTER—No. II.

"Henrietta Street, Dec. 2.

"DEAR SIR—In my great anxiety to ascertain how far I was right in my anticipation of the consequence of my play-

ing *Lady Teazle*, I have ventured to look at all the papers this morning, and though the generality of them are highly flattering and indulgent, yet there are two which (as, indeed, I expected would have been the case with all) accuse me of folly and presumption in undertaking the character; there appears also to have been a feeling (which is extremely painful to me) that Mrs Davison has been displaced for my advancement to one of her characters. Now, as I cannot tell them (what you told me) that Mrs Davison has given up the part, and that you have pressed me against my own judgment into the performance of it, I do hope and request that you will take the trouble to write a line to the Editor of *The Morning Herald* and *The New Times* to exonerate me from the charge of having sought to obtrude myself on the public in a character which is entirely out of my line, and which I was never ambitious to fill. I am, dear sir, your obedient faithful servant,

"F. M. KELLY."

The modesty of these letters disarms ill-nature, but it strengthens opposition. It is to be regretted, that reading the character as she did, and knowing as she must, that in such a character as *Lady Teazle*, so read, she is absolutely without a rival, Miss Kelly should have insinuated a doubt, that in the performance of a part, which in making it in some sort a new one, she would make in some sort her own, she could fail to be ultimately and triumphantly successful.

To perform a part in a favourite play, with a new reading, is always a perilous enterprize. There is prejudice in favour of old associations. It is like presenting to us the person of an old friend, with his face in a mask. The mask may be far handsomer than the visage it conceals, but we do not look upon it with equal pleasure. It is therefore, necessary, not only that the delineation of the character by the poet shall be of a doubtful kind, leaving room for various readings, and that the new conception shall be in itself natural and just,—but there is also needed talent of a very high order, or great popularity in the performer. It is fortunate for those who think that varieties of this sort constitute one of the chief charms of dramatic literature, and one of the qualities too which give it a pre-eminence among the imitative arts, that all these cir-

circumstances combine in the attempt made by Miss Kelly, to give a new personation of Lady Teazle.

It is one of the peculiarities (as some will have it one of the faults) of the School for Scandal, that its Dramatis Personæ present a constellation of talent not to be expected in real life among a company, could such be found, which in all other respects might be precisely similar. Trip shares the wit as well as the extravagance of his master: Moses possesses, in no mean degree, the dry sententious humour of "Mr Premium." Sir Benjamin Backbite, whose manners and conduct are those of a silly and malicious blockhead, has at times the conversation of a polished wit. Even Maria, who is supposed to be little better than a child, is a serious and pithy moralist. In short, Sheridan chose to infuse (or what is more probable, unconsciously infused) into all his characters, even the lowest, a portion of his own fire; so that the whole resembles a set of brilliants, some false and some genuine, in which those of the least value are such good counterfeits that they sparkle as brightly as the purest.

Of all the characters, however, that of Lady Teazle is the most remarkable for the inconsistency between her powers of dialogue and her education. She was "bred wholly in the country," and "had never known luxury beyond one silk gown, or dissipation beyond the annual gala of a race-ball." Six or seven months only have elapsed since Sir Peter found her "the daughter of a poor country squire,"—"sitting at her tambour, in a linen gown, a bunch of keys at her side, and her hair combed smoothly over a roll."—By her own confession, "her evening employments were to draw patterns for ruffles, which she had not materials to make up,—play at Pope Joan with the curate,—read a sermon to her aunt Deborah,—or, perhaps, be stuck up at an old spinnet, and thrum her father to sleep after a fox-chase." Nay, although she stoutly denies it, there is much reason to believe, that she was sometimes "glad to take a ride out behind the butler upon the old docked coach-horse." Yet, after the short interval of half-a-year, this simple, rustic girl is represented as possessing powers of conversation which would lead one to suppose, that, besides being endowed with extraordi-

nary natural talents, she had for years mixed as an intimate associate with the finest wits of the most polished society.

If the whole conduct, and all the expressions of Lady Teazle throughout the play were in accordance with the style of her conversation in the far greater part of what she says, the actress who would personate her could have no option. She must be represented as a woman of fashion. The transformation supposed in such a character might be little short of a prodigy; yet it would be a prodigy admitted upon the stage in deference to the genius which produced it, and for the sake of those delightful attractions encompassing it, that would overbalance the defect arising from its gross improbability. But we find scattered up and down in the part of Lady Teazle many striking traits, which make her character as doubtful a riddle, and as fair a subject for various readings, as any within the whole range of the drama. In the third or fourth speech she makes on her first appearance upon the stage, the pouting simplicity of the country-girl seems to break out through all the levity of her newly-assumed manners. I question if there be a married lady in May fair who would be guilty of the following sentiment:—"Lord, Sir Peter, am I to blame that flowers don't blow in cold weather? you must blame the climate, and not me. *I'm sure, for my part, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!*"—The whole scene in the third act, in which she wheedles the old gentleman out of two hundred pounds, and joins in a resolution never more to quarrel, and then so warmly sustains her share in a vehement dispute, and at last leaves her husband half in badinage, half in anger; is, in almost every line, quite as well suited to display the character of a rural beauty made a coquet by marriage, as that of a pettish fine lady. But the admirable scene in the library,—that part of it I mean in which she lends an ear, apparently not an unwilling one, to the oily, but most glaringly-palpable sophistry of Joseph Surface, and even once or twice answers it in a manner equally silly and serious,—shows, even in this violation of strict probability, that the author never contemplated the total destruc-

tion, in so short a time, of the simplicity of character impressed by her country education. No one who had ever "known life," or had put on, wholly, the manners and habits of the town, would have listened for one moment to the speeches of Joseph as *arguments*, unless indeed with a predisposition to comply, which would require no argument at all. The mere fact, indeed, of her having consented to visit a man who professed himself her admirer, in his own house, in the middle of the day, and under circumstances of so little concealment, that, in addition to the prying scrutiny of servants, all their motions were liable to be watched by the "maiden lady of curious temper" from the opposite windows,—shows, that she had not yet learned that art of mixing caution with boldness of conduct, which is the first lesson taught by the world to a gay woman, on her entrance into life, and which is much more easily and speedily acquired than the graces of fashionable manners.

But there is another consideration that must not be overlooked in estimating the characters of this play. There is nothing in the whole piece from which we are obliged to conclude, that the society in which Lady Teazle is supposed to move, is by any means a circle of high fashion. Lady Sneerwell is "the widow of a city knight," "wounded in the early part of her life by the envenomed tongue—of *slander*," as she herself terms it; but yet bearing, according to her own frank avowal, a "ruined reputation." Crabtree, with all his pleasantry, is at times coarse and vulgar; and Sir Benjamin, who is evidently meant to be the man of fashion of the set, in the scene of the first act, in which he banters Joseph on the misfortunes of his brother, and in that scene of the last, in which he worries Sir Peter on the subject of his domestic troubles, is guilty, not so much of fashionable impudence, as of downright rudeness and ill-breeding. The truth is, that we are apt to form a very exaggerated estimate of the rank in which the members of the scandalous college are to be supposed to move, from the brilliancy and point of their dialogue, and the elegant turn of its periods. A close examination of the play must, I think, convince any one, that it is quite consistent with the plot to con-

sider this precious circle of associates as composed of persons not wholly excluded from good society, but admitted there by sufferance only, and rather from a fear of active malice than upon a footing of equality. Such knots of people exist at all times. They are felt, and they feel themselves, as intruders in the company of their superiors, whom they envy for their riches or rank, or hate for their virtues. With just enough of understanding to work mischief, sufficient education to talk with flippancy, and sufficient activity of temper to need some employment, they mix in the society which tolerates them, though they know they are the objects of disgust and scorn, and then seek to indemnify themselves for their own conscious debasement, by ruining the fair fame which they can never hope to share.

This is the true spirit of scandal, and such are ever its habitual votaries. And, for my part, I am inclined to place amidst Sheridan's highest achievements in this unrivalled drama, the close intimacy which he has represented as subsisting among the members of this gang of detractors, and the apparent distance at which they are held by the rest of their acquaintance. Even Joseph Surface, though for his own purposes he employs the aid of one of them, keeps a good deal aloof from their society. It is remarkable that, (except in the instance of Lady Teazle, who ridicules her own relations most unmercifully while she is under the influence of the bite of the tribe,) though they all mention the names of several acquaintances, none of them ever alludes to any intimacy enjoyed out of their own set: And they are spoken of in various parts of the play by Sir Peter, by Rowley, and by Sir Oliver, in the light not only of malicious, but of disreputable characters.

But perhaps the most decisive evidence, that the original conception of the author corresponded with the reading now given by Miss Kelly to his play, is to be found in that curious piece of literary history furnished us by Mr Moore in his *Life of Sheridan*, in which the whole progress of incubation is developed, from the first germ of the *School for Scandal* to its bursting from the shell, full-fledged, in all its present gaudy, but nicely adjusted plumage. I am far from con-

tending, that the notions of an author concerning his own productions ought to be adopted as an invariable standard for judging the plot and character of any works of invention. We have a right to deal with his performance, as we find it, and to decide upon the persons introduced as the agents of its design, according to their own conduct and language. But though an author must not be relied on as an infallible commentator upon his own works, he may surely be employed as a witness entitled to some respect when speaking of characters with which he had a very early and a very intimate acquaintance. A parent may be liable to partiality or mistake in his opinion of the habits and disposition of his offspring, but he is tolerably good authority on such points, notwithstanding.

Sheridan has indeed left no express comments upon this part of his literary family; but it is clear from the traces which appear of their first state of existence, that he by no means contemplated making Lady Teazle a finished fine lady. This will appear from the slightest perusal of the first scene of the first act, as it stood in the poet's original rough sketch, and as it is quoted by Mr Moore in his chapter on the *School for Scandal*. There is, with abundance of wit and point, an air of coarseness throughout, which must, I think, strike any one that compares it with the same scene as it was afterwards fined down to its present admirable polish. Sir Peter, indeed, in his soliloquy, calls his wife "a woman of fashion," but it is plainly in irony and vexation, excited by the contrast between her former mode of life and her pretensions after marriage. In the whole of the dialogue between the old gentleman and his lady, he appears as little accus-

tomed as she was, to the extravagance of a town life. And as to the lady herself, her language is in one or two places so little measured, that her sarcasms barely stop short at the safe side of abuse. Upon the whole, it is abundantly evident, that Sheridan intended to represent the plagues and follies of an old country gentleman and his young country wife, coming to live in town for the gratification of the lady, with little previous knowledge (on her part none) of its modes or its society; and falling insensibly to an intimacy, dearly paid for, with a small coterie, who are obliged to content themselves with a place in the outskirts of fashion. Sir Peter's conversation, it is true, is that of a man who had once known the world; but he betrays his disgust and contempt of the frivolities of the town, in terms that strongly savour of the sentiments of a man who had long retired from it.

Indeed, as to the diction, generally, of the whole play, it is obvious, that whatever was Sheridan's design respecting the principal personages, his execution throughout exceeded any conceptions he could have originally formed. I before alluded to the powers of dialogue displayed by such a pair of gentlemen as Trip and Moses; and we now know that the elaborate polish bestowed by the author upon almost every sentence of this comedy, was considered by himself as at least liable to objection, if it did not amount to an actual blemish. Of all things, therefore, it is most absurd, in criticising the *School for Scandal*, to form conclusions concerning the rank which its characters ought to be represented as holding, by urging the design of the author, and inferring that design from the style of dialogue which he decreed that those characters should use.*

* Mr Moore, after the extract which he gives from the rough sketch of the play, containing the scene above referred to, has the following passage.—"In comparing the two characters in this sketch, with what they are at present, it is impossible not to be struck by the signal change that they have undergone. The transformation of Sir Peter into a gentleman has refined, without weakening the ridicule of his situation; and there is an interest created by the respect, ability, and amiableness of his sentiments, which, contrary to the effect produced in general by elderly gentlemen so circumstanced, makes us rejoice, at the end, that he has his young wife all to himself. The improvement in the character of Lady Teazle is still more marked and successful. Instead of an ill-bred young shrew, whose readiness to do wrong leaves the mind in little uncertainty as to her fate, we have a lively and innocent, though imprudent country-girl, transplanted into the midst of all that can bewilder and endanger her, but with still enough of the purity of rural life about her heart, to keep the blight of the world from settling upon it permanently."

Opposed to the speculations here advanced, is one fact, which, with the tribe of critics already referred to, seems quite decisive of the question. All the actresses, from Mrs Abington, downwards, who have appeared in Lady Teazle, have, it is alleged, sought to represent her clothed with the practised and habitual graces of a thorough woman of fashion. The acting of Miss Farren, in particular, the most distinguished of Mrs Abington's followers, is appealed to as having fixed the cast of the character, by a style of performance which so long delighted the lovers of pure and genuine comedy. The fact is undoubtedly true, that such has hitherto been usually, perhaps invariably, the reading of Lady Teazle. But that players, like lawyers, are to be bound by precedents, is strange doctrine. According to this school of criticism, (if it be consistent with itself,) Kemble ought never to have played at all, since it was not in his nature to play exactly like Garrick,—Kean ought to have been denounced for his departure, in Richard, from the example of one who had been for twenty years the favourite interpreter of Shakspeare,—and Miss O'Neill's Belvidera ought to have been hissed off the stage, upon which Siddons had wrought her prodigies in that character—prodigies the more wonderful, because it was a character almost wholly opposed to her own peculiar genius.

Variety in representation is an essential attribute of the drama. That any two performers should play the same part exactly alike, is almost a physical impossibility. Such is the ambiguity, or rather the pliancy of language, that the same words, pronounced by different persons, will, unless they contain mere statement or reasoning, always affect an audience differently. The look and the voice, which can never be the same, however close the natural resemblance, or however exact the imitation, must for ever produce associations in the spectator and listener, corresponding to the difference in what is seen and heard. Munden's reading of Sir Peter Teazle was the same with that of Mr W. Farren, yet no two performances can be more distinct than theirs of that character. Indeed, this diversity is one of the principal charms of dramatic representation. We witness the acting of

different performers in a favourite part with feelings somewhat similar to those with which we visit a favourite landscape at different seasons. In spring, in summer, and in autumn,—on sunny and on gloomy days,—Nature puts on different dresses; still she is *altera et eadem*—her aspect changes, but she is still the same. And we would be robbed of half the pleasure which the drama affords us, were it possible for some stiff pedantic rules to gain sway in its representation, prohibiting all departure from some established standard—(something like the brass gallon of the Commissioners under the new Act for regulating weights and measures)—fixing the meaning of every character in every play, and prescribing the looks, the tones, and the gestures, without which the performance must be adjudged counterfeit.

But, besides all this, two very sufficient reasons may be given why Lady Teazle has been hitherto represented as a fine lady. In the first place, the talents requisite for giving to the part that mixture of qualities for which I have contended, are much more rare than those which enable an actress to personate a mere wayward woman of fashion. And, in the next place, whatever may have been the cause of it, so the fact has been, that all the actresses of note who have appeared in this character, were distinguished performers in that line of acting to which the part of Lady Teazle has been usually supposed to belong. They were all, in their days, the most remarkable fine ladies of the stage. In playing the part according to any other reading, they would have risked their reputation, by encountering a difficulty which their habitual style of performance by no means fitted them for surmounting; and it is no offence, I hope, towards such of them as survive, to say, that to resign the *eclat* of being for three hours admired by three thousand people, as exhibiting a finished pattern of the manners of the *haut ton*, would be a self-denial so enormous, as no woman, and certainly no actress, could in fairness be expected to practise.

And now, before I conclude, let me be indulged with addressing a word or two upon the difficulties to which Miss Kelly's reading of the School for Scandal subjects Lady Teazle's representative, and upon those rare endowments which Miss Kelly herself pos-

sesses for achieving what she undertook. The characters of women, in comedy, as they are far less numerous, so also are they far less diversified than those of men. I speak here of the younger part of the sex, as represented in the drama. They are composed chiefly of two classes,—one comprising women of fashion, varying, indeed, as to their individual characters, according to the peculiar virtues, frailties, intrigues, and sentiments, designed for them by their parent the author,—yet women of fashion still;—the other class containing a most extensive assortment of arch waiting-maids, virtuous peasant girls, unsophisticated and sentimental young ladies, brought up in the country, or confined within a limited circle, by some vinegar old aunt, or iron old uncle in town, and so on. But there is an intermediate class, partaking the qualities of both the former, in which art is blended with nature, and in which there is a perpetual conflict between the manners of society, to which the individual is obliged, from education and example, and even habit, to conform, and those native emotions, or peculiarities of temper, which occasionally burst their way through all artificial restraints. Such characters are not common in the drama, and they are rare in life. We see them, however, sometimes. Among some hundred women, we shall find one who, on ordinary occasions, seems in no respect different from others,—who moves about in the throng, the same in dress and in manners, conversing on the same subjects, amused by the same trifles, engaged in the same occupations; but, upon the touching of some hidden chord—it may not be of sentiment or passion,—it may be of habit or of prejudice,—but it matters little what,—shall exhibit certain marked and striking peculiarities, that, according to their character, will excite ridicule, or contempt, or abhorrence, or deep and pathetic interest. Such characters as these are the creations which make a poet immortal. They are copies from nature, taken in her least beaten paths, but instantly acknowledged as genuine representations,—the more prized, because to see either the original or the copy is a rare enjoyment. These, too, are the parts, which, though, in proportion to their number, oftenest attempted, are most

rarely represented well. There are, perhaps, no two characters more frequently selected for showing off an actress, than Sophia in the *Road to Ruin*, and Lydia Languish in the *Rivals*. To both belongs, in no small degree, that quality which I have attempted to describe; and it is this which principally sustains the interest we feel in them,—for they are in other respects rather common-place, have not a great deal to do in the pieces to which they belong, and are not connected with circumstances that in themselves create much sympathy. Their great popularity usually saves the actress who tries her fortune in them from the ordinary consequences of a total failure. It would not be easy to point out a walk in the drama in which so few have succeeded, or in which success, when attained, is more brilliant, or better rewarded. It is in characters of this description that Miss Kelly displays most fully, and with greatest effect, her extraordinary powers. Her Sophia in the *Road to Ruin* may be termed perfect. There are few performances at the close of which we are so much inclined to turn to our neighbours among the audience and say, “Who would think, on reading that part, that so much could be made of it?” It has been sometimes questioned, whether the performance of a great player can ever be an attestation of genius; but if genius can be displayed by an actor, it is then, if ever exercised, when he gives to his audience a conception of the character that he personates, which they acknowledge and admire as just, but which they had themselves never thought of.

The part of Lady Teazle, understood as I have attempted to explain it, is of the same class with those just noticed. She is neither a woman of fashion nor a rustic girl, but something between both. She has tasted the poisonous sweets of dissipation, and they have intoxicated her senses; but her heart, though approached by the malady, has escaped it. She adopts the modes, the dress, and the observances of a town life; but she must retain, amid all her finery, and with all her wit, some traces of the habits in which she has passed all but a few months of her existence, and which cannot be put off like a suit of country-made clothes, nor left behind when one steps into a carriage, like a country

residence. And in *one* passage of the play—if we are either to learn a moral, or to be roused to emotion—she must appear to us as if waking from a busy dream, in which she has felt herself clothed with attributes that she detests and disowns. She must be seen unlearning in a moment, at the edge of the precipice, the false and deluding manners that have conducted her to it, and returning to those ways of simplicity undisguised, and virtue freed from artificial follies, to which she had been accustomed during her youth and childhood, and from which she could not have wandered, without exhibiting that appearance of restraint in her movements, which is the sure mark of an imperfect and ill-tutored hypocrisy.

Such is Miss Kelly's *Lady Teazle*. I must not abuse the courtesy of those readers who may have accompanied me thus far, by asking them to travel farther, that I may notice her admirable performance of this difficult and complex character. Tempting as the theme is, the bulk to which my chapter has already grown warns me to forbear. I shall merely ask this simple question of those who deem themselves the patrons of the drama,—Are we to be denied a repetition of that performance? For the present, Miss Kelly, or the managers, or it may be both, have yielded to the clamour of CANT, and, after two or three trials of the public taste, she has ceased to perform *Lady Teazle*. I must say, I think this is not dealing quite fairly with the

public. Sufficient opportunity was certainly not given to the town, of forming a mature and correct judgment upon this departure from established precedent. As far, indeed, as the sense of a delighted audience, loudly and warmly expressed, might be considered as an evidence of success, nothing could be more successful than the experiment. But *some* (and *only* some) of the newspapers censured and sneered,—and Miss Kelly, or (for where we have no certain knowledge we must be cautious) the managers, or both,—got frightened!

There is yet a remedy for the lovers of the drama. I trust it will be applied. It is only necessary, when the town fills, that an inquiry should be made, coming from one or two fashionable names,—“When Miss Kelly shall next play *Lady Teazle*?” The actress and the managers would soon take the hint; all who possess taste and discrimination would assist by their presence and applause; a far more numerous host would follow the fashion; genius, for once at least, would be freed from the degrading bondage that, in this department, has been for some time settling upon it; and the rights and privileges of The Stage would be asserted, spite of all the pert dogmatism, and all the pointless flippancy of ALL THE CANTERS.

London, January 2, 1826.

II

THE FRENCH GLOBE AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

In our December Number we made some remarks on the present state of French literature, which were of course characterized by our usual Rhadamantian impartiality. What we said, we do not in the least recollect, but have no doubt that it was particularly good. Needless is it to say, that if we censured, we did so with our universally acknowledged good manners, tempering the austerity of the judge with the benignity of a father; and if we praised, administering the *bonbons* of panegyric with the grace of Mr Ambrose setting down a platter of pouldowdies. Such, our readers know, is the common mode of proceeding in our pages.

Among other affairs, we praised the

French Globe, and we think we were not wrong. Judge, then, of our surprise, when our Parisian express arrived, containing the Number of the 20th of December, in the year lately defunct, with the following article stuck at the bottom of it, as we have seen in the days of our youth a bunch of nettles under the tail of an otherwise well-behaved and most milky cow.

“Sur un article du BLACKWOOD MAGAZINE.

Depuis que nos travaux nous ont,” &c.

But why should we bother our readers with French? Here, therefore, we overset it into English for the benefit of the Cockneys, who write under the

signature of French Viscounts, and discuss the literature of France.

"Since our labours commenced, and we have begun to study the literary journals of Great Britain, we have been frequently struck with the trifling nature of their correspondence with France, [*This refers of course to the correspondence of Beyle, and other such raff, with the Magazines of Cologne,*] and the credulity of our neighbours, with respect to communications, which, when read in Paris, would make people shrug up their shoulders. There is really a commerce of scandal going on—a trafficking of names and anecdotes. Our works are never analyzed or judged, but the men who have written them,—and these letters cannot be better compared to anything than to certain drawing-room conversations, where the most important questions are decided by a word, and the most celebrated men criticised with impertinence. There is no desire of displaying either literature or sound criticism, but solely of exciting curiosity by stories, or a sort of confidential communications which have apparently been picked up by surprise by slipping into literary circles. Too often, enemies, by employing their perfidious weapons, can calumniate honest men, (*hommes honnêtes*, translate it as you like,) and imprudent friends throw ridicule on modest labours by absurd eulogiums. Such may be the result of an article in Blackwood's Magazine for December, which a friend has denounced to us, and against which we hasten to enter our protest."

Ho! said we, by the word of an old game-cock, but that is a pretty return for civility. May we be rammed into Queen Anne's pocket-pistol, and sputtered over into Calais Green among the rascally rope-twisters of that rascally region, if we don't make these honest fellows remember us some little. We do not know what is going on in the centre of Paris! We who could tell you the tittle-tattle, chit-chat, gibble-gabble of the backstairs of the palace of Timbuctoo! We slip into literary circles! We who are courted wherever we go, and by common consent put at the head of all feasts where good men most do congregate. Punished shall the Globe be. It is decided upon. The laws of the Medes and the Persians never were more irrevocable than this our dictum. Let

the next Number, said we to the Secretary, be placed under our own eyes forthwith. Ay, ay! sir, said Mullion.

But with this next Number came calmer thoughts. We perused it with satisfaction, and saw that the Frenchmen had been imposed upon, and were not deserving of the castigation which we had intended most unmercifully to bestow upon them. They had seen their error, and being, as we take it, Papists, had thumped their stomachic region, exclaiming, "*Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!*" Here is what they said translated into the language of George the Fourth, whom God preserve.

(From *Le Globe* of the 22d Dec, 1825.)

"Our last Number contained a note written with some rudeness, (*brusquerie*) on an article of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which, in consequence of some vague information, had excited in us serious uneasiness, (*vives inquietudes*.) We had been told that much praise had been bestowed on the *Globe*, and in particular on two of its editors, but that some writers, whom we love, had been, as we may say, sacrificed. The horror we have against *coteries*, the very criminal abuse which we have seen made of political and literary correspondence,—the natural fear that praises coming to us from beyond sea might give us some resemblance to the quacks whom we have blasted, and wish always to blast, the desire of guarding our English readers promptly against false or rash decisions—everything, in fact, combined to give our remark a vivacity which the Editor of *Blackwood* will easily pardon us."

Certainly—not a doubt of it—give us the hand. Now you may continue.

"There is an uneasiness concerning one's honour which all elevated minds can comprehend, and in such a case the delay of a day is too long. *Au reste*, although our expressions only attack generally the criticisms of British writers on our literature, and cast but a vague imputation on *Blackwood's Magazine*, yet, if we have offended, our reparation comes immediately."

Say no more about it, Monsieur Le Globe—we forgive and forget. *Perge*.

"We have to-day read with attention the article in question, and can affirm that it contains just information

on the actual state of French literature, although summary, and a little personal, in the manner of our neighbours.—[*He alludes to the Edinburgh Review, the personalities of which are a disgrace to the present age.*—]—*Le Globe* is there appreciated, we may say without any mock-modesty, as it desires to be: it has not caused the revolution which has been operating in our criticism, but it is its most striking symptom; and if honesty, impartiality, and courage can claim any esteem, we can accept this recompense with as much frankness as we display in rejecting eulogiums which would set too high a value on our modest labours. We only regret, that, in praising one of our fellow-labourers, the English critic has made unfavourable reflections (*établi un rapprochement peu favorable*,) on the young and celebrated translator of Plato, whose eloquent lessons have re-animated philosophical studies in France. We also can scarcely comprehend how he has forgotten the great work of Mons. Thiers on the French Revolution, when the work of Mons. Mignet is so well and justly appreciated; and, finally, why should we not blame the rather cruel jokes against a young and estimable writer, who has shown old Bentham the most delicate attentions, and who deserved, without doubt deserved, a different return from English writers?"

Spoony this, Mounseer! Old Jerry the Bencher and we are not pot-companions; and therefore we do not feel ourselves called upon to puff everybody who happens to stuff the intestinal canal of the ancient sage with Bifteck de Mouton à l'Anglaise. As to the translator of Plato and Thiers, we shall speak of them hereafter.

"This circumstance naturally leads us to say a word on Blackwood's Magazine. This miscellany has enjoyed, and still enjoys, in England a great reputation. It has been for a long time the wittiest and most mischievous antagonist of the *Whigs*. Droll, audacious in its pleasantries, sharp in its personalities, it may be considered as the true representative of English humour, (*sic in orig.*) and the satirical good sense of the Scottish. It has been more than once the torment of the grave Edinburgh Review, and has with success supported the Quarterly, too often unhappy in its political and literary quarrels."

Come—that's pretty—and, consi-

dering it is from a Frenchman, true enough. As for the *Whigs*, as Mounseer pleases to call the vagabonds, we have pestered them a trifle, as they pretty well know. The Edinburgh Review we have, we flatter ourselves, tormented in the sorest of all possible ways, as anybody will prove to their own satisfaction, by reflecting that we have driven away from writing in it some of the people who unwittingly became connected with it; and have effectually prevented them from getting new recruits from any quarter, but the stinking Swiss of the press—the vomit of Cockneyland. As for the Quarterly, we have always supported it, and on many occasions kept it out of the dirt. We are sorry to say that the Quarterly did not always do the decent thing by us. But *pocas palabras*. We can fight our own battles, caring not the tenth part of the most rotten fig's-end that ever dangled from a fig-tree for the good or ill word of any other periodical that flies, walks, or crawls.

And this leads us back to *The Globe*. There is, as everybody knows, a sort of dirty and scoundrel-like clamour against us—such a squeaking as one might imagine to come from a very second-rate and under-bred kind of rat-hole—to be heard every now and then among vermin, deserving to be altogether spat upon. Among the coteries where those animals congregate, (*and which we shall break up some of these days with a hammer that will strike once, and strike no more*,) it is laid down as a sort of ruled point, that we are not regarded by any one but the red-hot partizans of Toryism. Were it even so, we should not repent. For the milk-and-water men, we never had any feeling but steady and cool contempt. But violent as we avowedly are in our politics, we are not unreasonable, and feel anxious for the suffrages of the good, or witty, or wise, of every party. We have obtained these at home from every one but the mere rascal sag-end of Whiggism, or the dirty off-scouring of the starveling periodical press; and without setting any undue value on the above critique of *The Globe*, (which is only one of a hundred of the same kind,) we beg leave to ask, what foreign periodical has ever mentioned the New Monthly Magazine, written, as many of its articles are, by folks who have their own reasons for living abroad, and who, of course, fish for

foreign panegyric? Or who has ever mentioned the London, except to say that it was fallen into the hands of the *Cockneys*?

On looking over that last paragraph, we find it reads as if we were in savage mood. Yet we are not—we are cool as a dog's nose in December. What we have said will be gall and vinegar to the heart of some miscreants, who will live henceforward in trouble, month after month, trembling lest the big stone should come down to crush them. Is there any blackguard connected with the press whose father was caught shop-lifting? Is there any sneaking ruffian, who is the son of a hypocrite swindler, that dare not account for the conduct of his life, but skulks away when questioned?—We pause for a reply. By the word of a warrior, if we be vexed—if we again hear things, anything like what we have heard, out with the *cuchillo*. There is no reason that we should be insulted, without making the insulter smart for it—and where? Where? Why, on the raw! Let those for whom the above hints are intended take warning. *We have the power, and we'll use it!*

So far for that. The Scotch nation has been abused and humbugged considerably on its propensities. *A la bonne heure*. We should be sorry that in these witless times any of the common-places of wit should be cut off. We should be grieved to the soul were the impression to go forward that we

were a nation of gentlemen. We should call for the last rites of religion, if we thought anybody seriously styled us Modern Athenians. No, No, No. Sawneys we are, and Sawneys will we die. We never will screw up our mouths to call a *flae* a *flee*—nor shall we ever, in the universal degeneracy of the times, give up whisky-toddy for sauterne, or any other modification of vinegar, howsoever called. Therefore shall we joy in the vernacular proverb of "Claw me, Claw thee." Flatter us, and we flatter you. Say the civil thing, and you find it returned. As for the uncivil thing, we hope our character is now too well established to make it necessary for us to say, that any one who wishes for that commodity need only send us a sample, to be quite sure of getting something better done on the same pattern, sent back in any quantity required, by next post. But there is no need of this just now. *Le Globe*, sans jest, is a capitally good paper, whether it praises us or not; and it is the only independant publication in Paris. The *Frondeur*, *Pandore*, *Corsair*, &c. are trash. Its articles are often very witty, and sometimes very clever.

As a specimen of their way of belabouring an ass, we give the following notice of a spoon, which appeared on the 3d of January in *The Globe*. The author of the book reviewed seems to be a sort of Wicount de Tims.

NOUVELLES LETTRES PROVINCIALES,

*Ou Lettres écrites par un provincial à un de ses amis sur les affaires du temps; par l'auteur de la Revue Politique de l'Europe en 1825.**

Principes ægre ferunt imperii arcana publicari, odioque prosequantur libros ubi ea pertractantur.

En lisant cette épigraphe des *Nouvelles provinciales*, nous nous sommes figuré que l'auteur s'était dévoué, comme il le dit, à la haine du pouvoir, pour nous rendre service en nous dévoilant les *arcanes* des gouvernements. Hélas! nous n'avons rien appris, et cet honnête provincial s'est moqué de nous. Nous sommes persuadés cependant, qu'il n'y a point mis de malice, et qu'il s'imagine avoir

fait un livre profond, un livre qui doit attirer sur lui l'attention de l'autorité, en compilant dans nos journaux tous les lieux communs que les partis se renvoient l'un à l'autre comme des arguments sans réplique. On dirait quelque préfet réformé qui, ne sachant que faire de son temps, s'est mis à étudier la haute politique dans les cafés et dans les cabinets littéraires: charmé d'une lecture qui nourrissait son mé-

* Boseange frères, libraires, rue de Seine, No. 12; et Johanneau, rue du Coq-Saint-Honoré, No. 8.

contentement, il n'aura pas pu résister au désir de nous communiquer tant de belles choses qu'il apprenait pour la première fois.

Il a pris la forme épistolaire pour nous faire part de ses réflexions. Il raconte à un provincial de ses amis ses conversations avec deux personnages, dont l'un est initié aux mystères de la congrégation et de l'aristocratie, tandis que l'autre possède le secret des libéraux. Libéral lui-même, l'auteur donne le beau rôle à ce dernier. A leur première entrevue, il le surprend au milieu d'une profonde méditation, ayant devant lui les journaux de l'opposition. "J'étudie le présent," lui dit son ami, "pour apprendre l'avenir." Après quoi il entre en matière, et s'écrie en parlant des ministres, *Croient-ils, parcequ'ils vont en arrière, empêcher les peuples de marcher en avant ?* Alors il déroule devant son interlocuteur le tableau des fautes et des crimes de l'administration. Ce qui l'irrite le plus, c'est l'impertinence de l'aristocratie. On peut dire même que c'est la seule chose qui le fâche sérieusement ; il revient là-dessus à chaque instant, et, à ses yeux, la véritable plaie du pays, c'est la difficulté qu'éprouvent les hommes nouveaux pour entrer à la cour. Ce n'est pas qu'il soit ennemi de la noblesse, bien au contraire ; mais il en voudrait une personnelle qui tint du prince ses parchemins. *Puisque, dit-il, la nature a jeté tant d'inégalités entre nous, c'est à la loi humaine à les mettre en ordre, et à les ranger selon leur valeur.* Il ne croit donc pas que ce soit à l'opinion seule à classer les hommes ; il lui faut une classification légale, et tout irait à merveille si la nation nouvelle était sûre d'être convenablement partagée dans la distribution des rubans. *Mais, s'écrie-t-il avec indignation, voyez-vous entrer dans les carrosses du roi des plebéiens illustres, ou des nobles sans mérite ?* Le provincial, émerveillé d'une si haute philosophie, s'empresse d'en faire part à son correspondant.

Ce correspondant en est encore plus émerveillé que son ami. *Vous me découvrez, lui écrit-il, un horizon qui m'était inconnu. Je marchais sur un sentier étroit et obscur, et vous m'ouvrez une voie claire et spacieuse. Votre libéral me paraît nourri de sciences solides ; son raisonnement est fort, et fixe l'attention. Votre royaliste est aussi*

fort instruit pour un royaliste ; car, pour toute ce qui est science, les royalistes en général ont un brevet d'exemption.

Ce royaliste, en effet, est au moins aussi fort que son camarade le libéral dans la politique transcendante. Il débite gravement à l'homme de province des lambeaux du *Memorial Catholique*, de la *Quotidienne* et du *Drapeau blanc* ; et celui-ci, confondu d'admiration, s'écrie que jamais il n'a rien entendu qui fût d'une si grande conséquence, et d'un intérêt plus élevé.

En quittant son ami l'ultra, le provincial rencontre par hasard son autre ami le libéral, dans les Tuileries, où il passe rarement, craignant d'y voir de trop près livrées de la servitude. Ce philosophe, ennemi de la cour, déclame long-temps contre l'aristocratie qui en occupe les entrées. *C'est là, dit-il, l'éternel sujet de nos plaintes. C'est ce mur d'airain que nous voulons renverser, c'est ce chemin qui conduit au trône que nous voulons nettoyer.* Suivent quelques allusions au fameux chêne de Vincennes sous lequel nos rois faisaient si bonne justice, puis un morceau d'histoire où il enseigne à son auditeur, d'après le *Journal de Paris*, comme quoi nos princes se sont toujours jetés dans les rangs de leurs peuples pour combattre et dompter l'insolente aristocratie. Ce trait d'érudition ravit le provincial. *De tant d'hommes qui étudient l'histoire, combien peu, dit-il, savent en tirer une aussi solide instruction !*

Les maximes que l'histoire fournit au philosophe libéral ne sont pas moins admirables. Suivant lui, les nations n'ont ni croyances, ni passions, ni volontés, et les princes en font ce qu'il leur plaît. *Si, par exemple, Catherine de Medicis l'eût voulu, toute la France eût été protestante. La destinée des grands peuples, dit-il, tient à ce fil : le cœur d'un roi contient le monde. Les gouvernements font les nations. La vie d'un peuple est dans la cime de son gouvernement, comme la vie des arbres est dans leur cime. Les nations s'agrandissent sous des ministres qui sont grands.* Ces sentences, qui s'accordent si bien avec nos éternelles déclamations en faveur du siècle et de l'irrésistible empire de l'opinion, sont accueillies par le provincial avec la même admiration que tout le reste. On voit que l'auteur des *Nouvelles provinciales* a, pour les grands ministres et les rois

qui gouvernent, pour le despotisme en un mot, un goût bien prononcé. Il le témoigne dans un autre endroit de sa brochure. Un de ses personnages demande si, quand Napoléon étendait son bras sur l'Europe, ses ministres venaient lui dire qu'il y avait dans l'empire des émigrés, des Vendéens, des républicains, des Bourbonnistes ? que lui importait ? il n'en avait nul soin : *tous obéissaient ; tous prenaient la pensée de son gouvernement : tous étaient emportés par le mouvement qu'il imprimait. Voilà regner !* Le correspondant de province, dûment éclairé par tante de belles choses, en témoigne ses remerciements à son ami. *Vous m'avez envoyé, lui écrit-il, de quoi meubler toutes les têtes vides de nos provinces ; vous m'envoyez la lumière par faisceau.*

Voilà l'absurde fatras que les feuilles libérales de Paris, de Belgique, et d'Allemagne nous ont vanté comme un chef-d'œuvre de politique, et que les journaux du parti opposé ont dénoncé à l'autorité comme un pamphlet dangereux. Comment la passion a-t-elle pu fasciner les panégyristes et les détracteurs au point de leur faire trouver quelque mérite dans une compilation de déclamations triviales, de lieux communs historiques d'ailleurs sans vérité, de sarcasmes usés, de maximes fausses, le tout présenté sous une forme souvent ridicule ? c'est que malheureusement les préjugés d'une autre époque sont encore vivants parmi nous : ils y sont entretenus par cette génération de gens à place qui voudraient nous faire croire que leurs intérêts sont les nôtres. Le pamphlet dont nous venons de rendre compte est dirigé tout entier contre l'ancienne noblesse ; et la seule moralité qu'on en puisse tirer, c'est que *la cour et les emplois devraient être accessibles à tous les citoyens*. A la bonne heure ! mais fallait-il faire tant de bruit pour un si mince sujet ? Quand le pays sera-t-il délivré de cette manie des places qui absorbe tant de capacités utiles, et fait d'une nation libre un peuple de valets ? N'y a-t-il pas plus de profit et plus de dignité à traiter directement avec le public, au moyen d'une industrie indépendante, qu'à se traîner péniblement toute sa vie dans la carrière de l'ambition ? Si les citoyens étaient bien convaincus de cette vérité, nous ne verrions pas tant de petites rivalités, tant de récriminations ridicules, tan

de jalousies de livrée : le pouvoir aurait toujours ses amants qui le loueraient ou le blâmeraient sans mesure ; mais le public ne s'échaufferait pas pour des querelles auxquelles il se croirait parfaitement étranger.

M. D.

How then, somebody will say, did this very witty, and very clever, this capitally good and independant paper, fall into the error of abusing, even by the tail-end of an insinuation, the best of all possible Magazines ?

My dear sir, or madam, we shall answer you : Uriel the Archangel of the Sun could not discern the devil when he came to him *incog*. So by the Globe. It was humbugged into printing its first article.

And by whom ?

There's the rub. Now you recollect that the plebeian said we knew nothing of what was going on in Paris, and yet we tell the greasy knave, that the fellow at the bottom of the whole, the actual caitiff, is Monsieur Felix Boudin. Mr Felix Blackpudding the historian ! and what a historian ! Now Boudin had better not have quarrelled with us. What we intend to do with him is yet unknown, but we shall look at his books. Verbum sat. He evidently is not the

Felix, quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum,

else he would have bit off his stercoraceous tongue ere he had let it say a word against us. He is, to be sure, the

Felix, qui—

—metus omnes—

Subjecit pedibus—

But he will find that he was wrong in so doing. We give him till next month to live. Let him make the most of his time. He will find that the race of the Tailleboudins, commemorated in Rabelais, are not extinct ; and that we shall crack him across our knee as easily as the good Partagruel broke his well-stuffed relations on the same joint. In the meantime, we wish him the compliments of the season.

C. N.

THE BLUE CHAMBER,
Jan. 1826.

P. S.—The above is a specimen of perfect good humour.

C. N.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XXIV.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. ap. Ath.

[This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
"NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
"BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. ap. Ambr.

Blue Parlour.

SHEPHERD and TICKLER.

SHEPHERD.

I had nae heart for't, Mr Tickler, I had nae heart for't. Yon's a grand hotel in Picardy,—and there can be nae manner o' doubt that Mr Ambrose 'll succeed in it. Yon big letters facing down Leith Walk will be sure to catch the e'en o' a' the passengers by London smacks and steam-boats, to say naething o' the mair stationary land population. Besides, the character o' the man himself, sae douce, civil, and judicious.—But skill part from my right hand when I forget Gabriel's Road. Draw in your chair, sir.

TICKLER.

I wish the world, James, would stand still for some dozen years—till I am at rest. It seems as if the very earth itself were undergoing a vital change. Nothing is unalterable except the heaven above my head,—and even it, James, is hardly, methinks at times, the same as in former days or nights. There is not much difference in the clouds, James, but the blue sky, I must confess, is not quite so very very blue as it was sixty years since ; and the sun, although still a glorious luminary, has lost a leetle—just a leetle of his lustre. But it is the streets, squares, courts, closes,—lands, houses, shops, that are all changed—gone—swept off—razed—buried.

And that is sure a reason fair,
To fill my glass again.

SHEPHERD.

Ony reason's fair enough for that. Here's to you, sir,—the Hollands in this house is aye maist excellent.

MR AMBROSE, (*entering hesitatingly.*)

Gentlemen, as I understood you to say that Mr North is not to honour this Tavern with his presence this evening, perhaps my son had better put off his recitation.

TICKLER.

Anan !

SHEPHERD.

Mr Tickler is not in the secret, Ambrose. Why, Mr Tickler, Master Ambrose has composed a poem, which he had intended to recite to us in Picardy Place. It is a welcome to the Hotel. Now, as I have declared my determination never to desert Gabriel's Road till this house is no longer in Ambrose's possession, it is a pity not to hear the youth's verses ; so, if you please, though a little out of place, let us have them before next jug.

TICKLER.

Assuredly—assuredly. Show Master Ambrose in.
(*Enter MASTER AMBROSE.*)

SHEPHERD.

Hoo are ye, my fine little fellow? Come forward into the middle o' the room.
Stretch out your right arm so—square your shouthers—haud up your head—
take care o' your pronounciation—*et perge, puer.*

MASTER AMBROSE.

Though the place that once knew us will know us no more,
And splendours unwonted arise on our view,—
Though no fond remembrance past scenes could restore,
Our dearly loved parlour we still must deplore,
And remember the Old, while we drink to the New!

How oft in that parlour, so joyous and gay,
The laurel was wreath'd with the clustering vine;
While the spirit of Maga held absolute sway,
And the glorious beams of the bright god of day
Seem'd in envious haste the fair scene to outshine!

Oh! changed are the days, it may truly be said,
Since first we met there in our social glee,
For a faction then ruled with a sceptre of lead,
Debasing the heart, and perverting the head,
And enthralling the land of the brave and the free!

That sceptre is broken—that faction is gone,—
In scorn and derision we've seen it expire.
While the brightness of Maga has everywhere shone,
It has blazed on the altar, and beam'd on the throne,
And kindled a more than Promethean fire!

Of our honours and glories our children may tell,—
Be it ours the triumphant career to pursue,
Each foe of his King and his country to quell,
The darkness of error and fraud to dispel,
And laugh at the dunces in Yellow and Blue!

We have One who will stand as he ever has stood,
Like a tower that despises the whirlwind's rage,—
By time and by labour alike unsubdued,
He will still find the wise, and the fair, and the good,
Admiring the Wit, and revering the Sage!

And he who supreme in Arcadia reigns,
With his heart-stirring Doric our meetings will cheer;
The pride of our mountains and emerald plains,
The joy of our nymphs, the delight of our swains,
Rejoicing each eye, and refreshing each ear!

And the Hero of many a glorious field,
His best and his happiest hours will recall,
The sword and the pen alike powerful to wield,
With generous spirit disdaining to yield,
Except to the spirit that conquers us All!

And he who has ever, in danger and doubt,
To his glorious cause been so loyal and true,
Defying the Cockneys, the Whigs, and the gout,
His *IO TRIUMPHE!* still boldly will shout,
And proudly will hear it re-echoed by You!

The year that approaches new triumphs will bring,
 Entwining new wreaths for each bold loyal brow,—
 And for many a year our new roof-tree will ring
 With the voice that is raised for our country and King,
 Inspired by the thoughts that awaken it now !

The days that are gone, we can never regret,
 While gilded with honour they rise on our view ;
 And when here in our power and our pride we are met,
 Our dearly-loved parlour we ne'er shall forget,
 But remember the Old, while we drink to the New !

TICKLER.

Most precocious ! Pope did not write anything equal to it at thirteen. It beats the Ode to Solitude all to sticks. Are you at the New Academy, Master Ambrose ?

MASTER AMBROSE.

No, sir—at the High School.

TICKLER.

Right. You live in the vicinity. Is it not a burning shame, Shepherd, that the many thousand rich and prosperous men who have been educated at the High School, cannot—will not—raise a sum sufficient to build a new Edifice on a better site ?

SHEPHERD.

It disna tell weel.

TICKLER.

A High School there must be, as well as an Academy. Both should have fair play, and education will be greatly bettered by the generous rivalry. Never were there better masters in the High School than now—gentlemen and scholars all. One loses all patience to hear the gabble about Parthenons, forsooth, when about eight or ten thousand pounds is all that is wanted to build, on Hamilton's beautiful plan, a school for the education of the sons of the citizens of modern Athens. Thank you, Master Ambrose.—(*Exit High-School Boy.*) A fine, modest, intelligent boy !

SHEPHERD.

Just uncommon. The Embro' folk I never could thoroughly understand, and yet I hae studied them closely in a' ranks, frae the bench to the bar, I may say, from the poopit to the pozzis. They couldna' build their ain College—they wunna build their ain High School ; and yet, to hear them talk o' their city o' palaces, you would think they were all so many Lorenzos the Magnificent.

TICKLER.

The English laugh at us. Look at London—look at Liverpool. Is money wanted for any noble purpose ? In a single day, you have hundreds of thousands.

SHEPHERD.

Come, come—let us be in better humour. Is the oysters verra gude this season ? I shanna stir frae this chair till I hae devoured five score o' them. That's just my allowance on coming in frae the kintra.

TICKLER.

James, that is a most superb cloak. Is the clasp pure gold ? You are like an officer of Hussars—like one of the Prince's Own. Spurs too, I protest !

SHEPHERD.

Sit closer, Mr Tickler, sit closer, man ; light your cigar, and puff away like a steam-engine—though ye ken I just detest smokin' ;—for I hae a secret to communicate—a secret o' some pith and moment, Mr Tickler ; and I want to see your face in a' the strength o' its maist natural expression, when I am lettin' you intil't.—Fill your glass, sir.

TICKLER.

Don't tell it to me, James—don't tell it to me ; for the greatest enjoyment I have in this life is to let out a secret—especially if it has been confided to me as a matter of life and death.

SHEPHERD.

I'll rin a' hazards. I maun out wi't to you; for I hae aye had the most profoun' respect for your abeelities, and I hae a pleasure in geein' you the start o' the world for four-and-twenty hours.—I am noo the Yeditor o' Blackwood's Magazine.

TICKLER.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

SHEPHERD.

Why, you see, sir, they couldna do without me. North's gettin' verra auld,—and, between you and me, rather doited—crabbed to the contributors, and—come hither wi' your lug—no verra ceevil to Ebony himsel;—so out comes letter upon letter to me, in Yarrow yonder, fu' o' the maist magnificent offers,—indeed, telling me to fix my ain terms; and faith, just to get rid o' the endless fash o' letters by the carrier, I druve into toun here, in the whusky, through Peebles, on the Saturday o' the hard frost, and that same night, was installed into the Yeditorship in the Sanctum Sanctorum.

TICKLER.

Well, James, all that Russian affair is a joke to this. Nicholas, Constantine, and the old Mother-Empress, may go to the devil and shake themselves, now that you, my dear, dear Shepherd, are raised to the Scottish throne.

SHEPHERD.

Wha wad ha' thocht it, Mr Tickler—wha wad ha' thocht it—that day when I first entered the Grass-Market, wi' a' my flock afore me, and Hector youf-youfin' round the Gallow-Stane—where, in days of yore, the saints——

TICKLER.

Sire?

SHEPHERD.

Nane o' your mockin.—I'm the Editor; and, to prove't, I'll order in—the Balaam-box.

TICKLER.

James, as you love me, open not that box.—Pandora's was a joke to it.

SHEPHERD.

Ha! ha! ha! Mr Tickler, you're feared that I'll lay my haun on yane o' your articles. O man, but you're a vain auld chiel; just a bigot to your ain abeelities. But hear me, sir; you maun compose in a mair classical style, gin you think o' continuing a contributor. I must not let down the character of the work to flatter a few feckless fumlbers. Mr Ambrose—Mr Ambrose—the Balaam-box, I tell you,—I hae been ringing this half-hour for the Balaam-box.

MR AMBROSE.

Here is the Safe, sir. I observe the spider is still in the key-hole; but as Mr North, God bless him, told me not to disturb him, I have given him a few flies daily that I found in an old bottle; perhaps he will get out of the way when he feels the key.

TICKLER.

James, that spider awakens in my mind the most agreeable recollections.

SHEPHERD.

Dang your speeders. But, Mr Ambrose, where's the Monthly Budget?

MR AMBROSE.

Here, sir.

SHEPHERD (*emptying the green bag on the table.*)

Here, Mr Tickler. Here's a sight for sair een,—materials for a dizen Numbers. Arrange them by tens,—that's right; what a show! I'm rich aneuch to pay aff the national debt. Let us see,—“Absenteeism.” The speeder maun be disturbed,—into the Balaam-box must this article go,—Gude preserve us, what a weight! I wonder what my gude auld father wad hae said, had he lived to see the day, when it became a great public question, whether it was better or waur for a country that she should hae nae inhabitants!

TICKLER.

Here's an essay on Popular Education.

SHEPHERD.

Rax't ower. Ay, ay, I see how it is,—Institutions, Mechanic Institutions.

That's no the way, in the ordinary coorse o' nature, that the mind acquires knowledge. As the general wealth and knowledge of the country increases, men, in all conditions, will of themselves become better informed. Then the education of the young will be better attended to,—generation after generation that will be the case,—till, feenally, education will be general in town and country, and the nation will be more enlightened, powerful, happy, and free. But now, they are putting the cart before the horse; and the naig will get reesty, and kick aff the breeching.

TICKLER.

Here's a poem.

SHEPHERD.

Fling it into the fire;—poetry's a drog. Queen Hynde is still in her first edition.

TICKLER.

The evil has wrought its own cure. But, on my honour, the verses are pretty. Another version of our favourite German song.—I'll sing them to the fiddle.

(TICKLER sings to his Cremona.)

The Rhine! the Rhine!—May on thy flowing river
The sun for ever shine!
And on thy banks may freedom's light fade never!—
Be blessings on the Rhine!
The Rhine! the Rhine!—My fancy still is straying,
To dream of Wilhelmine,
Of auburn locks in balmy zephyrs playing:—
Be blessings on the Rhine!
The German knight the lance has bravely broken
By lofty Schreckenstein;
The German maid the tale of love has spoken
Beside the flowery Rhine.
With patriot zeal the gallant Swiss is fired,
Beside that stream of thine;
The dull Batavian, on thy banks inspired,
Shouts,—Freedom! and the Rhine!—
And shall we fear the threat of foreign foeman?—
Though Europe should combine,—
The fiery Frank, the Gaul, the haughty Roman,
Found graves beside the Rhine.—
Germania's sons, fill, fill your foaming glasses
With Hochheim's sparkling wine,
And drink,—while life, and love, and beauty passes,—
Be blessings on the Rhine!

SHEPHERD.

Faith, ye hae a gran' bow-hand, Mr Tickler. Ye wad be a welcome guest in the kitchen o' ony farm-house in a' Scotlaud, during the lang winter nichts. The lasses "would loup as they were daft, when ye blew up your chanter." Shame on the spinet, and the flute, and a' instruments, but the fiddle.

TICKLER.

Many and oft is the time, James, that in my younger days I have set the shepherd's and farmer's family a-dancing,—on to the sma' hours. They would send out the bit herd laddie to collect the queans,—and they came all flocking in, just a little trigger than when at work,—a clean mutch, or a ribbon round their foreheads,—their bosoms made cosh and tidy—

SHEPHERD.

Whisht, wisht. Ony mair verses amang the materials. Let us collect them a' into a heap, and send them to the cyook to singe the fools. What's that your glowering on, Sub?

TICKLER.

Sub?

SHEPHERD.

Ay, Sub. I create you Sub-yeditor of the Magazine. You maun correc

a' the Hebrew, and Chinese, and German, and Dutch, Greek and Latin, and French and Spanish, and Itawlian. You maun likewise help me wi' the pints, and in kittle words look after the spellin'. Noo and then ye may overhawl, and cut down, and transmogrify an article that's ower lang, or ower stupid in pairts, putting some smeddum in't,—and soomin' a' up wi' a soundin peroration. North had nae equal at that; and I hae kent him turn out o' his hands a short, pithy, biting article, frae a long, lank, lumbering rigmarole, taken, at a pinch, out the verra Balaam-box. The author wondered at his ain genius and erudition when he read it, and wad gang for a week after up and down the town, asking everybody he met if they had read his leading-article in Ebony. The sumph thocht he had written it himsel! I can never hope to equal Mr North in that faculty, which in him is a gift o' nature; but in a' things else, I am his equal,—and in some, dinna ye think sae, his superior?

TICKLER.

I do. There seems to me something pretty in this little song. To do it justice, I must sing it.

TUNE—"The Sailor's Life."

1.

Oh! often on the mountain's side
I've sung with all a shepherd's pride,
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore down the burden of the song,
A shepherd's life's the life for me,
He tends his flock so merrily,—
He sings his song, and tells his tale,
And is beloved through all the vale.

2.

When Summer gladdens all the scene
With golden light, and vesture green,
Too short appears the cheerful day,
While thus he pours his artless lay,
A shepherd's life's the life for me, &c.

3.

When winter comes with sullen blast,
And clouds and mists are gathering fast,
He folds his plaid, and on the hill
His blithesome song is with him still—
A shepherd's life's the life for me, &c.

4.

And when at eve, with guileless mirth,
He cheers his humble, happy hearth,
The storm without may whistle round,
But still within the song is found—
A shepherd's life's the life for me, &c.

5.

Oh! envy not the palace proud,
With all its gaudy, glittering crowd,
For who would ever be a king,
When on the hill-side he could sing,
A shepherd's life's the life for me, &c.

SHEPHERD.

Tut, tut!—it's wersh—wersh as a potauto without saut. The writer o' that sang never wore a plaid. What for will clever chaps, wi' a classical education, aye be writin' awa at sangs about us shepherds? Havers!—Let Burns, and me, and Allan Cunningham talk o' kintra matters, under our ain charge.—We'll put mair real life and love into ae line—aiblins into ae word—than a' the classical callants that ever were at College.

TICKLER.

Well, well—here's a poem that may as well go into the fire-heap at once, without farther inspection.

SHEPHERD.

For God's sake, haud your hand, Mr Tickler!—dinna burn that, as you houp to be saved! It's my ain haun-writin'—I ken't at a' this distance—I'll swear til't in a coort o' justice! Burn that, and you're my Sub nae langer.

TICKLER.

My dear Editor, I will sing it.

SHEPHERD.

Na, you shanna sing't—I'll sing't mysel—though I'm as hoarse as a crow. Breathin' that easterly harr is as bad as snooking down into your hawse sae many yards o' woollen. Howsomever, I'll try. And mind, nane o' your accompaniments wi' me, either o' fiddle or vice. A second's a thing that I just perfectly abhor,—it seems to me—though I hae as gude an ear as Miss Stephens hersel—and better, too,—to be twa different tunes sang at ae time—a maist intolerable practice. Mercy me!—It's the twa Epithaliums that I wrote for the young Duke o' Buccleugh's birth-day, held at Selkirk, the 25th of November, 1825.

Air—Killikrankie.

1.

Rejoice, ye wan and wilder'd glens,
Ye dowie dells o' Yarrow,
This is the day that Heaven ordains
To banish a' your sorrow;
Ilk forest shaw, an' lofty law,
Frae grief and gloom arouse ye,
What gars ye snood your brows wi' snaw,
An' look sae grim an' grousy?

2.

What though the winter storm and flood
Set a' your cliffs a-quaking,
An' frost an' snaw leave nought ava
On your green glens o' braken;
Yet soon the spring, wi' bud an' flower,
An' birds an' maidens singing;
The bonny rainbow an' the shower,
Shall set your braes a-ringing.

3.

We saw our sun set in the cloud,
For gloaming far too early,
An' darkness fa' wi' eiry shroud,
While hearts beat sad and sairly;
But after lang an' lanesome night,
Our morn has risen mair clearly;
An' O to wan an' wae fu' wight,
Sic blithesome morn is cheery.

4.

This is the day that wakes our spring,
Our rainbow's arch returning;
This is the dawning sent by Heaven
To banish care and mourning.
O, young Buccleuch, our kinsman true,
Our shield, and firm defender;
To thee this day our love we pay,
Our blessings kindly render!

5.

O, young Buccleuch, O, kind Buccleuch !
 What thousand hearts yearn o'er thee ;
 What thousand hopes await thy smile,
 And prostrate lie before thee :
 Be thou thy Border's pride and boast,
 Like sires renown'd in story ;
 And thou shalt never want an host
 For country, King, and glory !

TICKLER.

Beautiful, James, quite beautiful !

SHEPHERD.

Mr Tickler, I think, considering all things, the situation I now occupy, my rank in society—and the respect which I have at all times been proud to show you and Mrs Tickler, that you might call me Mr Hogg, or Mr Yeditor ? Why always James, simple James ?

TICKLER.

A familiar phrase, full of affection. I insist on being called Timothy.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, weel, be it so now and then. But as a general rule, let it be Mr Tickler,—Mr Hogg, or, which I would prefer, Mr Editor. Depend upon it, sir, that there is great advantage to social intercourse in the preservation of those mere conversational forms by which “ table-talk ” is protected from degenerating into a coarse or careless familiarity.

TICKLER.

Suppose you occasionally call me “ Southside,” and that I call you “ Mount Benger—”

SHEPHERD.

A true Scottish fashion that of calling gentlemen by the names of their estates. Did you ever see the young Duke ? You nod, Never !—He's a real scion of the old tree. What power that laddie has ower human happiness !—He has a kingdom, and never had a king more loyal subjects. All his thousands o' farmers are proud o' him, and his executors ; and that verra pride gi'es them a higher character. The clan must not disgrace the Chief. The “ Duke ” is a household word all over the Border ;—the bairns hear it every day ;—and it links us thegither in a sort o' brotherhood. Curse the Radicals, who would be for destroying the old aristocracy of the land !—

WAT O' BUCCLEUCH.—*Air, Thurot's Defeat.*

Some sing with devotion
 Of feats on the ocean,
 And nature's broad beauties in earth and in skies ;
 Some rant of their glasses,
 And some of the lasses,
 And these are twa things we maun never despise.
 But down with the praises
 Of lilies and daisies,
 Of posies and roses the like never grew :—
 That flimsy inditing
 That poets delight in,
 They've coined for a havoring half-witted crew.

CHORUS.

But join in my chorus,
 Ye blades o' the Forest,
 We'll lilt of our muirs and our mountains of blue ;
 And hollow for ever,
 Till a' the town shiver,
 The name of our master, young Wat o' Buccleuch.

Of Douglas and Stuart,
 We'd mony a true heart,

Wha stood for auld Scotland in dangers enew ;
 And Scotts wha kept order
 So lang on the Border,
 Then wha heardnae tell o' the Wats o' Buccleuch ?
 Now all these old heroes,
 Of helms and moneros,
 O wha wad believe that the thing could be true ;
 In lineage unblighted,
 And blood are united,
 In our noble master, young Wat o' Buccleuch.
 Then join in my chorus, &c.

In old days of wassail,
 Of chief and of vassal,
 O these were the ages of chivalry true,
 Of reif and of rattle,
 Of broil and of battle,
 When first our auld forefathers follow'd Buccleuch.
 They got for their merit,
 What we still inherit,
 Those green tow'ring hills and low valleys of dew,
 Nor feared on their mailings
 For hornings or failings,
 The broad sword and shield paid the rents of Buccleuch.
 Then join in my chorus, &c.

From that day to this one,
 We've lived but to bless them,
 To love and to trust them as guardians true ;
 May Heaven protect then,
 And guide and direct then,
 This stem of the gen'rous old house of Buccleuch !
 The Wats were the callans,
 That steadied the balance,
 When strife between kinsmen and Borderers grew ;
 Then here's to our scion,
 The son of the lion,
 The Lord of the Forest, the Chief of Buccleuch.

CHORUS.

Then join in my chorus,
 Ye lads of the Forest,
 With lilt of our muirs and our mountains of blue,
 And hallow for ever,
 Till a' the tow'rs shiver,
 The name of our Master, young Wat of Buccleuch.

There's a sang for you, Timothy. My blude's up. I bless Heaven I am a Borderer. Here's the Duke's health—here's the King's health—here's North's health—here's your health—here's my ain health—here's Ebony's health—here's Ambrose's health—the healths o' a' the contributors and a' the subscribers. That was a wully waught ! I haena' left a dribble in the jug. I wuss it mayna flee to my head—it's a half-mutchkin jug.

TICKLER.

Your eyes, James, are shining with more than their usual brilliancy. But here it goes. (*Drinks his jug.*)

SHEPHERD.

After all, what blessing is in this world like a rational, well-founded, steadfast friendship between twa people that hae seen some little o' human life—felt some little o' its troubles—kept fast hald o' a gude character, and are doing a' they can for the benefit o' their fellow-creatures ? The Magazine, Mr Tickler, is a mighty engine, and it behoves me to think well what I am about when I set it a-working. The Cautholic Question is the cause o' great perplexity to my

mind, when I tak a comprehensive and philosophic view o' the history and constitution o' human nature.

TICKLER.

I never heard you, Mr Hogg, on the Catholic Question. I trust your opinions are the same with those of Mr North.

SHEPHERD.

Whatever my opinions are, Mr Tickler, they are my own, and they are the fruit of long, laborious, deep, and conscientious meditation. I cannot believe, with Drs Southey and Phillpotts, and other distinguished men, that the spirit of Catholicism is unchangeable. Nothing human is unchangeable. I do not, therefore, despair of seeing—no I must not say that, but of my posterity seeing—the Catholic religion so purified and rationalized by an unconscious Protestantism, that our Catholic brethren may be admitted without danger to the full enjoyment of all the rights and privileges of British subjects. That time will come, sir; but not in our day—no, not in our day. A century at the very least, perhaps two, must elapse before we can grant the boon of Catholic emancipation.

TICKLER.

Just my sentiments.

SHEPHERD.

No, sir, they are my own; and farther I say, that to emancipate the Catholics in order to destroy their religion, as is proposed many hundred times in the rival Journal, (blue and yellow,) is pure idiocy. I shall, therefore, not suffer Catholic emancipation.

TICKLER.

What think you of Constable's Miscellany? You wish me to speak. The idea is an excellent one, entirely his own, and the speculation cannot fail of success. Thousands of families that cannot afford to buy books, as they are sold in their original shape, will purchase these pretty little cheap periodicals, and many a fire-side will be enlightened. The selection of published works is judicious, and so in general is that of subjects to be treated of by Mr Constable's own authors; one most laughable exception there indeed is—History of Scotland, in three volumes, by William Ritchie, Esq.

SHEPHERD.

What the deevil!—Ritchie o' the Scotsman?

TICKLER.

Why, it is rumoured, even Whigham the Quaker, when he heard of it, cried out, "*Risus teneatis amici?*" Our excellent friend Constable committed a sad blunder in this; but he was speedily ashamed of it, and has scored out the most insignificant of all names from his list.

SHEPHERD.

Scored out his name?—And will Ritchie write three volumes of the History of Scotland after that?—I never heard of such an insult. Yet Mr Constable was in the right;—for only think for a moment of printing 15,000 copies of three volumes of a History of Scotland by William Ritchie! But Mr Constable may just drap the volumes a'thegether; for there will aye be a kind o' a disagreeable suspicion that Ritchie wrote them,—and that would be enough to damn the History, were it frae the pen of Dionysius Harlicarnensis.

TICKLER.

Dionysius Harlicarnensis!

SHEPHERD.

The same. I ken a' about him frae Tennant o' Dollar, author of Anster Fair.

TICKLER.

Here's Tennant's health, and that of John Baliol, his new tragedy.

SHEPHERD.

With all my heart; but I wish people would give over writing tragedies. If they won't, then let them chuse tragical subjects; let them, as Aristotle says in his Poetics, purge our souls by pity and terror, and not set us asleep. The Bridal of Lammermuir is the best, the only tragedy since Shakspeare—

TICKLER.

Try the anchovies. I forget if you skate, Hogg?

SHEPHERD.

Yes, like a flounder. I was at Duddingston Loch on the great day. Twa bands of music kept chearing the shade of King Arthur on his seat, and gave a martial character to the festivities. It was then, for the first time, that I mounted my cloak and spurs. I had a young leddie, you may weel guess that, on ilka arm; and it was pleasant to feel the dear timorous creturs clinging and pressing on a body's sides, every time their taes caught a bit crunkle on the ice, or an embedded chucky-stane. I thoct that between the twa they wad never hae ge'n ower till they had pu'd me down on the bread o' my back. The muffs were just amazing, and the furbelows past a' enumeration. It was quite Polar. Then a' the ten thousand people (there could na' be fewer) were in perpetual motion. Faith, the thermometer made them do that, for it was some fifty below zero. I've been at mony a bonspell, but I never saw such a congregation on the ice afore. Once or twice it cracked, and the sound was fearsome,—a lang, sullen growl, as of some monster starting out o' sleep, and raging for prey. But the bits o' bairns just leuch, and never gied ower sliding; and the leddies, at least my twa, just gied a kind o' sab, and drew in their breath, as if they had been gaun in naked to the dooken on a cauld day; and the mirth and merriment were rifer than ever. Faith, I did make a dinner at the Club-house.

TICKLER.

Was the skating tolerable?

SHEPHERD.

No; intolerable. Puir conceited whalps! Gin you except Mr Tory o' Prince's Street, wha's a handsome fallow, and as good a skaiter as ever spread-eagled; the lave a' deserved drowning. There was Henry Cowburn, like a dominie, or a sticket minister, puttin' himself into a number o' attitudes, every ane clumsier and mair ackward than the ither, and nae doubt flatterin himself that he was the object o' universal admiration. The hail loch was laughing at him. The cretur can skate nane. Jemmy Simpson is a feckless bodie on the ice, and canna keep his knees straught. I couldna look at him without wondering what induced the cretur to write about Waterloo. The Skatin' Club is indeed on its last legs.

TICKLER.

Did you skate, James?

SHEPHERD.

That I did, Timothy—but ken you hoo? You will have seen how a' the newspapers roosed the skatin' o' an offisher, that they said lived in the Castle. Fools!—it was me—naebody but me. Ane o' my twa leddies had a wig in her muff, geyan sair curled on the frontlet, and I pat it on the hair o' my head. I then drew in my mouth, puckered my cheeks, made my een look fierce, hung my head on my left shoulther, put my hat to the one side, and so, arms a-kimbo, off I went in a figure of 8, garring the crowd part like clouds, and circumnavigating the frozen ocean in the space of about two minutes. "The curlers quat their roaring play," and every tent cast forth its inmates, with a bap in the ae haun' and a gill in the ither, to behold the Offisher frae the Castle. The only fear I had was o' my long spurs;—but they never got fankled; and I finished with doing the 47th Proposition of Euclid, with mathematical precision. Jemmy Simpson, half an hour before, had fallen over the *Pons assinorum*.

TICKLER.

Mr Editor, I fear that if in your articles you follow the spirit that guides your conversation, you will be as personal as Mr North himself. No intrusion on private character.

SHEPHERD.

Private character! If Mr James Simpson, or Mr Henry Cockburn, or myself, exhibit our figures or attitudes before ten thousand people, and cause all the horses in the adjacent pastures to half-die of laughter, may I not mention the disaster? Were not their feats celebrated in all the newspapers? There it was said that they were the most elegant and graceful of volant men. What if I say in the next Number of the Magazine, that they had the appearance of the most pitiful prigs that ever exposed themselves as public performers? Besides, they are by far too old for such nonsense. They are both upwards of

fifty, and seem much older. At that time of life they should give their skates to their boys.

TICKLER.

My dear Editor, you are forgetting the articles. The devil will be here for copy,

MR AMBROSE (*entering.*)

Did you ring, Mr North? Beg your pardon, did you ring, Mr Hogg?

SHEPHERD.

No, Ambrose. But here,—take that poetry, and tell the cook to singe yon The turkey, you know. Let us have supper precisely at twelve.

MR AMBROSE (*receiving the poetry from Tickler.*)

Might I be allowed, gentlemen, to preserve a few fragments? English gentlemen are always speaking of the Magazine; and there are two very genteel gentlemen indeed, and excellent customers of mine, Mr Hogg,—one of them from Newcastle, and the other all the way from Leeds,—one in the soft, and the other in the hard line,—who would esteem a fragment of manuscript from the Balaam-box an inestimable treasure.

SHEPHERD.

Certainly, Ambrose, certainly. Keep that little whitey-brown article; but mind now you give all the rest to the kyuck.

MR AMBROSE (*inspecting it.*)

O yes, the whitey-brown article will do admirably.

SHEPHERD.

You think so, do you, Ambrose? What is it about? Pray, read it up.

MR AMBROSE (*recites.*)

TUNE—"To all you Ladies now at Land."

For once in sentimental vein

My doleful song must flow,
For melancholy is the strain,—

It is a song of woe!

Ah! he who holds the monthly pen
Is most accurst of mortal men!

With a fa, la, la, &c.

From month to month 'tis still his doom

To drag the hopeless chain,
For fair or foul, in mirth or gloom,

He shares the curse of Cain;

It is a woful thing to see

A sight like this among the free!

With a fa, la, la, &c.

The devil comes at break of day,

The hapless wretch to dun,—

Oh! then the devil is to pay,

His work is not begun!

With heavy heart and aching head

He sends a hearty curse instead.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But Christopher is not the man

His failings to excuse,

He must bestir as best he can,

And spur his jaded muse;

Oh! cheerless day and dreary night

The endless article to write!

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But ah! when Here he blithely sits,

How altered is his lot!

He clears his brow, unbends his wits,—

His cares are all forgot;

He sings his song, his bumper fills,
And laughs at life and all its ills,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

SHEPHERD.

Dog on it, if I don't believe you are the author of the Whitey-brown yourself, Mr Ambrose.

AMBROSE.

No, Mr Editor. I could not take that liberty. In Mr North's time, I did indeed occasionally contribute an article. The foreign gentleman is ringing his bell; and, as he is very low-spirited since the death of Alexander, I must attend him. Pardon me, gentlemen, whisky or Hollands?

SHEPHERD.

Baith. What's the name of the Russian gentleman?

AMBROSE.

I believe, sir, it is Nebuchadnezzar.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, ay, that is a Russian name; for they are descended, I hear, from the Babylonians. (*Exit* Mr AMBROSE.)—Mr Tickler, here's a most capital article, entitled "Birds." I ken his pen the instant I see the scart o't. Naeboddy can touch aff these light, airy, buoyant, heartsome articles like him. Then there's aye sic a fine dash o' nature in them—sic nice touches o' description—and, every now and then, a bit curious and peculiar word—just ae word and nae mair, that lets you into the spirit of the whole design, and makes you love both the writer and the written.—Square down the edges with the paper-folder, and label it "Leading Article."

TICKLER.

I wish he was here.

SHEPHERD.

He's better where he is—for he's a triflin' creatur when he gets a bit drink; and then the tongue o' him never lies.—Birds,—Birds!—I see he treats only o' singing birds;—he maun gie us afterhend, Birds o' Prey. That's a grand subject for him.—Save us! what he would mak o' the King o' the Vultures! Of course he would breed him on Imaus. His flight is far, and he fears not famine. He has a hideous head of his own,—fiendlike eyes,—nostrils that woo the murky air,—and beak fit to dig into brain and heart. Don't forget Prometheus and his liver. Then dream of being sick in a desert-place, and of seeing the Vulture-King alight within ten yards of you—folding up his wings very composedly—and then coming with his horrid bald scalp close to your ear, and beginning to pick rather gently at your face, as if afraid to find you alive. You groan,—and he hobbles away, with an angry shriek, to watch you die. You see him whetting his beak upon a stone, and gaping wide with hunger and thirst. Horror pierces both your eye-lashes before the bird begins to scoop; and you have already all the talons of both his iron feet in your throat. Your heart's-blood freezes; but notwithstanding that, by and by he will suck it up; and after he has gorged himself till he cannot fly, but falls asleep after dinner, a prodigious flock of inferior fierce fowl come flying from every part of heaven, and gobble up the fragments.

TICKLER.

A poem,—a poem,—a poem!—quite a poem!

SHEPHERD.

My certes, Mr Tickler, here's a copy of verses that Ambrose has dropped, that are quite pat to the subject. Hearken—here's the way John Kemble used to read. Stop—I'll stand up, and use his action too, and mak my face as like his as I can contrive. There's a difference o' features—but very muckle o' the same expression.

O to be free, like the eagle of heaven,
That soars over valley and mountain all day,
Then flies to the rock which the thunder hath riven,
And nurses her young with the fresh-bleeding prey!
No arrow can fly
To her cyrie on high,

No net of the fowler her wings can ensnare ;
 The merle and thrush
 May live in the bush,
 But the eagle's domain is as wide as the air !

O to be fleet, like the stag of the mountain,
 That starts when the twilight has gilded the morn ;
 He feeds in the forest, and drinks from the fountain,
 And hears from the thicket the sound of the horn ;
 Then forward he bounds,
 While horses and hounds
 Follow fast with their loud-sounding yell and halloo ;
 The goats and the sheep
 Their pasture may keep,
 But the stag bounds afar when the hunters pursue.

O to be strong like the oaks of the forest,
 That wave their green tops while the breezes blow high,
 And never are fell'd till they're wounded the sorest—
 Then they throw down their saplings, when falling to die !
 The shrubs and the flowers,
 In gardens and bowers,
 May sicken, when mildew has tainted the field ;
 But the oaks ever stand,
 As the pride of our land,
 And to none but the arm of the lightning will yield.

Then, free in the world as the far-soaring eagle,
 And swift as the stag, when at morning awoke,
 Let us laugh at the chase of the hound and the beagle,—
 Be sturdy and strong as the wide-spreading oak.
 And we'll quaff wine and ale
 From goblet and pail,
 And we'll drink to the health of our comrades so dear ;
 And, like merry, merry men,
 We'll fill up again ;
 And thus live without sorrow, and die without fear.

TICKLER.

I used sometimes to think that North gave us too little poetry in the Magazine. I hope you will improve that department, notwithstanding your order of incrimination. People like poetry in periodicals, even although they abuse it. Here's a little attempt of my own, Mr Editor—if I thought it could pass muster.

SHEPHERD.

Up with it. But don't, like Wordsworth, "murmur near the living brooks a music sweeter than their own." That is to say, no mouthing and singing, like a methodist minister. The Lake-poetry may require it,—for it is a' sound, and nae sense : but yours is just the reverse o' that—Spout away, Southside.

TICKLER.

You know Campbell's fine song of the Exile of Erin ?—I had it in my mind perhaps, during composition.

TUNE—*Erin Go Bragh.*

There stood on the shore of far distant Van Diemen,
 An ill-fated vietim of handcuffs and chains,
 And sadly he thought on the country of freemen,
 Where the house-breaker thrives, and the pickpocket reigns ;
 For the clog at his foot met his eye's observation,
 Recalling the scenes of his late avocation,
 Where once, ere the time of his sad transportation,
 He sang bold defiance to hard-hearted law !

Oh! hard is my fate, said the much-injur'd felon,
 How I envy the life of the gay Kangaroo!
 I envy the pouch that her little ones dwell in,
 I envy those haunts where no blood-hounds pursue!
 Oh! never again shall I nightly or daily
 Cut throats so genteelly, pick pockets so gayly,
 And cheerfully laugh at the ruthless Old-Bailey,
 And sing bold defiance to hard-hearted law!

Oh! much-loved St Giles, even here in my sorrow,
 How often I dream of thy alleys and lanes!
 But sadness, alas! must return with the morrow,
 A morning of toil, or of fetters and chains!
 Oh! pityless fate, wilt thou never restore me
 To the scenes of my youth, and the friends that deplore me,
 Those glorious scenes, where my fathers before me
 Sang fearless defiance to hard-hearted law!

Where are my picklocks, my much-loved possession?
 Minions of Bow-Street, you doubtless could tell!
 Where are the friends of my darling profession?
 Thurtell and Probert, I hear your death-knell!
 Oh! little we thought, when in harmony blended,
 Of hearts thus dissever'd and friendships *suspended*,
 That the brave and the noble should ever have ended,
 In being the victims of hard-hearted law!

Yet even in my grief, I would still give a trifle,
 Could I only obtain but a glass of *The Blue*,
 With the soul-soothing draught all my sorrows I'd stifle,
 Brethren in England, I'd drink it to you!
 Firm be each hand, and each bosom undaunted,—
 Distant the day when you're told you are "wanted,"—
 Joyous the song which by Flashman is chaunted,—
 The song of defiance to hard-hearted law!

SHEPHERD.

I have heard waur things than that; it's very amusing,—nay, it's capital,—and its turn may come roun in the Magazine in a year or twa.

TICKLER.

Allow me to express my gratitude. Have you seen, Mr Editor, Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh? a most amusing series of numbers, full of the best kind of antiquarianism. It has had a great sale, and it well deserves it. Chambers is a modest and ingenious man.

SHEPHERD.

That he is; I hae kent him for many years. But is it not all about auld houses?

TICKLER.

Not at all. There is much droll information about life and manners, and characters now gone by to return no more. I understand that Sir Walter Scott and Charles Sharpe have both communicated anecdotes of the olden time, and that would stamp value upon a book of far *inferiorexcellence*. May I review it for an early number?

SHEPHERD.

Ou ay. But what noise is that? Do you hear ony noise in the lobby, Mr Tickler? Dot, Dot, Dot! Dinna you hear't? It's awfu'! This way. O Lord! it's Mr North, it's Mr North, and I am a dead man. I am gaun to be detecteed in personating the Yeditor. I'll be hanged for forgery. Wae's me—Wae's me! Could I get into that press? or into ane o' the garde-duins o' the side-board? Or maun I loup at ance ower the window, and be dash'd to a thousand pieces?

TICKLER.

Compose yourself, James, compose yourself. But what bam is this you have been playing off upon me? I thought North had resigned, and that you were, *bona fide*, editor? And I too! Am not I your Sub? What is this, Mount Benger?

SHEPHERD.

A sudden thocht strikes me. I'll put on the wig, and be the offisher frae the Castle. Paint my ee-brees wi' burned cork—fast, man, fast, the gouty auld deevil's at the door.

TICKLER.

That will do. On with your cloak. It may be said of you, as of the Palmer in Marmion,

Ah! me, the mother that you bare,
If she had been in presence there,
In cork'd eyebrows and wig so fair,
She had not known her child.

(Enter NORTH.)

NORTH.

Mr Tickler! Beg pardon, sir, a stranger.

TICKLER.

Allow me to introduce to you Major Moggridge, of the Prince's Own.

NORTH.

How do you do, Major—I am happy to see you. I have the honour of ranking some of my best friends among the military—and who has not heard of the character of your regiment?

THE MAJOR (*very short-sighted.*)

Na—how do you do, Mr North? 'Pon honour, fresh as a two-year old. Is it, indeed, the redoubtable Kit that I see before me? You must become a member of the United Service Club. We can't do without you. You served, I think, in the American war. Did you know Fayette or Washington, or Lee or Arnold? What sort of a looking fellow was Washington?

NORTH.

Why, Major—Washington was much such a good-looking fellow as yourself—making allowance for difference in dress—for he was a plain man in his apparel. But he had the same heroic expression of countenance—the same commanding eye and bold broad forehead.

THE MAJOR.

He didna mak as muckle use, surely, o' the Scottish deecalec as me?

NORTH.

What is the meaning of this? I have heard that voice before—where am I? Excuse me, sir, but—but—why, Tickler, has Hogg a cousin, or a nephew, or a son in the Hussars? Major Moggridge, you have a strong resemblance to one of our most celebrated men, the Ettrick Shepherd—Are you in any way connected with the Hoggs?

SHEPHERD (*throwing off his disguise.*)

O ye Gawpus! Ye great Gawpus! It's me, man—it's me! tuts, man—dinna lose your temper—dinna you think I would mak a capital playactor?

NORTH.

Why, James, men at my time of life are averse to such waggeries.

SHEPHERD.

Averse to waggeries! You averse to waggeries? Then let us a' begin saying our prayers, for the end o' the world is at hand. Npw, that's just the way baith wi' you and Mr Tickler. As lang as you get a' your ain way, and think you hae the laugh against the Shepherd, a's richt—and you keckle, and you crawl, and you fling the straw frae ahint the heels o' you, just like game-cocks when about to gie battle. Vow, but you're crouse: but sae sune as I turn the tables on you, gegg you, as they would say in Glasgow—turn you into twa asses—and make you wonder if your lugs are touching the ceiling—but immediately you begin whimpering about your age and infirmities—immediately you baith draw up your mouths as if you had been eatin' sourrocks—let down

your jaws like so many undertakers, and propose being philosophical ! Is na that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth ?

NORTH.

I fear, James, you're not perfectly sober.

SHEPHERD.

If I am fou, sir, it's nae been at your expense. But, howsomever, here I am ready to dispute wi' you on ony subject, sacred or profane. I'll cowp you baith, ane after the ither. What sall it be ? History, Philosophy, Theology, Poetry, Political Economy, Oratory, Criticism, Jurisprudence, Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, Establishments in Church and State, Cookery, Chemistry, Mathematics—OR MY MAGAZINE ?

NORTH.

Your Magazine ?

SHEPHERD, (*bursting into a guffaw.*)

O Mr North ! O Mr North ! what a fule I hae made o' Tickler. I made him believe that I was the Yeditor o' Blackwood's Magazine ! The coof credited it ; and gin you only heard hoo he abused you ! He ca'd you the Archbishop of Toledo.

TICKLER.

You lie, Hogg !

SHEPHERD.

There's manners for you, Mr North. Puir, passionate cretur, I pity him, when I think o' the apology he maun mak to me in a' the newspapers.

NORTH.

No, no, my good Shepherd—be pacified, if he goes down here on his knees.

SHEPHERD.

Stop a wee while, till I consider. Na, na ; he maunna gang down on his knees—I couldna thole to see that. Then, I was wrang in saying he abused you. So let us baith say we were wrang, preceesely at the same moment. Gie the signal, Mr North.

TICKLER,

SHEPHERD, }

I ask pardon.

NORTH.

Let us embrace. (*Trio juncta in uno.*)

SHEPHERD.

Hurra ! hurra ! hurra !—Noo for the Powldowdies.

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The Rev. B. W. Hamilton has in the press, An Essay on Craniology.

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The Conway Papers, from the Collection of the Marquis of Hertford, will soon make their appearance, in 5 vols.

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The name of the novel which is now

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Dr Southey is preparing for the press two volumes, to be entitled, Sir Thomas More, being a series of Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. With Engravings.

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quy into the Origin of the Laws and

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—Jan. 11.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st, .. 34s. 6d.	1st, ... 31s. 0d.	1st, 21s. 6d.	1st, 22s. 6d.
2d, ... 32s. 0d.	2d, ... 29s. 0d.	2d, 19s. 0d.	2d, 20s. 0d.
3d, ... 29s. 0d.	3d, ... 27s. 0d.	3d, 16s. 0d.	3d, 17s. 0d.

Average of Wheat £1, 11s. 4d. 2-12ths.

Tuesday, Jan. 17.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4½d. to 0s. 8d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.
Mutton	0s. 4½d. to 0s. 8d.	New Potatoes (28 lb.)	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 1s. 0d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d.
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	Salt ditto, per cwt.	100s. 0d. to 106s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 0d. to 1s. 2d.
Tallow, per stone	7s. 0d. to 8s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	1s. 2d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—Jan. 6.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, 32s. 6d.	1st, ... 30s. 0d.	1st, ... 21s. 0d.	1st, . 21s. 0d.	1st, 21s. 0d.
2d, 30s. 6d.	2d, ... 27s. 0d.	2d, ... 19s. 0d.	2d, ... 19s. 0d.	2d, 19s. 0d.
3d, 27s. 0d.	3d, ... 24s. 0d.	3d, ... 16s. 0d.	3d, ... 17s. 0d.	3d, 17s. 0d.

Average of Wheat £1, 10s. 11d. 11-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended Jan. 7.

Wheat, 60s. 1d.—Barley, 57s. 2d.—Oats, 24s. 11d.—Rye, 45s. 1d.—Beans, 41s. 2d.—Pease, 45s. 9d.

London, Corn Exchange, Jan. 2.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, red, old	0	to 0	White pease	42	to 46
Red, new	45	to 50	Ditto, boilers	52	to 54
Fine ditto	56	to 60	Small Beans, new	45	to 48
Superfine ditto	—	to —	Ditto, old	52	to 53
White	50	to 58	Tick ditto, new	38	to 42
Fine ditto	60	to 63	Ditto, old	40	to 45
Superfine ditto	64	to 65	Feed oats	25	to 27
Rye	32	to 40	Fine ditto	28	to 29
Barley	28	to 32	Poland ditto	26	to 28
Fine ditto	38	to 40	Fine ditto	29	to 32
Superfine ditto	00	to 00	Potato ditto	28	to 31
Malt	55	to 60	Fine ditto	32	to 33
Fine	61	to 63	Scotch	0	to 0
Hog Pease	42	to 44	Flour, per sack	55	to 60
Maple	43	to 45	Ditto, seconds	50	to 55
Maple, fine	—	to —	Bran	11	to 12

Seeds, &c.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Tares, per bsh.	5	to 6	Rye Grass,	24	to 33
Must. White,	16	to 22	Ribgrass,	38	to 50
— Brown, new	18	to 24	Clover, red cwt.	50	to 76
Turnips, bsh.	10	to 16	— White	55	to 72
— Red & green	0	to —	Foreign red	48	to 65
— White,	0	to —	— White	0	to —
Caraway, cwt.	34	to 37	Coriander	12	to 16
Canary, per qr.	94	to 100	Trefoil	18	to 36
Cinque Poin	56	to 42			

Rape Seed, per last, £25, to £26, 10s.

Liverpool, Jan. 3.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.	8	9 to 9	Amer. p. 196 lb.	—	—
Eng.	—	to —	Sweet, U.S.	—	to —
Old	—	to —	Do. in bond	—	—
Scotch	8	4 to 9	Sour bond	0	to 0
Irish	8	4 to 9	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—	—
Bonded	3	9 to 4	English	30	to 34
Barley, per 60 lbs.	5	3 to 6	Scotch	—	to —
Eng.	5	3 to 6	Irish	29	to 33
Scotch	4	9 to 6	Bran, p. 24 lb.	—	to —
Irish	4	8 to 5			
Foreign	—	to —			
Oats, per 45 lb.	—	—			
Eng.	3	3 to 3	Butter, p. cwt.	—	—
Irish	3	4 to 3	Belfast,	96	to 98
Scotch	3	3 to 3	Newry	80	to 86
For. in bond	—	to —	Waterford	80	to 84
Do. dut. fr.	—	to —	Cork, pic. 2d.	90	to 92
Rye, per qr.	58	0 to 42	3d dry	—	to —
Malt per b.	8	0 to 9	Beef, p. tierce.	—	—
— Middling	7	6 to 8	— Mess	100	0 to 120
Beans, per q.	—	—	— p. barrel	—	to —
English	44	0 to 50	Pork, p. bl.	—	—
Irish	45	0 to 48	— Mess	70	0 to 80
Rapeseed	—	to —	— half do.	56	0 to 41
Pease, grey	—	to —	Bacon, p. cwt.	—	—
— White	—	to —	Short mids.	50	0 to 52
Flour, English,	—	—	Sides	48	0 to 50
p. 240 lb. fine	50	0 to 52	Hams, dry,	—	to —
Irish, 2ds	47	0 to 50	Green	—	to —
			Lard, rd. p. c.	54	0 to —

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d Dec. 1825.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	214 16	213 ½	200 2	22
3 per cent. reduced,	81½ 2½	82½ 83	79¼ 80½	78½ 9½
3 per cent. consols,	82½ 3½	—	—	—
3½ per cent. consols,	90¼	89¾ 90¾	86½ 87	85½ 87
3½ per cent. reduced,	89¾ 90¼	89¾ 84	84¼ 87¼	85½ 87
New 4 per cent. ann,	99¾ 100¾	—	—	—
India stock,	248½	—	—	—
— bonds,	16 dis.	15 18 dis.	50 70 dis.	15 20 dis.
Exchequer bills,	11 17 dis.	18 10 dis.	13 32 dis.	15 35 dis.
Exchequer bills, sm.	—	9 15 10 dis.	5 9 dis.	5 10 dis.
Consols for acc.	83½ ¾	83½ 84½	82½ ¾	80¾ ¾
Long Annuities,	19¾ ¾	20 19¾	18¾ 19	18¾ 19¼
French 5 per cents.	—	97f.	95f.	95f. 25c.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLES, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

November.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.
Nov. 1	M.39 A. 47	29.350 .280	M.50 A. 46	W.	Nov. 16	M.34 A. 45	29.822 .854	M.45 A. 44	W.
2	M.35 A. 47	.256 .857	M.48 A. 43	W.	17	M.55 A. 45	.507 .457	M.45 A. 45	S.W.
3	M.32 A. 40	28.456 .870	M.45 A. 40	N.E.	18	M.55 A. 41	.356 .302	M.42 A. 41	S.W.
4	M.53 A. 39	29.225 .670	M.40 A. 40	N.W.	19	M.55 A. 39	.302 .452	M.42 A. 41	N.W.
5	M.50 A. 36	.428 28.518	M.38 A. 40	S.W.	20	M.54 A. 41	.636 .251	M.41 A. 48	N.W.
6	M.28½ A. 40	.526 .801	M.42 A. 40	N.E.	21	M.55 A. 45	.119 .292	M.47 A. 45	W.
7	M.28 A. 34	.728 .822	M.58 A. 38	W.	22	M.52 A. 38	.480 .843	M.40 A. 40	W.
8	M.29 A. 33	.875 .696	M.58 A. 54	Cble.	23	M.51 A. 44	.639 .505	M.44 A. 43	S.W.
9	M.29 A. 34	.685 .892	M.56 A. 38	N.	24	M.56 A. 42	.766 .565	M.45 A. 43	S.W.
10	M.22 A. 28	.999 .999	M.56 A. 33	N.	25	M.51½ A. 37	.867 .746	M.40 A. 45	S.W.
11	M.26 A. 36	29.276 .405	M.56 A. 35	N.	26	M.59 A. 48	28.950 .978	M.46 A. 42	Cble.
12	M.24 A. 30	.482 .540	M.53 A. 35	N.	27	M.28 A. 34	.370 .370	M.40 A. 38	N.W.
13	M.30½ A. 40	.402 .402	M.42 A. 41	W.	28	M.51½ A. 32	28.754 .580	M.56 A. 36	E.
14	M.30 A. 37	.540 .730	M.58 A. 38	W.	29	M.50 A. 36	.590 .925	M.37 A. 36	N.E.
15	M.29½ A. 35	.926 .925	M.37 A. 39	N.W.	30	M.28 A. 32	.266 .266	M.37 A. 35	N.E.

Average of rain, . . . 1.811.

December.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.
Dec. 1	M.25 A. 50	29.276 28.999	M.32 A. 31	SE.	Dec. 17	M.37½ A. 45	29.261 .112	M.44 A. 44	SW.
2	M.24 A. 54	.664 .664	M.34 A. 35	NW.	18	M.42 A. 45	28.990 .950	M.45 A. 45	SW.
3	M.26 A. 51	.825 .850	M.35 A. 36	NW.	19	M.52 A. 37	.951 .725	M.37 A. 41	Cble.
4	M.28 A. 56	.955 29.214	M.35 A. 35	NW.	20	M.51 A. 40	.985 .999	M.42 A. 45	SE.
5	M.26 A. 54	.304 .304	M.35 A. 37	E.	21	M.52 A. 44	.998 29.168	M.44 A. 45	Cble.
6	M.33 A. 59	28.999 .999	M.39 A. 38	E.	22	M.55 A. 40	.216 .406	M.42 A. 41	W.
7	M.39½ A. 41	.999 .999	M.40 A. 42	E.	23	M.51 A. 40	.288 .191	M.40 A. 40	SW.
8	M.59 A. 42	29.162 .296	M.45 A. 42	E.	24	M.55 A. 36	.525 .583	M.40 A. 40	W.
9	M.57 A. 40	.310 .310	M.41 A. 42	E.	25	M.55 A. 43	28.991 29.625	M.44 A. 40	SW.
10	M.56½ A. 42	.468 .492	M.45 A. 43	E.	26	M.50 A. 34	.418 .572	M.58 A. 35	NW.
11	M.58 A. 45	.536 .640	M.45 A. 43	E.	27	M.25 A. 29	.561 .561	M.33 A. 32	NW.
12	M.58 A. 42	.404 .365	M.45 A. 43	Cble.	28	M.24 A. 35	.415 .551	M.35 A. 34	NW.
13	M.57 A. 41	.171 28.999	M.42 A. 41	S.	29	M.28 A. 35	.350 .350	M.34 A. 34	NW.
14	M.51 A. 35	.760 .562	M.38 A. 38	Cble.	30	M.25 A. 31	.516 .376	M.33 A. 30	NW.
15	M.29 A. 41	.861 .999	M.40 A. 40	W.	31	M.25 A. 28	.375 .375	M.30 A. 30	NW.
16	M.34 A. 44	.920 29.214	M.43 A. 44	SW.					

Average of rain, 1.858.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet.	J. F. Fulton, late of 92 F. local rank of Lt. Col. on Continent of Europe, 24 Nov. 1825	27	Ens. Durnford, Lt. by purch. vice Knox, ret. 15 Dec.
	Cor. M'Mahon, 13 Dr. Riding Master to Cav. Depot, Maidstone, with local rank of Lt. 1 Dec.	30	— Mansel, Lt. by purch. vice Steuart, prom. 1 do.
4 Life G.	Cor. and Sub-Lt. Vyner, Lt. by purch. vice Upton, prom. 24 Nov.	32 F.	W. H. Mounsey, Ens. do.
	Ens. Hon. G. W. Kinnaird, Cor. and Sub-Lt. do.		Ens. Slacke, Lt. vice Waymouth, 92 F. 8 Dec.
2	Cor. and Sub-Lt. Howard, Lt. by purch. vice Smith, prom. 29 Oct.	34	Serj. Maj. Oke, Adj. and Ens. vice Moore, res. Adj. only do.
	Hon. C. F. Berkeley, Cor. and Sub-Lt. do.		Ens. Milner, Lt. by purch. vice Harford, prom. 5 do.
	G. C. Mostyn, Cor. and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Cunynghame, ret. do.	37	A. Horne, Ens. by purch. vice Houstoun, prom. 19 Nov.
4 Dr. G.	Cor. Webster, from 12 Dr. Lt. by purch. vice Wemyss, prom. 17 Nov.		R. H. Webster, Ens. by purch. 5 Dec.
	— Owen, from 1 Dr. do. by purch. vice Stamer, prom. 1 Dec.		Ens. Fraser, Lt. by purch. vice Freeman, prom. 15 do.
5	— Hampton, do. by purch. vice Ramsay, prom. 10 do.	39	— Ord, from 54 F. Ens. do.
	C. Stewart, Cor. do.		— Marsham, from 40 F. Ens. vice Guinness, 41 F. 16 do.
6	Cor. Hay, Lt. by purch. vice Harvey, prom. 3 do.		Hosp. As. Davies, As. Surg. 24 Nov.
	G. A. F. Heathcote, Cor. do.	40	Lt. Sturt, Capt. by purch. vice Cox, ret. 15 Dec.
1 Dr.	J. S. Pittman, do. by purch. vice Owen, 4 Dr. G. 1 do.		Ens. Hall, Lt. do.
6	Serj. Maj. Dickson, Quar. Mast. vice Kerr, dead 24 Nov.	41	W. Y. Moore, Ens. do.
12	F. A. Hyde, Cor. by purch. vice Webster, 4 Dr. G. 17 do.		J. B. Oliver, do. by purch. vice Marsham, 37 F. 16 do.
	Hosp. As. Jemmett, As. Surg. vice Egan, 60 F. 15 Dec.	46	Lt. Versturme, from h. p. 1 Huss. Ger. Leg. Lt. vice Harrison, 75 F. 7 do.
14	Cor. Duff, Lt. by purch. vice Musgrave, ret. 10 do.		Ens. Guinness, from 37 F. Lt. vice Read, ret. 16 do.
	— Rooke, do. by purch. vice Gilpin, prom. 24 do.		Lt. Farwell, from h. p. Lt. vice Madigan, Quar. Mast. 24 Nov.
6	— Jellard, do. by purch. vice M'Mahon, prom. 16 Nov.		Ens. Ingram, Lt. by purch. vice Stuart, prom. 3 Dec.
	— Seward, do. by purch. vice Cureton, prom. 17 do.	48	J. Davies, Ens. do.
	D. Burges, Cor. do.		Lt. Madigan, Quar. Mast. vice Barfoot, h. p. 24 Nov.
1 F. Gds.	Lt. Stanley, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Tinling, prom. 10 Dec.		Capt. Clarke, Maj. by purch. vice Wallis, ret. 11 Dec.
Coldst. G.	Lt. Hay, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Lord Hotham, prom. 24 do.	49	Lt. Parker, Capt. do.
	J. H. Pringle, Ens. and Lt. do.		Ens. Mackworth, Lt. by purch. vice Sweeney, 25 F. 8 do.
4 F.	Ens. Ward, from 1 Vet. Bn. Ens. 7 April		— Thompson, from 62 F. Ens. do.
7	As. Surg. Dillon, from 3 Vet. Bn. As. Surg. 1 Dec.		Lt. Morphet, Adj. vice Weston, prom. 15 do.
8	Gent. Cadet W. Chearnley, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Newton, prom. 26 Nov.	58	— Morris, Capt. vice Johnston, dead 1 do.
	Ens. Byron, Lt. by purch. vice Dirom, prom. 17 Dec.		Ens. Browne, Lt. do.
9	W. L. Worthington, Ens. do.	59	A. Daniell, Ens. do.
	Lt. Newton, from h. p. Lt. paying diff. 8 do.		Gent. Cadet J. Kinlock, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Mann, prom. 17 Nov.
11	— Moore, Adj. vice Doyle, prom. 15 do.	60	G. N. Harwood, Ens. by purch. vice Cockell, 14 F. 3 Dec.
15	— Drury, from h. p. 21 D. Lt. paying diff. vice Clinton, 23 F. 1 do.		2d Lt. Evans, Lieut. by purch. vice Heslop, prom. 1 do.
	Maj. Macintosh, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Davidson, ret. 15 do.		E. Chambers, 2d Lt. do.
16	Bt. Maj. Grierson, Maj. do.		Maj. Fitz-Gerald, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Galiffe, ret. 25 do.
	Hosp. As. Giffney, As. Surg. vice Tighe, 22 F. 8 do.	64	Capt. Pearse, Maj. by purch. vice Im Thurn, ret. do.
19	Ens. Moorhead, Lt. by purch. vice Berkeley, prom. 3 do.		— Manners, do. by purch. do.
	G. Williamson, Ens. do.	62	Ens. Bagot, Lt. by purch. vice Brooke, prom. 10 do.
	J. Mills, do. by purch. vice Poore, prom. do.		— Kane, from 91 F. Ens. do.
	Ens. Hay, Lt. by purch. vice Graves, prom. 24 do.		P. Le Conteur, Ens. by purch. vice Thompson, 48 F. 8 do.
22	As. Surg. Tighe, from 16 F. As. Surg. vice Ingham, 3 Dr. G. 8 do.	65	Ens. Kenyon, Lieut. by purch. vice Mair, 99 F. 24 Nov.
23	Lt. Clinton, from 13 F. Lt. vice Cotter, h. p. 21 Dr. rec. diff. 1 do.		E. Wright, Ens. do.
24	Ens. and Adj. Riley, rank of Lt. 15 do.		Capt. Maclean, Maj. by purch. vice Clutterbuck, ret. 15 Dec.
25	Lt. Sweeney, from 48 F. Lt. vice Small, prom. 23 Nov.	66	Ens. Goldie, Maj. by purch. vice Gould, prom. 10 do.
	— Pouden, from h. p. 42 F. Lt. vice Smart, 52 F. 24 do.		— Herbert, from 93 F. Ens. do.
		72	— Bailey, from h. p. 64 F. Ens. vice Newsome, can. 15 do.
			Lieut. Blair, Capt. by purch. vice Hall 19 Nov.
			Ens. Neill, Lieut. do.
			T. H. Duthie, Ens. do.
			Ens. Gartshore, Lt. by purch. vice Woolcombe, 90 F. 24 Dec.
		75	— Baillie, from 73 F. Ens. do.
			Gent. Cadet F. Dumaresque, from R.

73	Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Widdington, prom.	17 Dec.
	Gent. Cadet H. B. Harvey, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Bailie, 72 F.	24 do.
74	C. Purcell, Ens. by purch. vice Brown, Cape Corps	10 Nov.
	Lt. Davies, from h. p. 18 F. Paym. vice Hassard, dead	1 Dec.
85	Hon. C. S. Clements, Ens. by purch. vice Taylor, prom.	8 do.
88	H. Onslow, Ens. by purch. vice Kinnaid, 1 Life Gds.	24 Nov.
90	Lt. Woolcombe, from 72 F. Capt. by purch. vice Holmes, prom.	24 Dec.
93	Surg. M'Lachlan, from 2 W. I. R. Surg. vice Mann, h. p.	1 do.
	F. A. Goulden, Ens. by purch. vice Herbert, 66 F.	10 do.
	L. Arthur, Capt. by purch. vice White, ret.	8 do.
	Ens. Drummond, Lt.	do.
	F. A. Blachford, Ens.	do.
94	Ens. Randolph, Lt. by vice purch. Gillies, 7 Dr.	17 Nov.
	Gent. Cadet H. Bathurst, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens.	do.
	2 W. I. R. Staff As. Surg. Prosser, Surg. M'Lachlan, 95 F.	1 Dec.
	Lt. Clarke, Capt. vice Sutherland, 53 F.	8 do.
	Ens. MacDonnell, Lt.	do.
	J. Allen, Ens.	do.
	C. C. Inf. Capt. Bush, from h. p. 21 Dr. Capt. vice Briggs, cane.	15 do.
	R. A. F. C. E. Miller, Ens. vice Hartley, dead	24 Nov.
	As. Surg. Fergusson, Surg. vice Stewart, prom.	do.
	Hosp. As. Cahill As. Surg.	do.
	Ens. Godwin, Lt. vice Stapleton, dead	8 Dec.
	E. Waring, Ens.	do.

Ordinance Department.

Royal Artillery.

2d Capt. Lawlor, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Steel, h. p.

6 Nov.

Hospital Staff.

Dep. Insp. Strachan, Insp. by Brevet.

27 May

Forbes, do.

do.

Surg. Stewart, from Afr. Col. Corps, Surg.

24 Nov.

Hosp. Mate J. C. Barker, As. Surg. do.

1 Dec.

B. de St Croix, do.

24 Nov.

J. Thompson, Hosp. As.

do.

M. J. Bramley, do.

do.

M. Bardin, do.

do.

J. Sidney, do.

1 Dec.

W. Stewart, do.

do.

E. Greatrex, do.

do.

P. Robertson, do.

do.

D. A. Macloed, do.

do.

A. Duncan, do.

do.

W. G. Byrne, do.

8 do.

J. S. Chapman, do.

do.

Unattached.

To be Lt. Colonel.

Brev. Maj. Lord Hotham, from Coldst. Gds.

24 Dec. 1825

To be Majors.

Capt. Tidling, from 1 F. Gds.

10 Dec.

Holmes, from 90 F.

24 do.

Brookshank, from 26 F.

do.

To be Captains.

Lieut. Berkeley, from 93 F.

1 Dec.

Harford, from 34 F.

do.

Doyle, from 11 F.

do.

Stuart, from 46 F.

do.

Harvey, from 6 Dr. Gds.

do.

Willington, from 25 F.

do.

Brooke, from 4 Dr. Gds.

10 do.

Musgrave, from 14 Dr.

do.

Ramsay, from 5 Dr. Gds.

do.

Gould, from 66 F.

do.

Brooke, from 62 F.

do.

Portman, from 7 Dr.

do.

Haggerstone, from 85 F.

17 do.

Dirom, from 8 F.

do.

Lieut. Gillpin, from 14 Dr.

24 Dec.

Graves, from 19 F.

do.

Richardson, from 55 F.

do.

Forbes, from 92 F.

do.

Cheape, from 30 F.

do.

Glover, from 2 W. I. R.

do.

To be Lieutenants.

Ens. Legh, from 46 F.

3 Dec.

Poore, from 19 F.

do.

2d Lt. Mason, from 60 F.

do.

Ens. French, from 86 F.

17 do.

Griffiths, from 25 F.

24 do.

To be Ensigns.

J. M. Graham

10 Dec.

T. K. Holmes.

24 do.

Exchanges.

Major Willington, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. with Major Lord Bingham, h. p.

Stewart, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Major

Lord C. S. Churchill, h. p.

Bt. Major Baines, from 32 F. rec. diff. with Capt.

Palk, h. p.

Capt. Hovenden, from 34 F. rec. diff. with Capt.

Locker, h. p. 8 Dr.

A. Fraser, from 42 F. rec. diff. with Capt.

Brereton, h. p. 3 W. I. R.

Allman, from 48 F. rec. diff. with Capt.

Stuart, h. p.

Doran, from 59 F. rec. diff. with Capt.

Courtayne, h. p.

Johnstone, from 62 F. rec. diff. with Capt.

Brooke, h. p.

Mossat, from 66 F. rec. diff. with Capt.

Burke, h. p. 7 Gar. Bn.

Lieut. Barrington, from 5 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with

Lieut. Streatfield, h. p.

Sidley, from 12 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut.

Barne, h. p.

Sinclair, from 26 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.

Macdonald, h. p. 92 F.

Tinling, from 34 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.

Hon. G. Upton, h. p.

Mansell, from 62 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.

Anstruther, h. p.

Stewart, from 93 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.

Hill, h. p. 23 F.

Ens. Grant, from 14 F. rec. diff. with Ens. Lord

Elphinstone, h. p. 32 F.

Shaw, from 92 F. rec. diff. with Ens. Morri-

son, h. p.

Paym. Anderson, from 36 F. rec. diff. with Paym.

Grant, 89 F.

Surg. Hamilton, from 3 F. rec. diff. with Surg.

Waring, 39 F.

As. Surg. Lorimer, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. with As.

Surg. Holmes, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Col. Davidson, 15 F.

Lt. Col. Galiffe, 60 F.

Hon. W. Collyear, h. p. 28 Dr.

Pelly, h. p. 56 F.

Hawkshaw, h. p. 91 F.

Major Wallis, 46 F.

Im Thurn, 60 F.

Clutterbuck, 65 F.

Shawe, h. p. 6 Gar. Bn.

Maunsell, h. p. 39 F.

Barney, h. p. 89 F.

Bridge, h. p. 63 F.

St Paul, h. p. 1 Prov. Bn. of Mil.

Capt. Cox, 39 F.

White, 93 F.

Maclean, h. p. Boureon Regt.

Bowman, h. p. 91 F.

Macnamara, h. p. 9 F.

Carter, h. p. Sicilian Reg.

Barett, h. p. 37 F.

Jones, h. p. 32 F.

Allman, h. p. 48 F.

M'Killigin, h. p. Sheffield Reg.

Earl of Belfast, h. p. 1 Dr.

Lloyd, h. p. 96 F.

Hicks, h. p. 10 F.

Temple, h. p. 1 Prov. Bn. of Mil.

Brasier, h. p. 7 Gar. Bn.

Bird, h. p. 38 F.

Brereton, h. p. 4 F.

Lieut. Musgrave, 9 Dr.

Knox, 27 F.

Lieut. Read, 41 F.
 — Berkeley, 85 F.
 — Walker, h. p. 16 Dr.
 — Fraser, h. p. 83 F.
 — Heard, h. p. 100 F.
 — Procter, h. p. 60 F.
 — Abercromby, late 9 Vet. Bn.
 Ens. Simpkins, h. p. 34 F.
 — Johnson, h. p. 8 Gar. Bn.

Appointments Cancelled.

Capt. Briggs, Cape Corps
 — Musgrave, h. p. Unatt.
 Ens. Newsome, 66 F.
 As. Surg. Maginn, 12 Dr.
 — Giffney, 14 F.
 — Evers, 86 F.
 — Rhys, Med. Staff.

Superseded.

Ens. Whalley, 27 F.

Deaths.

Gen. Arch. Campbell, late of Breadalbane Fenc.
 Lt. Gov. of Fort Augustus, London 1 Dec. 1825
 Lt. Gen. G. Stewart, late 11 R. Bn. Lambeth

Capt. Forbes, 47 F. Panlang, Bengal 13 Nov.
 — Redmond, 89 F. 1 April
 — Campbell, Ceylon Reg. Kandy 18 June
 — Auber, Ceylon Reg. Prome, Burmese territory
 — Craig, 2 R. Vet. Bn. Coleraine 21 Nov.
 — Tregent, ret. full pay R. Mar. 29 Sept.
 — Oates, h. p. R. Mar. 21 Oct.

Capt. Stirling, h. p. 8 Dr. Castlemilk, near Glasgow 1 Dec.
 — Megaw, h. p. African Corps, Dublin 16 Nov.
 Lieut. Murray, 4 Dr. Kaira, Bombay 22 July
 — Codd, 37 F. Rangoon 15 May
 — Vincent, 48 F. Nov.
 — Wilkinson, 77 F. on board the Loyal Briton transport 148
 — Hughes, 2 W. I. R. 8 Dec.
 — Jessop, 2 W. I. R.
 — Sober, h. p. 14 Dr.
 — Bulkley, h. p. 22 Dr. Kaira, Bombay 11 Aug.
 — Lyster, h. p. 100 F. Wexword 15 Nov.
 — Mainwaring, h. p. 119 F. Whitmore, Staffordshire 7 Dec.

2d Lieut. Robinson, R. Art. London 5 Dec.
 — Meares, R. Mar. 9 do.
 — Wilcocks, h. p. do. 2 July
 Ens. M'Cance, late 4 Vet. Bn. 7 Sept.
 Adj. Lt. Stephens, R. Mar. 4 July
 — Dickson, h. p. French's Rec. Corps 11 Nov.

Commissariat Department.

Dep. Com. Gen. Winter, Newfoundland 21 Nov.

Medical Department.

Dep. Insp. Staff Surg. Sharpe, Demerara 9 Oct.
 Staff As. Surg. Allen, Demerara 17 do.
 — Teevan, Stony Hill, Jamaica 28 Sept.
 As. Surg. Fenton, 48 F. Trichinopoly, Madras 20 May
 — Raleigh, 95 F. West Indies Sept.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of Sept. and the 19th of Nov. 1825; extracted from the London Gazette.

Anderson, C. Lawrence Pountney, Hill-place, flour-factor.
 Almond, R. Abington, grocer.
 Alzebo, J. R. De, Bank-buildings, merchant.
 Ashby, G. S. Lombard-street, engraver.
 Ashton, S. Birmingham, iron-founder and chapman.
 Ashby, R. S. Lombard-street, engraver.
 Asprey, St George, Hanover Square, silversmith.
 Astley, R. and E. Hickman, Shrewsbury, smiths.
 Aungier, M. Marchmont-street, bill-broker.
 Baker, F. Hendon, potter.
 Baker, W. S. W. H. Kensington-lane, silk-hat-manufacturer.
 Baker, S. Wood-street, Cheapside, victualler.
 Bannister, J. Worcester, victualler.
 Barber, M. Morton Banks, York, maltster.
 Barham, T. Warwick, slater.
 Barker, P. Cambridge, grocer.
 Beatham, C. J. Tabernacle-row, pickle-dealer.
 Bennattar, H. Howford buildings, Fenchurch-street, merchant.
 Bennett, R. Duckenfield, scrivener.
 Binks, G. Balham-hill, dealer.
 Bird, T. Liverpool, broker.
 Blackband, B. Gnosall, Staffordshire, grocer.
 Bland, J. Tysoe-street, Spa-fields, baker.
 Blizard, W. Petersham, butcher.
 Blomfield, J. Fleet-market, innkeeper.
 Bolton, E. and W. Sparrow, Margaret-street, upholsterers.
 Booty, M. Nodehill, Isle of Wight, wine-merchant.
 Bousfield, J. Manchester, merchant.
 Braddock, S. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer.
 Brewster, T. Thundridge, Hertford, miller.
 Brealy, Oakewrod, Lancashire, flannel-manufacturer.
 Britten, W. jun. Northampton, leather-seller.
 Bromley, Mary, and J. Gillings, Commercial-road, cheesemongers.
 Brown, J. Upper Thornhaugh-street, Cold Harbour-lane, builder.
 Brunton, J. Southwick, Durham, ship-builder.
 Brown, J. and J. Thompson, Fenchurch-street, merchants.
 Buchanan, C. Woolwich, shoemaker.
 Buckley, J. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer.
 Burn, J. New-street, Covent-garden, grocer.
 Burnell, W. S. New London-street, merchant.
 Burnell, F. J. St Mary-hill, ship and insurance-broker.
 Carmichael, J. Birmingham, dealer.
 Carrington, W. Fore-street, cheesemonger.

Cather, W. Liverpool, merchant.
 Chaffin, C. Wooten-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, clothier.
 Chambers, A. H. sen. and A. H. Chambers, jun. New Bond-street, bankers.
 Childrens, C. C. Brighton, builder.
 Clarke, J. B. Walworth dealer.
 Coleman, W. Essex-street, victualler.
 Collicolicott, R. S. Weston, Somerset, clothier.
 Conway, J. Upper Stamford-street, Lambeth, builder.
 Cook, H. Whitney, Oxford, grocer.
 Cooper, R. Gloucester, grocer.
 Cotterill, G. G. Peter's-lane, St John-street, provision-merchant.
 Cowper, G. Oxford-street, linen-draper.
 Cowper, J. Cophall-court, merchant.
 Cranch, W. G. Monkwell-street, feather-merchant.
 Crown, L. Monkwearmouth, Shore, Durham, shipbuilder.
 Crook, J. C. Watling-street, cotton-yarn manufacturer.
 Cullier, W. London-wall, harness-maker.
 Cullier, J. Islington-green, baker.
 Daniel, J. Newgate-street, fringe-manufacturer.
 Davies, E. Lambeth, engineer.
 Davis, M. J. Thanet-place, Strand, boot-maker.
 Davies, H. and R. Hampton, Bishop Hereford, corn-dealers.
 Damant, W. Sudbury, linen-draper.
 Dawkins, J. Southampton, tailor.
 Dawson, E. Knaresborough, butcher.
 Deacon, T. Trowbridge, clothier.
 Death, J. Woodstock-street, tailor.
 Dennett, R. Fulham-road, cheesemonger.
 Deudney, T. Regent-place, Brighton, coal-merchant.
 Denton, W. Canterbury, slater.
 Dibdin, C. Zion-place, Waterloo-road, music-seller.
 Dobson, J. and W. B. Huddersfield, bankers.
 Dolby, J. Catherine-street, bookseller.
 Done, W. Talkoth-hill, Stafford, ribbon-manufacturer.
 Douglas, R. W. G. West Hampnett, coach-proprietor.
 Dowding, C. Stepney-causeway, cooper.
 Drake, F. New-street, Covent-garden, baker.
 Dufton, S. Oat-lane, Noble-street, Cheapside, warehouseman.
 Dunham, W. Coleman-street, victualler.
 Dyer, J. and J. Swayne, Gravel-lane, wool-staplers.
 Earle, J. Liverpool, dealer.

- Early, H. and T. Minories, wholesale slopsellers.
 Edmeads, R. T. Atkins and G. Tyrrell, Maidstone, bankers.
 Edwards, C. Cambridge, money-scrievener.
 Edwards, J. Thames-bank, ironfounder.
 Elford, Sir W. Bart., J. Tincomb, and J. W. Clarke, Plymouth, bankers.
 Elgar, W. Castle-street, Holborn, coal-merchant.
 Elliott, T. Nottingham, cabinet-maker.
 Etheredge, P. B. Norwich, manufacturer.
 Fattley, B. Manor-street, Chelsea, bricklayer.
 Fell, H. Grocer's-hall-court, merchant.
 Fenn, S. Bell-street, Edgeware-road, corn-dealer.
 Field, J. Lambeth-road, victualler.
 Fiestal, A. Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road, merchant.
 Finden, J. Upper John-street, Fitzroy-square, architect.
 Fisher, J. Taunton, Somerset, draper and tea-dealer.
 Fisher, R. Low Heskett, Cumberland, draper.
 Fibley, S. Harlesdon-green, Harrow-road, brick-layer.
 Flint, T. Burlington-arcade, bookseller.
 Ford, W. Exeter, nurseryman.
 Fowler, M. Birmingham, grocer.
 Franklin, R. Wilnot-street, Brunswick-square, tailor.
 Franklin, J. Chatham, stage-coach master.
 Fruer, S. Upper Fountain-place, City-road, builder.
 Fulljames, A. V. Judd-street, linen-draper.
 Garbutt, G. Bishopwearmouth, Durham, book-seller.
 Garlick, T. Fleet-market, undertaker.
 Gardner, J. jun. Swallow, Durham, victualler.
 Gay, J. Quadrant, Reg. nt-street, engraver.
 Gibberne, Ann and Sophia, New Bond-street, milliners.
 Gibbon, A. W. F. and R. Old City-chambers, merchants.
 Gilbert, C. S. Devonport, chemist.
 Giles, W. Heston, dealer.
 Godden, W. Portsea, carpenter.
 Godyear, T. Aldersgate-street, straw-hat manufacturer.
 Graham, J. jun. Brigham, Cumberland, inn-keeper.
 Green, S. Kingsland, plumber.
 Green, T. Ledbury, Hereford, corn-dealer.
 Gregory, J. Frome, Selwood, Somerset, rope-maker.
 Gregory, T. Ealing, bookseller.
 Gregory, T. B. Drummond-street, Euston-square, painter and glazier.
 Grosvenor, W. L. sen. E. Chatter, W. L. Grosvenor, jun. and C. Rutt, Cornhill, stationers.
 Gye, J. Walbrook, wholesale-stationer.
 Gye, H. Bath, stationer.
 Haggood, W. St John Street, Clerkenwell, grocer.
 Hansell, J. Clare-street, linen-draper.
 Harding, R. Chapel-street, Somers-town, timber-merchant.
 Harker, J. C. Old Bond-street, jeweller.
 Harpham, R. J. Nottingham, hosier.
 Harris, G. W. and C. Evans, Southampton, linen-draper.
 Harris, J. Norwich, bombasin-dresser.
 Harrison, T. Fleet-market, victualler.
 Harrop, T. Manchester, merchant.
 Harwood, W. G., Crown-street, Soho, grocer.
 Hickman, E. Lombard-street, bill-broker.
 Higgins, P. Nottingham, baker.
 Higgs, N. Duke's-row, Pimlico, brewer.
 Higgs, N. and R. Hobbs, Duke's-row, Pimlico, brewers.
 Hobbs, R. Duke's-row, Pimlico, brewer.
 Honeybourne, J. Portsea, builder.
 Hooton, R. and W. Wilkes, Birmingham, iron-founders.
 Hope, T. Lawrence-lane, merchant.
 Hopkins, J. Tooley-street, currier.
 Horsfall, W. Wakefield, York, spirit-merchant.
 Horn, J. Liverpool, block and pump-maker.
 Houghton, J. and S. Trueman, Radford, Nottingham, machine-makers and lace-manufacturers.
 Hughes, W. Mill-wall, Poplar, shipbuilder.
 Hughes, G. Bodedwin, Anglesea, shopkeeper.
 Humphreys, J. Harlow, builder.
 Hyart, J. Bristol, carpenter.
 Jackson, J. Hardmersmith, shopkeeper.
 Jackson, J. H. Ritson, Derbyshire, ropemaker.
 Jarrit, G. Bath, hatter.
 Jarvis, J. Brompton, tailor.
 Jennings, J. Leicester, soap-boiler.
 Johnson, G. and H. H. New bond-street, seal and copper-plate engravers.
 Jupp, E. Camden-town, builder.
 Kay, T. Hulme, Manchester, shopkeeper.
 Keilly, J. St James's-street, milliner.
 Kenworthy, R. and J. Bunnell, Liverpool, merchants.
 King, W. Upper Park-place, Regent's-park, carpenter and builder.
 Kirk, E. Manchester, cotton-spinner.
 Knife, J. jun. Harp-alley, broker.
 Knight, E. and J. Wilkinson, Great Haston, York, worsted-spinners.
 Knight, A. Maldon, and of South Minster, Essex, tailor.
 Know, J. and J. W. Bent Mills, near Wilsden, York, cotton-spinners.
 Knowden, D. Store-street, draper.
 Knowles, L. L. Knowles, jun., and S. H. Knowles, Gomersall, York, merchants.
 Lake, J. Broad-street, Golden-square, tailor.
 Lancefield, J. Littlebourne, builder.
 Langford, T. T. Lamb's Conduit-street, china and glassman.
 Lawson, T. Manchester, cotton-spinner.
 Lee, W. Charing-cross, hosier.
 Leonard, R. Cheapside, warehouseman.
 Levy, J. Church-street, Minories, silversmith.
 Lewis, D. Lampeter, Pontstephen, Cardigan, inn-keeper.
 Lewis, J. Langibby, Monmouth, dealer.
 Lewis, R. Newport, Monmouth, tallow-chandler.
 Lewis, J. and M. Ecroyd, Haggate, Lancashire, cotton-spinners.
 Lingham, T. Tower-hill, wine-merchant.
 Lintott, W. Leadenhall-market, butcher.
 Lund, J. Dotton, Lancaster, sizer and factor.
 Maltby, T. and H. Buckland, Gutter-lane, lace merchant.
 Mansfield, W. sen., Bristol, baker.
 Maidlow, J. Portland-town, Regent's-park, builder.
 M'Crum, J. and E. Ainsworth, Liverpool, common brewer.
 M'Guekin, H. Upper St Martin's-lane, wine-merchant.
 M'Murdie, W. and W. C. Pout, Epping, stationers.
 Mash, J. Bordesley, glass-cutter.
 Massey, P. Bristol, hooper.
 Masters, W. Duke-street, Aldgate, woollen-dra-per.
 Meazies, J. Charles-street, Manchester-square, tailor.
 Miller, W. Lower Thames-street, warehouseman.
 Milligan, T. Hanway-street, haberdasher.
 Milnes, J. St Katharine's-wharf, Tower, wharfinger.
 Millward, J. and J. G. Lynch, Upper Thames-street, dealers and chapmen.
 Mizen, J. Southwaxall, Wilts, baker.
 Moberley, W. Old Broad-street, merchant.
 Monks, T. Upper Clapton, bleacher.
 Morland, H. Dean-street, Soho, wine-merchant.
 Morris, R. and W. T. Tower-street, wine-merchant.
 Morris, D. F. Robinson, and E. Watson, Liverpool, tar and turpentine-distillers.
 Morris, J. jun. Oxford-street, wine-merchant.
 Morice, O. and W. L. Lohr, Norwich, and Milk-street, manufacturers.
 Morton, A. A. Rodick, C. Morton, and E. L. Rodick, Wellingborough, Northampton, bankers.
 Munday, T. Great Marlborough-street, cheese-monger.
 Murgatroyd, J. Halifax, dealer.
 Murray, C. Bath, hardwareman.
 Newnham, H. P. Tower-hill, flour-dealer.
 Newton, J. Trowbridge, Wilts, chair-maker.
 Nias, B. M. Berner's-street, upholsterer.
 Nicholas, J. and J. jun., Leatherhead, common-brewers.
 Norris, S. Cobham-row, Coldbath-fields, brewer.
 Nutting, J. High Holborn, umbrella-manufacturer.
 Ochsenbein, H. Regent-street, silk-mercier.
 Oliviant, J. and W. Cooper, Queen-street, Cheap-side, warehousemen.
 Oliver, W. Hamilton-place, Battle-bridge, builder.
 Oliver, J. M. Bishopgate-street, shoemaker.
 Ordayno, G. Nottingham, carriage-maker.
 Orme, R. Burton-upon-Trent, draper.
 Orton, S. Atherstone, woolstapler.
 Osbaldeston, E. Hertford, grocer.

- Osborn, G. sen. R. Howes, C. Smith, and G. Osborn, jun. Northampton, bankers.
 Pagan, J. Norwich, draper.
 Parker, J. and J. Manchester, cotton-manufacturers.
 Parminter, G. Earl-street, Blackfriars, coal-merchant.
 Parr, J. Nottingham, victualler.
 Patterson, W. and W. Elliott, Bashinghall-street, merchants.
 Peacock, J. Blackfriars-road, grocer.
 Peacock, J. Watford, stationer.
 Pearman, W. Euston-street, music-seller.
 Pearce, J. Church-passage, Guildhall, warehouseman.
 Peace, J. Silkstone, York, fancy-cloth manufacturer.
 Perkins, T. Manchester, cotton-spinner.
 Perkins, R. Egham, carpenter.
 Phillips, T. and J. Fenchurch-street, boot and shoemakers.
 Phillips, F. and W. Cutforth, Goldsmith-street, Wood-street, warehousemen.
 Piermont, M. Strand, victualler.
 Pinnix, R. Emsworth, sheepsalesman.
 Pitter, J. Cheltenham, grocer.
 Pollard, J. Penton-row, Walworth, umbrella-maker.
 Pott, W. Union-street, Southwark, victualler.
 Powell, J. Southampton-buildings, Holborn, tailor.
 Priddy, T. Uxbridge, victualler.
 Prideaux, W. J. Square, and W. Prideaux, jun., King's-bridge, Devon, bankers.
 Pritchard, J. and J. Burton, Yewsley, brick makers.
 Purchas, T. Old Bond-street, wine-merchant.
 Rally, N. di T. Suffolk-lane, merchant.
 Rawlings, R. Castle-street, Leicester-square, jeweller.
 Ratcliffe, A. East Stonehouse, Devon, spirit-merchant.
 Redpath, C. J. Deptford, ironmonger.
 Reid, R. High-street, Mary-la-bone, upholsterer.
 Reynolds, W. Liverpool, cotton-broker.
 Richards, G. St Martin's-lane, watch-dealer.
 Ridley, W. Castle-street, Holborn, carpet-dealer.
 Rigg, T. B. Chelsea, commission-agent.
 Roebuck, J. Huddersfield, wholesale-grocer.
 Roberts, Sir W. Whitecombe, Rawleigh, Devon, banker.
 Roby, T. Tamworth, tanner.
 Rockley, J. Thatched-house-court, St James's, upholider.
 Rowbotham, Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer.
 Rowson, J. Mincing-lane, merchant.
 Rumboll, F. H. Walecot, coach-maker.
 Sapio, L. B. Alpha-cottage, Regent's park, music-seller.
 Savery, F. Bristol, insurance-broker.
 Scott, C. Constantine, Cornwall, scrivener.
 Schmidt, J. Sallcock, Cornhill, bill-broker.
 Seagrove, W. Portsea, draper.
 Seward, R. Newnham, Gloucester, coalmaster.
 Semers, C. Liverpool, broker.
 Shaw, J. Gower-street, and of Herne-place, Dulwich, coal-merchant.
 Shaw, D. Upper Seymour-street, Mary-la-bone, baker.
 Shaw, A. Delph, York, grocer.
 Shea, H. Dowgate-hill, merchant.
 Sheppard, J. Frome Selwood, Somerset, clothier.
 Shew, J. Theobald's-road, broker.
 Sidwell, S. Shepton-Mallett, innholder.
 Shorbrock, J. Over Darwen, Lancaster, grocer.
 Smith, J. Bristol, cabinet-maker.
 Smith, W. Broad-street, Ratcliff, plumber.
 Smith, W. and T. Richards, Manchester, tailor.
 Smith, C. S. Bishopgate-street, draper.
 Smith, J. O. High-street, Borough, draper.
 Smith, J. sen. and J. Smith, jun., Cateaton-street, warehouseman.
 Smith, F. Catherine-street, Strand, oilman.
 Smyrk, T. and J. Hope, Manchester, calenderer.
 Sotheby, S. Wellington-street, Strand, auctioneer.
 Stephens, S. St Michael's-alley, Cornhill, coffee-house-keeper.
 Stevens, J. Regent-street, bootmaker.
 Stewart, R. S. Preston-upon-Wye, miller.
 Stewart, W. Pall-mall, commercial agent.
 Stockey, R. and J. Nicholas, Upper Thames-street, coal-merchants.
 Stokes, J. Bristol, milliner.
 Stratton, H. Stratford, wine-merchant.
 Swain, T. South Collingham, miller.
 Sweet, A. Bitton, coal-dealer.
 Sykes, L. and T. Bury, Bucklersbury, warehousemen.
 Symonds, W. Stow-market, miller.
 Tatton, T. Gerrard-street, grocer.
 Taylor, J. Manchester, machine-maker.
 Theobalds, J. Cambridge, carpenter and builder.
 Thomson, L. Birmingham, bookseller.
 Thompson, S. Carlisle, milliner.
 Thornwaite, W. C. W. Ryland, and J. Wills, Fleet-street, ironmongers.
 Thorp, W. Great Carlisle-street, Lisson-grove, builder.
 Todd, C. Upper Lisson-street, coal-merchant.
 Tovey, W. and G. Jeapes, Peckham, builders.
 Towerson, T. Todholes, Cumberland, miller.
 Toovey, Watford, Herts, corn-dealer.
 Till, C. Taunton, linen-draper.
 Tinsley, W. Arnold, Nottingham, blacksmith.
 Trot, T. Hoxton, builder.
 Triggs, H. Solicitor's-row, Hampstead-road, copperplate-printer.
 Turner, R. London-road, blacking-maker.
 Turner, W. Cheapside, printer, dealer, and chapman.
 Tucker, E. Middleton-street, Clerkenwell, quill-merchant.
 Varley, T. Staningley, and Calverley, York, cloth-manufacturer.
 Wait, G. T. Old-street, linen-draper.
 Walsh, T. Preston, grocer.
 Walker, J. Kennington-Common, schoolmaster.
 Watts, G. Nottingham, frame-smith.
 Watson, T. W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant.
 Webb, W. Salisbury-street, wine and brandy merchant.
 Wehnert, H. Leicester-square, tailor.
 Wells, J. and W. Onyon, Bishopgate-street-without, woollen drapers.
 West, J. and R. Doren, Golden-square, tailors.
 Weston, W. Clarendon-street, Somers Town, builder.
 White, J. Isleworth, schoolmaster.
 Whitford, S. St Philip and Jacob, Gloucester, victualler.
 Wilkie, A. Duke-street, Portland-place, upholsterer.
 Wilson, J. King-street, merchant.
 Wilson, G. Constitution-row, Gray's-inn-road, corn-dealer.
 Wilson, J. Leeds, dealer.
 Williams, S. Finsbury-square, merchant.
 Willmott, R. S. Paddington-street, builder.
 Williams, W. and W. Scott, Broad-court, wine and spirit merchants.
 Winter, G. Bucklersbury, merchant.
 Wise, W. Piccadilly, picture-dealer.
 Woods, J. and H. Williams, Hastings.
 Worley, J. Fish-street-hill, wine and spirit-merchant.
 Wright, G. Birmingham, merchant.
 Wright, H. Eccleston-street, Pimlico, merchant.
 Young, B. Camberwell, New-road.
 Wooster, J. K. Middle-row, straw-hat manufacturer.
 Yorston, G. Tottenham Court-Road, cheese-monger.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st of November and 31st December, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

- Adam, Robert, grocer, grain and spirit dealer in Paisley.
 Astley, Joseph, chemical manufacturer at Borrowstownness.
 Crum, James, and Co. merchants in Glasgow.
 Caldwell, John, and Co. manufacturers in Paisley, and Borland, Alexander, merchant there.
 Campbell, William, tailor and clothier in Glasgow.
 Dewar, John, bookbinder in Edinburgh.
 Forrester, David, and Buchanan, James Burn, distillers and maltsters at Sheriff-muir, county of Perth, and merchants and maltsters in Stirling.
 Grassom, John, merchant or clothier in Stirling.
 Gray, Robert, architect and builder, No. 9, Leopold Place, Edinburgh.
 Hazell, Henry Johnstone, merchant in Dundee.
 Hill, David, builder in Edinburgh.
 Miller, Thomas, distiller in Edinburgh.

Morton, Robert, jeweller in Edinburgh.
 Newlands, James, merchant in Glasgow.
 Robb, William, one of the partners of Inglis and Robb, merchants in Glasgow.
 Messrs Roberts and Crawford, paper-makers at Kinlieth Bank-mill, parish of Currie, county of Edinburgh.
 Taylor, James, baker and farmer at Whitburn.
 Taylor, John, and Co. grocers and merchants, Glasgow.
 Thomson, Alexander, merchant in Glasgow.
 Thomsons, Brothers, booksellers in Edinburgh.
 Thomson, James, timber-merchant and wright in Glasgow.
 West, Edward, and Co. booksellers in Edinburgh.
 Wilson, Andrew, spirit-dealer at Bankton, near Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Bell, James, fish-merchant in Perth; a farther dividend 26th December.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

April 14, At Nuggore, the Lady of Dr George Adams, of a daughter.
 June 23, At Jaulnah, the Lady of Lieut. A. Fraser, quarter-master of the 45th Native Infantry, of a son.
 29. At Calcutta, the Lady of Captain M'Leod, Engineers, of a son.
 Nov. 2. At the Court of St Petersburg, the Lady of Viscount Strangford, of a son.
 22. At Gibraltar, the Lady of Lieut-Col. Allan, 94th Regiment, of a daughter.
 27. At Churston Ferrers, Devon, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Wood, of Dee Bank, of a son.
 Dec. 1. Mrs Wishart of a daughter.
 2. At Powis Castle, Lady Lucy Clive, of a son.
 3. At Canterbury, the Lady of Major Wallace, of the King's Dragoon Guards, of a son.
 5. At Wellesbourn, Warwickshire, the Lady of 6. At Marine Cottage, Mrs Major Lyell, of a son. James Napier, Esq. of a son.
 8. At Traquair Manse, Mrs Campbell, of a daughter.
 — At Castle Fraser, the Lady of Colonel Fraser, of a son.
 — At York Terrace, Regent Park, London, Mrs John Small, of a son.
 — At Springhill, the Lady of George Forbes, Esq. of a daughter.
 9. The Lady of Captain Macqueen of Corrybrough, of a daughter.
 — At Tay Street, Dundee, the Lady of Dr John Maxwell, of a daughter.
 — At Ormiston Hall, the Lady of Warren Hastings Anderson, Esq. of a son.
 15. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Alexander Norman Macleod, Esq. of Harris, of a daughter.
 16. Mrs Renton, James's Square, of a daughter.
 17. At Banff, the Lady of the late Patrick Duff, Esq. of Carnousie, of a son.
 19. At St Andrews, the Lady of Anthony Mac-tier, Esq. late of Calcutta, of a daughter.
 23. At Dalkeith, the Lady of Major Montgomerie of Annick, of a son.
 24. Mrs Johnston of Sands, of a daughter.
 25. At Queen Street, Mrs Ballingall, of a son.
 — At Rozelle, Mrs A. West Hamilton, of a daughter.
 26. At Rosebank, Mrs Dunbar, of a son.
 28. At Kenblethmont, the Right Hon. Lady Jane Lindsay Carnegie, of a son.
 31. At Paris, Mrs Maginn, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

July 4. At Madras, Donald Macleod, Esq. Lieutenant in the 4th Regt. Madras Light Cavalry, to Emily, second daughter of the late Major-General Durand.
 Aug. 1. At St Andrew's Church, Calcutta, Robert Eglinton, Esq. merchant, to Margaret Dun, fourth daughter of Robert Low, Esq. cashier of the Dundee Banking Company.
 Nov. 26. George Fife, Esq. son of William Fife, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to Eliza, daughter of the late Major David Robertson, Assistant Barrack Master General, North Britain.
 28. At St Dunstan's, London, William Reid, Esq. M. D. to Helen Anne, fourth daughter of the Rev. James Porteous, St James's Square, Edinburgh.
 Dec. 1. At Corsairly, the Rev. William Ranny,

Clyne, John, merchant in Leith; a dividend 21st December.
 Graham, John, merchant and manufacturer in Glasgow; a dividend on 20th January.
 Hutton, John, late chemist at the Water of Leith; a dividend 1st January.
 Maclellan, Murdo, mealmonger at Tulloch of Lochcarron; a dividend on 11th January.
 Marshall, Peter, and Co. merchants in Glasgow; a dividend on 3d February.
 Robertson, James, spirit-dealer in Edinburgh; a dividend on 15th March.
 Robertson, Samuel, late spirit-merchant in Leith; a dividend 21st December.
 Rae, John, candlemaker in Edinburgh; a final dividend on 31st January.
 Turnbull, Sandeman, merchant in Glasgow; a first and final dividend on 20th January.
 Turnbull, Robert, seedsman, Edinburgh; a dividend 4th January.

minister of Fochabers, to Catherine Matilda, second daughter of the late Charles Evans, Esq. of Woolwich.

5. At Dowager Lady Saltoun's Cottage, near Inverness, William Macdowall Grant, Esq. to the Hon. Miss-Eleanor Fraser.

8. At Easby, near Richmond, Yorkshire, Lieut.-Colonel Henry Lane, to the Hon. Harriet Frances Dundas, second daughter of Lord Dundas.

9. At Edinburgh, Peter Campbell, Esq. Northumberland Street, to Isabella, daughter of George Malcolm, Esq. merchant, Hull.

12. At Sandon, Staffordshire, John Stuart Wortley, Esq. M.P. eldest son of J. A. Stuart Wortley, M.P. to Lady Georgiana Ryder, third daughter of the Earl of Harrowby.

13. At Edinburgh, Francis Grove, Esq. Lieutenant Royal Navy, second son of Edward Grove, Esq. of Shenstone Park, Staffordshire, to Emily, only child of the late George Ure, Esq. late of the Bengal Medical Establishment.

— At Stirling, Robert Clarke, Esq. Campsie, to Isabella, third daughter of the late Robert Young, Esq. of Stirling.

— At St George's, Hanover Square, London, Thomas Waddington, Esq. of St Remy, to Janette, second daughter of the late Colin Chisholm, Esq. M. D.

14. At Manchester, Alex. Abercromby, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Janet, eldest daughter of the late Peter M'Laren, Esq. of Manchester.

— At Leith, George Goodlet, Esq. merchant, to Mary, daughter of John Hay, Esq. shipowner.

15. Mr Andrew M'Naught, confectioner, Leith, to Jessie, second daughter of Mr William Bell, Blackadder Mains.

— At the Chapel of the British Embassy, Paris, George William Lefevre, M. D. to Frederica Clavering, daughter of Colonel Charles Fraser, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At London, the Rev. Daniel Heneage Finch Hatton, of Weldon, to Lady Louisa Greville, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Robert F. Greville, and Louisa, in her own right Countess of Mansfield, his wife.

17. At the Doune of Rothiemurchus, Gervaise Pennington, Esq. Colonel in the service of the Hon. East India Company, commanding the Brigade of Horse Artillery in Bengal, to Jane, second daughter of John Peter Grant of Rothiemurchus, Esq. M. P.

— At Mary-le-Bonne Church, London, William Knight Dehany, Esq. Solicitor to the Excise in Scotland, to Elizabeth Favell, second daughter of Vice-Admiral Scott.

DEATHS.

May 14. At Trichinopoly, Lieut. Alex. Gordon Donaldson, of the 5th Regiment of Madras Cavalry, eldest son of Dr Donaldson, physician, Ayr.

June 18. On the Arracan River, J. Cochrane, Esq. M. D. son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Cochrane of the Royals, assistant-surgeon on the Madras Establishment.

July 14. At Meerut, Major-General Sir David Ochterlony, Bart. and G. C. B. President for Mulwah and Rejpootana, and commanding the western division of the army. This event appears to have occasioned a deep sensation of grief among all who had access to appreciate his private vir-

tues. The Bombay Gazette, in speaking of him, says,—“As a public character, we are not aware of his parallel in the annals of British India. During a most active service of forty-seven years, in the double capacity of statesman and soldier, his unremitting exertions, and unerring judgment, contributed largely to the stability of government, and prosperity of the country.”

28. At Bombay, Colonel Cowper, Commandant of Engineers.

Sept. 20. At Kirthick, James Wood, M. D. Esq. of Kirthick, aged 73.

Oct. At Tobago, Captain Robert Macalister of Irvine.

25. At Halifax, Nova Scotia, Lady Mitchell, widow of Sir Andrew Mitchell.

Nov. 21. At Pau-bas, Pyrenees, Mary Rannie Mansfield, third daughter of John Mansfield, Esq. of Midmar.

— At Vienna, his Serene Highness Duke Charles Eugene of Lorraine, of an apoplectic fit. His Highness was the last male branch of the illustrious House of Lorraine.

23. At Kelso, aged 81, Dr Andrew Wilson, physician there.

— At Tobermory, Mrs Sinclair of Lochalin.

— At Geneva, in the prime of life, Henry William Lambton, Esq. third son of William Henry Lambton, Esq. of Lambton, in Durham.

25 At Harrow, of typhus fever, William, eldest son of Major-General Douglas of Timpendale.

26. At Edinburgh, Janet, only surviving daughter of the late Mr Thomas George, merchant, Cupar Fife.

27. At Edinburgh, John Keir, Esq. of the island of Madeira, and Ledgers, Surry.

— At George's Square, Mrs Isabella Kerr, spouse of the Rev. Dr Simpson, one of the Ministers of Edinburgh.

— At Glenary, Argyllshire, Mrs Hislop, wife of D. Hislop, Esq. Inverary.

28. At Edinburgh, aged 95, Mrs Marianne Sidehje Van Hoogwerff, widow of William Stewart, Esq. late of St Catherine's.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Willielmina Hathorn, eldest daughter of the deceased Hugh Hathorn of Castlewigg, Esq.

— At Fasnacloich, Miss Stewart, daughter of the late James Stewart, Esq. of Fasnacloich.

29. At London, William Ogilvie, Esq. of West-hall.

— At Middleton, the Lady of E. W. H. Schenley, Esq.

— Mrs Agnes Gibson, relict of John Archibald, Esq. merchant.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Wynne, wife of the Rev. Richard Wynne.

30. Drowned at sea, from on board the ship Charles Forbes, Thomas, third son of Mr W. Allan, Leith.

— At Limekilns, Mr William Millar, ship-builder, aged 71.

— At Stornoway, Mr Evander M. Reid, third son of the deceased John Reid, Esq. late Collector of his Majesty's Customs there.

— At Wellington Place, Leith, Miss Cecil C. Aire, youngest daughter of the late Lieut. John Aire, Royal Navy.

Dec. 1. At Taganroc, a small town on the shore of the sea of Asof, of an inflammatory fever, Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias. The last words which he pronounced were expressive of his profound resignation to the decrees of Providence. His last moments were very calm. Alexander was born the 22d December 1777, began to reign in March 1801, and consequently had approached the close of the 48th year of his age, and 25th of his reign.

— At Finlarig, Mr Robert Robertson, land-surveyor.

— At Linlithgow, Thomas Baird, Esq. of Parkly.

— At London, General Archibald Campbell.

— At Castlemilk, Captain William Stirling, late of the 1st regiment of Dragoon Guards.

2. At Dunfermline, Mrs Margaret Fisher, relict of Mr Alexander Hunt, merchant.

— At Wallingwells, in the county of Nottingham, the lady of Sir Thomas Woollaston White of Wallingwells, Bart. and youngest daughter of the late George Ramsay of Barnton, Esq.

3. At her house, Portobello, 'in the 80th year of her age, Mrs Margaret Grant, daughter of Roderick Macleod, Esq. writer to the signet, and relict of John Grant of Gilgraston, Esq.

— At James Place, Leith, Mrs Janet Aire, wife of Mr James Hardie.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Neilson, Kirk-Treasurer to the city of Edinburgh.

— At Hope Park, Mrs Wright, aged 82.

4. At Kennet Pans, John Stein, Esq.

— At Selkirk, Mr James Douglas Oliver, late rector of the Grammar School of Selkirk.

— At his sister's, the Countess Dowager of Caithness's house, George Street, Edinburgh, Captain Patrick Campbell of Barcaldine.

5. At Edinburgh, William Skirving, Esq. late of Plewland Hill, Haddingtonshire.

— At Aberdeen, Robert Harvey, Esq. of Braco.

— William, fourth son of Hugh Mossman, Esq. of Aehytfardle.

8. At Manse of Peterculter, Janet, daughter of the late Mr Patrick Stirling, writer in Dunblane.

— At Nelson Street, Thomas, infant son of Mr J. Weir, writer to the signet.

9. At Corsephairn, the Rev. Mr Currie, minister of the parish. He died of apoplexy in the inn immediately after the performance of a marriage ceremony.

— At Glasgow, James, second son of Mr William Reid, bookseller.

10. Rear-Admiral Bingham. This respectable and worthy officer had just completed his arrangements in London, prior to his departure for Portsmouth, where he was to have hoisted his flag on board the Warspite, when, in consequence of getting wet through, he was seized on the 2d instant with a sudden attack of Erysipelas, which, notwithstanding his previous state of perfect health, baffled the skill of his physician. He was on the point of proceeding to the East Indies, as Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's ships on that station.

— At Peebles, Mrs Elizabeth Williamson, widow of John Murray Robertson, Esq. commissary sheriff-clerk of Peebles-shire.

— At Peasebanks, Hamilton, William, youngest son of Dr Whitehead, Hamilton.

11. At his house, Hillside Crescent, Alexander Allan, Esq. of Hillside.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Steele, late saddler.

— At London, James J. Davidson, second son of Dr Davidson, Marischal College, Aberdeen.

— At Fort Street, North Leith, Alice Burnet, 5th daughter of Mr Thomas Brown, of the Customs.

— At Avignon, the Hon. Mrs Long.

— At Tain, Mr Patrick Calder, late supervisor of Excise.

12. At her house in Lower Grosvenor Street, London, in the 92d year of her age, the Dowager Marchioness of Bath.

14. At Millhill, Musselburgh, Alex. Campbell, Esq. late of the island of Jamaica.

15. Mrs Margaret Elphinstone Crawford, wife of Alexander Spiers Crawford, residing at Morningside.

16. Mrs James Watt, the original publisher of the Montrose Review. On his passage to London, in the Eagle, of Montrose, he fell overboard in Yarmouth Roads, and was drowned.

— At Quarryholes, in the 70th year of his age, Mr John Bryden.

— Mr Alex. Cuthbertson, tinsmith, North Hanover Street, Edinburgh.

— At Larbert, the Rev. Dr Knox, minister of that parish.

17. At her house in Abercromby Place, Mrs Anderson, of Kingask.

— At Clatto, in the county of Fife, Robert Low, Esq. of Clatto.

19. At Louisfield, near Duddingstone, Louis Cauvin, Esq. for many years a teacher of French in Edinburgh.

— At 69, Canongate, Mrs Catharine Charles.

— At Montrose, Mrs Gairdyne, widow of Alex. Gairdyne, Esq. late of Bridgeton.

— At Mid-Calder, at the advanced age of 96, Helen Anderson, relict of Mr James Kirkland, late surgeon at Mid-Calder, and sister of Dr James Anderson, the well-known author of “The Bee.”

Jan. 5, 1826.—At Glasgow, Henry Erskine, youngest son of Mr Walter Wardlaw, Richmond Street.

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VOL. XIX.

COTTAGES.

HAVE you any intention, dear reader, of building a house in the country? If you have, pray, for your own sake and ours, let it not be a Cottage. We presume that you are obliged to live, one half of the year at least, in a town. Then why change altogether the character of your domicile and your establishment? You are an inhabitant of Edinburgh, and have a house in the Circus, or Heriot-Row, or Abercromby Place, or Queen Street. The said house has five or six stories, and is such a palace as one might expect in the City of Palaces. Your drawing-rooms can, at a pinch, hold some ten score of modern Athenians—your dining-room might feast one-half of the contributors to this Magazine—your “*placens Uxor*” has her boudoir—your eldest daughter, now verging on womanhood, her music-room—your boys their own studio—the governess her retreat—and the tutor his den—the housekeeper sits like an over-grown spider in her own sanctum—the butler bargains for his dim apartment—and the four maids must have their front-area window. In short, from cellarage to garret, all is complete, and Number Forty-two is really a splendid Mansion.

Now, dear reader, far be it from us to question the propriety or prudence of such an establishment. Your house was not built for nothing—it was no easy thing to get the painters out—the furnishing thereof was no trifle—the feu-duty is really unreasonable,

and taxes are taxes still, notwithstanding the principles of free trade, and the universal prosperity of the country. Servants are wasteful, and their wages absurd—and the whole style of living, with long-necked bottles, most extravagant. But still we do not object to your establishment,—far from it, we admire it much—nor is there a single house in town where we make ourselves more agreeable to a late hour, or that we leave with a greater quantity of wine of a good quality under our girdle. Few things would give us more temporary uneasiness, than to hear of any embarrassment in your money-concerns. We are not people to forget good fare, we assure you; and long and far may all shapes of sorrow keep aloof from the hospitable board, whether illuminated by gas, oil-lamp, or candle.

But what we were going to say was this—that the head of such a house ought not to live, when ruralizing, in a Cottage. He ought to be consistent. Nothing so beautiful as consistency. What then is so absurd as to cram yourself, your wife, your numerous progeny, and your scarcely less numerous menials, into a concern called a Cottage? The ordinary heat of a baker's oven is very few degrees above that of a brown study, during the month of July, in a substantial, low-roofed Cottage. Then the smell of the kitchen! How it aggravates the sultry closeness! A strange, compounded, in-

explicable smell of animal, vegetable, and mineral matter ! It is at the worst during the latter part of the forenoon, when everything has been got into preparation for cookery. There is then nothing savoury about the smell,—it is dull, dead,—almost catacombish. A small back kitchen has it in its power to destroy the sweetness of any Cottage. Add a scullery, and the three are omnipotent. Of the eternal clashing of pots, pans, plates, trenchers, and general crockery, we now say nothing ; indeed, the sound somewhat relieves the smell, and the ear comes occasionally in to the aid of the nose. Such noises are Godsend ; but not so the scolding of cook and butler,—at first low and tetchy, with pauses,—then sharp, but still interrupted,—by and by loud and ready in reply,—finally a discordant gabble of vulgar fury, like maniacs quarrelling in bedlam. Hear it you must,—you and all the strangers. To explain it away is impossible ; and your fear is, that Alecto, Tisiphone, or Megera, will come flying into the parlour with a bloody cleaver, dripping with the butler's brains. During the time of the quarrel, the spit has been standing still, and a jigot of the five-year-old black-face burnt on one side to a cinder.—“To dinner with what appetite you may.”

It would be quite unpardonable to forget one especial smell which irretrievably ruined our happiness during a whole summer,—the smell of a dead rat. The accursed vermin died somewhere in the Cottage ; but whether beneath a floor, within lath and plaster, or in roof, baffled the conjectures of the most sagacious. The whole family used to walk about the Cottage for hours every day, snuffing on a travel of discovery ; and we distinctly remember the face of one elderly maiden-lady at the moment she thought she had traced the source of the fumée to the wall behind a window-shutter. But even at the very same instant we ourselves had proclaimed it with open nostril from a press in an opposite corner. Terriers were procured,—but the dog Billy himself would have been at fault. To pull down the whole Cottage would have been difficult,—at least to build it up again would have been so ; so we had to submit. Custom, they say, is second nature, but not when a dead rat is in the house.

No, none can ever be accustomed to that ; yet good springs out of evil, for the live rats could not endure it, and emigrated to a friend's house, about a mile off, who has never had a sound night's rest from that day. We have not re-visited our Cottage for several years ; but time does wonders, and we were lately told by a person of some veracity, that the smell was then nearly gone,—but our informant is a gentleman of blunted olfactory nerves, having been engaged from seventeen to seventy in a soap-work.

Smoke too ! More especially that mysterious and infernal sort, called back-smoke ! The old proverb, “No smoke without fire,” is a base lie. We have seen smoke without fire in every room in a most delightful Cottage we once inhabited during the dog-days. The moment you rushed for refuge even into a closet, you were blinded and stifled ; nor shall we ever forget our horror on being within an ace of smotheration in the cellar. At last, we groped our way into the kitchen. Neither cook nor jack was visible. We heard, indeed, a whirring and revolving noise—and then suddenly Girzie swearing through the mist. Yet all this while people were admiring our Cottage from a distance, and especially this self-same accursed back-smoke, some portions of which had made an excursion up the chimneys, and was wavering away in a spiral form to the sky, in a style captivating to Mr Price on the Picturesque.

No doubt, there are many things very romantic about a Cottage. Creepers, for example. Why, sir, these creepers are the most mischievous nuisance that can afflict a family. There is no occasion for mentioning names, but—devil take all parasites. Some of the rogues will actually grow a couple of inches upon you in one day's time ; and when all other honest plants are asleep, the creepers are hard at it all night long, stretching out their toes and their fingers, and catching an inextricable hold of every wall they can reach, till, finally, you see them thrusting their impudent heads through the very slates. Then, like other low-bred creatures, they are covered with vermin. All manner of moths—the most grievous grubs—slimy slugs—spiders spinning toils to ensnare the caterpillar—earwigs and slaters, that would raise the gorge of a country cu-

rate—wood-lice—the slaver of gowk's-spittle—midges—jocks—with-the-many-legs—in short, the whole plague of insects infest that—Virgin's bower. Open the lattice for half-an-hour, and you find yourself in an entymological museum. Then, there are no pins fixing down the specimens. All these beetles are alive, more especially the enormous blackguard crawling behind your ear. A moth plumps into your tumbler of cold negus, and goes whirling round in meal, till he makes absolute porritch. As you open your mouth in amazement, the large blue-bottle-fly, having made his escape from the spiders, and seeing that not a moment is to be lost, precipitates himself head-foremost down your throat, and is felt, after a few ineffectual struggles, settling in despair at the very bottom of your stomach. Still, no person will be so unreasonable as to deny that creepers on a Cottage are most beautiful. For the sake of their beauty, some little sacrifices must be made of one's comforts, especially as it is only for one half of the year, and last really was a most delightful summer.

How truly romantic is a thatch roof! The eaves how commodious for sparrows! What a paradise for rats and mice! What a comfortable colony of vermin! They all bore their own tunnels in every direction, and the whole interior becomes a Cretan labyrinth. Frush, frush becomes the whole cover in a few seasons; and not a bird can open his wing, not a rat switch his tail, without scattering the straw like chaff. Eternal repairs! Look when you will, and half-a-dozen thatchers are riding on the rigging: of all operatives they are most inoperative. Then there is always one of the number descending the ladder for a horn of ale! Without warning, the straw is all used up; and no more fit for the purpose can be got within twenty miles. They hint heather—and you sigh for slate—the beautiful sky-blue, sea-green, Ballahulish slate! But the summer is nearly over and gone, and you must be flitting back to the city—so you let the job stand over to spring, and the soaking rains and snows of a long winter search the cottage to its heart's-core, and every floor is ere long laden with a crop of fungi—the bedposts are ornamented curiously with lichens, and mosses

bathe the walls with their various and inimitable lustre.

Everything is romantic that is pastoral—and what more pastoral than sheep? Accordingly, living in a Cottage, you kill your own mutton. Great lubberly Leicesters or South-Downs are not worth the mastication, so you keep the small black-face. Stone-walls are ugly things, you think, near a Cottage, so you have rails or hurdles. Day and night are the small black-face, out of pure spite, bouncing through or over all impediments, after an adventurous leader, and despising the daisied turf, keep nibbling away at all your rare flowering shrubs, till your avenue is a desolation. Every twig has its little ball of wool, and it is a rare time for the nest-makers. You purchase a colley, but he compromises the affair with the fleecy nation, and contents himself with barking all night long at the moon, if there happen to be one, if not, at the firmament of his kennel. You are too humane to hang or drown Luath, so you give him to a friend. But Luath is in love with the cook, and pays her nightly visits. Afraid of being entrapped, should he step into the kennel, he takes up his station, after supper, on a knoll within ear-range, and pointing his snout to the stars, joins the music of the spheres, and is himself a perfect Sirius. The gardener at last gets orders to shoot him—and the gun being somewhat rusty, bursts and blows off his left hand—so that Andrew Fairservice retires on a pension.

Of all breeds of cattle we most admire the Alderney. They are slim, delicate, wild-deer looking creatures, that give an air to a Cottage. But they are most capricious milkers. Of course you make your own butter; that is to say, with the addition of seven or eight purchased pounds weekly, you are not very often out of that commodity. Then, once or twice in a summer, they suddenly lose their temper, and chase the governess and your daughters over the edge of gravel-pit. Nothing they like so much as the tender sprouts of cauliflower, nor do they abhor green pease. The garden-hedge is of privet, a pretty fence, and fast growing, but not formidable to a four-year-old. On going to eat a few gooseberries by sunrise, you start a covey of cows, that in their

alarm plunge into the hot-bed with a smash, as if all the glass in the island had been broken—and rushing out at the gate at the critical instant little Tommy is tottering in, they leave the heir-apparent scarcely deserving that name, half hidden in the border. There is no sale for such outlandish animals in the home-market, and it is not Martinmas, so you must make a present of them to the president or five silver-cup-man of an agricultural society, and receive, in return, a sorry red-round, desperately salt-petred, at Christmas.

What is a Cottage in the country, unless “your banks are all furnished with bees, whose murmurs invite one to sleep?” There the hives stand, like four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row. Not a more harmless insect in all this world than a bee. Wasps are devils incarnate, but bees are fleshly sprites, as amiable as industrious. You are strolling along, in delightful mental vacuity, looking at a poem of Barry Cornwall’s, when smack comes an infuriated honey-maker against your eye-lid, and plunges into you the fortieth part of an inch of sting saturated in venom. The wretch clings to your lid like a burr, and it feels as if he had a million claws to hold him on while he is darting his weapon into your eye-ball. Your banks are indeed well furnished with bees, but their murmurs do not invite you to sleep; on the contrary, away you fly, like a madman, bolt into your wife’s room, and roar out for the recipe. The whole of one side of your face is most absurdly swollen, while the other is *in statu quo*. One eye is dwindled away to almost nothing, and is peering forth from its rainbow-coloured envelope, while the other is open as day to melting charity, and shining over a cheek of the purest crimson. Infatuated man! Why could you not purchase your honey? Jemmy Thomson, the poet, would have let you have it, from Habbie’s-Howe, the true Pentland elixir, for five shillings the pint; for during this season both the heather and the clover were prolific of the honey-dew, and the Skeps rejoiced over all Scotland on a thousand hills.

We could tell many stories about bees, but that would be leading us away from the main argument. We remember reading in an American newspaper, some years ago, that the United States lost one of their most

upright and erudite judges by bees, which stung him to death in a wood, while he was going the circuit. About a year afterwards, we read in the same newspaper, “We are afraid we have lost another judge by bees;” and then followed a somewhat affrightful description of the assassination of another American Blackstone by the same insects. We could not fail to sympathise with both sufferers, for in the summer of 1811 (that of the famous comet) we ourselves had nearly shared the same fate. Our Newfoundlander upset a hive in his vagaries—and the whole swarm unjustly attacked us. The buzz was an absolute roar—and for the first time in our lives we were under a cloud. Such bizzing in our hair! and of what avail were fifty-times-washed nankeen breeches against the Polish Lancers? With our trusty crutch we made thousands bite the dust—but the wounded and dying crawled up our legs, and stung us cruelly over the lower regions. At last we took to flight, and found shelter in the ice-house. But it seemed as if a new hive had been disturbed in that cool grotto. Again we sallied out, stripping off garment after garment, till, *in puris naturalibus*, we leaped into a window, which happened to be that of the drawing-room, where a large party of ladies and gentlemen were awaiting the dinner-bell—but fancy must dream the rest.

We now offer a Set of the Magazine to any scientific character, who will answer this seemingly simple question—what is Damp? Quicksilver is a joke to it, for getting into or out of any place. Capricious as damp is, it is faithful in its affection to all Cottages ornées. What more pleasant than a bow-window? You had better, however, not sit with your back against the wall, for it is as blue and ropery as that of a charnel-house. Probably the wall is tastily papered—a vine-leaf pattern perhaps—or something spriggy—or in the aviary line—or, mayhap, hay-makers, or shepherds piping in the dale. But all distinctions are levelled in the mould—Phyllis has a black patch over her eye, and Strephon seems to be playing on a pair of bellows. Damp delights to descend chimneys, and is one of smoke’s most powerful auxiliaries. It is a thousand pities you hung up—just in that unlucky spot—Grecian Williams’s Thebes

—for now one of the finest water-colour paintings in the world is not worth six-and-eightpence. There is no living in the country without a library. Take down, with all due caution, that enormous tome, the *Excursion*, and let us hear something of the *Pedlar*. There is an end to the invention of printing. Lo and behold, blank verse indeed ! You cannot help turning over twenty leaves at once, for they are all amalgamated in must and mouldiness. Lord Byron himself is no better than an Egyptian mummy ; and the Great Unknown addresses you in hieroglyphics.

We have heard different opinions maintained on the subject of damp-sheets. For our own part, we always wish to feel the difference between sheets and cearments. We hate everything clammy. It is awkward, on leaping out of bed to admire the moon, to drag along with you, glued round the body and members, the whole paraphernalia of the couch. It can never be good for rheumatism—problematical even for fever. Now, be candid—Did you ever sleep in perfectly dry sheets in a Cottage ornée ? You would not like to say “No, never,” in the morning—privately, to host or hostess. But confess publicly, and trace your approaching retirement from all the troubles of this life, to the dimity-curtained cubiculum on Tweed-side.

We know of few events so restorative as the arrival of a coachful of one’s friends, if the house be roomy. But if everything there be on a small scale, how tremendous a sudden importation of live cattle ! The children are all trundled away out of the Cottage, and their room given up to the young ladies, with all its enigmatical and emblematical wall-tracery. The captain is billeted in the boudoir, on a shake-down. My lady’s maid must positively pass the night in the butler’s pantry, and the valet makes a dormitory of the store-room. Where the old gentleman and his spouse have been disposed of, remains as controversial a point as the authorship of Junius ; but next morning at the breakfast-table, it appears that all have survived the night, and the hospitable hostess remarks, with a self-complacent smile, that small as the Cottage appears, it has wonderful accommodation, and could have easily ad-

mitted half a dozen more patients. The visitors politely request to be favoured with a plan of so very commodious a Cottage, but silently swear never again to sleep in a house of one story, till life’s brief tale be told.

But not one half the comforts of a Cottage have yet been enumerated—nor shall they be by us at the present juncture. Suffice it to add, that the strange coachman had been persuaded to put up his horses in the outhouses, instead of taking them to an excellent inn about two miles off. The old black, long-tailed steeds, that had dragged the vehicle for nearly twenty years, had been lodged in what was called the Stable, and the horse behind had been introduced into the byre. As bad luck would have it, a small, sick, and surly sheltie was in his stall ; and without the slightest provocation, he had, during the night-watches, so handled his heels against Mr Fox, that he had not left the senior a leg to stand upon, while he had bit a lump out of the buttocks of Mr Pitt little less than an orange. A cow, afraid of her calf, had committed an assault on the roadster, and tore up his flank with her crooked horn as clean as if it had been a ripping chisel. The party had to proceed with post-horses ; and although Mr Gray be at once one of the most skilful and most modest of veterinary surgeons, his bill was nearly as long as that of a proctor. Mr Fox gave up the ghost—Mr Pitt was put on the superannuated list—and Joseph Hume, the hack, was sent to the dogs.

To this condition then we must come at last, that if you build at all in the country, it must be a mansion three stories high, at the lowest—large airy rooms—roof of slates and lead—and walls of the free-stone or the Roman cement. No small black-faces, no Alderneys, no bee-hives. Buy all your vivers, and live like a gentleman. Seldom or never be without a houseful of company. If you manage your family matters properly, you may have your time nearly as much at your own disposal, as if you were the greatest of hunkses, and never gave but unavoidable dinners. Let the breakfast-gong sound at ten o’clock—quite soon enough. The young people will have been romping about the parlours or the purlieus for a couple of hours—and will all make their appearance in the beauty of high health

and high spirits. Chat away as long as need be, after muffins and mutton-ham, in small groups on sofas and settees—and then slip you away to your library, to add a chapter to your novel, or your history, or to any other task that is to make you immortal. Let gigs and curricles draw up in the circle, and the wooing and betrothed wheel away across a few parishes. Let the pedestrians saunter off into the woods or to the hill-side—the anglers be off to loch or river. No great harm even in a game or two at billiards—if such be of any the cue—sagacious spinsters of a certain age, staid dowagers, and bachelors of sedentary habits, may have recourse, without blame, to the chess or back-gammon board. At two the lunch—and at six the dinner-gong will bring the whole flock together, all dressed—mind that—all dressed, for slovenliness is an abomination. Let no elderly gentleman, however bilious and rich, seek to monopolize a young lady—but study the nature of things. Champaigne, of course, and if not all the delicacies, at least all the substantialities, of the season. Join the ladies in about two hours—a little elevated or so—almost imperceptibly—but still a little elevated or so—then music—whispering in corners—if moonlight and stars, then an hour's out-of-door study of astronomy—no very regular supper—but an appearance of plates and tumblers, and to bed, to happy dreams and slumbers light, at the witching hour. Let no gentleman or lady snore, if it can be avoided, lest they annoy the crickets; and if you hear any extraordinary noise round and round about the mansion, be not alarmed, for why should not the owls choose their own hour of revelry?

Fond as we are of the country, we would not, had we our option, live there all the year round. We should just wish to linger into the winter about as far as the middle of December—then to a city—say at once Edinburgh. There is as good skating-ground, and as good curling-ground, at Lochend and Duddingstone, as anywhere in all Scotland—nor is there anywhere else better beef and greens. There is no perfection anywhere, but Edinburgh society is excellent. We are certainly agreeable citizens; with just a sufficient spice of party spirit to season the feast of reason and the flow of soul, and to prevent society from

becoming drowsily unanimous. Without the fillup of a little scandal, honest people would fall asleep; and surely it is far preferable to that to abuse one's friends with moderation. Even Literature and the Belles Lettres are not entirely useless; and our human life would be as dull as that of Mr Rogers, without a few occasional Noctes Ambrosianæ.

But the title of our article recalls our wandering thoughts, and our talk must be of Cottages. Now, think not, beloved reader, that we care not for Cottages, for that would indeed be a gross mistake. But our very affections are philosophical; our sympathies have all their source in reason; and our admiration is always built on the foundation of truth. Taste, and feeling, and thought, and experience, and knowledge of this life's concerns, are all indispensable to the true delights the imagination experiences in beholding a beautiful *bona fide* Cottage. It must be the dwelling of the poor; and it is that which gives it its whole character. By the poor, we mean not paupers, beggars; but families who, to eat, must work, and who, by working, may still be able to eat. Plain, coarse, not scanty, but unsuperfluous fare is theirs from year's-end to year's-end, excepting some decent and grateful change on chance holidays of nature's own appointment, a wedding, or a christening, or a funeral. Yes, a funeral; for when this mortal coil has been shuffled off, why should the hundreds of people that come trooping over muirs and mosses to see the body deposited, walk so many miles, and lose a whole day's work, without a dinner? And, if there be a dinner, should it not be a good one? And if a good one, will the company not be social? But this is a subject for a future article, nor need such article be of other than of a cheerful character. Poverty then is the builder and beautifier of all huts and cottages. But the views of honest poverty are always hopeful and prospective. Strength of muscle and strength of mind form a truly Holy Alliance; and the future brightens before the stedfast eyes of contentment. Therefore, when a house is built in the valley, or on the hillside,—be it that of the poorest cottar,—there is some little room, or nook, or spare place, which hope consecrates to the future. Better times may come,

—a shilling or two may be added to the week's wages,—parsimony may accumulate a small capital in the savings bank sufficient to purchase an old eight-day clock, a chest of drawers for the wife, a curtained bed for the lumber-place, which a little labour will convert into a bed-room. It is not to be thought that the pasture-fields become every year greener, and the corn-fields every harvest more yellow,—that the hedgerows grow to thicker fragrance, and the birch tree waves its tresses higher in the air, and expands its white-rinded stem almost to the bulk of a tree of the forest,—and yet that there shall be no visible progress from good to better in the dwelling of those whose hands and hearts thus cultivate the soil into rejoicing beauty. As the whole land prospers, so does each individual dwelling. Every ten years, the observing eye sees a new expression on the face of the silent earth; the law of labour is no melancholy lot; for to industry the yoke is easy, and content is its own exceeding great reward.

Therefore, it does our heart good to look on a Cottage. Here the objections to straw-roofs have no application. A few sparrows chirping and fluttering in the eaves can do no great harm, and they serve to amuse the children. The very baby in the cradle, when all the family are in the fields, mother and all, hears the cheerful twitter, and is reconciled to solitude. The quantity of corn that a few sparrows can eat,—greedy creatures as they are,—cannot be very deadly; and it is chiefly in the winter time that they attack the stacks, when there is much excuse to be made on the plea of hunger. As to the destruction of a little thatch, why, there is not a boy about the house, above ten years, who is not a thatcher, and there is no expense in such repairs. Let the honey-suckle too steal up the wall, and even blind unchecked a corner of the kitchen window. Its fragrance will often cheer unconsciously the labourer's heart, as, in the mid-day-hour of rest, he sits dandling his child on his knee, or converses with the passing pedlar. Let the moss-rose-tree flourish, that its bright blush-balls may dazzle in the kirk the eyes of the lover of fair Helen Irwin, as they rise and fall with every movement of a bosom yet happy in its virgin innocence. Nature does not spread

in vain her flowers in flush and fragrance over every obscure nook of earth. Simple and pure is the delight they inspire. Not to the poet's eye alone is the language of flowers addressed. Those beautiful symbols are understood by lowliest minds; and while the philosophical Wordsworth speaks of the meanest flower that blows giving a joy too deep for tears, so do all mankind feel the exquisite truth of Burn's more simple address to the mountain-daisy, which his ploughshare had upturned. The one touches sympathies too profound to be general—the other speaks as a son of the soil affected by the fate of the very senseless flowers that spring from the bosom of our common dust.

Generally speaking, there has been a spirit of improvement at work, during these last twenty years upon all the Cottages in Scotland. The villages are certainly much neater and cleaner than formerly, and in very few respects, if any, positively offensive. Perhaps none of them have,—nor ever will have,—the exquisite trimness, the long habitual and hereditary rustic elegance, of the best villages of England. There, even the idle and worthless have an instinctive love of what is decent, and orderly, and pretty in their habitations. The very drunkard must have a well-sanded floor, a clean-swept hearth, clear-polished furniture, and uncobwebbed walls to the room in which he quaffs, guzzles, and smokes himself into stupidity. His wife may be a scold, but seldom a slattern,—his children ill-taught, but well apparelled. Much of this is observable even among the worst of the class; and, no doubt, such things must also have their effect in tempering and restraining excesses. Whereas, on the other hand, the house of a well-behaved, well-doing English villager is a perfect model of comfort and propriety. In Scotland, the houses of the dissolute are always dens of dirt, and disorder, and distraction. All ordinary goings-on are inextricably confused,—meals eaten in different nooks, and at no regular hour,—nothing in its right place or time,—the whole abode as if on the eve of a flitting; while, with few exceptions, even in the dwellings of the best families in the village, one may detect occasional forgetfulness of trifling matters, that, if remembered, would be found greatly

conducive to comfort,—occasional insensibilities to what would be graceful to their condition, and might be secured at little expense and less trouble,—occasional blindness to minute deformities that mar the aspect of the household, and which an awakened eye would sweep away as absolute nuisances. Perhaps the very depth of their affections,—the solemnity of their religious thoughts,—and the reflective spirit in which they carry on the warfare of life, hide from them the perception of what, after all, is of such very inferior moment, and even create a sort of austerity of character which makes them disregard, too much, trifles that appear to have no influence or connexion with the essence of weal or woe. But if there be any truth in this, it affords an explanation rather than a justification.

Our business at present, however, is rather with single Cottages than with villages, which of course will be the subject of a future leading article. We Scotch people have, for some years past, been doing all we could to make ourselves ridiculous, by claiming for our capital the name of Modern Athens, and talking all manner of nonsense about a city which stands nobly on its own proper foundation, while we have kept our mouths shut about the beauty of our hills and vales, and the rational happiness that everywhere overflows our native land. Our character is to be found in the country; and, therefore, gentle reader, behold along with us a small Scottish glen. It is not above a mile, or a mile and a half long,—its breadth somewhere about a fourth of its length; a fair oblong, sheltered and secluded by a line of varied eminences, on some of which lies the power of cultivation, and over others the vivid verdure peculiar to a pastoral region; while, telling of disturbed times past for ever, stand yonder the ruins of an old fortalice, or keep, picturesque in its deserted decay. The plough has stopt at the edge of the profitable and beautiful coppice-woods, or encircled the tall elm-grove. The rocky pasturage, with its clovery and daisied turf, is alive with sheep and cattle,—its briary knolls with birds,—its broom and whins with bees,—and its wimpling burn with trouts and minnows glancing through the shallows, or leaping among the cloud of insects that glitter

over its pools. Here and there a cottage,—not above half-a-dozen in all,—one low down in the holm, another on a cliff beside the waterfall,—that is the mill,—another breaking the horizon in its more ambitious station,—and another far up at the hill-foot, where there is not a single tree, only shrubs and brackens. On a bleak day, there is but little beauty in such a glen; but when the sun is cloudless, and all the light serene, it is a place where poet or painter may see visions, and dream dreams, of the very age of gold. At such seasons there is a homefelt feeling of humble reality, blending with the emotions of imagination. In such places, the low-born, high-souled poets of old breathed forth their songs, and hymns, and elegies,—the undying lyrical poetry of the heart of Scotland.

Take the remotest Cottage first in order, HILL-FOOT, and hear who are its inmates—the Schoolmaster and his spouse. The school-house stands on a little unappropriated piece of ground—at least it seems to be so—quite at the head of the glen—for there the hills sink down, on each side, and afford an easy access to the seat of learning from two neighbouring vales, both in the same parish. Perhaps thirty scholars are there taught—and with their small fees, and his small salary, Allan Easton is contented. Allan was originally intended for the Church, but some peccadilloes obstructed his progress with the Presbytery, and he never was a preacher. That disappointment of all his hopes was for many years grievously felt, and somewhat soured his mind with the world. It is often impossible to recover one single false step in the slippery road of life—and Allan Easton, year after year, saw himself falling farther and farther into the rear of almost all his contemporaries. One became a minister and got a manse, with a stipend of thirty chalders; another grew into an East India Nabob; one married the laird's widow, and kept a pack of hounds—another expanded into a colonel—one cleared a plum by a cotton-mill—another became the Cræsus of a bank—while Allan, who had beat them all hollow at all the classes, wore second-hand clothes, and lived on the same fare with the poorest hind in the parish. He had married, rather too late, the partner of his frailties—and after many

trials, and, as he thought, not a few persecutions, he got settled at last, when his head, not very old, was getting grey, and his face somewhat wrinkled. His wife, during his worst poverty, had gone again into service, the lot, indeed, to which she had been born; and Allan had struggled and starved upon private teaching. His appointment to the parish-school had, therefore, been to them both a blessed elevation. The office was respectable—and loftier ambition had long been dead. Now they are old people—considerably upwards of sixty—and twenty years' professional life have converted Allan Easton, once the wild and eccentric genius, into a staid, solemn, formal, and pedantic pedagogue. All his scholars love him, for even in the discharge of such very humble duties, talents make themselves felt and respected; and the kindness of an affectionate and once sorely wounded, but now healed heart, is never lost upon the susceptible imaginations of the young. Allan has sometimes sent out no contemptible scholars, as scholars go in Scotland, to the universities; and his heart has warmed within him when he has read their names, in the newspaper from the manse, in the list of successful competitors for prizes. During vacation-time, Allan and his spouse leave their cottage locked up, and disappear, none know exactly whither, on visits to an old friend or two, who have not altogether forgotten them in their poverty. During the rest of the year, his only out-of-doors amusement is an afternoon's angling, an art in which it is universally allowed he excels all mortal men, both in river and loch; and often, during the long winter nights, when the shepherd is walking by his dwelling, to visit his "ain lassie," down the burn, he hears Allan's fiddle playing, in the solitary silence, some one of those Scottish melodies, that we know not whether it be cheerful or plaintive, but soothing to every heart that has been at all acquainted with grief. Rumour says too, but rumour has not a scrupulous conscience, that the Schoolmaster, when he meets with pleasant company, either at home or a friend's house, is not averse to a hospitable cup, and that then the memories of other days crowd upon his brain, and loosen his tongue into elo-

quence. Old Susan keeps a sharp warning eye upon her husband on all such occasions; but Allan braves its glances, and is forgiven.

We see only the uncertain glimmer of their dwelling through the low-lying mist: and therefore we cannot describe it, as if it were clearly before our eyes. But should you ever chance to angle your way up to HILL-FOOT, admire Allan Easton's flower-garden, and the jargonel pear-tree on the southern gable. The climate is somewhat high, but it is not cold; and except when the spring-frosts come late and sharp, there do all blossoms and fruits abound, on every shrub and tree native to Scotland. You will hardly know how to distinguish—or rather, to speak in clerly phrase, to analyse the sound prevalent over the fields and air, for it is made up of that of the burn, of bees, of old Susan's wheel, and the hum of the busy school! But now it is the play-hour, and Allan Easton comes into his kitchen for his frugal dinner. Brush up your Latin, and out with a few of the largest trouts in your pannier. Susan fries them in fresh butter and oatmeal—the grey-haired pedagogue asks a blessing—and a merrier man, within the limits of becoming mirth, you never passed an hour's talk withal. So much for Allan Easton and Susan his spouse.

You look as if you wished to ask, who inhabits the Cottage—on the left hand yonder—that stares upon us with four front windows, and pricks up its ears like a new-started hare. Why, sir, that was once a Shooting-box. It was built about twenty years ago, by a sporting gentleman, of two excellent double-barrelled guns, and three staunch pointers. He attempted to live there, several times, from the 12th of August till the end of September, and went pluffing disconsolately among the hills, from sunrise to sunset. He has been long married and dead; and the Box, they say, is now haunted. It has been attempted to be let furnished, and there is now a board to that effect hung out like an escutcheon. Picturesque people say, it ruins the whole beauty of the glen; but we must not think so, for it is not in the power of the ugliest house that ever was built to do that, although, to effect such a purpose, it is unquestionably

a skilful contrivance. The window-shutters have been closed for many years, and the chimneys look as if they had breathed their last. It stands in a perpetual eddy, and the ground shelves so all around it, that there is barely room for a barrel to catch the rain-drippings from the slate-eaves. If it be indeed haunted, pity the poor ghost. You may have it on a lease of seven years, for merely paying the taxes. Every year it costs several pounds in advertisements. What a jointure-house it would be for a relict ! By name, WINDY-KNOWE.

Let us descend, then, from that most inclement front, into the lown boundaries of the HOLM. The farm-steading covers a goodly portion of the peninsula shaped by the burn, that here looks almost like a river. With its out-houses it forms three sides of a square, and the fourth is composed of a set of jolly stacks, that will keep the thrashing-machine at work during all the winter. The interior of the square rejoices in a glorious dunghill, (O breathe not the name,) that will cover every field with luxuriant harvests—fifteen bolls of wheat to the acre. There the cattle—oxen yet “lean, and lank, and brown as is the ribbed sea-sand,” will, in a few months, eat themselves up, on straw and turnip, into obesity. There turkeys walk demure—there geese waddle, and there the feathery-legged king of Bantam struts among his seraglio, keeping pertly aloof from double-combed Chanticleer, that squire of dames, crowing to his partlets. There a cloud of pigeons often descends among the corny chaff, and then whirrs off to the uplands. No chained mastiff looking grimly from the kennel’s mouth, but a set of cheerful and sagacious colleys are seen sitting on their hurdies, or “worrying ither in diversion.” A shaggy colt or two, and a brood mare, with a spice of blood, and a foal at her heels, know their shed, and evidently are favourites with the family. Out comes the master, a rosy-cheeked carl, upwards of six feet high, broad-shouldered, with a blue bonnet and velveteen breeches, a man not to be jostled on the crown o’ the causeway, and a match for any horse-couper from Bewcastle, or gipsy from Yet-holm. But let us into the kitchen. There’s the wife—a bit tidy body—and pretty withal—more authoritative in her quiet demeanour, than the

most tyrannical mere housekeeper that ever thumped a servant lass with the beetle. These three are her daughters. First, Girzie, the eldest—seemingly older than her mother, for she is somewhat hard-favoured, and strong red hair dangling over a squint eye, is apt to give an expression of advanced years, even to a youthful virgin. Vaccination was not known in Girzie’s babyhood, but she is, nevertheless, a clean-skinned creature, and her full bosom is white as snow. She is what is delicately called a strapper, rosy-armed as the morning, and not a little of an Aurora about the feet and ancles. She makes her way, in all household affairs, through every impediment, and will obviously prove, whenever the experiment is made, a most excellent wife. Mysie, the second daughter, is more composed, more genteel, and sits sewing, with her a favourite occupation, for she has very neat hands ; and is, in fact, the milliner and mantua-maker for all the house. She could no more lift that enormous pan of boiling water off the fire, than she could fly, which in the grasp of Girzie is safely landed on the hearth. Mysie has somewhat of a pensive look, as if in love—and we have heard that she is betrothed to young Mr Rentoul, the divinity student, who lately made a speech before the Anti-patronage Society, and therefore may reasonably expect very soon to get a kirk. But look—there comes dancing in from the ewe-bughts, the bright-eyed Bessy, the flower of the flock, the most beautiful girl in Almondale, and fit to be bosom-burd of the Gentle Shepherd himself ! O that we were a poet, to sing the innocence of her budding breast ! But—Heaven preserve us—what is the angelic creature about ? Making rumble-de-thumps ! Now she bruises the potatoes and cabbages as with pestle and mortar ! Ever and anon licking the butter off her fingers, and then dashing in the salt ! Methinks her laugh is out of all bounds loud—and unless my eyes deceived me, that stout lout whispered in her delicate ear some coarse jest, that made the eloquent blood mount up into her not undelighted countenance. Heavens and earth !—perhaps an assignation in the barn, or byre, or bush aboon Traquair. But the long dresser is set out with dinner—the gudeman’s bonnet is re-

verently laid aside—and if any stomach assembled there be now empty, it is not likely, judging from appearances, that it will be in that state again before next Sabbath—and it is now but the middle of the week. Was it not my Lord Byron who liked not to see women eat? Poo—poo—nonsense. We like to see them not only eat—but devour. Not a set of teeth round that kitchen-dresser, that is not white as the driven snow. Breath too (bating onions) sweet as dawn's-dew—the whole female frame full of health, freshness, spirit, and animation! Away all delicate wooers, thrice high-fantastical! The diet is wholesome—and the sleep will be sound—therefore eat away, Bessy—nor fear to laugh, although your pretty mouth be full—for we are no poet, to madden into misanthropy at your mastication; and, in spite of the heartiest meal ever virgin ate, to us these lips are roses still, “thy eyes are lode-stars, and thy breath sweet air.” Would for thy sake we had been born a shepherd-groom! No—no—no! For some few joyous years mayest thou wear thy silken snood unharmed, and silence with thy songs the linnets among the broom, at the sweet hour of prime. And then mayest thou plight thy troth—in all the warmth of innocence—to some ardent, yet thoughtful youth, who will carry his bride exultingly to his own low-roofed home—toil for her and the children at her knees, through summer's heat and winter's cold—and sit with her, in the kirk, when long years have gone by, a comely matron, attended by daughters acknowledged to be fair—but neither so fair, nor so good, nor so pious, as their mother.

What a contrast to the jocund Holm—is the ROWAN-TREE HUT—so still, and seemingly so desolate! It is close upon the public road, and yet so low, that you might pass it without observing its turf-roof. There live old Aggy Robinson, the carrier, and her consumptive daughter. Old Aggy has borne that epithet for twenty years, and her daughter is not under sixty. That poor creature is bed-ridden and helpless, and has to be fed almost like a child. Old Aggy has for many years had the same white pony—well named Sampson—that she drives three times a-week, all the year round, to and from the nearest market-town, carrying all sorts of articles to nearly

twenty different families, living miles apart. Every other day in the week—for there is but one Sabbath either to herself or Sampson—she drives coals, or peat, or wood, or lime, or stones for the roads. She is clothed in a man's coat, an old rusty beaver, and a red petticoat. Aggy never was a beauty, and now she is almost frightful, with a formidable beard, and a rough voice—and violent gestures, encouraging the overlaid enemy of the Philistines. But the poor creature, as soon as she enters her hut, is silent, patient, and affectionate, at her daughter's bed-side. They sleep on the same chaff-mattress, and she hears, during the dead of night, her daughter's slightest moan. Her voice is not rough at all, when the poor old creature says her solitary prayers; nor, we may be well assured, is one single whisper unheard in heaven.

Your eyes are wandering away to the eastern side of the vale, and they have fixed themselves on the Cottage of the SEVEN OAKS. The grove is a noble one; and, indeed, these are the only timber-trees in the valley. There is a tradition belonging to the grove, but we shall tell it some other time; now, we have to do with that mean-looking Cottage, all unworthy of such magnificent shelter. It is slated, and has a cold cheerless look,—almost a look of indigence. The walls are sordid in the streaked white-wash,—a wisp of straw supplies the place of a broken pane,—the door seems as if it were inhospitable,—and every object about is in untended disorder. The green pool in front, with its floating straws and feathers, and miry edge, is at once unhealthy and needless; the hedgerows are full of gaps, and open at the roots; the few garments spread upon them seem to have stiffened in the weather, forgotten by the person who placed them there; and half-starved young cattle are straying about in what once was a garden. Wretched sight it is; for that dwelling, although never beautiful, was once the tidiest and best kept in all the district. But what has misery to do with the comfort of its habitation?

The owner of that house was once a man well to do in the world; but he minded this world's goods more than was fitting to do, and made mammon his god. Abilities he possessed far beyond that of the common run of

men, and he applied them all, with all the energy of a strong mind, to the accumulation of wealth. Every rule of his life had that for its ultimate end; and he despised a bargain unless he outwitted his neighbour. Without any acts of downright knavery, he was not an honest man—hard to the poor—and a tyrannical master. He sought to wring from the very soil more than it could produce; his servants, among whom were his wife and daughter, he kept at work, like slaves, from twilight to twilight; and was a forstaller and a regrater—a character which, when Political Economy was unknown, was of all the most odious in the judgment of simple husbandmen. His spirits rose with the price of meal, and every handful dealt out to the beggar was paid like a tax. What could the Bible teach to such a man? What good could he derive from the calm air of the house of worship? He sent his only son to the city, with injunctions instilled into him to make the most of all transactions, at every hazard, but that of his money; and the consequence was, in a few years, shame, ruin, and expatriation. His only daughter, imprisoned, dispirited, enthralled, fell a prey to a sensual seducer; and being driven from her father's house, abandoned herself, in hopeless misery, to a life of prostitution. His wife, heart-broken by cruelty and affliction, was never afterwards altogether in her right mind, and now sits weeping by the hearth, or wanders off to distant places, lone houses and villages, almost in the condition of an idiot—wild-eyed, loose-haired, and dressed like a very beggar. Speculation after speculation failed—he had to curse four successive plentiful harvests—and his mailing was now destitute. The unhappy man grew sour, stern, fierce, in his calamity; and when his brain was inflamed with liquor, a dangerous madman. He is now a sort of cattle-dealer—buys and sells miserable horses—and at fairs associates with knaves and reprobates, knowing that no honest man will deal with him except in pity or derision. He has more than once attempted to commit suicide—but palsy has stricken him—and in a few weeks he will totter into the grave.

There is a Cottage in that hollow, and you see the smoke—even the chimney-top, but you could not see the Cottage itself, unless you were

within fifty yards of it, so surrounded is it with knolls and small green eminences, in a den of its own, a shoot or scion from the main stem of the valley. It is called *The Broom*, and there is something singular, and not uninteresting, in the history of its owner. He married very early in life, indeed when quite a boy, which is not, by the way, very unusual among the peasantry of Scotland, prudent and calculating as is their general character. Gabriel Adamson, before he was thirty years of age, had a family of seven children, and a pretty family they were as might be seen in all the parish. Gabriel's life was in theirs, and his mind never wandered far from his fire-side. His wife was of a consumptive family, and that insidious and fatal disease never showed in her a single symptom during ten years of marriage; but one cold evening awoke it at her very heart, and in less than two months it hurried her into the grave. Poor creature, such a spectre! when her husband used to carry her, for the sake of a little temporary relief, from chair to couch, and from her couch back again to her bed, twenty times in a day, he never could help weeping, with all his consideration, to feel her frame as light as a bundle of leaves. The medical man said, that in all his practice he never had known soul and body keep together in such utter attenuation. But her soul was as clear as ever—and pain, racking pain, was in her fleshless bones. Even he, her loving husband, was relieved from woe when she expired, for no sadness, no sorrow, could be equal to the misery of groans from one so patient and so resigned. Perhaps consumption is infectious; so, at least, it seemed here; for first one child began to droop, and then another—the elder ones first—and within the two following years, there were almost as many funerals from this one house as from all the others in the parish. Yes—they all died—of the whole family not one was spared. Two, indeed, were thought to have pined away in a sort of fearful foreboding—and a fever took off a third—but four certainly died of the same hereditary complaint with the mother; and not a voice was heard in the house. Gabriel Adamson did not desert the Broom; and the farm-work was still carried on, nobody could tell how. The servants,

to be sure, knew their duty, and often performed it without orders. Sometimes the master put his hand to the plough, but oftener he led the life of a shepherd, and was by himself among the hills. He never smiled—and at every meal, he still sat like a man about to be led out to die. But what will not retire away—recede—disappear from the vision of the souls of us mortals? Tenacious as we are of our griefs, even more than of our joys, both elude our grasp. We gaze after them with longing or self-upbraiding aspirations for their return, but they are shadows, and like shadows vanish. Then human duties, lowly though they may be, have their sanative and salutary influence on our whole frame of being. Without their performance conscience cannot be still; with it, conscience brings peace in extremity of evil. Then occupation kills grief, and industry abates all passion. No balm for sorrow like the sweat of the brow poured into the furrows of the earth, in the open air, and beneath the sunshine of heaven. These truths were felt by Gabriel Adamson, the childless widower, long before they were understood by him; and when two years had gone drearily, ay dismally, almost despairingly, by—he began at times to feel something like happiness when sitting among his friends in the kirk, or at their fire sides, or in the labours of the field, or even on the market-day, among this world's concerns. Thus, they who knew him and his sufferings, were pleased to recognize what might be called resignation and its grave tranquillity, while strangers discerned in him nothing more than a staid and solemn demeanour, which might be natural to many a man never severely tried, and offered no interruption to the cheerfulness that pervaded their ordinary life.

Gabriel Adamson had a cousin, a few years younger than himself, who had also married when a girl, and when a little more than a girl had been left a widow. Her parents were both dead, and she had lived for some years, as an upper servant, or rather companion and friend, in the house of a relation. As cousins, they had all their lives been familiar and affectionate, and Alice Gray had frequently lived for months at a time, at the Broom, taking care of the children, and in all respects one of the family. Their conditions

were now almost equally desolate, and a deep sympathy made them now more firmly attached than they ever could have been in better days. Still, nothing at all resembling love was in either of their hearts, nor did the thought of marriage ever pass across their imaginations. They found, however, increasing satisfaction in each other's company; and looks and words of sad and sober endearment gradually bound them together in affection stronger far than either could have believed. Their friends saw and spoke of the attachment, and of its probable result, long before they were aware of its full nature; and nobody was surprised, but, on the contrary, all were well pleased, when it was understood that Gabriel Adamson and Alice Gray were to be man and wife. There was something almost mournful in their marriage—no rejoicing—no merry-making—but yet visible symptoms of gratitude, contentment, and peace. An air of cheerfulness was not long of investing the melancholy Broom—the very swallows twittered more gladly from the window-corners, and there was joy in the cooing of the pigeons on the sunny roof. The farm awoke through all its fields, and the farm-servants once more sang and whistled at their work. The wandering beggar, who remembered the charity of other years, looked with no cold expression on her who now dealt out his dole; and as his old eyes were dimmed with tears for the sake of those who were gone, gave a fervent blessing on the new mistress of the house, and prayed that she might live for many years. The neighbours, even they who had best loved the dead, came in with cheerful countenances, and acknowledged in their pensive hearts, that since change is the law of life, there was no one, far or near, whom they could have borne to see sitting in that chair but Alice Gray. Gabriel knew their feelings from their looks, and his fireside blazed once more with a cheerful lustre.

O, gentle reader, young perhaps, and inexperienced of this world, wonder not at this so great change! Thy heart is full, perhaps of a pure and holy affection, nor can it die, even for an hour of sleep. May it never die but in the grave! Yet die it may, and leave thee blameless. The time may come when that bosom, now thy Elysium, will awaken not, with all its

heaving beauty, one single passionate or adoring sigh. Those eyes, that now stream agitation and bliss into thy throbbing heart, may, on some not very distant day, be cold to thy imagination, as the distant and unheeded stars. That voice now thrilling through every nerve, and expressive of Paradise, may fall on thy ear a disregarded sound. Other hopes, other fears, other troubles, may possess thee wholly—and that more than angel of Heaven seem to fade away into a shape of earth's most common clay. But here there was no change—no forgetfulness—no oblivion—no faithlessness to a holy trust. The widower still saw his Hannah, and all his seven sweet children—now fair in life—now pale in death. Sometimes, perhaps, the sight, the sound—their smiles, and their voices, disturbed him till his heart quaked within him, and he wished that he too was dead. But God it was who had removed them from our earth—and was it possible to doubt that they were all in blessedness? Shed your tears over change from virtue to vice, happiness to misery; but weep not for those still, sad, mysterious processes by which gracious Nature alleviates the afflictions of our mortal lot, and enables us to endure the life which the Lord our God has given us. Ere long, Gabriel Adamson and his wife could bear to speak of those who were now no more seen; when the phantoms rose before them in the silence of the night, they all wore pleasant and approving countenances, and the beautiful family often came from Heaven to visit their father in his dreams. He did not wish, much less hope in this life, for such happiness as had once been his—nor did Alice Gray, even for one hour, imagine that such happiness was in her power to bestow. They knew each other's hearts—what they had suffered and survived—and since the meridian of life and joy was gone, they were contented with the pensive twilight.

Look, there is a pretty Cottage—by name *LEASIDE*—one that might almost do for a painter—just sufficiently shaded by trees, and showing a new aspect every step you take, and each new aspect beautiful. There is, it is true, neither moss nor lichens, nor weather-stains on the roof—but all is smooth, neat, trim, deep thatch, from rigging to eaves,

with a picturesque elevated window covered with the same material, and all the walls white as snow. The whole building is at all times as fresh as if just washed by a vernal shower. Competence breathes from every lattice, and that porch has been reared more for ornament than defence, although, no doubt, it is useful both in March and November winds. Every field about it is like a garden, and yet the garden is brightly conspicuous amidst all the surrounding cultivation. The hedgerows are all clipped, for they have grown there for thirty years, at least, and the shears were necessary to keep them down, from shutting out the vista of the lovely vale. That is the dwelling of Adam Airlie the Elder. Happy old man! This life has gone uniformly well with him and his; yet, had it been otherwise, there is a power in his spirit that would have sustained the severest inflictions of Providence. His gratitude to God is something solemn and awful, and ever accompanied with a profound sense of his utter unworthiness of all the long-continued mercies vouchsafed to his family. His own happiness prolonged to extreme old age, has not closed within his heart one source of pity or affection for his brethren of mankind. In his own guiltless conscience, guiltless before man, he yet feels incessantly the frailties of his nature, and is meek, humble, and penitent as the greatest sinner. He, his wife, an old faithful female servant, and a sweet grand-daughter of twelve years, now form the whole household. His three sons have all prospered in the world. The eldest went abroad when a mere boy, and many fears went with him, a bold, adventurous, and somewhat reckless creature. But consideration came to him in a foreign climate, and tamed down his ardent mind to a thoughtful, not a selfish prudence. Twenty years he lived in India—and what a blessed day was the day of his return! Yet in the prime of life, by disease unbroken, and with a heart full to overflowing with all its old sacred affections, he came back to his father's lowly cottage, and wept as he crossed the threshold. His parents needed not any of his wealth, but they were blamelessly proud, nevertheless, of his honest acquisitions—proud when he became a landholder in his native

parish, and employed the sons of his old companions, and some of his old companions themselves, in the building of his unostentatious mansion, or in cultivating the wild but not unlovely moor, which was dear to him for the sake of the million remembrances that clothed the bare banks of its lochs, and murmured in the little stream that ran among the pastoral braes. The new mansion is a couple of miles from his parental Cottage ; but not a week, indeed seldom half that time elapses, without a visit to that dear dwelling. They likewise not unfrequently visit him—for his wife is dear to them as a daughter of their own—and the ancient couple delight in the noise and laughter of his pretty flock. Yet the son understands perfectly well that aged people love best their own roof—and that its familiar quiet is every day dearer to their habituated affections. Therefore he makes no parade of filial tenderness—forces nothing new upon them—is glad to see the uninterrupted tenour of their humble happiness ; and if they are proud of him, which all the parish knows, so is there not a child within its bounds that does not know, that Mr Airlie, the rich gentleman from India, loves his poor father and mother as tenderly as if he had never left their roof ; and is prouder of them too, than if they were clothed in fine raiment and fared sumptuously every day. Mr Airlie of the Mount has his own seat in the gallery of the Kirk—his father, as an Elder, sits below the pulpit—but occasionally the pious and proud son joins his mother in the pew where he and his brothers sat long ago ; and every Sabbath one or other of his children takes its place beside the venerated matron. The old man generally leaves the churchyard leaning on his Gilbert's arm—and although the sight has long been so common as to draw no attention, yet no doubt there is always an under and unconscious pleasure in many a mind witnessing the sacredness of the bond of blood. Now and then the old matron is prevailed upon, when the weather is bad and roads miry, to take a seat home in the carriage—but the Elder always prefers walking thither with his son, and he is stout and hale, although upwards of threescore and ten years.

Walter, the second son, is a captain

in the navy, having served for years before the mast. His mind is in his profession, and he is perpetually complaining of being unemployed—a ship—a ship, is still the burden of his song. But when at home—which he often is, for weeks together—he attaches himself to all the on-goings of rural life, as devotedly as if a plougher of the soil instead of the sea. His mother wonders, with tears in her eyes, why, having a competency, he should still wish to provoke the dangers of the deep ; and beseeches him sometimes to become a farmer in his native vale. And perhaps more improbable things have happened ; for the captain, it is said, has fallen desperately in love with the daughter of the clergyman of a neighbouring parish, and the doctor will not give his consent to the marriage, unless he promise to live, if allowed, on shore. The political state of Europe certainly seems at present favourable to the consummation of the wishes of all parties.

Of David, the third son, who has not heard, that has heard anything of the pulpit eloquence of Scotland ?—Should his life be spared, there can be no doubt that he will one day or other be Moderator of the General Assembly, perhaps Professor of Divinity in a College. Be that as it may, a better Christian never expounded the truth of the gospel, although some folks pretend to say that he is not evangelical. He is however, beloved by the poor—the orphan and the widow ; and his religion, powerful in the kirk to a devoutly listening congregation, is so too at the sick-bed, when only two or three are gathered around it, and when the dying man feels how a fellow-creature can, by scriptural aids, strengthen his trust in the mercy of God.

Every year, on each birth-day of their sons, the old people have a festival—in May, in August, and on Christmas. The sailor alone looks disconsolate as a bachelor, but that reproach will be wiped away before autumn ; and should God grant the cottagers a few more years, some new faces will yet smile upon the holidays ; and there is in their unwithered hearts warm love enough for all that may join the party. We too—yes, gentle reader—we too shall be there—as we have often been during the last ten years—and you yourself will judge from all you know of us, if we have a heart to

understand and enjoy such rare felicity.

Let us be off to the mountains, and endeavour to interest our beloved reader in a Highland Cottage—in any one, taken at hap-hazard, from a hundred. You have been roaming all day among the mountains, and perhaps seen no house except at a dwindling distance. Probably you have wished not to see any house, but a ruined shieling—a deserted hut—or an unroofed and dilapidated shed for the out-lying cattle of some remote farm. But now the sun has inflamed all the western heaven, and darkness will soon descend. There is a muteness in the desert more stern and solemn than during unfaded daylight. List—the faint, far-off, subterranean sound of the bagpipe! Some old soldier, probably, playing a gathering or a coronach. The narrow dell widens and widens into a great glen, in which you just discern the blue gleam of a loch. The martial music is more distinctly heard—loud, fitful, fierce, like the trampling of men in battle. Where is the piper? In a cave, or within the Fairies' knoll? At the door of a hut. His eyes are extinguished by ophthalmia, and there he sits fronting the sunlight, stone-blind. Long silver hair flows down his broad shoulders, and you perceive that when he rises he will rear up a stately bulk. The music stops, and you hear the bleating of goats. There they come, dancing down the rocks, and stare upon the stranger. The old soldier turns himself towards the voice of the Sassenach, and with the bold courtesy of the camp, bids him enter the hut. One minute's view has sufficed to imprint the vision for ever on the memory—a hut whose turf walls and roof are incorporated with the living mountain, and seem not the work of man's hand, but the casual architecture of some convulsion—the tumbling down of fragments from the mountain side by raging torrents, or a partial earthquake; for all the scenery about is torn to pieces—like the scattering of some wide ruin. The imagination dreams of the earliest days of our race, when men harboured, like the other creatures, in places provided by nature. But even here, there are visible traces of cultivation working in the spirit of a mountainous region—a few glades of the purest verdure open-

ed out among the tall brackens, with a birch tree or two dropped just where the eye of taste could have wished, had the painter planted the sapling, instead of the winds of heaven having wafted thither the seed—a small croft of barley, surrounded by a cairn-like wall, made up of stones cleared from the soil, and a patch of potatoe ground, neat almost as the garden that shows in a nook its fruit-bushes, and a few flowers. All the blasts that ever blow must be unavailing against the briary rock that shelters the hut from the air of storms; and the smoke may rise under its lee, unwavering on the windiest day. There is a sweetness in all the air, and the glen is noiseless, except with the uncertain murmur of the now unswollen waterfalls. That is the croak of the raven sitting on his cliff half way up Benevis; and hark, the last belling of the red-deer, as the herd lies down in the mist among the last ridge of heather, blending with the shrubless stones, rocks, and cliffs that girdle the upper regions of the vast mountain.

Within the dimness of the hut you hear greetings in the Gaelic tongue, in a female voice, and when the eye has by and by become able to endure the smoke, it discerns the household—the veteran's ancient dame—a young man that may be his son, or rather his grandson, but whom you soon know to be neither, with black, matted locks, the keen eye, and the light limbs of the hunter—a young married woman his wife, suckling a child, and yet with a girlish look, as if, but one year before her silken snood had been untied—and a lassie of ten years, who had brought home the goats, and now sits timidly in a nook eyeing the stranger. The low growl of the huge, brindled stag-hound had been hushed by a word, on your first entrance, and the noble animal watches his master's eye, which he obeys in his freedom throughout all the wild bounds of the forest-chase. A napkin is taken out of an old worm-eaten chest, and spread over a strangely carved table, that seems to have belonged once to a place of pride; and the hungry and thirsty stranger scarcely knows which most to admire, the broad bannocks of barley-meal, and the huge roll of butter, or the giant bottle, whose mouth exhales the strong savour of conquering Glenlivet. The board is spread, why not fall to and

eat? First bethanks given to the great God of the wilderness. The blind man holds up his hand and prays in a low chaunting voice, and then breaks bread for the lips of the stranger. On such an occasion is felt the sanctity of the meal shared by human beings brought accidentally together—the salt is sacred—and the hearth an altar.

No great travellers are we, yet have we seen something of this habitable globe. The Highlands of Scotland is but a small region, nor is its interior by any means so remote as the interior of Africa. Yet is the life of man here far indeed remote from the life of almost any man who subscribes to this Magazine. The life of that very blind veteran might, in better hands than ours, make an interesting history. In his youth he had been a shepherd—a herdsman—a hunter—something even of a poet. For thirty years he had been a soldier—in many climates, and many conflicts. Since first he bloodied his bayonet, how many thousands on thousands of his commilitones had been buried in heaps! Flung into trenches dug on the field of battle! How many famous captains had shone in the blaze of their fame—faded into the light of common day—died in obscurity, and been utterly forgotten! What fierce passions must have agitated the frame of that now calm old man! On what dreadful scenes of plunder, rape, and murder, when forts and towns were taken by storm, must those eyes, now withered into nothing, have glared with all the fury of a victorious soldier, raging in the lust of blood! Now peace is with him for evermore. Nothing to speak of the din of battle, but his own pipes wailing or raging among the hollow of the mountains. In relation to his campaigning career, his present life is as the life of another state. The pageantry of war has all rolled off and away for ever; all its actions but phantoms now of a dimly-remembered dream. He thinks of his former self, as sergeant in the Black-watch, and almost thinks he beholds another man. In his long—long blindness, he has created another world to himself out of new voices—the voices of new generations, and of torrents thundering all year-long round about his hut. Almost all the savage has been tamed within him, and an awful religion falls deeper and deeper upon him, as he knows how he is nearing the grave. Often

his whole mind is dim, for he is exceedingly old, and then he sees only fragments of his youthful life—the last forty years are as if they had never been—and he hears shouts and huzzas, that half a century ago rent the air with victory. He can still chaunt, in a hoarse broken voice, battle-hymns and dirges; and thus strangely forgetful, and strangely tenacious of the past, linked to this life by ties that only the mountaineer can know, and yet feeling himself on the brink of the next, Old Blind Donald Roy, the Giant of the Hut of the Three Torrents, will not scruple to quaff the “strong waters,” till his mind is awakened—brightened—dimmed—darkened—and seemingly extinguished in drunkenness like death, till the sunrise again smites him, as he lies in a heap among the heather; and then he lifts up, unashamed and remorseless, that head, which, with its long silvery hairs, a painter might choose for the image of a saint about to become a martyr.

Were the supposition not somewhat odious, gentle reader, we should for a moment suppose you to be a Cockney. No doubt you have been at Epping Hunt; and a good hunt it is, when Tims is Nimrod. Come hither, then, with us, to the forest that surrounds the Hut of the Three Torrents. Let us leave old Donald asleep after a debauch, and go with his son-in-law, Lewis of the light-foot, and Maida the stag-hound, surnamed the Throttler,

“Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trod
To his hills that encircle the sea.”

We have been ascending mountain-range after mountain-range, before sunrise; and lo! night is gone, and nature rejoices in the day through all her solitudes! Still as death, yet as life cheerful—and unspeakable grandeur in the sudden revelation. Where is the wild-deer herd?—where, ask the keen eyes of Maida, is the forest of antlers?—Lewis of the light-foot bounds before, with his long gun pointing towards the mists now gathered up to the summits of Benevis. Not a word is heard, only our own panting breath.

But here let us call in to our aid a poem written by one who knows the Highlands well,—and will not grudge, we hope, to see his poetry among our prose; we mean Professor Wilson.

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.*

MAGNIFICENT Creature ! so stately and bright !
 In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight ;
 For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
 Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head ;
 Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale ?—
 —Hail ! King of the wild and the beautiful !—hail !
 Hail ! Idol divine ! whom Nature hath borne
 O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
 Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,
 As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore ;
 For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
 Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up ! up to yon cliff ! like a King to his throne !
 O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
 A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
 Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
 There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast—
 Lo ! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at rest ;
 And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill !
 In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie still—
 Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
 Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height.
 One moment—thou bright Apparition !—delay !
 Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,
 The wild spirit hung in majestical mirth :
 In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss,
 O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss ;
 O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous motion,
 Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the ocean !
 Then proudly he turn'd ere he sank to the dell,
 And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell,
 While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,
 Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

The ship of the desert hath pass'd on the wind,
 And left the dark ocean of mountains behind !
 But my spirit will travel wherever she flee,
 And behold her in pomp o'er the rim of the sea—
 Her voyage pursue—till her anchor be cast
 In some cliff-girdled haven of beauty at last.

What lonely magnificence stretches around !
 Each sight how sublime ! and how awful each sound !
 All hush'd and serene, as a region of dreams,
 The mountains repose 'mid the roar of the streams,
 Their glens of black umbrage by cataracts riven,
 But calm their blue tops in the beauty of Heaven.
 Here the glory of nature hath nothing to fear—
 —Ay ! Time the destroyer in power hath been here ;
 And the forest that hung on yon mountain so high,
 Like a black thunder cloud on the arch of the sky,
 Hath gone, like that cloud, when the tempest came by.
 Deep sunk in the black moor, all worn and decay'd,
 Where the floods have been raging, the limbs are display'd

Of the Pine-tree and Oak sleeping vast in the gloom,
The kings of the forest disturb'd in their tomb.

E'en now, in the pomp of their prime, I behold
O'erhanging the desert the forests of old !
So gorgeous their verdure, so solemn their shade,
Like the heavens above them, they never may fade.
The sunlight is on them—in silence they sleep—
A glimmering glow, like the breast of the deep,
When the billows scarce heave in the calmness of morn.
—Down the pass of Glen-Etive the tempest is borne,
And the hill side is swinging, and roars with a sound
In the heart of the forest embosom'd profound.
Till all in a moment the tumult is o'er,
And the mountain of thunder is still as the shore
When the sea is at ebb ; not a leaf nor a breath
To disturb the wild solitude, steadfast as death.

From his eyrie the eagle hath soar'd with a scream,
And I wake on the edge of the cliff from my dream ;
—Where now is the light of thy far-beaming brow ?
Fleet son of the wilderness ! where art thou now ?
—Again o'er yon crag thou return'st to my sight,
Like the horns of the moon from a cloud of the night !
Serene in thy travel—as soul in a dream—
Thou needest no bridge o'er the rush of the stream.
With thy presence the pine-grove is fill'd, as with light,
And the caves, as thou passest, one moment are bright.
Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on the rock
'Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's shock,
Thou fling'st thy bold beauty, exulting and free,
O'er a pit of grim blackness, that roars like the sea.

His voyage is o'er !—As if struck by a spell,
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell,
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamour'd of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that ended its race—
A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven !

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee !
Magnificent prison enclosing the free !
With rock-wall encircled—with precipice crown'd,
Which, awoke by the sun, thou can'st clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather kind Nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep ;
And close to that covert, as clear as the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold
Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold !
How lonesome ! how wild ! yet the wildness is rife
With the stir of enjoyment—the spirit of life.
The glad fish leaps up in the heart of the lake,
Whose depths, at the sullen plunge, sullenly quake !
Elate on the fern-branch the grasshopper sings,
And away in the midst of his roundelay springs ;
'Mid the flowers of the heath, not more bright than himself,
The wild-bee is busy, a musical elf—
Then starts from his labour, unwearied and gay,
And, circling the antlers, booms far, far away.

While high up the mountains, in silence remote,
 The cuckoo unseen is repeating his note,
 And mellowing echo, on watch in the skies,
 Like a voice from some loftier climate replies.
 With wide-branching antlers a guard to his breast,
 There lies the wild Creature, even stately in rest !
 'Mid the grandeur of nature, composed and serene,
 And proud in his heart of the mountainous scene,
 He lifts his calm eye to the eagle and raven,
 At noon sinking down on smooth wings to their haven,
 As if in his soul the bold Animal smiled
 To his friends of the sky, the joint-heirs of the wild.

Yes! fierce looks thy nature, even hush'd in repose—
 In the depth of thy desert regardless of foes.
 Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar
 With a haughty defiance to come to the war !
 No outrage is war to a creature like thee !
 The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
 As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
 And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
 In the beams of thy forehead that glitter with death,
 In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,—
 In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar,—
 In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more,—
 Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign !
 —But what if the stag on the mountain be slain ?
 On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay
 Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
 While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
 From the death that is spurned from his furious feet :
 And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
 As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.
 High life of a hunter! he meets on the hill
 The new waken'd daylight, so bright and so still ;
 And feels, as the clouds of the morning unroll,
 The silence, the splendour, ennoble his soul.
 'Tis his o'er the mountains to stalk like a ghost,
 Enshrouded with mist, in which nature is lost,
 Till he lifts up his eyes, and flood, valley, and height,
 In one moment all swim in an ocean of light ;
 While the sun, like a glorious banner unfurl'd,
 Seems to wave o'er a new, more magnificent world.
 'Tis his—by the mouth of some cavern his seat—
 The lightning of heaven to hold at his feet,
 While the thunder below him that growls from the cloud,
 To him comes an echo more awfully loud.
 When the clear depth of noon-tide, with glittering motion,
 O'erflows the lone glens—an aerial ocean—
 When the earth and the heavens, in union profound,
 Lie blended in beauty that knows not a sound—
 As his eyes in the sunshiny solitude close
 'Neath a rock of the desert in dreaming repose,
 He sees, in his slumbers, such visions of old
 As his wild Gaelic songs to his infancy told ;
 O'er the mountains a thousand plumed hunters are borne,
 And he starts from his dreams at the blast of the horn.

Yes! child of the desert! fit quarry wert thou
 For the hunter that came with a crown on his brow,—
 By princes attended with arrow and spear,
 In their white-tented camp, for the warfare of deer.

In splendour the tents on the green summit stood,
 And brightly they shone from the glade in the wood,
 And, silently built by a magical spell,
 The pyramid rose in the depth of the dell.
 All mute was the palace of Lochy that day,
 When the king and his nobles—a gallant array—
 To Gleno or Glen-Etive came forth in their pride,
 And a hundred fierce stags in their solitude died.
 Not lonely and single they passed o'er the height—
 But thousands swept by in their hurricane flight;
 And bow'd to the dust in their trampling tread
 Was the plumage on many a warrior's head.
 —“ Fall down on your faces !—the herd is at hand !”
 —And onwards they came like the sea o'er the sand ;
 Like the snow from the mountain when loosen'd by rain,
 And rolling along with a crash to the plain ;
 Like a thunder-split oak tree, that falls in one shock
 With his hundred wide arms from the top of the rock,
 Like the voice of the sky, when the black cloud is near,
 So sudden, so loud, came the tempest of Deer.

Wild mirth of the desert ! fit pastime for kings !
 Which still the rude Bard in his solitude sings.
 Oh reign of magnificence ! vanish'd for ever !
 Like music dried up in the bed of a river,
 Whose course hath been changed ! yet my soul can survey
 The clear cloudless morn of that glorious day,
 Yes ! the wide silent forest is loud as of yore,
 And the far-ebbed grandeur rolls back to the shore.

I wake from my trance ! lo ! the Sun is declining !
 And the Black-mount afar in his lustre is shining,
 —One soft golden gleam ere the twilight prevail !
 Then down let me sink to the cot in the dale,
 Where sings the fair maid to the viol so sweet,
 Or the floor is alive with her white twinkling feet.
 Down, down like a bird to the depth of the dell !
 —Vanish'd Creature ! I bid thy fair image farewell !

Nightfall—and we are once more at the Hut of the Three Torrents. Small Amy is grown familiar now, and almost without being asked, sings us the choicest of her Gaelic airs—a few too of Lowland melody—all merry, yet all sad—if in smiles begun, ending in a shower—or at least a tender mist of tears. O thou constant attender at Drury-Lane, Covent-Garden, or the Adelphi ! O Critic to Clark or Colburn, armed with the open-sesame of a free ticket ! Heard'st thou ever such a syren as this Celtic child ? Did we not always tell you that fairies were indeed realities of the twilight or moonlight world ? And she is their Queen. Hark ! What thunders of applause ! The waterfall at the head of the great Corrie thunders encore with a hundred echoes. O Lord, Cockney, what think you of an oyster-shop in the Strand ?—But the songs are over, and the small singer gone to her heather-

bed. There is a Highland moon !—The shield of an unfallen archangel. There are not many stars—but these two—ay, that One is sufficient to sustain the glory of the night. Be not alarmed at that low, wide, solemn, and melancholy sound. Runlets, torrents, rivers, lochs, and seas—reeds, heather, forests, caves, and cliffs—all are sound, sounding together a choral anthem.

Gracious heavens ! what mistakes have people fallen into when writing about Solitude ! A man leaves a town for a few months, and goes with his wife and family, and a travelling library, into some solitary glen. Friends are perpetually visiting him from afar, or the neighbouring gentry leaving their cards, while his servant-boy rides daily to the post-village for his letters and newspapers. And call you that solitude ? The whole world is with you morning, noon, and night. But go by yourself, without book or friend

and live a month in this hut at the head of Glenevis. Go at dawn among the cliffs of yonder pine-forest, and wait there till night hangs her moon-lamp in heaven. Commune with your own soul, and be still. Let the images of departed years arise, phantom-like of their own awful accord, from the darkness of your memory, and pass away into the wood-gloom, or the mountain-mist—Will conscience dread such spectres? Will you quake before them, and bow down your head on the mossy root of some old oak, and sob in the stern silence of the haunted place? Thoughts, feelings, passions, spectral deeds will come rushing around your lair, as with the sound of the wings of innumerable birds—ay, many of them like birds of prey, to gnaw your very heart. How many sacred duties undischarged! How many glorious opportunities neglected! How many base pleasures devoured! How many sins hugged! How many wickednesses perpetrated! The desert looks more grim—the heaven lowers—and the sun, like God's own eye, stares in upon your most secret spirit!

But this is not the solitude of that beautiful young shepherdess-girl of that Hut of the Three Torrents. Her soul is as clear, as calm as the pool, pictured at times by the floating clouds that let fall their shadows through among the overhanging birch-trees. What harm could she ever do? What harm could she ever think? She may have wept, for there is sorrow without sin; may have wept even at her prayers, for there is penitence free from all guilt, and innocence itself often kneels in contrition. Down the long glen she accompanies the stream to the house of God,—sings her psalms,—and returns wearied to her heather-bed. She is, indeed, a solitary child; the eagle and the raven, and the red deer, see that she is so,—and echo knows it when, from her airy cliff, she repeats the happy creature's song. Her world is within this one glen,—for all beyond has a dim character of imagination. In this glen she may live all her days,—here be wooed, won, wedded, buried. Buried—said I? Oh, why think of burial, when gazing on that resplendent head, that shakes joy and beauty far and wide over the desert? Interminable tracts of the shining day await her, the lonely darling of nature; nor dare Time ever to

eclipse the lustre of those wild-beaming eyes! Her beauty shall be immortal, like that of her country's fairies! So, Flower of the Wilderness, I wave towards thee a joyful,—though an everlasting farewell.

We have been rather happy in our description of a Highland hut; if you think not, attempt a better, and its miserable inferiority to the above of ours, will at once be obvious to the author. It is difficult to say wherein lies the difficulty of description. Most people are fond of rural sights and rural sounds; and yet most people, when they take a pen into their hand, make sad work of it. We suspect that the delight they feel is of a vague and general kind; and that when they come to describe in words, either their feelings, or the objects which have excited them, they experience an unexpected and painful surprise, that that should be so difficult which they had unthinkingly imagined must be so very easy. Now, to describe feelings is never easy to a mind of ordinary habits, for such minds have seldom analyzed their feelings in thoughts. That is a rare practice. To describe external objects, one by one, is no doubt easy; and accordingly it is often done very well. But to produce a picture in words, there must be a principle of selection, and that principle cannot be comprehended without much reflection on the mode in which external objects operate on the mind. Sometimes a happy genius, and sometimes a strong passion, vivifies a whole scene in a single line. But the observer of nature, who has neither genius, nor passion, nor metaphysics, can do little or nothing, but enumerate. That he may do with great accuracy, for he may be a noticing and sharp-sighted person. Not a feature of a landscape shall escape him—each sentence of his description shall contain a natural and true image, and ordinary people like himself will think it admirable. Yet shall it be altogether worthless, while one stanza of Burns wafts you into the very heart of Paradise.

From the eye of a poetical lover of nature, in process of time, everything unimpressive falls of itself away, and is really not visible. All the component parts of every new scene range themselves before his fancy, according to a scale of natural subordination. He scarcely can look at a scene amiss; its

character is revealed to his gifted—or rather say his practised eye; and he reads the physiognomy of the earth as rapidly and unerringly as, in the intercourse of life, the intelligent read the characters of men's minds in their countenances. Poor describers are so, often, from faintness of conception; but not always so. A man may have a strong and vivid conception, and yet be unable so to select qualities, as to bring the object they compose before the eyes of others. This is the commonest case; for people of weak or dim conception, feel no inclination to become either poets or painters. They are your prosers.

But without intensity of emotion accompanying the perception of the objects of external nature, no very popular picture in poetry can be painted. It will not do merely to feel a certain calm, equable pleasure, in looking upon them, and to transfuse a portion of that spirit into your descriptions; for the transfused spirit will be necessarily fainter than the faint original emotion. You must either feel, or have felt, transportedly; and, under the power of feeling, all objects will be in glitter or in gloom. Even in the calmest and most subdued tone of the true poet there is passion. However near the earth, he is still on the wing. This is remarkably the case with Wordsworth. In his very simplest poems—and some of them are too simple perhaps—there are always touches, traits, glimpses of genuine feeling—a feeling of fondness, or affection, or joy, or beauty. If you do not enjoy his descriptions, depend upon it, that nine times out of ten the fault is your own, and that your power of emotion is inadequate. In most cases, familiarity breeds contempt, but not if the creation be the subject. Wordsworth cannot bring himself to dislike a nettle—or a dock—or a mushroom; and we bet you a Set, that he will make a better poem on a gooseberry-bush, than you will do on the great Persian sycamore, which is about seventy feet in circumference.

Now the delight—the emotion of which we have been prosing away, pre-supposes knowledge. Knowledge of what? Knowledge of this beautiful round green earth. Do you suppose that Wordsworth is not a good naturalist, entomologist, botanist, agriculturist, and shepherd? That he is, to a

dead certainty. Now that keeps him from talking nonsense. There is not one mistake—one blunder, about any natural object, in all his poetry. What could have given him power to gather up all that rich and deep knowledge of insensate things? The love of beauty—wonder—and admiration—and the adoring soul of poetry. His thoughts are “never unstable nor desert him quite,” because the objects to which they cleave are lasting as the laws of external nature—immortal as the soul of man. When the Lyrical Ballads are obsolete, it will be about time for this world to shut up shop.

Look sharply into the writings of clever men, who have failed to delight, although they may have given pleasure. They were in general ignoramuses, at least on the subjects in which they had but this partial success. How many thousands and tens of thousands have written pastorals? Humble life, in Britain, has been written about, within these fifty years, in one form or another, by as many persons as are now in Edinburgh, Leith, and suburbs—about 150,000. Now, perhaps not above a dozen of all these have written anything that will live. Goldsmith, Cowper, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Scott, Burns, Ramsay, Hogg, Cunninghame, Bloomfield, Clare, and the author of *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*—All these writers, either by their birth or their habits of life, knew intimately their subject, from “turret to foundation-stone.” Hence one and all of them, according to the measure of his power, has turned his knowledge to account, and enlarged, it may be said, the nation's knowledge of its own character. We shall write a leading article on each of them, considered solely as Painters of the Poor.

Without trenching on the subject of these future leading articles, we may here observe, that it is curious to remark the difference between the effect on a mind of genius, of absolute personal experience, and of that kind of experience which is merely intimate, constant and extended observation, under favourable circumstances. Burns, Hogg, Cunninghame, and Clare, were absolute peasants, or shepherds, or masons—and in all their works there is, independently of their higher or lower genius, of which we do not now speak, a *something*, that he who

does not feel it as perpetually as one hears an accent, must be a block-head. Only by men so born such works could have been so conceived and executed. Most of the others were "in a manner born" among the same objects; but only "in a manner;" and the consequence is, that there is an ideal spirit in all their creations, often very beautiful, but sometimes leading away from truth; and we desiderate that intense reality which we behold with our own eyes in life. Accordingly, whatever rank such writings may hold in the literature of a country, we doubt if they ever will be domesticated by the firesides of that peasantry, whose character and occupation it is their ambition to describe.

If this article be getting tedious, (and if it had not been doing so, we should not have shoved it away to the other side of the table for these last two hours, while we discussed twintumblers,) any reader of common sense knows how to make it short enough. Shut the Magazine,—stretch out your pretty little feet, my dear,—lean back your head,—don't mind though the comb fall out, and let your auburn tresses salute the floor behind the sofa,—shut your eyes, and your mouth also, and may you dream of your lover! Mayhap he is not far off, but comes gliding into the room, and breathes a faint fond kiss over thy forehead. He blesses this long, sleepy leading article; and, at every unawakening kiss, means to become a subscriber,—yea, a Contributor.

Meanwhile, we are off to Westmoreland to speak of Cottages. Often and often have we determined to accept Mr Blackwood's very gentlemanly offer of five hundred for a guide to the Lakes. Gray the poet touched some of the scenes there with a pencil of light; but his are but sketches, and few in number. Old West was not a little of an enthusiast, and something more of an antiquary. But we suspect he was shortsighted, and wore spectacles. He had a fancy too that there were only a few points, or stations, from which a country could be satisfactorily looked at; and during all the intervening distances, the worthy priest whistled as he went for want of thought. His style, like a beetle, wheels its drowsy flight, and each paragraph reads like a bit of a sermon. Be-

sides, the whole character of the country is greatly changed,—and that for the better,—since his time, notwithstanding the disappearance of some old familiar faces. The Captain who "rambled for a fortnight," was a half-pay coxcomb, and ought never to have had his name printed anywhere but in the army list. He would fain be thought too a man of gallantry, and confabulates with every shepherdess he meets, as if she had been a Manchester spinning-jenny. It was lucky for him that some Rowland Long did not kick him out of the county. Then came poor Green,—a man of taste, feeling, and genius,—but as ignorant of the art of bookmaking, as if he had lived before the invention of printing. But his work is a mine, and out of it a Grub-street journeyman might manufacture a guide without leaving the sound of Bow-bell. He was followed by Mr Wordsworth, who, instead of a guide, presented the world with a treatise on the picturesque, the sublime, and the beautiful. It is needless to say, that his treatise overflows with fine and true thoughts and observations; nor does any man living better understand, or more deeply feel, the characteristic qualities of the scenery of Westmoreland. Yet it is somewhat heavy, even as a philosophical essay. For a Guide, Mr Wordsworth takes up a formidable position,—namely, on a cloud floating midway between the Great Gable and Scawfell. As maps are not uncommon, bird's-eye views of this kind are unnecessary; and when we write our Guide, we shall stick to Terra Firma.

We have qualifications for such a task, which neither Green nor Wordsworth possessed. We are non-residents—absentees. Had we lived twenty long years on the banks of Windermere, or Grassmere, or Keswick, or Ullswater, an impartial and reasonable work could no more have been expected from us, than it has been produced by either of the aforesaid gentlemen. Stationary inhabitants get insensibly imbued with all manner of prejudices, and forget entirely the general sympathies of the circulating population. They are apt to think that nobody can understand their scenery but themselves; and laugh in your face should you happen to deliver a heterodox opinion about a crag or a coppice, a flood or a fell. You must walk the valleys

in leading-strings—lift up your eyes only when ordered—and not venture even an exclamation till privileged by your guide's ejaculatory "glorious!" Birds of passage, like us, wish to enjoy unfettered the few months we can pass in that climate; and absurd as it may seem to these very imperative ornithologists, we wing our way at our own sweet will, over hill and dale, and perch at night wherever we find a pleasant shelter, in grove or single tree. This we have done for many summers, and frequently following, and as frequently deviating from, the sage advice of Messrs Wordsworth and Southey, Professor Wilson, Mr De Quincey, the celebrated opium-eater, Mr Hartley Coleridge, the gifted son of a gifted father, mild and mineralogical, Mr Maltby, and our hospitable and intelligent friend, Robert Partridge, Esq. of Covey-Cottage,—why, we have made ourselves as thoroughly acquainted with that county as any mother's son of them all; while, having no private pique, prejudice, or partiality whatever to gratify in regard to any mountain, lake, tarn, force, gill, or bowderstone, we hold ourselves, as the whole world must do, far better qualified than any one of those gentlemen to be the Historian of the Lakes.

A Westmoreland Cottage has scarcely any resemblance to a Scotch one. A Scotch Cottage (in the Lowlands) has rarely any picturesque beauty in itself—a narrow oblong, with steep thatched-roof, and an ear-like chimney at each of the two gable-ends. Many of the Westmoreland Cottages would seem, to an ignorant observer, to have been originally built on a model conceived by the finest poetical genius. In the first place, they are almost always built precisely where they ought to be, had the builder's prime object been to beautify the dale; at least, so we have often felt in moods, when perhaps our emotions were unconsciously soothed into complacency by the spirit of the scene. Where the sedgy brink of the lake or tarn circles into a lone bay, with a low hill of coppice-wood on one side, and a few tall pines on the other, no—it is a grove of sycamores,—there, about a hundred yards from the water, and about ten above its ordinary level, peeps out from its cheerful seclusion, that prettiest of all hamlets—Braithwaite-Fold. The hill

behind is scarcely sylvan—yet it has many hazels—a few bushes—here and there a holly—and why or wherefore, who can now tell, a grove of enormous yews. There is sweet pasturage among the rocks, and as you may suppose it a spring-day, mild without much sunshine, there is a bleating of lambs, a twitter of small birds, and the deep coo of the stock-dove. A wreath of smoke is always a feature of such a scene in description: but here there is now none, for probably the whole household are at work in the open air, and the fire, since fuel is not to be wasted, has been wisely suffered to expire on the earth. No. There is a volume of smoke, as if the chimney were in flame—a tumultuous cloud pours aloft, straggling and broken, through the broad slate stones that defend the mouth of the vomitory from every blast. The matron within is doubtless about to prepare dinner, and last year's rotten pea-sticks have soon heated the capacious gridiron. Let the smoke-wreath melt away at its leisure, and do you admire along with me, the infinite variety of all those little shelving and sloping roofs. Dear—dear is the thatch to the eyes of a son of Caledonia, for he remembers the house in which he was born; but what thatch was ever so beautiful as that slate from the quarry of the White Moss? Each one—no—not each one—but almost each one of these little overhanging roofs seems to have been slated, or repaired at least, in its own separate season, so various is the lustre of lichens that bathes the whole, as richly as ever rock was bathed fronting the sun on the mountain's brow. Here and there is seen some small window, before unobserved, curtained perhaps—for the statesman and the statesman's wife, and the statesman's daughters, have a taste—a taste inspired by domestic happiness, which, seeking simply comfort, unconsciously creates beauty, and whatever its homely hand touches, that it adorns. There would seem to be many fire-places in Braithwaite-Fold, from such a number of chimney-pillars, each rising up to a different altitude, from a different base, round as the bole of a tree—and elegant, as if shaped by Vitruvius. To us, we confess there is nothing offensive in the most glaring white rough-cast, that ever changed a Cottage into

a patch of sunny snow. Yet here that greyish tempered unobtrusive hue does certainly blend to perfection with roof, rock, and sky. Every instrument is in tune. Not even in sylvan glade, nor among the mountain rocks, did wanderer's eye ever behold a porch of meeting tree-stems, or reclining cliffs, more gracefully festooned, than the porch from which now issues the fairest of Westmeria's daughters. With one arm crossed before her eyes in a sudden burst of sunshine, with the

other Ellinor Inman waves to her little brother and sisters among the bark-peelers in the Rydal woods. The graceful signal is repeated till seen, and in a few minutes a boat steals twinkling from the opposite side of the lake, each tug of the youthful rowers distinctly heard through the hollow of the vale. A singing voice is heard—but it ceases—as if the singer were watching the echo—and is not now the picture complete? So too is our article.

THE SAINT AND THE DEMON.

SAINT.

How sweet is the state of the blessed in heaven,
Where their spirits are cleansed, and their sins are forgiven ;
And the thoughts and the cares of this being are driven
From their bosoms for ever and ever !—

DEMON.

How dismal and dreary are Tophet's grim caves !
And how wild are the screams of the suffering slaves,
While Eternity's pendulum over them waves,
And repeats in their ears,—NEVER, NEVER !—

SAINT.

The beatified spirits and angels of light,
With palms in their hands, and with robes shining bright,
Sit around the high throne of their God, day and night,
Singing hymns to the Holy Eternal.—

DEMON.

The ghosts of the cursed, in the place of despair,
With goblins and devils their dwelling must share ;
While the Evil One revels in cruelty there,
Midst weeping and wailing infernal !—

SAINT.

With loud hallelujahs our mansions resound,
When a spirit comes up from the earth's mortal ground ;
And with garlands of glory that spirit is crown'd,
When he enters the heavenly regions.

DEMON.

With gnashing of teeth, and one general yell,
That echoes around the wild caverns of hell,
We salute the poor wretch who is sentenced to dwell
With the rest of our terrible legions !—

SAINT.

The tomb of the just is a beautiful urn,
Where his canonized bones to their nature return ;
And pilgrims come far to admire and to mourn,
Till they, too, shall reach the blest havens.

DEMON.

The grave of the wicked is quickly forgot ;
Or remember'd, that good men may shun the dread spot ;
While, unwept and unprayed for, his body may rot
Like a carcase that's cast to the ravens !—

REMINISCENCES.—IRISH TRAVELLING.—MESSRS FLOOD, FITZ-GIBBON,
GRATTAN, CURRAN, &c.

It may be matter of question which occasions greater surprise, the sudden transportation of a Cockney cit to regions of Alpine magnificence, or of a mountain shepherd to the splendour of a great metropolis. Each is equally unprepared for the extraordinary novelty that meets his view; and were they present at each other's introduction, would equally wonder that anything like astonishment should be caused in the other, by that which long acquaintance had rendered familiar to himself. Surprise would, I believe, be nearly equal in both cases, but the character of the impression would differ—that proceeding from the stupendous works of nature, conveying something awful and terrible, which would be wanting in the other. I remember having been greatly amazed by an inland inhabitant's first view of the ocean; an object whose simple grandeur, especially when beheld from a lofty eminence, never fails to produce a powerful effect on the mind. Rivers he had seen, and perhaps a lake, but nothing that could convey an idea of the immense expanse of water presented by the great Atlantic. I took him to the top of a hill, from which this noble ocean at once opened to his view, and arrested his deepest attention. When convinced that it was water, (for at first he seemed to doubt of its real nature,) he gazed on it in speechless astonishment, unable to withdraw his eyes from the object of wonder, or to find any words capable of doing justice to the intensity of his feelings. He employed the chief part of his time, while he remained on the hill, in the same kind of mute admiration, but could not be persuaded to venture upon a nearer acquaintance. Being at one time with difficulty prevailed upon to get into a boat, part of which was on the shore, in order to see the nature of its construction, the boatman suddenly shoved her off, to his great surprise and discomfiture. At first he laid hold of one of the seats, and tugged most violently in the hope of pulling her back; but finding this unavailing, he fiercely jumped out, and waded on shore; thus disappointing the hopes of the crew, who looked for much fun from his fears and perplexity. The idea of sit-

ting in a little unsteady machine, rolling dangerously from side to side, so easy to be overturned, and at best with but one slight half-inch plank between him and eternity, was too terrible to be borne. The temerity of those who could so fearlessly expose themselves to such imminent danger, seemed to him little short of absolute madness; the confined nature of his own notions rendering him incapable of forming any judgment of the result of habit, and the power of education. He spoke only Irish, and probably the report he made on his return home had the usual fate of travellers' stories, in being thought too wonderful to be true.

They who have been born and bred in or near a large city, are utter strangers to the feelings of a young, or I believe an old person, on his first introduction to one. I have still a clear recollection of the emotions excited in me, first, by the near view, and subsequently, by entering the crowded streets of our Irish metropolis, which, though enlarged as well as improved since that time, was even then a great city. Exclusive of the astounding difference between the solitude and green fields of the country, and the interminable streets, noise, and populousness of a city, I could hardly persuade myself that I was not followed wherever I went by a tumultuous and annoying crowd. All seemed bent on overwhelming and distracting me; and my perpetual desire to stop and gaze at this or that, was as perpetually thwarted by the double tide of passengers, desirous, as it seemed, of hurrying me along in their respective currents. But the accommodating pliability of man soon reconciles him to new situations; and ere long I exchanged the character of a laughed-at novice for a laugher at novices.

This was at the time Ireland possessed what she called an Independent Parliament, and long before the mortifying idea occurred, of merging it in one great imperial legislature. Of the real nature of that Parliament, it is not within my purpose to speak, as I am only presenting reminiscences; and these, at that era of my life, refer to a state of mind very different from that which mature judgment would be in-

clined to form. An academical gown was then an undisputed passport to the gallery of the House of Commons ; a privilege afterwards abolished by Mr Foster, (now Lord Oriel,) who succeeded Mr Ponsonby as Speaker ; and for which interdiction, as I have been informed, had the maledictions of the students been operative, his peace of mind would have been in some danger. Whether an admission to the daily eloquence and wisdom of the Irish senate, was really conducive to the advantage of the young students, I do not know ; but it certainly was a very pleasant lounge. The proximity of College to the Parliament House, rendered it peculiarly so ; and I have often had recourse to its comfortable warmth on a cold winter's night, when my little weekly stock of coal was nearly exhausted. But if the reality of benefit was questionable, plausibility could be at no loss to find arguments in its favour. Accordingly, Mr Foster was denounced as an enemy to the rising genius of the land—as little better than a savage—as an envious precluder of the Irish youth from advantages by which he had profited himself—and as a rebellious child of his old Alma Mater. Perhaps, however, the true inference might have been, that as it had done himself no good, as it had only been a refuge for idleness, and as experience might have taught him that edification was not among the lessons to be there learned, the better way was to continue firm in the maintenance of his edict—and so he did.

For my own part, this permission to hear the debates was productive of high entertainment, and as I then thought, of edification also. For why ? I learned to be a patriot—took for granted everything that was said by the opponents of government, and set down every supporter of it as an enemy to the people. How could I do otherwise ? It was the language invariably employed by the former, and I was too young to suspect them of any secret or selfish views, of any insidious scheme for depriving others of a power they longed to exercise themselves, or, in short, of any object save what they themselves professed—the *bonum publicum*. I was enraptured with every sentence which fell from patriotic lips, and wondered how the House could listen with patience to the dul-

ness of the other party. Such were the sentiments, and such the feelings, of most of the youths with whom I associated, and the few who thought otherwise were regarded as favourers of tyranny, and minions of corruption. Seldom, however, did a session pass without thinning the ranks of the patriot army, without some defection from the cause of liberty and the people. For this, even in ordinary cases, we found it difficult to account, predisposed as we were to believe, that all those parliamentary champions were as sincere and disinterested as ourselves. What then was our astonishment, one night, on finding the great leader and luminary of the patriotic band, Mr Flood himself, on the ministerial bench ! It was a downfall to every hope of national glory, an extinction of the Sun of Liberty itself ! What could have caused it was beyond our ability to conjecture, the *auri sacra fames* could never warp such a mind, and I believe we set it down to some unaccountable derangement. To a derangement, indeed, it was owing, not of mind, but of circumstances. He was in great want of £20,000, to disencumber his estate, and the vice-treasurership, then luckily vacant, being offered as a sop to this guardian of Irish liberty, he accepted it. I must, however, do him the justice to say, (as it afterwards turned out,) that when the encumbrance was discharged, which happened in about seven years after, he gave up the place, and became as good a patriot as ever. This was a great shock to our feelings, and what was worse, a great diminution of our pleasure ; for Mr Flood was the favourite orator of the day, and to do him justice, a man of distinguished talents. But if there was occasional falling off from our party, so also were there occasional accessions, and we were sometimes regaled with the novel and unexpected spectacle of a tame courtier converted into a flaming patriot. This we, of course, attributed to compunctious visitings of conscience, and gave him credit accordingly for the pure sincerity of his conversion. The real cause, then hid from us, was a quarrel with government for some better place which he wanted to get, and which they refused to give.

Having confessed myself a college politician, you will perhaps expect an account of my academical progress

through the four years, required to confer the honourable title of A. B. It is, to be sure, a tempting opportunity of self-commendation, because it is a field in which I might expatiate without much danger of refutation at home, nor am I altogether without an encouraging precedent. I might tell, like Mr Edgeworth, that I was a young man of very considerable talents, but too idle to give them fair play—that I deserved premiums which were given to my inferiors, in reward of their greater diligence; and, in short, that it was my own fault, if I failed in the attainment of any literary honours within my view. Being of opinion, however, that a man who has nothing better to say for himself, acts more wisely in holding his tongue, I shall decline imitating the example, and be silent on the subject.—By the by, I remember Mr William Foster, (afterwards a bishop,) of whom Mr Edgeworth speaks, but have no recollection of Edgeworth. Foster, indeed, was above me in standing, and Edgeworth might have left college before I entered; but whatever fame he might have had when there, he certainly carried with him when he departed—I never even heard of his name.

Among the striking peculiarities which distinguished the cities of that day from those of the present, were the sign-posts projecting from shops of every description, vying with each other in magnitude of dimensions, ingenuity of device, and splendour of decoration. Here was the golden fleece of Jason, that is to say, an animal intended to represent a sheep, but often as much resembling a wolf, and indeed more appropriately, being suspended by a rope round the middle, as if it hung *in terrorem* to sheep-stealers, which brilliant exhibition informed you that a woollen-draper dwelt at one end. The Drapier, however, also a head, purporting to honour, but really caricaturing the celebrated Dean of St Patrick's, was the favourite emblem of this class. Kings, princes, generals, and patriots, designated abodes and occupations not very compatible with their titles or characters, and were hung in effigy, without the smallest compunction, in every street. Birds, as well as beasts of prey, were in great requisition, for the rather preposterous purpose of telling, that under their auspices trade flourished,

and the peaceful productions of civilized industry were to be purchased. Contrast was, indeed, a favourite feature of the graphic art of the city sign-painter, but what he most delighted in was a happy pun. If the head of a hero informed you in one place that a magnanimous tailor dwelt within, *la Belle Sauvage* was in another happily metamorphosed into a wild Indian, standing by a large bell. In narrow streets, many of these signs projected so as almost to meet each other in the middle, so that an unfortunate monarch, advancing from one side, seemed in danger of the claws of a lion, which rushed forward to meet him from the other. In calm weather, all these heterogeneous hydras hung in silent and tranquil proximity, drawing the wonder of the gazing peasantry, and exciting unqualified admiration of the mighty powers of the painting-brush; but, in the time of storm, the creaking, crashing, and rattling of such an assemblage was really tremendous. To this Gulliver alludes, when he says his box, for which eagles were contending, swung like a sign-post on a windy day. The comparison was apt, though probably very little understood by those of the present time, whose reminiscences do not extend to the days of my youth.

Another great disparity between that time and the present, was the different style and mode of travelling, both as to velocity and accommodation. Posting had been established in England, but not in Ireland; in consequence of which, journeys of whatever length were performed without change of horses or carriage, and travelling by night never entered into contemplation. Dublin could boast but of few post-chaises, and Cork, I believe, had none. The harness, carriage, horses, and drivers, have been so well described in some of Miss Edgeworth's amusing tales, as to supersede the necessity of repetition. Five days in winter, and four in summer, were the usual allotment for the distance between Dublin and Cork, a journey which is now commonly performed in 22 or 23 hours. Chaises conveying passengers to Cork waited there for a back fare, by which means Dublin carriages answered the purposes of both cities. But the gentlemen of this county who did not live in the vicinity of Cork had another resource, which was, to

ride on horseback to Kilkenny, between which town and Dublin a stage-coach ran, the only one at that time in the south of Ireland. This unwieldy vehicle, the first coach I ever entered, took two days to get to Dublin, distant only 56 or 58 miles. From Kilkenny, such as could get places in the coach sent their horses back by a servant, and such as could not, either rode on to the metropolis, or waited the chance of the next day's coach.

A chaise and pair, miserable in show and substance as both really were, was, however, a species of luxurious conveyance to which the ambition of the middle class of travellers never ventured to aspire. Such as were content with a less dignified mode of travelling on wheels, the city of Dublin accommodated with a vehicle unparalleled, I believe, in any part of the world, and singular in name, as well as construction. It was called a Noddy, drawn by one horse, and carrying two, or, if not of overgrown dimensions, three passengers. The body of this leathern convenience, which bore some resemblance to an old-fashioned phaeton, "beetled o'er its base" in front, the better to protect the inmates, and being slung from cross-bars by strong braces, instead of springs, nodded formidably at every movement of the horse, hence deriving the appropriate appellation of Noddy. In case of rain blowing in, a curtain of the same material afforded its friendly shelter, wrapping the passengers in total darkness, though, as far as prospect was concerned, the inconvenience was little; the only visible object, when it was undrawn, being the broad back and shoulders of the brawny driver, who rested his legs upon the shafts, and his sitting part on a sort of stool, a very little way removed from the knees of the person seated within. Simple, awkward, and uneasy as this contrivance was, it was not disdained even by senators at an earlier period than that of which I write; and a nobleman, some thirty years older than myself, too, of high rank and large estate, assured me that it was his usual conveyance to and from college, accompanied by a trusty servant, or private tutor. And what wonder? All improvement in luxuries is gradual. Did not Queen Bess some time before jog to the Parliament of Great Britain on her pillion?

and why should not an Irish senator ride without degradation in his noddy?

Yet the travelling between Cork and Dublin, saving the indifference of the roads, and the discomfort of the conveyances, circumstances causing no complaint, because expectation looked to nothing better, afforded gratifications for which we shall vainly look at the present time. Inns were not only more numerous, but, with a few exceptions, better provided for the reception and accommodation of the lingering guests. Modern rapidity of travelling, which requires little more than post-carriages ready at a moment's call, and rarely stops but for a hasty refreshment, has greatly diminished the good cheer of the old landlord, and obliged his successor to seek compensation in extravagant prices. Excellent breakfasts might then be had for 6d. or 8d., good dinners for one shilling, superlative for 2s. 6d., and right good Bourdeaux for two British shillings per bottle, inferior wines in proportion. With those, therefore, (and they were not few,) who relished the delights of a bottle and a friend, a journey from Cork to Dublin, instead of being hurried over with the break-neck rapidity of a king's messenger, partook more of the nature of a pleasure excursion prolonged by the unwillingness of the parties to leave good cheer and good company. Business then was not of the hurrying nature that it is at present; we were mighty well satisfied to get our news and letters twice a-week; and to go to and return from Dublin in the course of a fortnight, was considered an extraordinary instance of dispatch and expedition. A gentleman about to undertake such a journey generally employed two or three days in looking out for a companion or two, and, if fortunate, was seldom very anxious about its termination. I can myself remember a party of *bon vivant* lawyers, some living in, and others near Cork, regular attendants of the Dublin law terms, who made it a practice to set out from Cork eight or ten days before the term's commencement. With some of them I was acquainted in their latter days, and one of them was raised to the dignity of the bench. They were men of classical attainments, agreeable conversation, and, as you may easily believe, ardent lovers of the bottle. As they were very well known on the road, the landlords were

peculiarly solicitous to please, certain, that where the wine was remarkably good, they would have the pleasure and profit of their company for more days than one. I have been assured, that this journey of 120 miles did not often terminate before the evening of the tenth day. One of the party was a relation of mine, and though I visited him while a college-boy from motives of respect, I was always in a great hurry to get back on pretence of duty, for he was a good scholar, and terribly given to examining into my proficiency in classical lore, a kindness I would most gladly have excused.

Though I have very satisfactory reasons for saying nothing of my own progress through the University of Dublin, it would be by no means pardonable to be silent respecting a few others, who there commenced that career which conducted them to subsequent distinction of very high degree. The late Lord Clare, (John Fitz-Gibbon,) and Mr Grattan, both my seniors, were, as I remember, in the same class, and constant competitors for literary honours. The advantage, I think, as far as there was any, rather leaned to Lord Clare, who, on one occasion, was honoured by an *optimé*; a judgment very rarely given, and never, within my knowledge, to any one else. Both were bred to the bar; but Fitz-Gibbon only, whose advancement was rapid, succeeded in that pursuit; aided no less by his own talents, than by the established fame of his father, who had long been an eminent barrister. Both these distinguished men came into Parliament pretty nearly at the same time; the latter under the wing of Government, a side to which he steadily and successfully adhered; and the former under the auspices of Lord Charlemont, one of the most honest and independent, though not perhaps always one of the wisest, patriots of the day. This threw them into perpetual, and sometimes violent contention, and converted early friendship into late hostility, the too frequent result of political disagreement. In manner and character, they were as strongly contrasted as in party opinions. Fitz-Gibbon, careless of words, but confident of matter, always spoke to the point, neglecting or despising the adventitious aid of polished diction, or rhetorical ornament. Grattan, shrewd,

sarcastic, and sententious, founded his fame on the elaborate construction of his speeches. In point of oratory, there was no comparison; but in my own opinion, Fitz-Gibbon possessed a deeper knowledge of the world, and was endowed with superior talents as a statesman. Mr Grattan, however commendable as a theorist, does not seem to have been particularly happy in reducing that theory to practice. His ministry was short, and perhaps fortunately so. A late Bishop of Cloyne (Dr Bennett) made a sharp observation on it in the House of Lords—"All I can see, my Lords, of the promised benefits of this fine administration, is this:—That they have turned out one set of public officers, and put in another, and left the nation to pay both."

As much below me in standing, as the two great men now mentioned were above me, in the University of Dublin, was another young man, neither obtaining nor seeking college honours, though destined to fill a large space in public estimation, at a subsequent period—I mean John Philpot Curran. Of this extraordinary man's life and character, a copious account has been given to the public by his son, which I believe to be generally correct. In one circumstance I think he must be mistaken, when he intimates the doubts entertained both by Curran, and some of his friends, of his future success at the bar, in consequence of diffidence, of the embarrassments attending a young speaker's first efforts, and the difficulty of finding apt and ready words for the expression of his thoughts. Now, I knew Curran familiarly, though not intimately, and my knowledge of him long before he studied law, emboldens me to say, that this could not be the case. When he was yet a mere stripling, he has often astonished me by the brilliancy of his conversation, by a volubility of speech, never at a loss for clothing his thoughts in the best array, and by a vividness of imagination that unceasingly presented him with lively figures and appropriate illustrations. Conscious as he was of this, and unoppressed by native modesty, he did, he could, feel no embarrassment in addressing any audience. Whatever diffidence he might feel as to strength of argument, he possessed full confidence in the power of his

wit, and as to words, no man possessed a more copious and ready supply. In truth, Nature seemed to have conferred upon him, in one of her fond and frolicsome moods, what other men attain by pains, practice, and study—a ready-made stock of ideas, a language to adorn them, and a tongue to give them utterance. Yet was he not above mediocrity as a Parliament orator. He wanted depth of knowledge, soundness of judgment, and comprehension of mind. His great forte was addressing a jury, and his powers most

displayed in supporting a bad cause, because there ingenuity had most scope. For his faults, let them rest in his grave, and there remain, not now only, but—for ever!

You have now, sir, had another series of Reminiscences, a term peculiarly appropriate; for their value, if they have any, arises, not from the importance but from the memory of the narrator.

I am, &c.

SENEX.

Cork, January 1, 1826.

EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN OLD CITIZEN.

“My friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen who died a few days since. This honest man being of greater consequence in his own thoughts than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir Andrew showed us *one day* of it.”

Spectator.

[Whether the following is fictitious or *genu-ine*, as Mathews has it, we are aware will be matter of some curiosity—and next in degree will be the anxiety to learn how we got it. Now, we would much rather tell how we did not get it. We did not receive it, as Mr Moore did the “Memoirs of Captain Rock,” from the bandit chief himself, after scraping an acquaintance with him in a mail-coach:—nor, like the “Tales of Old Mortality,” from a wandering Cameronian enthusiast.

We did not pick it up, as Chatterton did the MS. of the monk Rowley, amid the dust and rubbish of a hypothetical monastery—nor as an envelope of groceries, like the “Adventures of a Guinea.” Much more humble and prosaic was the channel of its conveyance to us. It came without even the subterfuge of a *Frank* to attest its gentility, bearing the Glasgow mark, and duly charged with double postage. Who the journalist may be we do not affect to say; but suspect, if we were in Glasgow, we could point him out among the wary old bachelors, who, with rosy faces, white-worsted stockings, and comfortable swandown vests, pace up and down through the murky atmosphere of their own busy coffee-room.]

Saltmarket, 20th January, 1826.

Eight o'clock morning.—Thought it time to rise for half an hour before, but recollected it wasn't shaving day—so much time gained—once read that time was money—so says “Poor Richard,”—never got much for mine—suspect it has fallen in value since the days of Franklin—glad of it—hate to be hurried, and no getting much of anything when high priced. Heard fresh fish calling—such a pack of lies—no such thing as fresh fish—doubt very much if they are caught fresh—am told the fishwives of Billingsgate are paragons for everything save good manners—would like to try them—a little afraid though. Wonder why fish are so destructive to their morality—perhaps corrupted by Jonah—will ask the minister—sneezed a good deal—suspect a hole in my night-cap.

Nine o'clock.—Rolls not yet come—hear Kirstie chattering with the baker's boy—a perfect gawkie that girl—women take to flirting as naturally as straws to amber—dreadfully cold this morning—wouldn't like to be at the North Pole just now—great opening that, for the export trade of coal—wonder there should be none where they are so much wanted—suppose it may have been intended by nature for the good of our *Western Metropolis*. No butter on the table—can't understand the connexion between the breaking of the London banks and the fall in the price of it—God's mercy I was born in Glasgow, where our banks can no more break than iron-stone china. Talking of banks, puts me in mind of the butter—won't eat so much in future—*forms* acidity, as Doctor Sutherland says—and costs too

much for magnesia. Might not things have been made right at first, without requiring so many helps to keep them so? Very true—but what would then become of our Apothecaries' Hall?

No appetite for breakfast—thinking of drugs has hurt me—must take something to keep wind out of my stomach—hate wind—never liked wind all my life—was whipped when a boy for losing my cap in a squally day—took a settled disgust to it after I became underwriter—very genteel business that though; fit for those who are fit for nothing else—learned how to squeeze a lemon at their club—don't recollect anything else I have to thank them for. When stirring my second cup, tax-gatherer entered—always swear when he comes round—think it does me good—lets off ill-humour, like the flood-gates on Clyde Terrace. Charged in the schedule with keeping a gardener, though I have nothing but a threepenny pot and a bunch of daisies at my window. Was brimful of Mr M'Culloch's discoveries in political science, and let the tax-gatherer know it, and, in a pet, pushed away the tea, sugar, and every exciseable article on the table. *N. B.*—Never to admit these people again at meal-time—no telling what may be the consequences of my empty stomach. One should have a peel'd wand to hang before their doors when the table is spread, as my friend Bailie Jervie tells me they do in Highland change-houses when the folks within are busy.

Ten o'clock.—Morning gloomy—ordered my patent shoes that let the water out, having never met with any that would keep it out—thought of what I should do—scolded the servant for bringing my best wig when the weather-glass was so low—wonder why Mr ——— has not introduced caoutchouc peruques—would keep the curl in spite of a dripping—and one could go in, and come out of the water like a sea-god, with glossy locks of India-rubber—still at a loss what to do—resolved to walk to Carmyle, to see our newly-acquired privileges by the river side.

Eleven o'clock.—Quite proud I was born a citizen of Glasgow—had a narrow escape though—was intended for Lesmahagow, had not my mother been detained in Glasgow, waiting for a new bonnet.

Had some refreshments in my pockets—not sandwiches though—once made a vow against them; so to keep squares with my oath, put the bread in one pocket, and the ham in the other; no perjury in that. Felt quite on tip-toe as I walked along the banks, and very vain of my share in them, it being the only landed property I ever possessed—much lifted up on being mistaken for the great Mr Ferrie, the hero of the late law-suit—met a Cambuslang weaver, who said a coach called the *Carmelite* was to be run along the river from Glasgow to Carmyle—lying fellows these weavers—don't believe one half they say—sitting so much on their bottom inclines them to fib; all the effect of indigestion—had a sensible *crack* with a man in a shabby black coat, who showed me the traces of what he called "*immemorial possession*"—can't understand how people can acquire anything by forgetting when they got it—thought him a philosopher from the College, or at least a writer, till I discovered some threads sticking to his sleeves—after all may be a weaver—better at a shuttle than a sophism.

Twelve o'clock.—On my way back to Glasgow, mused a good deal—quite zealous to preserve our rights over the banks of the river—almost wished I had subscribed to the law-suit.—Thought of all the great men Glasgow had produced—Bailie ———, Convener ———, and Sir John Moore—wish Sir John (talking of great folks), was in better company,—hear a great many loose women frequent George's Square,* and that he spends too much of his time in their company. Still musing—wonder what all this can mean—never troubled with thinking before—all the want of my breakfast—cursed the tax-gatherer over again—resolved to join in the process against the provost and magistrates, to edge myself into notice; but recollected that his lordship had once sent me some limes, so let him off for this time—wished I had been born in a more elevated condition of life, in spite of Young, who calls "wishing the constant hectic of a fool;" won't read that book again—no fun about the fellow—"Night Thoughts" indeed! I would as soon listen to a Somnambulist preaching—found myself at the foot of my four

* Where his statue is placed.

pair of stairs, and thought I would be high enough in the world before I reached my own easy-chair.

One o'clock.—A good deal fatigued, and very much blown—damned all public rights and all public men—don't care a fig about the magistrates, or commissioners of police—won't subscribe a penny, or set my foot again on the banks of Clyde—nothing like the steam-boat, where you can have exercise without making your face red; and where the engine keeps all the puffing and blowing to itself—my patent shoes quite full of mud—just a portable puddle—hate patents—clever man Mr Huskisson, who is to do away with them, and make all trade free—forgot the starving silk-weavers, who are without food just now, but recollected I had not taken much myself—gave instant orders about dinner—nature must be recruited—Belly a very clamorous creditor, but generally comes off with a good composition.

Two o'clock.—In the coffee-room—all my friends curious to know where I had been—something vain to find I was missed—Mr Heddles quite astonished to hear I had been so far in the country—asked my opinion about the Corn Laws—silly body that Mr Heddles, did he think I had been as far as Poland?

Every one pushed a newspaper into my hand, and I had nearly forgotten my own side of politics in the confusion. Had I been the Seven Years Sleeper just awaked, they could not have been more anxious to supply me with intelligence—heard the Duke of York was getting too fat, and would not take advice; very foolish that, when his physician is paid by the year—was told the Catholic Association had met; all that is left of it I mean—but a Rump Parliament that, else I mistake—Mr Lawless had a set-to with Mr O'Connell—all fudge—fancy they shake hands when done, or fight with mufflers, not to hurt each other. Affairs look glum in the North—tallow rising—funds dropping—butter steady—iron looking up—pork going off—soft goods hard sale—and they who have the largest stock of whisky have the smallest stock of *spirits*—crept into a corner to enjoy a crim. con. affair, and was home to dinner at

Three o'clock.—Beef-steak, with shred onions—very ticklish dish that, where there is only one on the table

—always overdone, or underdone; and in a world where, as Johnson says, "evil predominates," seldom well done—too little fat, and a paucity of potatoes—sweet pudding, good though—never think when I am eating—spoils digestion—too great division of labour—mind and body don't feed out of the same dish—all your great thinkers lean people—daresay the "*living skeleton*," though the shallowest man, may be the deepest philosopher in the world—wish he would come to our Glasgow Fair—he wouldn't crowd it much.

Mem.—To stop something from the butcher for last leg of mutton—talking of legs, remarked, that Mr Sapping, wood-merchant, had got a pair of new breeches, with *continuations**—had no less than need of them—was very shabby thereabouts, after the fire at Miramichi.

Four, Five, and Six o'clock.—Gave orders to be denied—haven't forgotten that fellow spoiling my breakfast—hope to hear some day he is superannuated, or at least suspended—don't mean hanged, though.—Cursed bad lemon that—quite sweet, and has made me quite sour—something like a pun that—hate puns—won't blot it out though, but bring it in naturally at the club to-night.—Don't agree with Dr Johnson, that "he who puns would pick a pocket"—don't think so ill of either of our two great wits in Glasgow—at least, never heard them suspected of it.—Capital punch that second tumbler—really good—scarcely know whether I should drink it fast or slow.—What a damned rumbling these coaches make—have spilled that glass with shaking the table—hear the evening arrival of the mails has hurt the revenue—no time now to sit after dinner—dreadful job to answer letters in the evening—a man can't have his head full, both of *punch* and *pulicates*—have heard it whispered, it is all a plot of the *saints* with ministry to break up convivial parties—don't like these people—perfect *Marplots*—feel heavy—but mustn't forget club-hour.

Seven o'clock.—Have a notion I've been sleeping—wig all awry—suspect that last tumbler was stiffish—won't have the lantern, but may need it when I come home.—Must be off to the "What you please."†—Can't find my blot-sheet.—Put out the candle, Kirstie—and come for me at ten o'clock.

* We believe the honest man means long gaiters; and are not sure if this has found its way into "John Bee's Slang Dictionary."

THE VENDEANS.

IN the autumn of 1823, being at Thours, where I resolved to spend the succeeding winter, I amused myself, during several walks of delightful weather, by frequent excursions into the surrounding districts, especially those which had been the theatre of the heroic struggles made by the Royalists of La Vendée in the first months of the Revolution. The face of the country has undergone but little change since that period, and I recognized, as I explored it, the scenes of many of the tragedies recorded in the Memoirs of the Marchioness De la Rochejaquelein, with that faithful, yet brief simplicity, which none but a sufferer can give to a tale of real sorrow. To one who has ever read her sad recital, every part of this region is full of interest, but for an ordinary tourist, it possesses few attractions. It presents only a succession of low hills (or rather swells), all of nearly equal elevation, sometimes bare and rocky, with a few patches of verdure, sometimes partially clothed with heath and furze, but generally containing clusters of small fields divided and fenced by low thick hedges. These hedges are, at irregular distances, planted with trees, which would give the landscape a look of richness and high culture, but the branches being constantly lopped off before they can spread to any considerable size, the trees are furnished only with a scanty and feathery foliage, that seems at first view the stunted growth of a cold and unkindly soil, while at a distance it presents the shape of cypresses or aged poplars, giving to the whole region some resemblance to a vast succession of church-yards; no inapt image of La Vendée when the vengeance of the Revolutionary leaders had been satiated by strewing it with its own dead. The inhabitants are an innocent and simple race of people, who seldom travel many miles from their native farms; cheerful, though not quite so gay as their countrymen in other provinces; grateful for kindness, and, rude as they are, susceptible of attachments, strong and devoted in proportion to the narrowness of the circle within which their affections have room to play.

Among the villages thinly scattered over these districts, there was one

which I often visited, and in which I had formed an acquaintance with a gentleman of rather a singular character, its only respectable inhabitant. He was a thin, middle-sized man, who seemed, to judge from his hardy constitution and firm step, to be little more than fifty, though his face was so worn and wrinkled, whether from age, hardship, or sorrow, that he looked at least ten years older. He had come a total stranger to the village about two years before, and had purchased a small property in the neighbourhood, part of which he farmed himself. Still he continued to reside in the village, where he practised as an apothecary and surgeon, though, as he never took fees from the lower ranks, and as there were scarcely any families of opulence within a circuit of many miles, every one wondered that he should have settled in a place so remote and so poor, that his professional gains could hardly support the expense of his establishment. He was known to be in general rather straightened in his means, with which, however, he contrived to distribute much in charity; and he had lately made himself exceedingly popular in the village by establishing a school, in which he took great interest, and which he visited daily.

M. St Julien (for so he was called) was a sensible well-informed man, and though he came to the neighbourhood a perfect stranger to all its inhabitants, he seemed well acquainted with the local history of the country, and especially with the transactions of the Vendean revolutionary war. In the rambles which we often took together, he pointed out many a spot which had witnessed some deed of heroic valour or merciless atrocity, and seemed to take a melancholy pleasure in recounting the feats and the sufferings of the unhappy Royalists in those terrible times. The family who were then the owners of the little estate of which he was now the proprietor, had been peculiarly unfortunate; and one day, when I accompanied him in a visit to his farm, after he had, according to his custom, looked in upon his few tenants, to inquire, as he said himself, "if they wanted to speak either with the landlord or the doctor," he gave me, as we returned to the vil-

lage, the following account of his predecessors in the property.

"There is not at this day," he began, after some minutes' silence, "there is not at this day a human creature in this country but myself who remembers Joseph Tarrant, his family, and his misfortunes. He was, as I have told you, a small proprietor, with little fortune besides the estate which I now hold. He was descended from a family who had once been of some note in the province; but for many generations the Tarrants had shared the fate of the proud castle of their forefathers, the ruins of which are hardly visible on yonder swell; they had fallen down and mixed with the nameless mass, out of which, like all the great ones of the earth, they must have originally risen. They were, however, much respected; and Joseph, who was a man of strong sound sense, and who had contrived, with very scanty opportunities, to acquire a tolerable education, was a constant and favourite guest at the houses of the seigneurs and nobles of the neighbourhood. Indeed, before the Revolution, there was a less marked distinction of rank (at least in their behaviour towards each other) among the inhabitants of this province, than in any other part of France. The landlords, even the highest of the nobility, would visit their tenants, converse with them cordially and freely, and even occasionally take part in their rustic amusements. You perceive that in my humble way I endeavour to hold up old customs; but times are sadly changed.

"M. Tarrant, with his wife, two sons, and a daughter, led, in this retired spot, a life which might be well deemed happy, if to want but little, and to have that little supplied, be a test of happiness. Indeed, he used to say, sitting with his wife under that large elm yonder, which stands before what was once his dwelling, and looking on delightedly at the gambols of his children, that 'if he could only assure himself of making his little Henri an *avocat*, and so give his degraded house a chance of becoming again distinguished in their native province, he would not desire, and could scarcely imagine, an addition to his enjoyments.'

"This was indeed his ruling wish and chief weakness, for it flattered at once his family pride and his partialities

as a father. He fancied that he saw some early marks of genius in his eldest and favourite boy, and from the child's youngest years, he cherished certain undefined hopes, that his son would in some way be instrumental in restoring the lost rank and fallen fortunes of his family. He therefore lavished all that he could spare from his immediate necessities upon Henri's education; and to this object he actually sacrificed the interests of Marie and Gabriel, his two other children. He could not afford to give them the advantages which he was barely able to purchase for Henri; and he preferred depriving them of those which were indispensable for their education, to distributing fairly among all his children such means of equal instruction as his fortune allowed. He lived to repent his error.

"I knew Henri from his boyhood. I speak from memory, and at the distance of five-and-thirty years; but he then seemed to me, with much volatility, to possess qualities that, under judicious culture, might have ripened into virtues. His chief fault was an extravagant opinion of his own powers, which not only made him careless of their cultivation, but led at times to a mulish stubbornness of conduct, very inconsistent with his usual, and I believe his natural, temper, which was frank, generous, and complying. The excessive praises lavished upon every instance of success in his studies made him negligent of deserving what it was so easy to obtain; and the extreme indulgence with which he was treated, showed its fruits at a very early age in a pettish intolerance of all contradiction. He certainly had talents; but when, at the age of nineteen, he prepared to leave his father's house, to pursue the study of the law in Paris, his information, not obtained gradually and with patient attention, but snatched in fits and starts of brief but intense application, was in part forgotten, and such as he retained floated in lights and shades over his mind, enabling him to do little more than dispute with that positiveness which is the sure mark of half-knowledge.

"Long before the period of Henri's departure his father had become conscious of the mistake he had committed in his son's education, and of his injustice to his other children. He was a man of a serious, and rather a religious turn, and some trifling acts

of disobedience in his favourite boy seemed at once a just retribution for his errors as a parent, and an omen of future and still more bitter disappointments. He felt, in the conduct of his son, how keen is the sense of ill-requested kindness,—a feeling which it is in all cases hard enough to bear, but which wounds with a venom, for which nature affords no cure, when it stings the heart of a father. The dutiful and affectionate behaviour of his other children, too young to have observed his neglect, would have given a solace in other griefs, but to Tarrant only furnished additional motives for self-reproach, by showing that the children who deserved the most, had received the least of their parents' kindness.

"Unhappily, too, Madame Tarrant had more than shared her husband's weakness. Henri had been rather sickly when an infant, and the cares and anxieties she then felt, gave him an interest in her affections, which became still stronger and more exclusive as he grew up to manhood. Besides, he had in personal appearance much the advantage of his brother, and Madame Tarrant was not the first mother who contracted an unreasonable partiality for the superior beauties of one beloved child.

"But though Henri had been spoiled by indulgence, it had not destroyed his affections. His habits, though not yet actually vicious, were so far depraved that he was in general the headlong victim of his own self-will; but the heart was still untainted; and as the time approached when he was to bid a long adieu to his family and home,—to the haunts and the friends of his boyhood,—he betrayed a seriousness and softening of temper, from which his father formed the most flattering auguries. It seemed as if in pondering upon some part of his past conduct, his own reflections charged him with faults, for which he desired to atone in the short space during which he was now to remain with his family.

"The 19th of October 1790 was the day appointed for his departure. The preceding day was spent by his mother and sister in preparing matters for his journey,—a task which is always a painful one, even when friends part for a shorter period than three years, the time which Henri was to devote to his professional studies in Paris. He

was the darling of his sister, whom he in turn tenderly loved; and he continued the whole day in the apartment where she and his mother were busy in arranging his trunks, books, and clothes—sometimes mingling his tears with theirs—sometimes cheering them with gay anticipations of many a merry and happy meeting. Marie occasionally joined in these comforting topics, but Madame Tarrant could not. There seemed a load upon her heart, heavier than the mere thoughts of the present hour could make it, and appearing to take much of its weight from some sad forebodings, which she sometimes expressed, for which she knew not how to account, but which she could not stifle.

"Such hours as these, my young friend," continued M. St Julien, "full as they are of painful tenderness, are some of the purest, the holiest, the best of our existence. All the sluices of the affections are opened, and the heart pours out the full tide of its emotions, unrestrained by that cold and hardening mockery, with which the world, by an absurd and cruel inconsistency, seeks to extinguish the feelings that every human creature in it at some time or other loves to cherish. It is to times and scenes like these that the mind will turn, with a sickening sense of reproach and humiliation, when conscience points to something committed, or about to be committed, which would give shame and sorrow to those who, at some such time, have joined with us in feelings of pure and earnest affection. So it is that Providence moulds and governs nations; so it is that domestic sympathies fence and warn virtue; so it is that the child who is reared under his parents' eyes, and in company with those who are bound to him in blood and fondness, carries with him to his grave a train of early and cherished recollections,—a foundation of morals and religion which no mere systems ever did or ever will supply. As far as I can judge, and I have had good means of knowing it, Henri Tarrant never wholly lost the remembrance of that day and of the evening that closed it.

"The family, after they had finished their frugal and early supper, were collected upon seats drawn round a large parlour window, within which it was M. Tarrant's custom, on summer and autumn evenings, to sit upon his

arm-chair with his family about him, looking on at the various arrangements made at the approach of night upon his farm, of a great part of which the window afforded a prospect. Their family meal had been silent and mournful,—for it was the last, for three years, which Henri was to partake with them ;—and they continued for some time gazing upon the little landscape of their native spot, over which night was now drawing her curtain. The moon had just risen, and shone full and clear upon the thoughtful group ; and now and then showed, by a tear glistening in the eye, or falling upon some part of the dress, what were the reflections which engaged them all in common. The hushed stillness of the hour, broken only by the bleating of a sheep, or the rushing of a little waterfall that tumbled and sparkled at the bottom of the lawn,—the pale pure cold light of an October moon, looking mournfully down from a clear, and, as yet, a starless sky,—were so much in character with their feelings, that all were disinclined, by speaking or by moving, to interrupt the silence. At length M. Tarrant spoke :—

“ ‘Henri, my child, ’tis growing late, and you have still some arrangements to make for to-morrow ;—come near me.’ ”

“ Henri approached his father, but he did not conceal his emotion.

“ ‘Cheer up ; cheer up, my boy !—We shall all meet happily yet. It is not manly to grieve so for a three years’ absence. Many sad things may, doubtless, happen during that time ; but I hope—I hope—’ ”

“ It was an ineffectual effort at firmness. Nature burst her way ;—and before M. Tarrant ceased to speak, the son and the father were sobbing on each other’s bosoms.

“ ‘This is mere folly,’ said M. Tarrant, after a few seconds’ indulgence. ‘And yet I believe I would not wholly suppress it. Look round you, Henri ; see these streaming eyes ;—hear the sound of your sister’s and your mother’s weeping ;—see the weakness of your elder but not more firm father ;—and, oh, my child ! remember this hour ;—may the time never come when your heart can tell you, you do not deserve this fondness !’ ”

“ Henri sunk upon his knees at his father’s feet ; but he was too full for utterance. Perhaps no youth ever

made a more sincere and earnest vow than he did at that moment, never to forfeit his title to those affections, for the loss of which it seemed that this wide world could afford no compensation.

“ ‘Henri,’ continued M. Tarrant, ‘attend to me. I have delayed till this last hour to offer you,—not the injunction or commands merely, my dear boy, but the earnest and solemn request of an anxious parent. You are going to a place full of temptations of all kinds. From many of them, I trust in God, your religion, and the moral habits in which you have been reared, will secure you. But there are two dangers which I here give you my parental and solemn warning to shun : the gambling companies,—nurseries for the prison and the scaffold,—that abound in Paris ; and the political clubs that it is said are now forming there. As to gaming, Henri, I shall not now urge the miseries to which it leads, often and often I have spoken to you on this theme ; but remember, that what I give you for your support, and to defray the charges of your studies, is wrung from our hard savings. If you remember *that*, I know you will never put upon the hazard of a die, what your father only affords you at the expense of many privations. Beware, then, on that account, of the vice of gaming ; but beware of it for this also ;—that of all the vices which debase human nature, it is perhaps that which steels the heart in the hardest insensibility to all the charities and sympathies that make the world worth living for. Politics you will learn, as you learn the laws and history of your country. Go not into these new clubs and societies. Your ancestors fought and bled, and sacrificed their fortunes and lives in the cause of loyalty. Do not tempt the danger of being perverted from this sacred cause ;—a cause dear to all true Frenchmen ; a cause which patriotism and religion unite to consecrate. These new philosophers, who would change, or as they say, reform a condition in which we have been glorious as well as happy, are to be feared in this, Henri,—that they are levelling their deadliest blows at religion ; a clear proof that they attack the state more through a hatred of piety than from mere hostility to pretended political abuses. They are yet cautious and moderate ; but do not trust them. There are signs as if some

dire convulsions were at hand. Keep your hands unfettered, your mind uncontaminated. Stand aloof until the day of trial; and if that day shall come, old Joseph Tarrant tells his son to be ready at the post of loyalty, duty, and honour, and maintain the principles which his ancestors met poverty, ignominy, and death, in defending.

"The next morning, as it dawned, found Henri on his way to Paris. The events of the preceding evening were too full in his recollection to allow even the novelties of the journey, the longest he had ever travelled from home, to have much effect upon his spirits. But on the second day, the constant succession of new objects, the bustle of the towns, and the varieties of the country through which his journey lay, by degrees led his thoughts from the little circle in which he had passed his youth, to the great world which he was about to enter. He therefore approached Paris with a mind wholly engrossed by contemplations of the future, and with somewhat of that mixed feeling of fear and expectancy with which a mariner of little skill might be supposed to launch an untried bark upon a wide and treacherous sea.

"Fear, certainly, predominated for a long time, after he had settled in Paris and commenced his studies. Left to his own guidance, he felt as if a charge had been committed to him which he was unequal to manage; and at every step he apprehended disaster. He was beset with temptations; but he shunned them, as a weak person avoids a powerful, dangerous, and formidable foe. For many months his letters breathed nothing but indignation at the vices of Paris, and his determination to preserve himself from their infection. He gave regular and earnest assurances to his father, that he successfully resisted all solicitations, (and they were numerous and pressing,) which he received to join the associates of his studies, who were much addicted to gambling, and some of whom were very active members of the reading societies and debating clubs, which were then increasing in numbers, and becoming every day more and more distinguished by the boldness and publicity of their proceedings.

"I need not describe a father's pride and joy at finding in his own son even a better temper and a wiser conduct

than he had dared to hope for. M. Tarrant's replies proved how fully, and yet how easily, a child can repay the cares and fondness of a parent. To do Henri but justice, the happiness which he perceived his good conduct conferred upon his father, served to prolong the watchful guard which he held upon his actions. But his habits had not been formed for a continuance of self-restraint. Warm as his affections were, they were not strong enough to cope with the monster Self-will, which had been nourished within him by indulgence, and had grown in strength as he had advanced in age. His letters, towards the end of a year from his departure, became brief and unfrequent. After some time, they contained little else than notices of the expenses of Paris life, and pressing demands for money. And at length, when M. Tarrant, after many remonstrances, and after having mortgaged part of his little estate to answer these unreasonable calls, pointed out the absolute impossibility of supplying farther sums from a property which was now become insufficient even for the decent support of his family, Henri wholly dropped the correspondence. He changed his abode in town; and though M. Tarrant, almost distracted with apprehensions of the death or ruin of his child, wrote repeatedly to some of the few persons he knew in Paris, he received no tidings of Henri. The revolution had broken out, and M. Tarrant was prevented from quitting his own district to make personal inquiries for his son. After a long period of anxiety and expectation, it seemed to him but too probable that Henri had joined some of the revolutionary factions, or had perished in one of the massacres at Paris.

"Henri had joined in the revolution, its madness, and its excesses; but he had escaped its proscriptions. His abandonment of his early principles and virtuous habits was gradual, and was not completed without many struggles. As if providence designed to afford him a warning at each wrong step he took, his progress to guilt was by the very road against which he had been cautioned by his father. Some of the dark and cunning spirits, who, at the beginning of the political changes, worked incessantly to ensnare partizans, had contrived to make the blandishments of private vices subservient to their political designs.

They established houses of entertainment of various descriptions, into which the young and unwary were allured; and then, when their victims were heated with the excesses practised there, and were inclined to join in any pursuits the partners of their vices, these corrupters hurried them into some crowd of revolutionists, engaged in fervid debate, and colouring the most nefarious projects with the language and the sentiments of pure philanthropy and patriotic enthusiasm. It was at such a place and time that Henri became infected with the contagious frenzy of republicanism. He had been persuaded, after many refusals, to visit a gaming-house, which was a favourite place of resort to some most intimate associates. The recollection of his father's last words stung him as he entered; but he was determined not to play, and he kept his resolution. Encouraged by the forbearance to which he found himself equal, he fell at length into the practice of visiting the place as a sort of lounge, looking on at his friends, but still refraining from play. He soon became familiar with these scenes; gambling lost its horrors for him; he passed the threshold of the temple of vice, and it was not long before he began the worship which he saw all but himself practising within it. In short, he yielded to the entreaties, the encouragement, and the ridicule of his associates; and in a little time became a constant attendant at the gaming-table. He had, like other gamblers, his vicissitudes of good and ill fortune; but having exhausted his father's means, he, on one evening, after a run of ill-luck, staked, in despair, his all upon a single cast—and lost it. It was a moment of wildness and tempest of the passions. Virtue had lost her habitual hold, and he was like a skiff upon the waters, unruddered, and unanchored—ready to move as the current might drift it. His companions adjourned to a neighbouring political club. He walked with the crowd, and assisted in one of those stormy and portentous debates, which so often ended in maddening the auditors to a resolution, promptly executed, to commit, as essential to the common weal, some instant act of lawless violence. The meeting broke up in tumult; the members proceeded in a body to their work of atrocity; Henri, fired by example, and despe-

rate at his state of total destitution, which seemed to leave him no refuge but in the public ruin, joined in their wildest excesses, and became too far committed to avail himself of a moment of repentance and reflection, even were that moment allowed him—but it was not. His sanguine temper had made him a leader in the disorder which he at first only thought he shared; and he was obliged to take an active, though subordinate post among the faction which he had joined. The speed with which a character can be changed in times of public convulsion would be incredible, if facts did not terribly attest it. At the miserable period of our revolution, I have seen the mildest and best natures so soured and hardened by atrocious usage, or by a familiarity with crimes which they were compelled to witness, or driven, at first, by the force of circumstances, to share, that in the end they seemed to have the tempers not of men, but of demons. But civil wars only make that more glaring and manifest which occurs less obtrusively in the most quiet times. Character must ever be the result of habit and example; and he who trusts his virtue in the neighbourhood of vice will find, that the diseases of the mind are but too like the contagious distempers of the body—as infectious, and as deadly.

“So it was with Henri Tarrant. For a while he shuddered at the deeds which it became his part to assist in perpetrating. He objected, he remonstrated; but he only made himself suspected by his party, who talked of treason when he spoke of mercy or of justice. He found himself, therefore, obliged, at first, to abandon humanity for self-preservation; after some time his conscience ceased to prompt when he ceased to listen to its dictates; and at length he became a proselyte to the doctrines and arguments which flattered him, by seeming to excuse or palliate the courses that he considered it impossible to avoid. Paris, however, was a place so dangerous alike to those of moderation and humanity, and those who adopted measures of the sternest rigour, that he seized the first opportunity of procuring a commission in the revolutionary army, and was soon after ordered on active service.

“In the meantime, La Vendée had become the theatre of a conflict as

singular in its character, and as sanguinary as any which history records. The people of this district were equally remarkable for their primitive and simple manners, and for a strong attachment to their religion and to the persons of their clergy. At first they regarded the distant din of the revolution as they would the sound of a remote torrent. They were peaceful and contented, and exempt from many of the abuses which prevailed in other parts of France. They therefore felt little interest in the political changes which were occurring in the metropolis. But when it was attempted to put in execution the decree, suspending and degrading such of their pastors as would not take the revolutionary oath, which the clergy of La Vendée, almost to a man, rejected, the people became frantic. The lowest ranks were the first to arm, and the gentry, who were mostly staunch royalists, but who feared that the country was not yet ripe for revolt, were in some instances compelled, against their declared wishes, to head a populace, excited to the highest pitch of enthusiasm in the cause of their king and their religion.

"The peasantry in the immediate neighbourhood of M. Tarrant, were distinguished by a more than ordinary degree of activity and ardour. They were foremost among those who gained the first considerable advantage over the revolutionary troops. M. Tarrant had, by the universal voice, been chosen their leader; and, forgetting his age and the infirmities which were growing fast upon him, he displayed in the field all the eager valour of the stoutest and youngest of his followers. His son, Gabriel, too, rendered important services; and when the youth distinguished himself by some signal act of bravery, the old gentleman would cry, 'Well done, my dear boy! Right, Gabriel; right, my boy! But where is Henri—where is Henri—if he be indeed alive, that he is not fighting by his father's side in such a cause as this?'

"I need not detail to you the successes and reverses of this miserable and hopeless contest. After prodigies of valour and patient suffering, the unhappy Vendéans were overpowered by numbers. The vengeance of the victors was ample and terrible. During a considerable part of the war, no quar-

ter was given, and at its close the face of the country presented only one wide succession of smoking ruins. The streets of every town which lay in the march of the merciless conquerors, literally ran blood. After the decisive battle of Chollet, a mixed and harassed host of upwards of eighty thousand human beings, of all sexes and conditions, sickly and decrepit old men, weak and affrighted women, half-naked and famished children, wounded peasants, and the remnant of them who saved their lives and arms in the battle, rolled on towards the Loire, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, but seeking, like a drove of panic-struck and hunted cattle, some refuge from the dreadful scourge that followed fast behind them. M. Tarrant had been wounded in the last engagement, and with difficulty made his way among the crowd, supported by his daughter, who, in the midst of these terrible trials, never lost her resolution. Madame Tarrant, who had been for some months rapidly declining, was assisted forward by her son. Unfortunately, they deviated a little from the track of the other fugitives, hoping, by following some of the by-roads which Gabriel thought he knew, and which were little frequented, to gain more easily the heights of St Ferment, the point towards which all were hastening, with the design of escaping across the Loire. They proceeded a considerable space onward, the high ground which was their landmark being hidden from their view; but they missed their way among the lanes and valleys with which all this country abounds, and when they believed they had nearly reached the point of rendezvous, they found themselves upon the bank of the river, upwards of two miles from their place of refuge. At this moment, several peasants passed them in great trepidation, crying, 'The Blues! The Blues!' (so the revolutionary soldiers were called;) and urging instant speed,—'Fly, fly, my children!' cried M. and Madame Tarrant, at the same moment, 'We must perish at all events—escape while you can!' It was a moment of life and death. Gabriel looked towards the heights of St Ferment, and saw the first body of fugitives safe on the opposite bank of the river, and the rest following, apparently unpursued. The peasants who

moved past them urged to the young people the advice which their parents had given. One of them, who remonstrated most strongly, was a neighbour of M. Tarrant's, and he even caught the arm of Marie, and strove to force her away. For an instant, Gabriel seemed irresolute, but he cast a glance at his sister, and that glance confirmed him. Her arm was clasped round her mother's, who at the sudden alarm would have sunk, but for her support; and her eyes were cast upwards with an expression in which fixed resolution was blended with humble and devout resignation.

"'Here, then, we remain,' said Gabriel, as a party of the Blues appeared on an eminence of the road, a few yards distant. 'We shall live, or die together.'

"The revolutionary troops were guarding a number of prisoners whom they drove forward laden with forage. They stopped short upon seeing how near they had come to the flying host, which was crossing the river at St Ferment, and as they were but a small party, sent out to scour the country for provisions, they did not choose to approach nearer to St Ferment, lest they might fall in with some straggling band of their opponents more numerous than their own. Two of the foremost lifted their sabres to cut down the Tarrants; but another called out that the commanding-officer, who was at a little distance behind, had given orders to spare, for the present, all the prisoners they might meet, in order that, by distributing among them the burdens with which the other wretches were overladen, they might proceed more quickly to the town to which they were to return, before night, and which was several miles distant. The Tarrants were then loaded and driven on with the rest of the crowd. Marie and Gabriel asked for double weight, and implored that their aged parents might be freed from burdens which they could not bear; but they were answered with sabre-blows from the soldiers. The old man, and his sick and feeble wife, were compelled to bear their load with the rest, and the whole group moved towards the town, the prisoners being goaded on by the swords and bayonets of the soldiery. What would have been the agony of this aged couple, had they known that

the troops who inflicted these tortures upon them were commanded by their own son! Henri Tarrant was the officer of the party. But his station during this march was some hundred yards to the rear, and his miserable parents were spared the anguish of the discovery.

"When they reached the town, the prisoners, on being unloaded, were distributed, without food, among the houses of a large square, which the sword had cleared of its inhabitants during the day; and which served as prisons for the victims until their savage guards, to use their own language, 'had leisure' to dispatch them.

"It was the practice, during this inhuman war, to assign an officer and his party, during the night, the task (as the phrase was) 'of clearing the prisons'; that is, of butchering the prisoners in cold blood. About midnight, the cries which burst from several parts of the square, announced that the business of slaughter had begun. House after house was searched and cleaned. The officer (it was a part of his ordinary duty) preceded the soldiers, opened the door, and directed them in their bloody work. They had visited all the houses but one, and as that stood at a little distance from the others, the soldiers were retiring without having noticed it; when their captain, who had approached, and discovered that it contained some victims not yet immolated, called the soldiers back, entered the house, and ascended the stairs which led to the room where the prisoners were confined. A broken door had been nailed up to secure them, and, had they not been too feeble for the exertion, they might have torn it down without much difficulty, and so have probably escaped; for that part of the square had been left nearly unguarded. They did not appear to have made any such effort. The officer looked through the clinks of the shattered door; the moon shone full in through a barred window; and Henri Tarrant (for it was he) saw by its light his father, bending in mute anguish over the body of his mother, who seemed to have just expired in the arms of her children. Time was precious;—but it was lost. So sudden, so appalling was the discovery, that Henri gazed on stupidly for a few seconds.

"'The spirit has fled to its last rest-

ing-place,' said M. Tarrant, lifting his face upwards. 'Soon shall we all meet there. Providence is wise, my children, and we must not murmur.—Henri ! Henri ! she blessed you as she died. Would to God that I, too, before I die, could see and bless you !—Three years have this night passed since—'

"Henri was awakened to the passing peril of the moment. He essayed to rush down and order off the soldiers ; but a file of a serjeant and five or six grenadiers had passed quickly up stairs, without knowing that their officer had entered ; and though they bore lights, not observing him in their haste, they overturned him in the press. What followed was the work of a moment. The door was burst open at a plunge. Marie, when she saw the soldiers approach, flung herself between them and her father ; but her cry of filial anguish, before it was fully breathed out, became the shriek of death. In an instant her lifeless body quivered upon a bayonet. Gabriel received another mortal thrust, aimed, like the former, at his father ; and before——"

Here M. St Julien paused for the first time since he had begun this miserable narrative. He added hurriedly :—"Just as I rushed forward to save my father, a blow from a sabre cleft his grey head, and he fell upon the weltering heap,—the bodies of my mother, my sister, and my brother,—all—all brought to death by my means, and three of them slaughtered before my eyes, and under my authority !"

I recoiled with horror at this dreadful confession, and could not for some moments bear to address a man, who stood before me a self-convicted parricide. He perceived what I felt, and said :—

"I did not propose making this avowal, but guilt is a poor dissembler. You abhor me. It is but just—yet hear me. Listen a little farther to the most wretched penitent that ever sought to atone, in a life of misery and sorrow, for crimes, at the bare mention of which humanity shudders. You are young ; perhaps you are yet innocent ; perhaps, too, you have parents. You live in times free from the distractions of those atrocities, the example and the frequency of which rob man of all that is human in his nature. But every season, and every age of man, and of the world, has its own dangers.

Take from my history a solemn warning.

"Mark how I fell. My first crime was disobedience. Had I never entered a gaming-house, I would have become unpopular with my associates ; and in separating from them, I would have been cut off from the contagion of their atrocious vices. Again, my second crime was disobedience also ; to which I was led by the first. Had I not entered a political club, I might have escaped the bloody work of the revolutionary demons. Had I, in short, followed my father's injunctions, given on the eve of my departure from home, I would not have been, in three years from that very evening, the occasion of his murder. But so it is. Take but one step in crime, and you glide as on a downward plane of ice ;—it is a special mercy of Heaven if your criminal course be arrested ;—and on that who dare reckon ?

"For me, I had filled up the measure of my crimes. I immediately quitted the army. The accidents of the times, and the laws of indemnity, saved me from death,—but not from punishment. Parricide was written in fiery characters in my brain ; there they are still, and there they will remain for ever. During many years, I laboured at a profession which allowed me the privacy suited to repentance ; designing if I could compass it, to purchase the spot (forfeited at the Vendean insurrection) on which I had spent the years of my innocence, and to pass the remainder of my life in dispensing some little benefit among my fellow-creatures. The storms of the Revolution have swept off all by whom I could be personally remembered here, and my change of name prevents any suspicion of my identity. I shall spend the days that are left me in assuaging pain, as some wretched effort at atonement for the agonies I have caused, and in diffusing among the youth around me, as far as my scanty means allow, those principles of virtue, and those truths of religion, which I once learned from the fondest of mothers ; and which notwithstanding all the unhappy errors of my education, and all the deep guilt with which I have since been covered, give, even to such a wretch as I am, a consolation in misery here,—a hope of mercy hereafter."

THE LAST MAN.

* * * * I awoke as from a long and deep sleep. Whether I had been in a trance, or asleep, or dead, I knew not; neither did I seek to inquire. With that inconsistency that may often be remarked in dreams, I took the whole as a matter of course, and awoke with the full persuasion that the long sleep or trance in which I had been laid, had nothing in it either new or appalling. That it *had* been of long continuance I doubted not; indeed I thought that I knew that months and years had rolled over my head while I was wrapped in mysterious slumbers. Yet my recollection of the occurrences that had taken place before I had been lulled to sleep was perfect; and I had the most accurate remembrance of the spot on which I lay, and the plants and flowers that had been budding around me. Still there was all the mistiness of a vision cast over the time, and the causes of my having laid myself down. It is one of the vagaries of a dream, and I thought on it without wondering.

The spot on which I was lying was just at the entrance of a cave, that I fancied had been the scene of some of my brightest joys and my deepest sorrows. It was known to none save me, and to me it had been a place of refuge and a defence, for in the wildness of my dream I thought that I had been persecuted and hunted from the society of man; and that in that lone cave, and that romantic valley, I had found peace and security.

I lay with my back on the ground, and my head resting on my arm, so that when I opened my eyes, the first objects that I gazed on were the stars and the full moon; and the appearance that the heavens presented to me was so extraordinary, and at the same time so awful, because so unlike the silvery brightness of the sky on which I had last gazed, that I raised my head on my hand, and, leaning on my elbow, looked with a long and idiot stare on the moon and the stars, and the black expanse of ether.

There was a dimness in the air—an unnatural dimness—not a haze or a thin mantle of clouds stretching over and obscuring the atmosphere—but a

darkness—a broad shadow—spreading over, yet obscuring nothing, as if above the heavenly bodies had been spread an immense covering of clouds, that hid from them the light in which they moved and had their being.

The moon was large and dark. It seemed to have approached so near the earth, that had it shone with its usual lustre, the seas, and the lands, and the forests, that I believe to exist in it, would have been all distinctly visible. As it was, it had no longer the fair round shape that I had so often gazed on with wonder. The few rays of light that it emitted seemed thrown from hollow and highland—from rocks and from rugged declivities. It glared on me like a monstrous inhabitant of the air, and, as I shuddered beneath its broken light, I fancied that it was descending nearer and nearer to the earth, until it seemed about to settle down and crush me slowly and heavily to nothing. I turned from that terrible moon, and my eyes rested on stars and on planets, studded more thickly than imagination can conceive. They too were larger, and redder, and darker than they had been, and they shone more steadily through the clear darkness of the mysterious sky. They did not twinkle with varying and silvery beams—they were rather like little balls of smouldering fire, struggling with a suffocating atmosphere for existence.

I started up with a loud cry of despair,—I saw the whole reeling around me,—I felt as if I had been delirious,—mad,—I threw myself again on the flat rock, and again closed my eyes to shut out the dark fancies that on every side seemed to assail me,—a thousand wild ideas whirled through my brain,—I was dying,—I was dead,—I had perished at the mouth of that mossy cave.—I was in the land of spirits,—myself a spirit, and waiting for final doom in one of the worlds that I had seen sparkling around me. No, no,—I had not felt the pangs of dissolution, and my reason seemed to recall unto me all that I had suffered, and all that I had endured,—I repeated the list of my miseries,—it was perfect, but Death was not there.

I was delirious,—in a mad fever,—

I felt helpless and weak, and the thought flashed across my mind that there I was left to die alone, and to struggle and fight with death in utter desolation,—the cave was known to none save me, and,—as I imagined in my delirium—to one fair being whom I had loved, and who had visited my lonely cave as the messenger of joy and gladness. Then all the unconnected imaginations of a dream came rushing into my mind, and overwhelming me with thoughts of guilt and sorrow,—indistinctly marked out, and darkly understood, but pressing into my soul with all the freshness of a recent fact,—and I shrieked in agony ; for I thought that I had murdered her, my meek and innocent love, and that now with my madness I was expiating the foulness of my crime.—No, no, no,—these visions passed away, and I knew that I had not been guilty, —but I thought—and I shook with a strong convulsion as I believed it to be true—I thought that I had sunk to sleep in her arms, and that the last sounds that I heard were the sweet murmurs of her voice.—Merciful heavens ! she too is dead,—or she too has deserted me,—my shrieks, my convulsive agony, would else have aroused her. But *no*—I shook off these fancies with a strong effort, and again I hoped. I prayed that I might still be asleep, and still only suffering from the pressure of an agonizing dream. I roused myself—I called forth all my energies, and I again opened my eyes, and again saw the moon and the stars, and the unnatural heaven glaring on me through the darkness of the night, and again overpowered with the strong emotions that shook my reason, I fell to the ground in a swoon.

When I recovered, the scene was new. The moon and the stars had set, and the sun had arisen,—but still the same dark atmosphere, and the same mysterious sky. As yet, I saw not the sun, for my face was not in the direction of his rising. My courage was, however, revived, and I began to hope that all had been but one of the visions of the night. But when I raised my head, and looked around, I was amazed,—distracted,—I had lain down in a woody and romantic glen,—I looked around for the copse and hazel that had sheltered me,—I looked for the clear wild stream

that fell in many a cascade from the rocks,—I listened for the song of the birds, and strained my ear to catch one sound of life or animation ; no tree reared its green boughs to the morning sun,—all was silent, and lone, and gloomy,—nothing was there but grey rocks, that seemed fast hastening to decay, and the old roots of some immense trees, that seemed to have grown, and flourished, and died there.

I raised myself until I sat upright. Horrible was the palsy that fell on my senses when I saw the cave—the very cave that I had seen covered with moss, and the wild shrubs of the forest, standing as grim and as dark as the grave, without one leaf of verdure to adorn it, without one single bush to hide it ; there it was grey and mouldering ; and there lay the beautiful vale, one dreadful mass of rocky desolation, with a wide, dry channel winding along what had once been the foot of a green valley.

I looked around on that inclosed glen as far as my eye could reach, but all was dark and dreary, all seemed alike hastening to decay. The rocks had fallen in huge fragments, and among these fragments appeared large roots and decayed trunks of trees, not clothed with moss, or with mushrooms, springing up from the moist wood, but dry, and old, and wasted. I well remembered, that in that valley no tree of larger growth than the hazel, or the wild rose, had found room or nourishment, yet there lay large trees among the black masses of rock, and it was evident that there they had grown and died.

Some dreadful convulsion must have taken place—yet it was not the rapid devastation of an earthquake. The slow finger of time was there, and every object bore marks of the lapse of years—ay, of centuries. Rocks had mouldered away—young trees and bushes had grown up, and come to maturity, and perished, while I was wrapped in oblivion. And yet, now that I saw, and knew that it was only through many a year having passed by, that all these changes had been effected, even now my senses recovered in some measure from the delirious excitement of the first surprise, and, such is the inconsistency of a dream, I almost fancied that all this desolation had been a thing to be looked for and

expected, for *then*, for the first time, I remembered that during my long sleep I thought that I knew, that days and months, and years, were rolling over me in rapid and noiseless succession.

No sooner had this idea seized my mind—no sooner did I conceive that I had indeed slept—that I had indeed lain in silent insensibility, until wood, and rock, and river, had dried up, or fallen beneath the hand of time—that the moon and the stars—and, prepared as I was for wonders, I started, as at that instant I instinctively turned towards that part of the heavens in which the sun was to make his appearance ; prepared as I was I started when I beheld this huge round bulk heaving slowly above the barrier of rocks that surrounded me. His was no longer the piercing ray, the dazzling, the pure and colourless light, that had shed glory and radiance on the world on which I had closed my eyes—he was now a dark round orb of reddish flame. He had sunk nearer the earth as he approached nearer the close of his career, and he too seemed to share with the heaven and the earth the symptoms of decay and dissolution. * * * *

When I saw universal nature thus worn out and exhausted—thus perishing from old age, and expiring from the sheer want of renewing materials, then I thought that surely my frail body must likewise have waxed old and infirm—surely I too must be bowed down with age and weariness.

I raised myself slowly and fearfully from the earth, and at length I stood upright. There I stood unscathed by time—fresh and vigorous as when last I walked on the surface of a green and beautiful world—my frame as firmly knit, and my every limb as active as if a few brief hours, instead of many and long years, had witnessed me extended on that broad platform of rock.

At first a sudden gleam of joy broke on my soul, when I thought that here I stood unharmed by time—that I at least had lost nothing of life by the

wonderful visitation that had befallen me.

I felt as if I could fly away from this scene of devastation, and in other climes seek for fresher skies and more verdant vales. Alas ! alas ! I soon and easily gained the top of the rising bank, and fixed my eyes on the wide landscape of a desolate and unpeopled world * * * *

* * Desolation ! Desolation ! I knew that it was to be dreaded as a fearful and a terrible thing, and I had felt the sorrows of a lone and helpless spirit—but never, never had I conceived the full misery that is contained in that one awful word, until I stood on the brow of that hill, and looked on the wide and wasted world that lay stretched in one vast desert before me.

Then despair and dread indeed laid hold of me—then dark visions of woe and of loneliness rose indistinctly before me—thoughts of nights and days of never-ending darkness and cold—and then the miseries of hunger and of slow decay and starvation, and hopeless destitution—and then the hard struggle to live, and the still harder struggle of youth and strength to die—Dark visions of woe, where fled ye ? before what angel of light hid ye your diminished heads ? The sum of my miseries seemed to overwhelm me—a loud sound, as of one universal crash of dissolving nature, rung in my ears—I gave one wild shriek—one convulsive struggle—and—*awoke*—and there stood my man John, with my shaving-jug in the one hand, and my well-cleaned boots in the other—his mouth open, and his eyes rolling hideously at thus witnessing the frolics of his staid and quiet master.

By his entrance were these visions dispelled, else Lord knows how long I might have lingered out my existence in that dreary world, or what woes and unspeakable miseries had been in store for

AGRICULTURE.

"It is a perilous thing to try experiments on the farmer. . . . They may even in one year of false policy do mischiefs incalculable; because the trade of a farmer is one of the most precarious in its advantages, the most liable to losses, and the least profitable, of any that is carried on. . . . The cry of the people in cities and towns, though unfortunately (from a fear of their multitude and combination) the most regarded, ought in *fact* to be the *least* attended to upon this subject; for citizens are in a state of utter ignorance of the means by which they are to be fed; and they contribute little or nothing, except in an infinitely circuitous manner, to their own maintenance. They are truly, '*Fruges consumere nati.*' They are to be heard with great respect and attention upon matters within their province—that is, on trades and manufactures; but on anything that relates to agriculture, they are to be listened to with the same *reverence* which we pay to the dogmas of other ignorant and presumptuous men."—BURKE.

THESE were the opinions of an excellent practical farmer, a statesman of the first class, and an individual pre-eminent for knowledge, experience, and wisdom. In commencing our remarks on Agriculture, we strongly recommend them to the attention of our readers.

If it be at all times necessary to listen to the cry of the people in cities and towns touching this subject with caution and distrust, it is doubly so at the present moment. That which bears the name of Political Economy, but which ought to bear a very different one, has given to the ignorance and selfishness of such people with regard to Agriculture the garb of science. A body of lecturers and newspaper writers, who perhaps never saw a green field, and who could not distinguish a pod of beans from an ear of barley, oracularly proclaim that they are infinitely more knowing in agricultural matters than the most experienced agriculturists. They have drawn up a string of pretended theorems and demonstrations, which they assert to be unerring, and by means of which every inhabitant of a town believes himself to be consummately qualified for giving judgment on the Corn Laws. The city barber can show, while he is taking off a beard, that the farmer is an utter stranger to his own interest—the draper's apprentice can demonstrate, while he is measuring a yard of tape, that to plunge the farmers into ruin, and strip the landlords of income, would prodigiously benefit the nation. All this is held to be matter of proof. There is an authority to refer to, which may not be disputed;—it is a fundamental maxim of Political Economy, that if our own producers can-

not supply us at so cheap a rate as foreign ones, we ought to be supplied by the latter; and who shall dare to call its truth into question?

Of course, the cry of the people of cities and towns is no longer prompted by hunger and high prices. Up to a recent period, manufactures and commerce have been in the most flourishing condition; the masters have made good profits; the workmen have had very high wages—have enjoyed greater abundance than ever before fell to their lot, and greater abundance than has been enjoyed by very many people who rank as gentlemen. Generally speaking, the inhabitants of cities and towns have enjoyed unexampled plenty and prosperity, and yet they have continually kept up a cry for the reduction of the prices of corn. Has wheat then been unreasonably dear? No! it has not fetched two-thirds of the price that it frequently fetched during the war; and it has not been higher than it often was centuries ago. Have the farmers and their servants been in a better condition than the masters and workmen in large places? No! they have been in a much worse condition. Why then has the cry been raised? Because corn has been ruinously cheap in various foreign countries. It has not been inquired whether our farmers could afford to reduce their prices, or whether they could produce at as cheap a rate as those of other nations. No notice has been taken of the fact, that in these foreign countries the low prices have plunged agriculture into deep distress. Political Economy needed no such knowledge. Corn was cheaper in Poland, Germany, America, &c., than in England; this was all

that was necessary to be known, and this formed the sole *scientific* and conclusive reason why the price here ought to be reduced.

A cry like this, when those who raise it—taking into calculation the difference in profits and wages—buy their bread in reality at a cheaper rate than the producers of corn, cannot surely be entitled to much consideration. Another cause that renders it the less deserving of notice, is, the Economists who guide and mature it are as dishonest as they are ignorant. Their grand object is, not the benefit of commerce and manufacture, but the promotion of their own wishes as a political faction. In the words of Burke—"Knowing how opposite a permanent landed interest is to their schemes, they have resolved, and it is the great drift of all their regulations, to reduce that description of men to a mere peasantry for the sustenance of the towns, and to place the true effective government in cities among the tradesmen, bankers, and voluntary clubs of bold, presuming young persons; advocates, attorneys, managers of newspapers, and cabals of literary men." They care no more for the interests of the merchants and manufacturers than for those of the agriculturists; they wish to crush the latter, merely that they may gain a triumph for Republicanism.

In better times, a cry for cheaper bread, set up by the inhabitants of cities and towns amidst prosperity and abundance, would have received from the Ministry and Parliament the most marked reprobation. It would have been put down at once, not more from its un-English character, than from its being hostile to the best interests of its authors. But we live in times when every cry is thought rational and just that demands change and innovation—when it is thought to be idiocy to act upon old principles, and to be satisfied with existing things. Hitherto the theoretic projector has been laughed at; now he alone is to be trusted: it is the man of practical knowledge who must not be listened to. Every one is the master of any business save his own. The lawyer takes upon himself the management of foreign politics—the newspaper writer draws up laws for agriculture—the lecturer lays down systems for trade—and the surgeon regulates the relations

between master and servant. In proportion as a man is a stranger to a subject, in the same proportion is his opinion on it attended to. Who, in these enlightened days, would pay any regard to the opinion of the agriculturists on agriculture, of the silk manufacturer on the silk trade, or of the iron-master on the iron trade? No one. The opinion would be dictated by experience, and therefore it would be scorned. Not many months since, some of the Ministers declared in Parliament, that they knew they were right in opening a trade, because, although they were opposed by those engaged in, and perfectly acquainted with it, they were sanctioned by men engaged in other trades, and utter strangers to it. The primary directors of public affairs have lately been closet visionaries—men thoroughly destitute of experimental knowledge, and having a character for anything rather than ability and wisdom. The Ministry and Parliament may have carried into effect, but these men—the Humes—McCullochs, and Benthams—have formed the plan and laid down the principle. If the affairs of an empire like this can continue to be thus managed without injury, the science of government is certainly a very different thing from what we believe it to be. The year 1825 will be long memorable in the annals of England. The worst of its projectors have not been those of the new companies; the most fatal of its bubbles have been blown elsewhere than in the money market; these have not yet all burst, but burst they will, and fearful will be the consequences.

The political bubbles, as well as those of a different character, have injured most seriously, some of the better feelings of the community. A clamour is kept up in favour of *liberality*—of a *liberal* system of trade. What, in plain English, is this *liberality*? Do our merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen, stand forward like honest, generous, straightforward men, and say—We have too much trade—we have more than we desire—we are willing to give a portion to France, Holland, &c., without an equivalent? Does any one of them intend that his *liberality* shall subtract in the least from his property or income? No! all who cry up this *liberal* system of trade expect to make it an in-

strument of profit. One shilling is to be given, that two may be received—a gudgeon is to be thrown away, that a whale may be obtained. It is declared that this *liberality* will be amazingly beneficial to every one, therefore it is popular and fashionable. It is, in fact, neither more nor less than cold-blooded, disgraceful avarice. This avarice has made one interest seek the destruction of another throughout the country. The trade which cannot be touched by the foreigner readily supports what will ruin that which can, for the sake of the profit; the cotton or woollen trade, is willing to gain extension by the sacrifice of the silk or glove trade. While the different mercantile and manufacturing interests thus fight against each other, they combine for the ruin of agriculture. When this boasted *liberality* is stripped of its gaudy disguise, it is hideous, loathsome, guilty, and dangerous beyond description.

These things ought to make every one regard the clamour against the Corn Laws with distrust, who wishes to judge correctly. When he hears these laws called odious, hateful, disgraceful, &c., and finds that enmity to them is to be used as a test at the approaching election, let him turn from their slanderers to examine their operation. Let him rigidly scrutinize their fruits from their birth to the present moment. Let him ascertain what scarcity they have produced—what trade they have ruined—and what degree of want and suffering they have brought upon the inhabitants of large places. If he find—as find he will—that, in the period in which they have raised corn the most, trade has been in the most flourishing condition, the merchants and manufacturers have enjoyed the highest prosperity, and the working classes of cities and towns have been blessed with such abundance as they never before possessed—then let him think, as he ought, of the clamour and the clamourers.

In our remarks on Agriculture, we shall not array it against Commerce and Manufactures. We feel equal friendship for the three, we believe them to form a whole; and in throwing our shield over the one in its danger, we conceive that we likewise throw it over the others. If we occasionally turn our weapon against

Commerce and Manufactures, it will be merely to disarm them in their unnatural and disgraceful war against Agriculture, and to prevent them from working their own destruction. There are, we know, very many merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen, who wish to judge correctly on the question—who are willing to act on the maxim, Live and let live—who seek not to distress their agricultural fellow-subjects—and who are anxious for the weal of the whole community. Let all such attend to us; we will not intentionally attempt to mislead them, and they will still be free to follow their own opinions. If there be one whose grovelling, despicable soul can regard neither countrymen nor country, can never look beyond the circle drawn by its own cupidity, and can sigh to gather wealth through the ruin and misery of his fellow-creatures, if there be one such pitiful wretch in the British nation, let us be listened to even by *him*. We may say something that will gratify his avarice and benefit his pocket.

We must begin with dividing the community into two great bodies—the one comprehending the Agriculturists, and the other, the Merchants and Manufacturers. The first body, strictly speaking, comprehends, not only all who draw employment from the land, but all who draw income from it. The great landlord is as much a producer of corn, as the great manufacturer is of manufactures, or as the great merchant, calling the latter for the occasion a producer, is of merchandise. His tenants are practically his junior partners; with every one he finds the chief part of the capital, and, if he do not attend daily to the business, he lays down the plan for its management, and keeps it under his general superintendence. His income arises from it, and fluctuates with the profits which it yields, like that of his tenants. The agricultural body includes the nobility, the country gentlemen, and great part of the clergy, with their servants. The universities, numberless corporate bodies, and various public institutions, have large possessions in land, and all whom these possessions maintain belong to the agriculturists. A vast number of the regular inhabitants of towns derive their income wholly, or princi-

pally, from land, and these belong to the Agriculturists. If the ministers, ambassadors, judges, &c.; the army and navy; those who are employed for the collection of the revenue; the fund-holders; in a word, all who draw income from the public-purse, are to be classed at all, a vast number of them are paid by, and of course belong to, the agriculturists. Taking all this into calculation, and looking at Britain and Ireland as a whole, the agriculturists include at least half of the aggregate population.

Under the terms merchants and manufacturers, we will here include all tradesmen, mechanics, &c. The grocer is practically the co-partner of the importers of tea, sugar, &c. The tailor is a garment-manufacturer; the different tradesmen, mechanics, artisans, &c., are connected with the leading merchants and manufacturers, in fitting for use, and distributing the goods of the latter. Our readers will therefore bear in mind, throughout this article, that by the terms merchants and manufacturers, we mean not only those who commonly bear the names, but all the members of the community who cannot be classed with the Agriculturists; all who draw employment, directly or remotely, from commerce and manufactures.

The commodities of these gigantic bodies are, as every one knows, perfectly distinct, and they reciprocally give employment to each other. The Agriculturists employ the merchants and manufacturers to supply them with merchandise and manufactures; and the latter employ the former to supply them with food and various raw articles to trade with, or manufacture.

Every one can see that the agricultural body depends solely on the trading body for the sale of its surplus produce; every one, we say, can see this, and therefore it is not made a matter of dispute. But that the trading body depends, in any material degree, for the sale of its surplus commodities, on the agricultural one, seems in these days to be denied by almost all. It appears to be imagined that it depends principally for employment and a market on foreign nations: the doctrine, which a fool ought to be ashamed of believing in, is maintained by every one who thinks himself individually wise, that, the less the Agriculturists obtain for their produce, the

greater will be the trade and profits of the merchants and manufacturers!

The agricultural body raises all its produce at home from its land. The trading body buys its commodities, or the raw produce from which it fabricates them, chiefly abroad; and it buys them principally with foreign raw produce, or its own manufactures. This buying and selling between the latter body and foreign nations, in which neither the former body nor its produce appear to take any share, from the main source of that ruinous delusion which prevails on the question, and we must therefore ascertain what regulates their extent, and keeps them in existence.

If the Agriculturists could not sell their surplus produce, they could still subsist, although very miserably; they could still raise food for their own consumption, and manufacture for themselves from the produce of their land. With the merchants and manufacturers the case is different. The latter subsist by buying and selling; they do not grow their commodities, or the raw produce from which they are fabricated; if they cannot sell their commodities they cannot buy them; they cannot procure food; they cannot procure these commodities for their own consumption. It is solely from their sales to the Agriculturists that they are themselves enabled to consume, not only food, but merchandize and manufactures; that they are enabled to buy of, sell to, and employ each other. The Agriculturists give an order for cottons to the cotton-manufacturer, and this enables the latter to employ the cotton-merchant, the maker of machinery, the dyer, the coal-merchant, &c., and to wear cottons himself. Without this original order, none of these could be employed, or could wear cottons.

In primitive times, the Agriculturists contented themselves with the produce of their soil; and then no merchants and manufacturers could exist. When the former began to have surplus produce to dispose of, then the latter came into being; in proportion as their produce increased in value, in the same proportion merchants and manufacturers multiplied. If we look through the world at this moment, we find, that where the Agriculturists have no surplus produce,

there are no merchants and manufacturers; and that in those nations where the Agriculturists have such produce, the value of it regulates the employment of the merchants and manufacturers. We find, that if a nation's Agriculturists buy their manufactures of other nations, it has few merchants, and no manufacturers; the buying only multiplies the latter abroad. In proportion as the Agriculturists buy at home, the merchants and manufacturers are numerous at home.

In this country, up to a recent period, the two bodies have been compelled by law to buy, as far as possible, exclusively of each other; and this has produced the best fruits to each. Our land yields little save corn and cattle, and these are yielded in profusion by the land of most other countries. If our Agriculturists had constantly bought their merchandize and manufactures abroad with corn and cattle, they must have sold their wheat for less than twenty shillings per quarter, and their other produce in proportion. Of course, their purchases must have been very small, and they must have been always in the lowest state of penury. By buying solely at home, they have multiplied merchants and manufacturers in this country; they have paid higher prices for many things than they could have bought them at abroad; but to counterpoise this, they have obtained higher prices for, and sold much more of, their own produce. The merchants and manufacturers have paid much higher prices for corn, &c., than they could have bought these for abroad, but they have charged proportionally high for their own commodities; and in proportion as the price of Agricultural produce has been raised to them, their trade has been extended and their gain increased. They have likewise been compelled to buy as far as possible of each other, and each division of them has supplied the whole community with its commodities.

If every nation should manufacture its produce before exporting it, a vast portion of our manufacturers would be useless. Our cotton and silk manufacturers, rope-makers, &c. &c., with all of other callings who draw employment from them, would be deprived of bread. We should have little to sell that other nations would want to buy, prices would fall, an immense part of both the bodies would be only

a burden to the rest, and we should be one of the poorest nations in the world. A large proportion of this would fall upon us, were every nation to manufacture for itself all the manufactures that it consumes. Our manufacturers supply, not only ourselves, but more or less several other nations. The whole world can only employ a certain number of manufacturers, and if one nation have more than its share, another must have fewer. We have infinitely more than our share, according to a fair division, and therefore some nations have but few, and others have scarcely any.

The Agriculturists raise their produce solely with their own capital and labour, and they sell it free from duty. Fluctuations in its prices, therefore, fall exclusively on themselves. The traders buy their commodities, or the raw produce from which they fabricate them, abroad; they pay upon them duties which sometimes are exceedingly heavy, and therefore their prices may be very high, or very low, without their profits being varied. A considerable part of the price of bread and shambles' meat to the town consumer consists of the profits of the factor, miller, cattle-jobber, and butcher. At this moment, in London, people are buying their bread at the rate of ninety shillings per quarter for wheat, when the farmers cannot obtain sixty shillings. The price of meat is still higher in proportion. The rate of this profit does not vary exactly as the price of wheat and cattle varies, and therefore a rise or fall in the latter does not cause an equal rise or fall in the price of bread or meat. If a rise of fifty per cent. take place in agricultural produce, it does not raise the price of wheat we buy abroad, or the duty upon it; and therefore a rise in merchandise and manufactures, of two per cent. in some articles, five in others, and of perhaps from fifteen to twenty on the average, is sufficient to balance it on the part of the traders.

The Economists assert that a rise in corn raises the price of all other things. Generally true, but how? They reply—solely by raising the price of food. This is false. If a bad season destroy half the crop, double prices do not benefit the Agriculturist. He cannot increase his consumption of merchandise and manufactures; the high price of food diminishes the consumption

of these amidst the trading body, causes a glut in them and labour, and the price of many things is perhaps even reduced. If, with only half an average crop, the Agriculturists can obtain no advance of price, his consumption is prodigiously diminished, and this runs down ruinously by gluts the price of labour, merchandise, and manufactures. It does to the traders more injury than the doubling of his prices.

If, with average crops, the prices of the Agriculturists be raised fifty per cent. what follows? The advance is almost all expended in the consumption of merchandise and manufactures. The agricultural body instantly demands one-third more of merchandise and manufactures, and of such too as yield the best profit, and employ the most labour. This sudden demand outstrips, at the first, supply, and enables the trading body to raise its prices at pleasure. What the latter pays to the foreigner and the exchequer remains the same, and a small advance of price places its wages and profits on a level with those of the other body. The advance of price to the Agriculturists on what they buy, falls far below their increase of profit on what they sell, and their purchases continue to be infinitely greater. The merchants and manufacturers, not only increase their per centage of profits and their wages, but they extend very greatly their sales, and a vast number more of them are employed. They are enabled to sell infinitely more to each other, as well as to the Agriculturists. With them, as with the latter, the advance of price in what they buy, falls far below their increase of profit in what they sell.

This universal rise of prices, therefore, gives employment to an immense additional quantity of labour; and it raises the net income of almost every individual in the community; it raises to him the price of what he has to sell, more than that of what he has to buy.

It is because taxes, duties, and the price abroad, of foreign produce, remain unaltered—because the farmer cultivates his land to a great extent with horses, and the cost of these and of his bread and animal food remains practically the same—because most of our goods are prepared in a consider-

able degree by steam, horses, wind, water, or foreign labour and capital—because the same extent of land will yield the same quantity of produce—because the same number of labourers will do the same quantity of work—because twenty shillings' worth of labour will often suffice for twenty pounds' worth of goods—because, in fine, most of the leading ingredients in the price of everything, are not affected by the fluctuations in this price—it is from this that high prices benefit, and low ones injure, almost every individual in the community. The rise or fall, falls wholly on our own wages and profits of capital; these constitute but a trifling part of the whole price of most commodities, and therefore a rise or fall of twenty or thirty per cent. in this whole price, will often raise or sink wages and profits fifty or one hundred per cent.

To disprove this, it must be proved that a rise in corn, not only raises other things, but raises them in an equal degree. It must be proved, that if the quarter of wheat rise from sixty to one hundred and twenty shillings, the price of raw cotton, &c. must be doubled abroad, the taxes must be raised from fifty to one hundred millions, the pound of tea must be raised from eight to sixteen shillings, the pound of tobacco from four to eight shillings, the yard of broad cloth from thirty to sixty shillings, the dozen of port from fifty to one hundred shillings, &c. &c. No such disproof will we think be offered us; and if it cannot be offered, a rise in agricultural produce must raise the profits and wages of the Agriculturists. If a rise in corn raise other things at all, it must raise the wages and profits of the merchants and manufacturers, for it is almost solely upon them that it operates.

It is demonstrable to all, that the Agriculturists can only dispose of a certain quantity of produce in the year—that in reality they exchange it for merchandise and manufactures—that if the price be reduced one-half, they cannot bring more to market, and they can only consume half the quantity of merchandise and manufactures. If half the population strike one half from its consumption of certain commodities, the other half must raise its consumption of them by

the same amount, or the whole consumption must be reduced. A reduction of fifty per cent. to the Agriculturist, could not, on account of the baker, butcher, &c., reduce bread and animal food to the town consumer more than thirty per cent., and therefore, if the merchants and manufacturers could keep their wages and general prices unaltered, their increase of consumption in merchandise and manufactures would do little more than cover half the diminution on the part of the Agriculturists. The whole consumption of the country would of course be greatly reduced; vast numbers of them would be thrown out of employment, and this would throw vast numbers more out of employment; gluts would reduce their wages and profits to the lowest point, and of necessity their sales to the lowest point likewise. If a rise in corn raise all other things, a fall in it as certainly reduces them; the rise, by increasing trade and employment for labour, raises the wages and profits of the trading body more than it ought in proportion; and the fall, by diminishing trade and employment for labour, sinks such wages and profits more than it ought in proportion. The truth of this is attested by the whole of experience.

By compelling the two bodies to buy exclusively of each other, we have, in the first place, carried the number of our merchants and manufacturers to the highest point; we possess far more of them in proportion than any other nation. This has enabled us to get our superabundant land into cultivation, and to secure to our Agriculturists good prices constantly. This has operated to multiply the traders still more, and to secure to them good prices constantly. The fruit of the whole is, consumption is far greater here than in any other part of the world. Notwithstanding the condition of a part of Ireland, our twenty millions of souls perhaps consume as great a quantity of agricultural produce, merchandise, and manufactures, as sixty millions of any other people. From this immense consumption, which originated with, and is regulated by, the Agriculturists, flows our foreign trade. If we cannot consume, we cannot buy; and if we cannot buy, we cannot sell. The merchants and

manufacturers, who carry on this trade, are merely the agents to this consumption of the whole country; and not by them, but by the consumption, the trade is regulated.

The system which thus compelled the bodies to buy of each other—which thus prohibited the nation as a whole from buying anything of other nations, save such articles as it really needed, either for consumption or profitable re-sale—is now destroyed, as one of error and injury. The Agriculturists, and the different divisions of the traders, may now buy their manufactures of other nations. The traders are still compelled to buy solely of the Agriculturists, but the compulsion is to be soon removed. Ministers declared, in the last Session of Parliament, that the trade in corn ought to be made free in the present one, and they now declare that this ought to be done in the first favourable moment. Sentence has been pronounced—the executioner is preparing for the discharge of his functions—and when the quarter of wheat shall rise to seventy shillings, the death-stroke will be given to the agriculture of England. The trade in corn is already free, so far as regards intention, and we shall speak accordingly.

The destroyers of this system declare that its destruction, and the establishment of their new liberal one, were called for by the wealth, trade, and prosperity of the empire. We will now glance at this new liberal system, which is the perfection of political economy and philosophy—which is to prove, that Mr Huskisson and Mr Robinson are first-rate statesmen, and that all who before them conducted our commercial affairs were dolts and drivellers.

If a grocer buy more sugar than he can sell, he brings himself to poverty by it—if the farmer, who has nothing but corn to sell, buy corn and thereby render his own unsaleable, he ruins himself—if the labourer buy the labour of others, instead of selling his own, he reduces himself to starvation. The principle is the same to the nation, as to the individual. The latter may be trusted for avoiding, but the former is very liable to fall into, the error. The nation is composed of bodies, each of which subsists by the sale of its separate commodities; and

one body may often think it its interest to supply the community from abroad with a commodity, from the production of which, here, another body draws its subsistence. The merchants may think it their interest to import foreign silks to the ruin of our silk manufacturers, or foreign corn, to the ruin of our agriculturists. They may import foreign manufactures and corn until they render a large part of our labour unsaleable, and greatly depress the price of the remainder. A body of only a few thousands may bring that into the market from abroad, which will render ten millions unable to sell the commodities from which they draw their bread, except at ruinously losing prices. To prevent this was the object of the old system. It prohibited one body from buying what would ruin another: it prohibited the nation, as a whole, from buying what it did not need—from buying what, practically, it could neither consume nor sell again—from destroying its own market and injuring and ruining itself. These were the only restrictions that it imposed.

The new system is, of course, directly the reverse, and these are the only restrictions that it removes. Corn and manufactures are almost the only things that, as a nation, we have to sell; and its object is to enable us to buy corn and manufactures which we actually do not need, which, in reality, we can neither consume nor sell again, and which must ruin our market as sellers.

As a nation, we draw a considerable part of our subsistence from the sale of silks, we have of these a profusion, and we want to sell them, and not to buy others. Yet, by means of this system, we are about to buy immense quantities of silks of other nations, and we are told that this will greatly increase the sale of our own silks. How will this miraculous increase of sale be obtained? The French manufacturers are to take commodities of us in exchange for their silks; and this is to cause such an increase of trade as will take off not only all their silks, but an additional quantity of our own. That any Minister, any man of common sense—any cobbler, should believe this, is amazing.

Suppose a Frenchman bring a thousand pounds' worth of silks, and even take manufactures, for instance, wool-

lens, in exchange, does any man imagine, that those whom the manufacturing, &c. of the woollens should from first to last employ, would be enabled, by the sale of this one thousand pounds' worth, to consume one thousand guineas' worth of silks? Can any man believe, that if this country could sell to France cottons and woollens of the value of five millions, in return for silks of the same value, it could consume not only all these silks, but an additional quantity of our own? If we must believe it, we must of necessity believe, that the more an article abounds, the greater will be the demand for it; and that the demand would be destroyed by scarcity—we must believe, that if, by any magical process, we could instantly double the number of our own silk-manufacturers, they would then be unable to supply the nation—we must believe, that if our suffering merchants and manufacturers would only double their stocks, demand would immediately remove their embarrassments.

The truth is, that if this nation should thus buy foreign silks of the value of five millions, and if the sale of the cottons and woollens should be a clear addition to its general sale of these articles, it would not be able to add a quarter of a million to its consumption of silks. The rest would render an equal portion of our own unsaleable, and glut the market. But, in reality, the sale of these cottons and woollens would rather diminish than augment our consumption of silks; we have at present more silks than we can consume, and therefore the wages of labour and capital gained by the foreign manufacturers would be lost by our own. Of course, the general sales of the country, notwithstanding the sale of the cottons and woollens, would at the best continue the same, and the consumption of silks would not be increased. Full five millions' worth of our own silks would be rendered unsaleable, or, at any rate, our manufacturers would lose all the wages of labour and capital that the manufacturing of five millions' worth of silk would yield. The bargain would in reality be this—we should buy five millions' worth of foreign silks with five millions' worth of cottons and woollens, and in consequence we should be compelled virtually to destroy nearly four millions'

worth of our own silks. We should do like the spirit-merchant who should buy a gallon of Hollands with a gallon of brandy, and who in consequence would be compelled to pour nearly a gallon of his own Hollands, of equal value, into the street. The transaction, at the best, would cause us a dead loss of nearly four millions, but from the great glut which it would create, it would likely enough cause one of perhaps ten millions.

It is asserted, that if our manufacturers be thrown out of employment by our buying silks abroad, such buying will sufficiently increase other trades to employ them. This is false, for such buying will not increase other trades in the least. If other trades do not buy of our silk manufacturers, the latter cannot buy of them. Other trades will lose even more business amidst our own manufacturers, than they will gain amidst the foreign ones, and therefore their business will be decreased rather than increased. If our buying of other nations throw the whole of our own manufacturers out of employment, it will not enable other trades as a whole to employ a single additional workman, or pound of capital. The foreign manufacturers may at the first—we believe they will do no such thing—keep other trades at their present point, but they will merely buy of them what would otherwise have been bought by our own manufacturers. Other trades cannot possibly increase their business, unless it can be proved that our own manufacturers must always buy to the same amount of other trades, whether they have employment or not. If the latter be thrown out of employment, they must, so far as regards other trades, remain *constantly* out of employment. If they could force themselves into other trades, they would displace in them capital and labour equal to the amount of their own.

If, therefore, we should buy all our silks abroad, the case *at the first* would stand thus:—Other trades might be able to employ about their present amount of capital and labour, but the whole capital and labour of the silk trade would be deprived of employment altogether. If we assume, that in average times the half-million of souls whom the trade employs, masters and servants, old and young, re-

ceive fifteen shillings each per week on the average, from the sale of labour, or the profits of capital, they would lose about twenty millions annually. The nation as a whole would receive annually about twenty millions less from the sale of its labour, and the employment of its capital. These five hundred thousand souls would be perfectly useless; if they should not emigrate, the greater part would have to be supported by poor-rates drawn from the other trades; and this, with the depression of wages which they would cause, would soon greatly reduce the other trades, and throw numbers in them out of employment.

This is applicable to the part as well as the whole. If a portion of the silk manufacturers be thrown out of employment, the same consequences must follow in proportion. It is equally applicable to every other trade, in which our own manufacturers can plentifully supply us. In proportion as foreign manufactures may be brought into this country, in the same proportion must our own manufacturers be thrown permanently out of employment. It is inevitable. The individual who divides his business between two tailors, does not thereby wear more clothes; and the nation that divides its business between its own and foreign manufacturers, does not thereby consume more manufactures, or employ a greater portion of manufacturing capital and labour. We buy our sugar of various islands, but we do not from this sell more goods, or buy more sugar than we should, were we to buy solely of one, provided this one could fully supply us at the same price. If any one of these islands can only sell sugar to ourselves, the loss of our business would ruin it, and deprive it of the ability to buy of us. The loss of a part of our business would injure it in proportion. If the importing of foreign silks will multiply silk manufacturers in this country, how does it happen that our exports of manufactures do not multiply manufacturers in the countries to which we send them? How does it happen that our woollens do not fill America with woollen manufacturers? How does it happen that our cottons have not filled India with cotton manufacturers? How does it happen, that if two shoemakers settle

in a village which has previously been only able to employ one, they do not enable it to employ three shoemakers?

If our merchants were at this moment to import on speculation, large quantities of raw cotton, timber, wine, and tallow, what would be said of them? Lord Liverpool would shake with horror over their "mad speculations." Yet at this very instant, Lord Liverpool, Mr Canning, Mr Huskisson, and, for anything that we know to the contrary, the rest of the ministers, aided by Parliament, are actually engaged in that maddest of all "mad speculations," the bringing of an immense quantity of foreign silks and gloves into the market, when the silk and glove tradés are crushed under overstocks, which are perfectly unsaleable! While they are declaiming against others for causing a temporary glut, they are labouring to subject whole trades to the ruin of an eternal glut! We dare not trust ourselves to comment on these things; but in the name of our suffering country—in the name of our starving countrymen, who are compelled to filch refuse-potatoes and grains from the very swine—we protest against the system of frenzy, confiscation, and iniquity, from which they have originated.

But then we are told that the foreigner can sell silks cheaper than the Englishman—that we ought to buy where we can buy the cheapest—that we ought to buy of foreign producers, if they can take lower prices than our own. The doctrine is worthy of the pitiful drivellers who promulgate it. It places on the same level everything that we may buy, everything that we may buy with, and all of whom we may buy. For a part of the nation to buy of other countries raw cotton, tea, and such other articles as the whole needs, is precisely the same thing as for it to buy corn, silks, and such other articles, as would ruin, first half the nation, and then the whole! It is just as advantageous for us to buy cheap labour abroad, that our own may be without a market, or to sell our own at a high price! It is as beneficial for the mechanic to buy bread at a penny per pound with a little money that he may have saved, and thereby keep himself idle, as it is for him to buy it at twopence per pound with his la-

bour! Can the doctrine need further refutation?

As a nation, we buy of other nations with commodities; and we must therefore look, not only at the price of what we buy, but at the profit we make on what we give in exchange. When we buy with manufactures, we buy with that which has previously enabled us to sell much labour, &c. that we otherwise should not have sold; when we buy with raw produce, we buy with that which is perhaps brought and carried away in foreign ships, and which merely leaves us the merchant's per centage. If we make a purchase of £10,000 abroad, and pay with manufactures, these perhaps have enabled us to pay duties, and sell labour, &c. to the amount of £5000; if we pay with raw produce, this perhaps has only enabled us to sell the labour of capital to the value of £500. When we buy our silks of our own manufacturers, we pay for them with heavily-taxed commodities and manufactures,—with high-priced corn, labour, &c.; when we buy them of the French ones, we pay for them with raw produce. It would be far the cheapest for us, as a nation, to buy of the former, even though they should charge double the prices of the latter.

If we should buy French silks with raw produce, and import them duty free, how would this operate? It would disable our manufacturers for paying taxes and buying of the other part of the community. This other part would have its taxes raised; it would sell less labour and commodities; it would, in appearance, buy silks a little cheaper, but, in reality, it would buy them much dearer. If we should buy them with manufactures, and raise them by duty to the price of our own, this could only make them cheaper in appearance, by keeping the market constantly glutted, and destroying the consumption of our manufactures. It would, in reality, raise very greatly the price of silks. The benefit derived from the manufactures given in exchange would be, as we have already said, nothing. A million's worth of foreign silks in the year would keep the market, profusely supplied as it already is, constantly glutted; and if this should reduce the consumption of our manufacturers three shillings per week each—it would reduce it much

more,—their whole consumption would be reduced about four millions. The loss in revenue alone would be nearly equal to the value of the manufactures exported. To burn these manufactures would be far less injurious to us as a nation, than to buy foreign silks with them.

The merchants and manufacturers may buy corn much cheaper abroad than at home; but if they buy the foreign corn, they must very greatly reduce the consumption of our own corn-growers. They will sell far less of goods and labour; their prices will be greatly reduced, and their cheap foreign corn will be, in reality, infinitely dearer to them than the dear corn of England.

A nation, like an individual, must buy where it can buy the cheapest; but then it must only buy what it needs as a whole, and it must buy on the grand principle of barter; it must look at the profits gained by what it gives in exchange, as well as at the price of what it buys. Wheat is cheap to the labourer at ten guineas the quarter, if he can buy it with labour at the rate of ten guineas per week; it is dear to him at twenty shillings the quarter, if he can only buy it with labour at the rate of twentypence per week. For a nation like this to buy of other nations, solely because their prices are lower than its own, corn, manufactured silks, cottons, woollens, &c.—articles which it has in abundance, and from the sale of which it draws its subsistence,—is precisely the same thing, as for a labourer to throw himself out of employment by hiring another in his stead, solely because the other will take lower wages than himself. In both cases, ruin and starvation must follow.

So much for the benefit to be gained by the purchasing of cheap foreign manufactures. But then it is argued that such purchasing will compel those nations to buy our own manufactures, which now exclude the latter from their market. This is abundantly refuted by the fact, that, notwithstanding our immense exports of manufactures, we have never found it necessary to take foreign manufactures in exchange. In reality, such purchasing will diminish, and not increase, our exports of manufactures. In proportion as foreigners may supply us with silks, cottons, &c., in the same proportion must

the home-sales of our own manufactures be reduced; in proportion as this home-trade may be reduced, in the same proportion must our manufacturers reduce their purchases of the raw article, and their export of manufactures to buy it with. In the same proportion in which our home trade may pass into the hands of foreign manufacturers, in the same proportion must our foreign trade pass into their hands.

How, then, will the operation of the new system amidst the traders affect the Agriculturists? In proportion as we may buy manufactures abroad, we shall retrograde to the point from which agriculture started. If we buy the whole of our manufactures of other countries, our manufactures must be useless, and agriculture must be ruined. If we buy half, half the manufacturers must be deprived of employment; if they remain in the country, they must form a destructive burden to the rest, and the Agriculturists; if they emigrate, a vast portion of our land must be thrown out of cultivation. In the same degree in which we may buy manufactures abroad, in the same degree must our manufacturers be *permanently* deprived of employment, and reduced in number,—and in the same degree must the consumption and price of agricultural produce be diminished. The Agriculturists, therefore, have as much interest in opposing a free trade in manufactures as the manufacturers. It is far more beneficial to them to buy dear manufactures, with dear corn and cattle, than cheap ones with cheap corn and cattle.

We will now look at the fruits which a free trade in corn must yield to the merchants and manufacturers.

Our Agriculturists, we believe, when wheat is at three pounds per quarter, buy annually merchandise and manufactures to the value of nearly two hundred millions. Some corn-farmers depend largely on the sale of wheat, and others sell very little of it, but depend chiefly on other things. We think we may assume, that on the average, each receives three times as much from the sale of sheep, and other live stock, barley, oats, and black corn, wool, poultry, butter, &c. as from the sale of wheat. It is estimated, that each member of the community, on the average, consumes a quarter of wheat

in the year ; and if we take those who do not belong to the agricultural body at eleven millions, their purchases of wheat alone must amount to thirty-three millions annually. Four times this amount will give one hundred and thirty-two millions as the annual sales of the corn-farmers. To this must be added the sales from the grazing farms of Britain and Ireland, from the pasture and garden-land round the towns, and the sums received by the cottagers for their vegetables, fruit, &c. If we assume, that on the average each of the eleven millions consumed flour, shambles meat, poultry, butter, eggs, vegetables, and home-produced leather, woollens, tallow, &c. for which the Agriculturist receives seven shillings weekly, this brings the sales of the Agriculturists to about two hundred millions annually. It must be remembered, too, that the latter re-buy and consume a vast portion of their wool, hides, tallow, &c. after these are manufactured. We know that we are greatly above other estimates, but we think we are not far from the truth.

This is the lever which puts the merchants and manufacturers in motion ; without it, they could not exist. The Agriculturists buy annually of them about two hundred millions' worth of merchandise and manufactures, and this enables them to trade with other nations, to employ each other, to buy of, and sell to, each other, and to consume, not only agricultural produce, but merchandise and manufactures likewise.

Upon the sale of Agricultural produce, about half our population depends, and of course it is infinitely the most important of what, as a nation, we have to sell. We have abundance for our own consumption, and if we buy foreign corn, we must thereby render an equal portion of our own unsaleable and worthless. Yet, some of the traders are clamouring for permission to buy their corn of other nations. If our Agriculturists could not sufficiently supply them, and if their foreign purchases would enable them to consume all our own corn, and all the foreign corn that they might buy, the clamour would not be unreasonable. They do not, however, assert that they could consume more corn ; they say that they want to buy abroad to make our own corn cheaper, and to

be enabled to sell more manufactures to other countries. Let us see how far the opening of our corn-market would satisfy their expectations.

We cannot export corn, and in consequence, if we get a superabundance into the country, it must remain with us. If at this moment, when we have as much wheat of our own as we can consume, we were to buy two millions of quarters of foreign wheat, at two pounds per quarter, what would follow ? The foreign wheat would supply two millions of our population for a year. Granting that it would be paid for with manufactures, would the four millions' worth of manufactures given in payment, enable us to employ an additional two millions of population, to consume the additional two millions of quarters of wheat ? No ! it would not enable us to employ an additional fifty thousand. Our manufacturers could supply nearly the whole of the manufactures with their present workmen. The wheat, or an equal quantity of English wheat, would lie in the market perfectly useless ; it could not be consumed here, and it could not be sent abroad for sale.

If we buy corn abroad, when we have as much of our own as we can consume, it must inevitably cause a glut in the market. A glut in corn is infinitely more injurious than one in other things. A glut in merchandise and manufactures is soon got rid of, by a partial suspension of importing, or manufacturing ; but a glut in corn must last for two or three years, if not removed by a bad harvest. The worse prices are, the more corn the farmer endeavours to raise ; and ruin requires the time we have stated to render part of the land waste, and injure the fertility of the remainder. Every one knows that a glut in any article renders the price of it ruinous to the seller. If corn be sunk to a losing price, it sinks the price of all the produce of land, for it compels the farmer to force sales in everything that he has to sell. Previously to 1819, we bought not quite four millions of quarters of foreign corn, and this reduced the farmers' prices more than a third, and plunged agriculture into distress, which endured several years. If we should buy, in two years, foreign corn to the value of six millions, this would sink the price of our whole agricultural produce at least one-fourth, for

perhaps four years. If we assume that our Agriculturists annually sell produce to the amount of two hundred millions, it would reduce this amount to one hundred and fifty millions. The case would stand thus,—by buying the six millions' worth of foreign corn, our agriculturists would have annually, for four years, fifty millions less than they now have for buying of the merchants and manufacturers. The latter, by selling the six millions' worth of commodities abroad, lose the sale of two hundred millions' worth at home.

Every one is ready to declaim against over-trading, and to enlarge on the ruinous nature of gluts. Ministers and Parliament, at this moment, are pouring the most bitter execrations on those who, by their speculations, have brought a superabundance of various commodities into the market. Now, if the buying of that which we do not want, which in effect we can neither consume nor sell again, and which will cause a glut on articles on which half the population depend, be not over-trading, what is? Yet this over-trading is to be created by Parliament and the Ministry.

But then we are told that our light lands ought to be put out of cultivation to enable us to consume the foreign corn. How, and when, are they to be put out of cultivation? Is our agriculture a thing so managable, that Parliament can guide it with a finger and thumb? Are the ministers to ramble through the country with the surveyor's chain and off-set staff, to point out the acres that are henceforward to be sacred from the inroads of the plough? Will the owners and occupiers of the light lands voluntarily cancel leases, and sacrifice rent, profits, and livelihood, for the benefit of the community? These lands can only be put out of cultivation by the distress of our whole agriculture; nothing else could accomplish it.

A vast quantity of nonsense is put forth touching these light lands. We have, in England, some land which is radically bad, and which no culture could materially improve. When corn was at the highest, no great portion of this land was put under any regular system of cultivation; and we imagine that not much of it is at present under the plough. Generally speaking, the light lands which are under regular cultivation, are capable of very great

improvement. If they yield less produce than the richer ones, they are cultivated at much less expense; they are, with good management, yearly increasing in fertility, and it requires no long period of time to raise them to fair average quality. If they be not so suitable for the growth of some kinds of produce as the richer lands, they are more suitable than the latter for the growth of other kinds. Excellent management, and plentiful manuring, only keep the best land at about the same point of fertility and value; but they keep increasing the fertility and value of the light, until they render it good land. The Economists, however, assume that the light lands can never be rendered any better, and that the return for manuring must all be made by a single crop—but what falsehood do they leave unpublished touching agriculture?

During the war, an immense quantity of waste and light land, which had previously been almost worthless, and which, to use a country-phrase, had scarcely been capable of maintaining a goose on an acre, was brought under regular cultivation. No little of this is now excellent, and a large part of the remainder yields good crops, and is still improving.

If none but our rich land is to be kept under the plough, a vast portion, some say two-thirds, of our whole arable land, must be thrown out of cultivation. The fact that our richest soils at present leave only moderate profits, may convince any man that we cannot have any large portion of bad land under culture. It is preposterous to imagine, that by ceasing to cultivate a trifling extent of unproductive land, we should create a sufficient vacuum in the market for foreign corn. To do this, we must render waste an immense portion of land which is reasonably fertile, which is improving in fertility, and which enables its cultivators to live comfortably, when those of the best soils are only receiving moderate gains. Everything in experience and argument, proves that this land can only be forced out of cultivation by a glut, and the consequent distress of our whole agriculture. Every farmer will extract the greatest quantity of corn possible from his land, until he is disabled by losing prices.

But then it is said that agriculture

will be amply protected. How will it be protected? A duty is to be imposed on foreign corn, which, in the present state of the market, will admit it from all the corn countries in the world, and which would admit it from some of them, if wheat here were reduced to forty shillings per quarter. What does agriculture want protecting from? A glut—the thing that would inevitably flow from the importation of foreign corn—the very thing that this “protection” would create! If our agriculturists and manufacturers were unable to supply us, then a proper duty on foreign corn and manufactures to meet the deficiency, would be in reality a “protecting duty;” but when they can supply us abundantly, a duty to admit the foreign articles must yield, not protection, but ruin. It is one of the hateful characteristics of the “new system,” that while it pretends to give, it destroys protection; it removes every security against gluts, and, by augmenting supply, or diminishing consumption, subjects everything to their ravages. It professes to give protection to the silk manufacturer, at the moment when it is plunging him into bankruptcy with foreign silks; and to the farmer, at the very moment when it is preparing his ruin, by bringing foreign corn into the only market that he has, and which he can fully supply. This system has nothing open and straightforward about it—it is one of pitiful delusions from beginning to end—whether it have originated with Jew or Frenchman, we know not, but it certainly shows few marks of English parentage.

We say that, putting out of sight bad harvests, the expectation of which is not made the pretext for opening the ports, the importation of foreign corn must inevitably cause a glut, and plunge our agriculture into ruin. The importing of not quite four millions of quarters of foreign corn, previously to 1819, caused a destructive glut, which only began to disappear in 1824. During the long term of its continuance, there were, we think, two short harvests, and land in general, from the diminished means of the farmer, kept regularly falling off in fertility. We conceive that in the last year, far more corn was consumed in this country than in any former year. Every one who is acquainted with the variety of uses to which flour is put, and

who has seen the household management of people of moderate income, and the working classes, must be aware that the consumption of flour fluctuates very greatly. In 1825, general income was very good, while the price of wheat was only in proportion to that of other things, therefore the consumption of flour must have been exceedingly large. A vast additional quantity of other grain must have been consumed in the keep of horses, distilling, malting, &c. Yet notwithstanding this, we have now plenty of corn, with the exception of barley, of which the last crop was a bad one. The last crop of wheat was an abundant one, and when the harvest was secured, we had a large quantity of old corn in the markets. In our judgment, the glut was got rid of, and room was made in the market for the bonded foreign wheat, in the last summer, much less by the increase of population and consumption, than by the falling off of production. We believe that considerably less corn will be consumed in the present year than was consumed in the last one, and that we have much more wheat than we shall be able to consume before harvest. Our farmers in the last two years have recovered their means; much land that had been thrown out of cultivation has been again brought into it; land, in general, has had its fertility greatly restored; and we are pretty sure that our produce of corn will, with the same seasons, be now greater by one-eighth than it has been for some years. We have just opened our ports to the farmers of Canada. If land will yield at present only one-eighteenth or one-twentieth more than it yielded two or three years ago, the increase in wheat will be as much as can be consumed by an additional million of inhabitants. When we look at all this, we are convinced that this country must at this moment, with an average season, produce as much corn as it can consume. For the first few years of the future, the increase of population cannot, we presume, be taken at so much as 300,000 yearly; and this can be abundantly supplied by the increased produce of our inferior soils, the new land taken into cultivation, and the importations from Canada.

It is avowed that the protecting duty is to be such as will considerably sink the present price of corn—as will

admit foreign corn from all parts so long as prices remain what they are. If the ports were now opened, what would follow? The speculators in English corn would entirely forsake the market, and the factors, millers, &c. would hold the least portion of it possible; all, not wanted for immediate use, would lie wholly on the hands of the farmers. The latter would have the utmost difficulty in effecting sales; they would obtain bad prices; they would sell as little as possible, with the view of sustaining prices, and in the hope that a bad harvest, or some other cause, might give a turn to the market; they possess the means of holding for a season, and many of them could obtain a short postponement of the rent-day. While everything, on the one hand, would thus conspire to keep the English corn from sale, the production of it, for at least the first year, would go on as vigorously as ever. On the other hand, foreign corn is a favourite article with the merchants—the first at market would be pretty sure to pay well, and abundance of it would be eagerly shipped from all parts in the first moment. For some time, the holders of it would regularly undersell our own farmers, and still get good profits; it would therefore be forced into consumption, to the exclusion of English corn; and the importations would continue to be large. The English corn would thus be preserved from consumption, on the one hand, and excluded from it, on the other, to the amount of a few millions of quarters; and then the farmers would break down under their burden. The new crop would be approaching, payments could no longer be deferred, and they would come into the market in a body to force sales at almost any price. Agriculture would then exhibit only a frightful mass of ruin.

This is merely a description of what took place in this country a few years ago; it must, by the laws of nature, inevitably take place again if our market be constantly open to the foreigner. A bad harvest or a heavy duty might defer the glut for a time, but come it would, to the ruin of English agriculture. The most common understanding in the nation may discover, that if we grow as much corn as we can consume, if we regularly import corn, and if we cannot export it,

we must soon have a superabundance that will reduce our corn-growers to bankruptcy.

Some of the Economists are simple enough to argue, that the foreign corn would cause an increase in trade and manufactures that would suffice for its consumption. We have already said sufficient to refute them. A large part of this corn would be brought by foreign ships, and paid for with unwrought produce. Our farmers would instantly cease buying merchandise and manufactures except from necessity, and general trade would be not increased, but greatly diminished. What effect had our former importations of foreign corn? They reduced commerce and manufactures to distress, with agriculture. It matters not how low the price of corn may be, people cannot consume if they have not money to buy it with. The four pound loaf may, in reality, be cheap at tenpence, and exceedingly dear at fivepence, to the mass of the community. Instead of the consumption of corn being increased by the importation of that of other countries, we conceive it would be reduced.

Other of the Economists, who are equally foolish, maintain, that other nations could not send corn in sufficient quantity to injure our markets. Because in former years of scarcity,—of scarcity arising from bad crops, and when crops were generally bad in other countries,—we could only procure from abroad sufficient corn for a few weeks' consumption, they insist that we could never procure more in years of plenty. They protest, that the market could not possibly be injured by the importation of as much foreign corn as the whole nation could consume in a month,—of as much as would supply the greater part of two millions of the population for a year,—of as much as would render one-twelfth of our English corn wholly useless. Such nonsense is below notice, and yet it forms one of the leading arguments of the most exalted of the free-trade people. Let our ports be only constantly open to the corn of other nations, and these nations will soon be able, in good years, to supply nearly half our population. The delusion that prevails on the question is actually astonishing. The importation of foreign manufactures is a novelty to the chief part of the present

generation, but in regard to corn the case is wholly different. In the last ten years, "a free trade in corn" has been abundantly tried; it plunged not only agriculture, but manufactures and commerce likewise, into distress and ruin; it was obliged to be suspended to save the state itself from bankruptcy, and only two years have passed away since we extricated ourselves from the want and misery into which it cast us. Yet now we are assured that if we try it again it will yield prodigious benefits!

If agriculture should be thrown into ruin, commerce and manufactures would of necessity follow. The Agriculturists would buy nothing except on compulsion. They are now pretty well stocked with clothes, &c. and we conceive that in the chaos and misery of the first year, their expenditure with the merchants and manufacturers would be reduced nearly one-half, or nearly to the amount of one hundred millions. Who will venture to say that this would be counterpoised by the purchasing of a few millions of quarters of useless foreign corn? The merchants and manufacturers would lose nearly half their business, nearly half of the latter would be thrown out of employment, and the whole would be overwhelmed with destructive gluts.

If we assume that agriculture could be preserved from ruin, still its present prices would be reduced one-fourth by the opening of the ports. No permanent advance could take place in prices abroad to sustain them here. If there were any considerable deficiency of corn in our market, they might, for a year or two, be raised in other nations, without being reduced in our own; but in this case the advance could only continue for a short period, because, from the stimulus which it would give to foreign cultivation, and the abundance of uncultivated land which many foreign nations possess, a general superabundance would soon be created. But there is no deficiency in our market, prices could not abroad be above what would admit the foreign corn, and therefore they must decline here and not advance in other countries. We have at present a separate corn-market, and if we add it to the general one of the world, we must be the

slaves of this general one, and not the rulers.

If the Agriculturists should have one-fourth struck off the prices of what they sell, they would still have to pay about the same for what they buy! The taxes would at the first be the same, and they would soon, as we shall presently show, have to be increased. Foreign produce could not be sold lower, manufacturing labour could only be very slightly reduced, and any reduction of price that might be made to the Agriculturists, would be counterpoised by increased poor-rates. Let us ascertain how this clear, unbalanced reduction of one-fourth in the income of the Agriculturists would operate.

It might have been expected that every one in the nation, down to the school-boy, would know, that such a reduction would inevitably compel the Agriculturists to buy at least fifty millions' worth less of goods annually of the merchants and manufacturers. This, however, is a truth too obvious to be noticed in times like these, when nothing but paradox can be looked at. The merchants and manufacturers seem to imagine, that the ability of the Agriculturists to buy of them depends in no degree on the prices of agricultural produce. The wine-merchants, grocers, drapers, and others who supply the nobleman, appear to think, that if they reduce his income from L.20,000 to L.15,000, or even L.12,000, he will still have as much money to expend among them as ever. They will soon have better information forced upon them. If arithmetic have not lost its virtue, and if the laws of nature have not been reversed by the free-trade miracle-mongers, the reduction will compel the Agriculturists to buy fifty millions' worth less of goods annually of the merchants and manufacturers. To the different classes of the latter its effects will vary very greatly.

The Economists, amidst their raving, assert, that the reduction would fall almost wholly on the landlords. It is estimated that some of the latter take what is equivalent to one-third of the whole produce; this means, that they would strike 75 per cent. off their rents; that where they now take L.100, they would then be content with L.25; others are supposed to

take one-fourth, and, of course, they would be content without any rent at all. The absurdity of it needs no exposure. The landlords could not be expected to make any but proportionate reductions, except from compulsion. If we assume that on the first rent-day they would, in disregard of leases, &c., reduce their rents, still the whole of the reduction would for some months fall on the tenants. The latter, from the want of money, would immediately employ, perhaps, one-fifth less of labour, and this would throw about one-fifth of the husbandry servants upon the poor-rates. They would gain nothing by it beyond a little momentary relief, for the land would yield so much the less produce.

When men obtain an increase of income, they do not merely buy a large portion of such articles as they had previously consumed; they buy perhaps only the same quantity of these, and they employ the increase in buying such as they had never been able to buy before. Previously to the last fifty years this country had a great superabundance of land, and this kept agriculture generally in poverty, and frequently in distress. There are many people now living who can remember the time when the mass of the husbandry servants, and small and middling farmers, used chiefly barley bread, and rarely tasted wheaten bread—when tea, coffee, sugar, spirituous liquors, silk goods, &c. &c. were seldom seen in the farmer's house—when the working orders made tea from herbs gathered in the garden if they could not procure milk—when almost every family spun its own linen and woollens, knitted its own stockings, &c.—and when scarcely anything in the shape of food, dress, and furniture, was used except the most cheap necessities. As the value of agricultural produce increased, the inhabitants of the village became large consumers of merchandise, and manufactured goods. When the income of men is diminished, they return in the path by which they advanced; they do not consume less of everything, but they consume the same quantity of some articles, and abandon the consumption of others altogether.

If one-fourth be struck off the wages of the husbandry labourer, these wages will then scarcely supply his family with the very plainest necessities; he will discontinue the use of sugar, and

perhaps of tea, and he will buy fewer, and still more common articles of clothing. If the farmer's income be reduced, he cannot reduce the expenses of cultivation without reducing in at least an equal degree the fertility of his land, and his family must consume the same quantity of the plainer kinds of food and clothing. He will return to the old system of having milk instead of tea, and this will exclude to a great degree tea, coffee, sugar, currants, &c. from his table. He will abandon the use of spirituous liquors, and drink much less ale. He and his sons will no longer wear superfine or fine cloth, fine Irish linen will be dismissed, the silk handkerchief will be displaced by the cotton one, the better kind of boots and shoes must be discarded, and the common wool hat must banish the silk one and the beaver. His wife and daughters must wear no more silks and laces—the lustres, Norwich crapes, &c. must no more be thought of, and the prints must be of a very cheap and common character. If one-fourth be struck off the income of the landlord, his consumption of many things will remain the same, and the reduction will fall chiefly on those which are the most costly and the least necessary.

It is obvious that the loss of business would rest principally upon the importers of the more important articles of foreign produce, and the cotton, woollen, linen, and silk manufacturers. The cessation or diminution of consumption would take effect chiefly on those articles which leave the best profits, employ the most labour, and pay the heaviest duty. The cheapest descriptions of cottons, woollens, linens, hardware, furniture, &c. &c. in proportion, employ far less labour, and yield far less profit, than the dearer ones. Taking everything into calculation, we are pretty sure, that full one half of the manufacturing labour which the Agriculturists now employ would be thrown out of employment, and that the merchants and manufacturers would lose full one half of the profits which they now draw from the Agriculturists.

Now where are the advantages to be found which are to outweigh this stupendous loss to the merchants and manufacturers? It is perfectly clear that from the diminished consumption of the Agriculturists, the buying of the

foreign corn would greatly diminish our aggregate purchases of other nations, and of course it would greatly diminish the foreign sales of the merchants and manufacturers. Our own ships at present fetch the chief part of the foreign produce that the Agriculturists would cease to consume, and carry the goods in payment; foreign ships would bring nearly the whole of the foreign corn, and take back the goods in payment. Here would be another heavy loss to the merchants and manufacturers. If agricultural produce were reduced in price fully one-fourth, the costs of transit and profits of the factor, miller, baker, jobber, butcher, &c. would remain the same, and therefore the reduction to the town consumer would scarcely be equal to one-sixth. If we assume that the workman who has eighteen shillings per week, expends nine in bread and animal food, his wages could only be reduced eighteenpence per week, and the wages of many of the weavers, &c. could not be reduced at all. The leading manufactures that we export, are all more or less fabricated by machinery. In some of them one man by machinery does the work of one hundred, and in all he does the work of many. If we suppose that on the average one man does the work of five throughout, and take into calculation the cost of the raw article, freight, &c. we may be assured that the reduction would not enable the manufacturer to reduce the price of his goods a farthing in the shilling. He of course could not extend his sales abroad by reducing his prices.

It seems to be pretty certain that in the present year our expenditure will exceed our income. If the purchases of the Agriculturists be annually reduced by the amount of fifty millions, and chiefly in such articles as pay the most heavy duties, the revenue, notwithstanding the duty that may be paid by the foreign corn, must be decreased by the amount of several millions annually. The new taxes, to meet the deficiency, must be paid solely by the merchants and manufacturers.

This then would be the situation of the merchants and manufacturers. The price of the foreign raw articles would remain to them the same—the expenses of the carriage of their goods would be very little altered—their taxes would soon be greatly increased—they would annually sell fifty mil-

lions' worth less of goods to the agriculturists, and lose half the profits and employment for labour which they now draw from the latter—their foreign trade would be greatly reduced—a vast portion of the mechanics, seamen, weavers, &c. would be thrown out of employment—and they would be able to buy corn, animal food, and labour, an insignificant trifle cheaper. This we say would be the situation of the merchants and manufacturers; it is capable of decisive arithmetical proof.

We will here ask—not the theorists, not the parliamentary scheme-makers, not those who are plunging the nation into ruin—but the sober, reflecting, calculating merchants and manufacturers, what would follow? Would their wealth, trade, and means of consumption, increase in proportion as they should lose customers and profits? They are not so simple as to expect it. Their ability to buy of, and sell to, each other, and other nations, would be prodigiously reduced; and of course an immense number more of them would be thrown out of employment, and their foreign trade would be still farther very greatly diminished. There would be a ruinous glut of labour in every calling, and of goods in every business, which would at the best bind them down to the lowest farthing that would keep the workman from starvation, and the master from bankruptcy. Vast numbers of them would be brought to beggary, and would have to emigrate or to be supported constantly by the poor-rates.

So much for the fruits which a free trade in corn must yield to the merchants and manufacturers. We will now look at the question as it affects the nation generally.

It is declared by the Government that “the new and liberal system of free trade” is intended to produce the greatest possible degree of general cheapness; and it is maintained that this cheapness will be amazingly beneficial, and will, among other things, carry consumption to the highest point possible. Now what will it render cheap? If it operate equally on everything, it will leave consumption exactly as it finds it; if it cheapen what we sell, and not what we buy, it will diminish consumption; and to increase consumption, it must only render cheaper what we purchase. The articles that, as a nation, we want to buy,

are evidently those which we can either consume or sell again, raw or manufactured, to other nations at a profit, and which we either do not produce at all, or do not produce in sufficient quantities.

Will, then, this system render cheaper on the other side of the ocean the raw cotton, timber, wool, hemp, tea, sugar, wine, indigo, &c. &c. that as a nation we want to purchase? No! These articles are beyond its reach. Almost all the commodities that we really want to buy of other nations can be produced in almost any quantity. They are governed by the general market of the world, they are commonly more or less superabundant, and therefore they are only occasionally above the lowest price which the countries that have them to sell can afford to take. What we sell to other nations is too trifling to have any material effect on the expense of producing what they sell to us, and therefore our prices cannot regulate theirs. We may reduce wages and profits here, but this will not reduce them in other countries. We may lower our cottons and woollens, but we must still pay the same for raw cotton and foreign wool. We may strike 50 per cent. off the price of our corn and cattle, but this will not alter the agricultural markets abroad. We grant that the depression of our prices may compel our merchants to charge somewhat less for the foreign articles, but this will make no difference to the foreign producers. As the price of almost everything that we buy abroad consists more or less of duty, will the new system lower this duty? No; it must almost immediately increase it, either directly or indirectly. This system will not make what we want to buy cheaper, but, in all probability, it will, by increasing taxation, or enriching other nations, make it dearer.

Of course, the reduction of price will be confined *exclusively* to such things as we want to sell. Our corn and cattle, our cottons, woollens, linens, labour—all things that as a nation we have to sell—are to be ground down to the very lowest prices possible. This system is to admit into our overflowing market the manufactures, corn, &c. of other countries; and this must directly or indirectly cause a glut in everything, and keep the income of every man at the lowest point. The master must be almost wholly deprived of profit, and the workman must have

merely such wages as will procure him bread and water. This is not all. The foreign goods must make us have far less of manufactures to sell than we have at present. They must force much of our land out of cultivation, greatly diminish the produce of the remainder, and of course cause us to have far less of agricultural produce to sell than we have at present. They will disable us for selling almost half the labour that we at present sell, and therefore they will cause such a glut in labour as will reduce our working classes to starvation, or ruin the other classes by the poor-rates.

We are, therefore, at the very best, to buy at as dear a rate as ever,—we are to sell much cheaper, and to greatly diminish our sales, and this is to increase consumption—this is to enable us to buy far more of other nations! Never since the beginning of the world did idiotcy itself assert anything so monstrous.

It is said that the cheaper any article is, the more of it will be consumed. This, said as it is merely with reference to the price of the article alone, is a preposterous falsehood. Labour is excessively cheap in Ireland, and, in consequence, far less of it is employed than would be if the price were doubled. The cheapness of wheat in some parts of the continent greatly decreases its consumption in these parts. Give the labourer elevenpence for the purchase of the four-pound loaf, and he will find this loaf cheap at tenpence; give him threepence and he will find it dear at fourpence. If the reduction of one-fourth in the price of wheat throw nearly one-third of the working classes out of employment, bread will then be to these classes far dearer than it is at present, and much less of it will be consumed. To make bread or any other article cheaper to those who have it to buy, its price must be reduced, while their means for buying it must remain the same, or, at any rate, must not be reduced in proportion. If the Agriculturists be compelled to reduce their prices, it will, as we have already said, be impossible for those of whom they buy to make a corresponding reduction. The price of any duty upon foreign produce will remain unaltered; from the employment of machinery, a reduction of twenty-five per cent. on wages will reduce in a very trifling degree the price of the yard of cloth, and, there-

fore, merchandise and manufactures cannot be reduced in proportion to the Agriculturists, without the utter ruin of the merchants and manufacturers. Everything, therefore, that the Agriculturists have to buy will in reality be rendered much dearer to them, and, of course, their consumption will be proportionably diminished. Let it be remembered that about half the population will thus have to buy at much higher prices, and to decrease their consumption. The merchants and manufacturers must both obtain their present prices and wages, and retain the same extent of business and employment for labour,—consumption must increase with them in proportion to its decrease amidst the Agriculturists—or the general consumption of the country cannot be kept up, putting increase out of the question. If they obtain their present prices and wages, still, if they lose a considerable portion of trade and employment for labour, agricultural produce will in reality be to them as a whole dearer, and their consumption will be diminished as well as that of the Agriculturists. That the reduced purchases of the Agriculturists, and the influx of foreign manufactures, will greatly reduce their trade, domestic and foreign, and throw great numbers of them out of employment, cannot be doubted; and that this will greatly reduce their profits and wages is alike unquestionable. Of course, things will in effect be rendered much dearer to them as well as to the Agriculturists; in truth, it is declared, that corn is to be reduced in order that everything else may be reduced. The general cheapness will be in reality general dearness, and the consumption of the nation, as a whole, will be prodigiously diminished.

Amidst many of the capital blunders made by the new system on this point, are the following:—1. It makes no distinction between the causes which produce reduction of prices. It calls cotton goods cheap, and why? Because their price is much lower here at present than it was formerly, and than it still is in other countries. But what caused the reduction? Inventions that diminished the costs of production. The profits and wages of

those engaged in the cotton trade are as great now* as they were when cotton goods were at the highest; these goods, in fact, are no cheaper than corn or any other articles. Now, this was a genuine cheapening. Cottons were made far cheaper to the buyer, while nothing was made any dearer to the sellers. These sellers, in truth, by their increase of trade, had their income greatly raised by the reduction; and the income of the rest of the community remained undiminished. Well, the new system assumes, that to cheapen agricultural and other produce almost solely by reducing the profits and wages, throwing the capital and labour out of employment, and diminishing the means of consumption of the producers—even though these producers comprehend nine-tenths of the population—will be alike beneficial, and will in an equal degree promote consumption!!!

2. This system goes in direct opposition to the only rules by which trade can prosper. It assumes, that to buy goods which we can neither use nor sell again, is just as beneficial as to buy those of which we can make profit. It asserts, that to buy manufactures, which we do not want, with raw produce, is just as profitable as to buy produce which we do want, with manufactures that we wish to sell. It maintains, that we ought to buy corn and manufactures, when our livelihood depends almost entirely on the sale of corn and manufactures, and when, by so buying, we should, as sellers, glut our market, make our prices ruinous ones, render a large portion of our own corn and manufactures unsaleable, and force a great part of our land, capital, and labour, out of employment.

3. This system assumes that the less we produce, and the lower prices we charge for our goods, labour, and everything that we have to sell, the more we shall be able to buy of other nations. It in effect asserts, that if we have not a shilling to go to market with, our ability for making purchases will then have no limit.

Let any one escape if he can from the accursed fog of paradox which is now blinding the nation, and look

* It will, of course, be understood, that we here speak of profits and wages with reference to the average of time, and not to particular moments of elevation or depression.

through the different countries of the world. He will find in the cheapest one poverty at the highest point, and consumption at the lowest. He will find consumption increase with dearth until it reaches its maximum in the dearest country. A very few years since we were at the very point to which the new system is labouring to sink us. Corn, manufactures, merchandise, labour, all things that we had to sell, were as cheap as possible. What was the consequence? Consumption dwindled away—our purchases of, and sales to, other nations, were greatly diminished—we could not pay our taxes—we were little better than a nation of insolvents. A large advance of prices took place, and this almost doubled our consumption.

The only way to produce real cheapness in a nation is, to enable every individual to sell what he has to sell, be it labour or goods, at a good price. Let the Agriculturists have good prices for their labour and produce, and then let the traders in the barter charge equivalent prices to the Agriculturists. During the war agricultural produce was exceedingly high, and merchandise and manufactures were still higher in proportion. What followed? The whole community—landlords, tenants, husbandry labourers, merchants, manufactures, mechanics, &c.—possessed a far greater command over necessities and luxuries than they had ever previously possessed. In respect of ability to buy—the genuine source of cheapness—that was the *cheapest* period that ever occurred in our history. At this moment most things are far dearer here than they are in other nations, and in consequence our middling and lower classes have a far greater command over necessities and comforts than those of other nations. Our high prices cause our enormous consumption, they enable us to sell almost double the quantity of labour and to employ almost double the amount of capital, and they make this in reality the *cheapest* nation in the world.

We grant that the competition which is so much spoken of will make many things cheaper, but what will it cheapen? Only those articles that we want to sell. It will not touch those that we want to buy. It will produce such cheapness as is now filling the land with ruin and misery. What causes a glut but competition? What

has rendered prices so ruinous, produced so many failures, and thrown such multitudes out of employment, but competition? This competition may make everything as cheap here as it is in other nations; but it can only do this by reducing wages and profits, and making consumption here, what it is in other nations.

Ministers assert that we are not in reality more heavily taxed than other countries—that if our taxes be more in amount, we have so much the more to pay them with. Now what are the taxes paid by? Income—not property, but the profits of property of all descriptions. These profits cannot in truth be reduced without proportionally reducing the value of the property. Strike one-fourth from the prices of agricultural produce, and this perhaps strikes one-third from the value of our whole land and farming-stock, as well as one-third from the income of the Agriculturists. Diminish the price of manufactures one-tenth, and this perhaps takes away almost half the income of the manufacturer and his workmen. The cheapness in question must either greatly increase our taxes, or bring us to national bankruptcy. It can only exist by depriving the population of luxuries, and binding it to the plainest diet, clothing, &c.—by reducing its consumption of all the articles that pay the highest duties, and employ the most labour. It will compel us either to compound with the public creditor, or to pay several additional millions of direct taxes annually. Every one at least is ready to confess, that if the prices of agricultural produce be reduced, the income of the Agriculturists—of half the population—must be reduced; and yet it is imagined that these ten millions of people, with this greatly reduced income, will consume as great a quantity of taxed commodities, silks, cottons, woollens, &c. as ever! Those who have our trading interests in their hands, proclaim that this general reduction of income will enable the population to consume the more! It is monstrous. To a nation, there can be no difference between general cheapness and general poverty, general dearth and general riches. As a nation, our riches consist almost entirely in the high price of our corn, cattle, labour, merchandise, and manufactures—of everything that we have to sell. Although we undersell other nations

in a few articles, we in reality sell these articles dearer than they do. We pay the same for the raw produce, and we charge higher wages for manufacturing it. Cheapness, to benefit us as a nation, must be drawn from the reduction of taxes by means of surplus revenue—the reduction of prices abroad in such articles as we really want to buy of other nations—or inventions, that will enable us to lower our prices without lowering our wages and profits. A cheapness, drawn solely from the diminution of our own wages and profits, must bring with it all the plagues of scarcity and want. We are, however, now labouring to raise ourselves to the highest point of riches and prosperity, by sinking to the lowest point our wages and profits! The philosopher acted as wisely, who laboured to extract sun-beams from cucumbers.

But then it is said, that if we do not buy of other nations, they cannot buy of us—that if we buy the corn and manufactures of other nations, they will buy so much the more of us—and that the cheaper we make our goods, the more we shall sell of them to other nations.

Now, in the first place, why do we not at this moment buy more timber, cotton, wine, &c. of other nations? We have exactly as much need for additional quantities of these, as we have for foreign corn and manufactures. Other nations could supply us with much more, our merchants have money enough for buying much more, and we have ships in abundance for bringing much more over the water. The reason is, we could not consume more, and our ability to buy must be governed by our ability to consume. We have just as much ability to consume more timber, &c., as to consume more corn, silks, &c. The ability of Britain to buy of France or America, depends on many things beside the ability of France or America to buy of Britain. It may be said that the more corn the grocer buys of, the more groceries he will sell to, the farmer; but then if he cannot make use of the corn, what does he gain by the sale of his groceries! He merely disables himself for both buying and selling.

If it be true that if we do not buy of other nations, we cannot sell to them; and that the more we buy of, the more we shall sell to, them; it

must be equally true, that it ought to be our study to keep our ability to buy—that is, our ability to consume—at the highest point possible. Everything tending to diminish this ability, ought evidently to be avoided to the utmost. Well, by buying foreign silks, we are wholly disabling half a million of our population for buying of other nations, without enabling the rest to increase their foreign purchases. By buying corn of other nations, we shall disable, to a very great extent, ten millions of our population for buying of other nations, and very greatly reduce the means of the rest for such buying. The buying of the foreign corn and manufactures will reduce, to an immense extent, our purchases of, and of course our sales to, other nations.

From some foreign nations our manufactures, be their prices what they may, are strictly excluded; in almost all that they are suffered to enter, they are subject to duties on admission, which would be, at the best, constantly raised as the prices of them should be reduced. If our exporting manufacturers should reduce their prices fifty per cent., the consumer, in general, would not be able to buy their goods a whit the cheaper.

In reality, our manufacturers, as a whole, depend, in the most contemptible degree, on their sales to foreign countries. We attach such mighty importance to the export of manufactures, that we can scarcely look to any of our manufacturers, save those who export. Our exporting manufacturers are, to a great degree, divided from the rest of the community; they are congregated together on separate spots, and the amount of their exports comes regularly before the public. But our other manufacturers—the manufacturers of shoes, furniture, candles, leather, clothes, &c. &c. are scattered about through the nation, and the amount of their sales is unknown. Those manufacturers who export, sell a vast quantity of goods at home. Some of our exported manufactures are formed of expensive materials, and others of cheap ones; some are manufactured principally by machinery, and others principally by hand; some employ much labour, and others very little; but if we assume that, on the average, one individual can only manufacture four pounds' worth in the

week, or, in round numbers, two hundred pounds' worth in the year, then three hundred thousand individuals will manufacture sixty millions' worth annually. We doubt whether the manufactures that we export, give regular employment, directly and indirectly, to half a million of souls. We are pretty sure that our ruined silk trade employed more people in its prosperity, than the whole of these manufactures.

The manufactures that we export, are, on the whole, prepared to a great extent by machinery, and this renders them in a considerable degree independent of the fluctuations in the price of labour. The things that chiefly affect their prices are, duties upon, or fluctuations of price, in the raw articles from which they are fabricated. These raw articles are kept pretty free from duty, they are principally governed in price by the general market of the world, and therefore if they rise or fall to our own manufacturers, they rise or fall to those of other nations.

We are thus pretty sure that about eleven-twelfths of our manufacturers, looking at those of all descriptions, as a whole, never export anything, but depend solely on the home-trade; and that a reduction of one-fourth in the price of corn, and one-sixth in that of labour, would only enable the exporting manufacturers to make trifling reductions in their prices,* which would scarcely benefit them at all in foreign markets. And we are perfectly sure, that the ability of these manufacturers to export, depends mainly on the consumption of the whole nation. Well, we are to reduce this consumption, that we may increase their sales to foreign nations. That we may sell more cottons to America, we are to consume less of its cotton—that we may sell more woollens abroad, we are to consume less foreign wool—that we may sell more manufactures to our colonists, we are to consume less sugar, rum, and coffee—that one-fortieth or one-eightieth of our population may be enabled to sell to other nations cheap manufactures, every individual of the population is to be

disabled, as far as possible, for buying of other nations. A home-trade, of perhaps five or six hundred millions annually, is to be ruined for the benefit of a foreign one, of thirty or forty millions, and this is to make us rich and prosperous as a nation!

If our foreign trade cannot be maintained without our dooming ourselves to poverty and wretchedness, let it pine to death, and let us have a general illumination at its funeral. But, in truth, nothing can destroy this trade but such poverty and wretchedness, and nothing can materially increase it, save high prices for agricultural produce—high profits for capital—high wages for labour—general dearth, and its offspring, great consumption.

If our ports were constantly open for foreign corn, the consumption of our Agriculturists would keep constantly diminishing. At present, much manure is purchased for the land, beyond what it produces, and much labour is employed on it, beyond the minimum by which it could be cultivated. The buying of the one, and the employing of the other, would instantly cease; the land would lose its fertility, and the Agriculturists would have much less produce to sell than they now have, while increased importations of foreign corn would still keep prices at the lowest point. Rack-rents may be as easily imposed by the low price of corn, as by the exorbitant demands of the landlord. Were wheat at forty shillings the quarter, and other produce in proportion, the chief part of our land could pay no rent whatever. Were wheat to fluctuate between forty and fifty shillings, and other produce to be in proportion, the lowest would be a rack-rent. If the ports were constantly open, the market would be always more or less glutted, wheat would never be much above forty shillings, except in occasional periods of scarcity, when high prices benefit the farmer very little, and nearly the whole of our farmers would have to pay rack-rents. What the effects of such rents are, let Ireland testify. Previously to the late rise in corn, there were many

* A removal of the duties on dyes, oils, foreign wool, &c., would benefit many of the exporting manufacturers more than a reduction of one-fourth in the price of corn.

farms in the country that could not find occupiers, and we believe that if this rise had not taken place, many of our farms would already have been divided. Prices that will not enable the farmers to save, must inevitably create division, subdivision, and over-peopling. In proportion as large farms should be divided, and small ones multiplied, in the same proportion would the population of the village increase, and its consumption decrease. We should soon have a country population like that of Ireland, feeding on potatoes, dressing in rags, and buying scarcely anything of the merchants and manufacturers.

But then, it is said, that we ought to buy foreign corn to avoid scarcity. This must mean, that by so buying, we should be enabled to keep constantly a far greater quantity of corn in the country than we can keep at present. Under the present system, the market is tolerably buoyant, and the farmers are in good circumstances; the latter bring their corn to market gradually, and all who are able hold at least a quantity of old wheat over the harvest, from the certainty that they cannot lose by it, and that they may gain greatly. The farmers are thus constantly very large holders of surplus wheat; and, for the six months previously to the harvest, the factors, millers, and merchants, who speculate in corn, are very large holders likewise. The greatest possible quantity of surplus corn is thus constantly kept in the country, that the market can sustain; and, in addition, we have always a new crop approaching, that on the average will supply us. Should the ports be opened, the market would be speedily glutted; the farmers would be reduced to poverty, they would have less corn to sell, they would be compelled to sell as soon after harvest as possible, and scarcely one of them would hold a grain of surplus corn for the four or five months preceding the harvest. The factors and millers would not venture to hold on speculation, and the speculators would not dare to enter the market. The market would break down under one-half of the surplus corn, that it can now sustain with the greatest ease; we should always have infinitely less corn in the country than we now have, and the coming crop, at the best, would fall very far below our consumption. So much for

the foreign corn being on this point a preservative against scarcity.

A bad harvest almost invariably affects more or less the crops of all Europe. The opening of the ports, by putting part of our land out of cultivation, and injuring the fertility of the remainder, would make us dependent on other nations for a large part of our corn, and what would then be our situation in the event of a general bad harvest? Those nations which could now ruin us with their surplus corn would have scarcely any to sell to us; our own bad crop would hardly supply half our wants, and to make up the deficiency by importation would be impossible. By making ourselves dependent on other nations for corn, we should protect them from scarcity, but we should destroy our own protection from it, and render its effects the more dreadful when it should visit us. In truth, were we thus dependent for one-fourth of our corn, a general bad harvest would produce in this country, not merely a scarcity, but a horrible famine—a famine in which the mass of the lower orders could not possibly procure bread.

If we were in the habit of attending to the clamour of mobs, newspaper-editors, philosophers, and free-trade ministers, we should doubtless think very meanly of the Corn Laws; but we are not, and therefore we think these laws most sound and wise ones. They assume, that in average years, we can grow quite as much corn as we can consume—that the constant importation of foreign corn would cause a glut that would ruin our agriculture—and that we merely want to buy corn occasionally of other nations to meet occasional deficiencies in our own crops. They stand upon this, and their destruction will not establish its falsehood. They separate one kind of grain from another; and whenever the crop of any kind is scanty, and the price high, they open the ports until supplies from abroad produce abundance and moderate prices, and then they close them again. They guard equally against scarcity and gluts—against the extremes of high and low price; and nothing could be devised that would so effectually keep the market in a healthy state, and protect it from great fluctuations. We are very sure, that they are as beneficial to the merchants and manufacturers as to

Agriculturists. They have been tried, and their working corresponds with the truth of the principle on which they stand. They may be destroyed—for what that is beneficial to the community can escape in these days of destruction?—but wiser laws will not replace them.

That man has the intellect of a fool, and not of a statesman, who can look at this nation in the present moment without discovering that a glut in any commodity is as destructive as a scarcity, and that all trading systems, and all governments, ought to guard as much against the one as the other. Upon this our Restrictive System—that system of truth and wisdom, that system to which England owes its wealth, happiness, and grandeur,—was founded. It gave us, as far as possible, a separate market of our own for everything that we had to sell; it kept this market in the most manageable condition, and protected it from all gluts save those of our own creating. In what we had to buy abroad, it opened to us the general market of the world, and did its utmost to cause competition and low prices. Its restrictions gave us the fulness of trading, liberty, and protection. It would not suffer one interest to ruin another—a part of the community to crush our labour-market by importing foreign labour—the agriculturists to make bankrupts of the manufacturers, by buying foreign manufactures—or the merchants and manufacturers to make beggars of the Agriculturists, by buying foreign corn. It would not permit the individual to ruin his neighbour, or the nation to ruin itself. It restrained our jarring interests from robbing and destroying each other, as our civil laws restrain the members of the community from robbing and destroying each other; but beyond this it gave us freedom, nay, licentiousness. What were its fruits? While foreign agriculture was kept in constant penury by excessive supply, our own flourished and enriched the empire—while the market for labour abroad was distressed by a never-ending glut, in this country it was kept in the most prosperous condition;—while in other nations commerce and manufactures languished and pined from the want of consumption, in this they thrived beyond hope, and almost beyond possibility. The new liberal

system is of course the reverse in all things. Its grand object is to place everything that as a nation we have to sell, under a ruinous and eternal glut. When our market for labour is oppressed by superabundance, it calls upon all other nations to throw their labour into it—when our market for silks, cottons, and woollens, is sinking under excessive supply, it invites all other nations to pour into it their silks, cottons, and woollens—when our corn-market is abundantly supplied, it invites other nations to overwhelm it with their corn. It destroys our separate markets, chains us in what we have to sell to the general one of the world, and grinds us down to the poverty, weakness, and privations of other countries. To rival and hostile nations, it will no doubt be a system of freedom and riches; but to England, it will be a system for enabling her various interests to commit towards each other trading interest, theft, and murder—it will be a system of commercial oppression and tyranny, of wholesale plunder and confiscation—of ruin, pauperism, starvation, and misery. Speak of the Mississippi Scheme and past bubbles—of the South Sea Company—Mr Law, and the scheme-dolts of the Stock Exchange!—they are below contempt, compared with the free-trade bubbles, and bubble-blowers. They grasped only the fortunes of individuals, or detached portions of a nation's interests; but from the latter we have a stupendous scheme of ruin to ingulph the whole interests of the first empire in the universe. Never until this hour had mad imbecility, impudent quackery, and blind credulity, their full triumph.

There never was a period in our history so well calculated for making a patriotic statesman sigh for the direction of public affairs, as the present moment. At no previous period of our history was the government so free from serious difficulties, and so profusely supplied with everything necessary for promoting trade, wealth, and prosperity, as it is at present. So long as a nation possesses any considerable portion of superabundant land, it is scarcely possible to protect its agriculture from constant poverty, and to give it any large share of durable trade, wealth, and power. While land was superabundant in this country,

our agriculture was almost always poor. Prices were only made occasionally good by seasons of scarcity ; and if in these the farmers' circumstances were somewhat bettered, the first good crop caused a glut, and brought back the poverty. The government could apply no remedy—bounties on the exportation of corn only increased the superabundance of it, and made things worse instead of better. We have no longer any excess of land, and we have still sufficient to supply us plentifully with food for many years to come. Favoured pre-eminently in everything, we have gained that command over wealth and prosperity which was never possessed by any great nation before us. We have gained the means of keeping our agriculture constantly rich and flourishing—of keeping ten millions of our population constantly in plentiful circumstances—of keeping that gigantic interest in constant prosperity, to which belongs half our population, which employs two-thirds of our capital and labour, and regulates the profits and wages of the whole, and on which our trade, foreign and domestic, our riches, power, and greatness, depend. We have the means of doing this ; and if our exporting manufacturers be suffering from the cost of labour, we have the means of granting them abundant relief, by the repeal of duties. Such a repeal, even in regard to the expenses of production, would benefit them more than a reduction of one-fourth in the price of corn. We have the means of soon making many articles that we consume much cheaper by a reduction of taxes ; and of crushing every foreign competitor in every market that we are permitted to enter. Yet we find all this insupportable. While other nations are deploring the poverty and depression of their agriculture, we are thrown into a paroxysm of fury against our own, because it is rich and flourishing. We are labouring to drag it from its security—to trample it into ruin—and to place it eternally under the penury and suffering which sit on that of foreign countries. The magnificent boon which to other states is unattainable, and which might almost enable us to gratify every wish, we cast from us in scorn ; and we seem determined, even in spite of the will of Heaven, to be poor, and feeble, and wretched. While we are acting thus to agricul-

ture, we are giving away our commerce and manufactures to any nation that will accept them—we are doing what must immediately raise greatly our taxes—and still we protest that all this will benefit us—that it forms the long-sought philosopher's stone. From the bankruptcy of the master, and the starvation of the servant, is to flow our increase of revenue—our trade is to flourish in proportion as it may pass into the hands of other countries—and the ruin and distress of agriculture are to fill to overflow our measure of national strength and greatness. One thing, however, seems to have been forgotten, that is necessary for rendering the new system complete. A law ought to be passed to compel us to people our soil with fishes, and to grow our corn and feed our cattle upon the sea.

To look at all this is sufficient to fill with flame the soul of a stoic. It is still consoling in some degree to reflect, that although all must suffer from it, the mass of our countrymen are wholly free from the shame and disgrace of having either originated or sanctioned it. The Whigs were its parents, and it gives the last tint of blackness to their character that this is capable of receiving. Were all the principles—the new laws and systems—the measures of policy, foreign and domestic—which the Whigs have originated or advocated since the time when Fox became their leader, printed in a book with the results which a trial of them has yielded, it would form such an amazing display of ignorance, folly, stupidity, madness, and idiocy, as was never made by any other body of men since the creation. Perhaps from the course which certain of the Ministers have lately followed, the adoption of the “new system” was necessary to preserve us from the evils of a Whig Ministry. Perhaps we could only have escaped the greater evil, by being subjected to the lesser. There is not now—whatever there was recently—any danger of a Whig Ministry ; and we shall be somewhat mistaken if a “liberal” Tory one can endure for twelve months longer. The people of England are at length awakening from their slumber ; and the time we think is not far distant, when the Ministry will contain a far greater portion of English ancestry, blood, heart, feeling, and opinion, than it contains at present. The men who

disdain to wear the fetters of any public man or any party—who have made the Ministers what they are—and who can, with half their strength, crush every opponent—have never sanctioned the new measures; they have only looked on with passive disapprobation. These measures have been carried

through their neutrality of action, and by the support of the Whigs, Benthamites, and Radicals. Let these men be assured that though they have been deserted, betrayed, and left without leaders, they are still omnipotent—let them shake off their apathy, take the field of their former glories,

AND ONCE MORE SAVE THEIR COUNTRY !

DR LINGARD.

THIS Roman Catholic divine has been for some years producing volumes of what he calls a History of England. He is a thorough Papist, and of course his work is in the thorough spirit of his blinded and unhappy faith;—venomous with the most sanctified appearance of impartiality, ignorant with the most pompous display of authorities, and hostile to all the national feelings of religious liberality, with the most specious professions of national attachment, and freedom on principle.

As the Roman Catholics have throughout all this contest exhibited the most striking dearth of literature, a dearth to be accounted for only by the paralysing effect of a belief which enslaves the human understanding, they have of course magnified the miracle of a "History" appearing among them; and Dr Lingard is now the elected champion of the Popish Church against fact, feeling, and the faith of England. The Edinburgh Review has, in the habitual spirit of that mischievous and malignant agent, adopted this disciple of Jesuitism, and lauded his work as it lauded Buonaparte, and lauds everything that common sense and national honour would stigmatize and scorn. Dr Lingard is a man of some ability and some reading, not comparable for a moment to any of the leading names among the historians of England or her Church, yet of course a wonder in the general ignorance and dulness of the Popish writers of his time. His style is still that of the cloister, monotonous, creeping, and cold. He never rises into eloquence, the noblest events never rouse him into feeling. There are none of those splendid bursts and impulses, where history seems to assume a human heart, and speaks the burning

language of living indignation, or pays its proud and solemn homage to virtue. All is sluggish. We drag on to the close of his volumes, with the heavy smoothness of a track-schuyt, and are glad to have done with our voyage of hazy fog, and flat stagnation.

There are two principles of fraudulent history, the "*factio falsi*" and the "*suppressio veri*." To tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is the obligation of an honest historian, as much as if he were standing in the witness-box. Dr Lingard is not a bold man, and prefers the "*suppressio veri*" to the more resolute branch of the rule. He may not dare direct falsehood, but he will not tell "the whole truth." He has a prejudice against enlightening Protestant ignorance, and putting Popish feelings to pain; and no man shall detect him giving us the entire of the facts without palliation or disguise. He finds, on the most incontestable authority, that Mary, well named the "Bloody," burned 200 persons, and imprisoned a crowd of Protestants, of whom many died. Dr Lingard soothes his conscience by allowing that she executed almost 200! Thus goes on his whole history; crime is occasionally allowed, because to deny it, would be to make the world cry out upon the writer. But it is studiously softened down. Yet what is the value of this wretched attempt at palliation? Two hundred human beings avowedly murdered, and by the most cruel of all deaths, for the honour of Popery! Wretched advocate, sanguinary and godless superstition!

Dr Lingard's History has now come to the English Reformation. He treats it like a Jesuit, heaps calumnies on the men to whom we are indebted at

this hour for leave to *look into a Bible*, for leave to look into any book without the intervention of a priest, for leave to eat our bread in peace, without the permission of a priest ordaining what we shall eat, and whether we shall eat at all ; for leave to sleep at night in our beds, without the terror of being dragged from them by some officer of a tribunal of blood, some familiar of the Inquisition, to die under the torture, or linger out a miserable life in a dungeon ! The men to whom we are at this hour indebted, that England is the head of the civilized world, and not the vassal of France and Spain, and like them both in insecurity and public distrust, with an unsettled throne, and a people ready for mutual massacre.

The memory of Elizabeth, the greatest queen that ever ruled a nation, a mind *thoroughly English*, the bulwark of freedom not merely among ourselves, but of whatever civil and religious freedom existed in Europe, is the chief subject of contumely to this unnational and perfidious historian.

He charges Elizabeth with persecution ! The *slaughter of heretics* is the notorious tenet of his own church ; authenticated in every age, and at this hour ready to be put in force, if our weakness, or our belief in their protestations, give them the mastery. The charge is altogether false—*she persecuted none !* Religious opinions brought no priest to the scaffold. But justice and the public safety demanded that the hired agents of Spain and France, and the declared conspirators against her life, and the liberties of England, should not be suffered to involve the land in bloodshed and convulsion. Yet, with all this provocation, but few died ; and none but by a public trial, on unquestioned proof of guilt. They perished as *traitors*, detected in their treason ! The reign of Elizabeth was the crisis of the great struggle of false religion with true, of despotism with liberty, of national debasement, misery, and anarchy, with national empire, happiness, and order.

What was her history ?

Elizabeth came to the throne in 1558. She found popish Europe triumphing in the prospect of the subversion of British power, as it had already exulted over the prostration of religion in the blood of her people.

The first act of popery was the type of all that followed ; the whole body of the popish prelates of England, with one exception, *refused* to crown her.

The vassalage of England was the object of France. It was hoped to become an easier prey, if Mary of Scotland was queen. France notoriously intrigued with the papal see. Pope Paul published an insolent denial of Elizabeth's right to the crown, and proclaimed that of Mary. Such was the condition of kingdoms that had acknowledged the papacy ! France now reckoned upon the conquest of England, and actually put the English arms into its escutcheon. Mary attempted to raise Scotland against her in alliance with France. Both France and Scotland persecuted the reformed religion. The reformers in both threw themselves on the mercy of England. Thus began the justified hostility of England to both sovereigns.

But the power of the realm was not to be shaken by the poverty of her northern neighbour, nor by the unsettled and dubious throne of her continental enemy. What could not be effected by war, was tried by treachery. Conspiracies, in long succession, were formed against Elizabeth's life. In 1563, a conspiracy was entered into by the Poles, for the death of the queen, and the proclamation of Mary. The traitors were found guilty, but *not executed*. In less than two years after, a league for the destruction of the protestant religion, and England at its head, was formed in the famous Bayonne conference, by the two most remorseless persecutors of the age, Catherine of Medicis, and the Duke of Alva ; the one given down to the execration of mankind, by the massacre of St Bartholomew, and the other by the massacres of the people of the Netherlands, through the Inquisition. This league was formed in 1565.

Within four years, another Popish conspiracy was formed in the realm. This suddenly took the shape of open war ; an insurrectionary force appeared, headed by Northumberland, and openly proclaiming the restoration of Popery. Its banner was an idolatrous emblem of "the five wounds of Christ ;" and its first and congenial exploit was, the *burning of the Bible* and Common Prayer in Durham Cathedral. This rebellion was notoriously advised,

and stimulated by the Pope. Its leaders were executed as traitors. The Roman Catholics hallow their memory, and pronounce them *martyrs*.

In the very next year was issued the celebrated "Bull," insolently declaring Elizabeth unworthy of the throne, deposing her, absolving her subjects from their allegiance, and denouncing herself as the "slave of all evil." This "Bull" made actual proclamation of war, summoning all the Roman Catholic kingdoms to the destruction of England, and putting a dagger into the hands of every English Roman Catholic, against the lives of their fellow-subjects and the Queen. This Bull, too, the emissaries of Rome had the effrontery to fix up on the door of the Bishop of London's palace. It was sent to the Duke of Alva, and by him sent to the Spanish ambassador, who had been still suffered to remain in London. This Bull, Mr Butler, with that Jesuitical affectation of candour which marks and disgraces all his controversial works, whines over "as ever to be condemned, and ever to be lamented," forsooth. But why does not this writer, instead of feeling regret in the style of a bad novel, and that too obviously a regret for the *impolicy* of the measure, and *not* for the crime, openly, honestly, and manfully denounce it as an atrocious and bloody incitement to rebellion and massacre; not less an insolent assumption of authority in an independent country, than a most criminal, and altogether unchristian summons to all the bad passions of the country, against its laws and the laws of God? He knows in his soul that it was all this,—that it was the unlicensed and insufferable arrogance of a foreign priest, pampered with guilty power, and inflamed with mad ambition. This would be truth, but this truth the slaves of idolatry and darkness *dare* not utter. So much for the sincerity and sorrow of Mr Butler.

In two years after the transmission of this infamous document, *another* conspiracy started up, headed by Norfolk. The proofs were unquestionable that the conspirators were in league with the Duke of Alva. A more fatal and fearful instance of the bloody spirit of Rome occurred abroad almost at the same moment. The massacre of St Bartholomew in 1572,—the complicated work of bigotry and

ambition,—of treachery and cruelty,—a stain for ever on the religion of France, on her throne, and on her people,—yet a scarcely less damning spot upon the Papal court, which celebrated this scene of murder by *public exultation* and "*Te Deums*!"

In 1577, a Spanish army was openly assembled in the Netherlands for the *conquest* of England; its commander Don John was to marry the Queen of Scots; the Roman Catholic interests in England were to be summoned to the invading standard, and Popery was to be PROPAGATED BY THE SWORD.

The kingdom was now beleaguered by enemies; the whole force of the Spanish monarchy, then the supreme power of the earth, was in open arms against it. A Popish party in Scotland was in alliance with the enemy, and the Papists in England were waiting only the signal for general rebellion. It was the first duty of the throne to expel all strangers detected as the *agents* of the foreign enemy. Three colleges had been established at Rheims, Douay, and Rome, for the *express* purpose of training up priests to be employed as *emissaries* of rebellion in England. They had been established notoriously by the English Jesuits, as agents for the overthrow of the religion and throne of England. They were publicly declared dangerous and aliens, and commanded to quit the country on pain of death, as rebels and traitors, if *they returned*. Who but men like Dr Lingard will deny that this government, or any government, with an army gathering in its sight for its avowed destruction, had a right to take this common measure of defence, and drive traitors and spies out of the garrison, or extinguish them if they returned?

We look upon the general Roman Catholic question, in a much higher light than that of a mere parliamentary topic. The enemies of the British constitution see in it a great ground on which they may fix their batteries; and the friends of that constitution cannot be too vigorous and vigilant in meeting the attack, whether open or secret, whether hurried on by the rash and infuriate violence of faction, or silently conducted by the subtler artifices of fraudulent intrigue, and written falsehood.

In this charge of direct hostility to the Constitution, we do not desire to

involve the present clamourers in Ireland. We consider them merely as ignorant and vulgar-minded men, talking of matters which they do not comprehend, labouring for results of which they have scarcely a conception, and seizing the topic, simply for the mean and miserable purposes of *professional lucre*. The pen of a public writer is degraded by the mention of these obscure brawlers. Public taste is insulted by the mere mention of their vulgarity, their rant, and their reviling; public feeling altogether scorns and repels their naked, low, and contemptible motives. We are satisfied that those men do not desire the overthrow of the Constitution, so long as they can make a shilling more under it, than they could under a mob government. We are satisfied that the bitterest blow to them would be that "emancipation," for which they clamour; and that, if there was a chance of it, they would set all their engines at work to keep up a brawl, out of which they make their criminal profits, and their bastard popularity. It is a burlesque to call those Irish rangers public men.

But there is a deeper source of evil, a direct, bitter, and subtle enmity against the freedom and eminence of England, engendered in Rome, sustained by the money of the national enemy, and administered by the emissaries of Popery among ourselves. The punishment of England for its abjuration of the Papacy, is the undying hope of Popery abroad. This is notorious. The magnitude and glory of the British Empire is a source of jealousy; her Popish population is a source of hope; there is a *secret weekly correspondence* carried on between the Papists in Ireland and England, and the Papal Court! The Jesuits, a race expelled from human society, scarcely half a century back, for offences against the civil order of all nations, have been revived by the late Pope, and been sent by the present one into England and Ireland! They are engrossing the education of the people in the north and west of England, they are founding seminaries in

Ireland; and with foreign money in their hands, foreign principles in their heads, and the example of that long list of tyrants, idolaters, and persecutors, whose work they do; the first occasion of public calamity will find Popery showing among ourselves what it has been among the French and Spaniards, exclusive, tyrannical, and exterminating.

How near that great and final trial of the spirits may be, is of course beyond human knowledge. But that we shall have another test of our principles, another summons to the manliness and integrity of the national heart, and the holiness and truth of the Christian religion, to be on their guard against most hazardous incursion, we have no doubt. It would be easy to point out the signs by which this formidable menace is given. But it is our more important duty to take care, as far as in us lies, that the evil do not come upon us unawares. Justice and clemency to the Roman Catholic, but fidelity to the memory of our ancestors, and honour to our constitution and religion, must be our motto, when the hour of the conflict shall come.

To preserve and cherish the rights and principles of his people, is the first duty of a sovereign. This, the greatest of our queens did, and for this she deserves all the gratitude of her rescued empire. No sovereign ever had so mighty a responsibility laid upon her. The world was shaken by religious convulsion; and all its elements were leagued against the last spot to which true Christianity had fled as to a house of refuge. Military strength, full of the pride of successful wars, was arrayed against her solitary kingdom. Papal intolerance thundered against her religion. Domestic treason was darkening round her throne; but she was strong in the cause of truth, and God; and if the veil had at that hour been taken from before her eyes, she would have seen, like the servant of Elisha, her kingdom surrounded by more than mortal protection—the "horses and the chariots of fire."

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN.

CHAP. XIX.

The Story of Jack Adams—Continued.

"WELL, next day, just a little before dinner, the signal-man aroused the curiosity of all hands, by announcing that the Admiral's boat had just pushed off, and was making for the fleet. The decks were instantly crowded, and we all watched in silence his barge, as it slowly moved onwards alongside the *George*, where his flag had been once more that morning hoisted. About an hour after he was on board, she began to telegraph the shore; and immediately afterwards the officers of the fleet were seen hurrying on board the Admiral from all quarters. As all this plainly showed us there was something of importance in the wind, the ship's committee was directly mustered, and they immediately resolved, that, as soon as dinner was over, the signal for all delegates of the fleet should be hoisted at the main. This was accordingly done, and as promptly obeyed.

"Now, Adams," cried Tom Allen, as soon as he was seated, 'we'll shortly see what is the meaning of the very pretty story you made such a riot about yesterday, regarding Pole and his fine promises; for mind me, d'ye see, I still am of opinion it is all a bam. It rather strikes me, mate—and you must excuse me for giving my frank notion of the matter,—that their present meeting is merely to see what effect his smooth-tongued palaver has had upon us simple souls; and whether they can't gammon the whole fleet as easily as they did you and old Tomlins.'

"Why, who the devil can doubt it, Tom, but that there's their very intention," cried Bill Senator, peevishly, 'when they all must have seen, or had it told them, how greedily Jack and his old chum swallowed the bait; and not only did so, but bolted it down, forsooth, with a white flag and a band of music!'

"Ay, there's the nailer," cried Jack Vassy; 'the flag and the music played the devil, and certainly carried the joke a little too far. Hang me, if I'd ever believed it of Adams, who, I'm certain, is not so easily gulled on other occasions.'

"Gulled here or gulled there, what are ye making a' this wark about?' cried Jamie Blyth, a countryman of our own; 'Jock Adams is nae mair than ane o' our number; and, in faith, I think, on that very account, there's very little harm done. Will they gull us a', think ye, lads? for that's the proper question; and until they do that, ye've devilish little to complain o.' For mysell, I'll only say, that I defy the haile tribe o' them to come ower me wi' their flashy havers. Na, na, I want nane o' their nonsense—I want deeds, not words—and, until they gie me them, to the wuddy wi' their blarney.'

"True, true, my hearty," cried Senator; 'you're perfectly correct. The making a goose of Adams affects not our cause in the smallest. But, don't you think now, that it would have been fully as well had he not been so simple as to make such a noise about nothing?'

"Wha the devil doubts that, William?' returned Blyth; 'but ye suld aye recollect that Jock is only a fallible creature, liable to err—and we are nae mair—ay, if we are as gude. I'm only wanting to say, that I think he has done nae *great* harm yet—and that I see not a morsel of occasion for a' this tirwurring and flyting at him.'

"During all this time, Ned, I sat silent, and really felt somewhat ashamed. The remarks were so feasible, and so boldly uttered, that I was absolutely staggered as to the truth of my message altogether, and all the more so, as the day was wearing away without a syllable from authority making its appearance. However, determined not to knock under, I still insisted that they all should have patience, and at least wait the issue of the present conference, which I was certain, I said, would produce something.

"Oh, I've not the smallest doubt of that, Jack," cried Senator, laughing sarcastically; 'belike we shall be served out with another whacking allowance of their flummery.'

"Ay ay, as you say, Bill," returned Vassy; "for these chaps are all law-

yers, you knows, and are nicely up to the tipping us off their chin-music.'

"'That's buttering a whiting, you mean, I fancy,' chimed Blyth.

"'For my part,' resumed Allen, 'I never did see these wiseheads meet together, yet, but what they were always a-hatching of mischief; and, in faith, I expect little else now, come the squall when it may. But, zounds, what's the use on us sitting stuck up here palavering about what is all in my eye and Betty Martin?—Come, my hearts, let us on deck at once, and have a look round us; unless, indeed, our worthy Glynne, there, has got some stuff in his locker, and then, why, I haven't the smallest objections to our diving below.'

"'Bah, bah,—no such thing, Allen,' cried the President, loudly; 'indeed, indeed, mates, it must not be. Recollect for a moment what you are waiting here for,—to meet with your officers and commanders; and recollect also the mighty importance of the duty committed to your care—no less than the looking after the interests of thousands, who all have their eyes on you. For God's sake, then, my hearts, think not of grog, I beseech you—I can see no harm in your breaking up and going on deck—but I must decidedly *insist* that you shall neither leave the ship, nor fall to a grog-guzzling.'

"'Well, well, Morris,' said Valentine Joyce, gruffly, 'you're our officer at present, you know, and *must* be obeyed; but for all that, in my way of thinking, I can see little harm in Glynne's sporting us a tot or two of his supernaculum, were it no more than to kill time agreeably. However, hang it, let us be jogging, for my shank-painters are getting as crank and stiff as e'er an old woman's in the kingdom.'

"Accordingly the council broke up, and were speedily squandered about the various decks. For my own part I retired to my birth, accompanied by Jamie Blyth, with whom I had a long and a serious talk on the matters then going on; in the course of which I discovered, with exceeding regret, that, countryman of mine though he was, and a shrewd, intelligent fellow to boot, he was a complete unbeliever in the fair promises of Government, notoriously infected with disloyalty, and all them other new-fangled wild principles, and altogether, neck and crop,

a keen fellow for change and innovation.

"I think we had chatted the best part of a couple of bells, and in faith I was beginning to get heartily sick of his nonsense, when all hands were piped suddenly on deck, and, hurrying up, who should I see there but our old skipper standing at the capstan uncovered, with a huge lot of papers before him! Having read over these, which contained a frank agreement to grant all our demands, he proceeded to ask the ship's company assembled round him, whether they were now satisfied, and would return to their duty;—but this was a question which no one thought proper to answer. At last, fearful our silence might be misconstrued, I took speech in hand myself, and plumply and flatly told the old boy, that the conducting and settling of the whole affair had been consigned into the hands of the delegates, and to them he must apply for an answer,—adding, that I had no doubt but what they agreed to would amply satisfy the fleet.

"'Then why don't you call them together, Adams?' said Captain Lock, peevishly; 'or must I go and beseech them to give his Majesty's message a hearing? I understand the fellows have had the presumption to disgrace my unfortunate vessel by holding their infernal divan in her. It's not unlikely then but they may be on board even now. Go call them together instantly, I command you.'

"I was here very luckily prevented from replying to this vinegar remark, by the abrupt interference of a bulky booby of a holder, who thundered out, laying hold of the Captain's collar,—'I'se ha' thee to understond, Loack, thee hast no cummond here noaw-a-dees, zo had'st better be zivil!—Zookers, *fellows* did'st thee zay!—dang it, doesn't know we ha' a yeard-rope very much at thee sarvice—or would'st prefer a zound ducking—'

"'For shame, Gregory,' cried I, interrupting the rude lout, 'for shame, and recollect who you are speaking to; for mind me, mate, this gentleman comes not here as your commanding officer, but as an ambassador from the Lords Admirals themselves, as well as the Commons, and Lords, and King of the country. So off hands, if you please, and behave to the gentleman as a gentleman, and as one who

brings offers from those who can give us all we either want or wish for.—Captain Lock,' continued I, addressing him, 'to assemble the delegates is out of my power—that can only be done by orders from the President, who, we all think, has highly honoured the Queen, by selecting her from the rest of the fleet for their place of council and consultation. Belike you may think otherwise?'

"'I'll be d——d if I don't, Adams,' cried the indignant officer, interrupting me, highly enraged. 'What, *honoured* did you say!—the old victorious Charlotte *honoured* by being made the very focus of the sedition, disloyalty, and treason of a mob of outlaws—a pack of low, lousy, ungrateful villains!—mean, unruly scum!—the very dregs of mankind, and sweepings of our jails!—Away with such honour for ever!—Hear me, Adams; go, as I command you, and tell these fellows, you call your—'

"'Gude forgie us! what the wuddy did I hear?' cried Jamie Blyth, bursting forwards, and rudely interrupting him; 'outlaws, villains, scum!—ha, ha, ha! the auld fallow's surely demented!—Gae wa'—rin, some o' ye, and bring me the darbies—saul, he'll do himsell a mischief else. Haste ye, lads, and as soon's he's fast on his nether end, I'll hear him preach wi' some degree o' pleasure.'

"'I've not the smallest doubt, Davies, but this threat would have been put in instant execution, had I not stuck close by him, and loudly maintained that he was to be looked on in no other light than the ambassador from the Lords of Admiralty.

"'The ambassador of the Admiralty d'ye ca' him?' cried Blyth, with a sneer; 'a pretty ambassador he maks atweel, and shows himself weel wordy o' his calling. Foul fa' me, gif the Lord Admirals meant him for an ambassador, they've committed a terrible mistake surely, and sent us an ill-tongued randy o' a keelman in his place.'

"'Peace, fellow!' said the Captain, *darting at Blyth a look of the utmost contempt; 'peace, I say; and recollect to whom you are prating.—D'ye hear me, Adams; once more I *command* you to go instantly and find out your ringleader—your what-d'ye-callum of the gang I mean. Tell him from me to muster his junto of round-

heads directly, and to give me an answer in a moment—I'm out of all patience to be rid of such company.'

"'Then why don't you leave it?' said Bill Senator, who had now joined the assemblage. 'I'm sure there's none I knows on more welcome; for, whether we wear round hats or cocked ones, this one thing I can tell you, my old bluff blade, that no commands of yours will be obeyed here to-day, so you may march your pumps as soon as pleases you; and, i'faith, if you take my advice, the sooner you shove your boat off the better.'

"'Why, who are you that speaks so boldly?' demanded the astonished Captain.

"'A fellow-servant of your own,' replied the intrepid Senator, bowing lowly, 'and one too, in my opinion, of infinite more use—though it doesn't please Master to give me a paltry brass farthing for your score of shiners on pay-day.'

"'You are indeed a rare villain!' said the Captain, 'and no doubt will speedily receive your proper reward.'

"'I hope so,' replied Senator, coolly; 'although, I must say, it is devilish long on the road. However, time, you knows, is an excellent tooth-drawer, and will tell you to a nicety whose bottom's blackest; so who knows, old one, how soon I mayn't be exalted—though God forbid it should be in your way.'

"'Pshaw!' cried the Captain, turning away in disgust.—'Harkye, Adams, see, these are the Admiralty papers, by which you will perceive that all your requests, or *commands* rather, are most graciously complied with. It's more than I'd have done, that's flat—but as it comes from the hand of his Majesty, I've got nothing to say. Take them in keeping—assemble your what-d'ye-call-it—and let the admirals, who wait in the flag for the very purpose, know your answer as soon as possible. I came on board to do all this myself—but I've met with too much insolence to have either the wish, or even the patience, to make my stay an instant longer. See about it instantly, there's a good fellow—I'll give you half an hour to consult one another; but if you can come to a conclusion sooner, you know, so much the better. The Admiral himself wishes, that if you are now satisfied, you will signify as much by hauling down the red, and hoisting a

white flag at the main. If I hear not from you in half an hour, you may likely get another messenger—but not me—for I assure you, I shan't submit to be the sport of every prating scoundrel that chooses to insult me. Let me see now how smartly you'll execute this commission of mine—it won't be against you, my good fellow,' whispered he, as he put the papers into my hands, and walked away.

" 'Well,' cried Bill Senator, looking after him, as he mounted the companion, 'if there doesn't go a piece of the haughtiest old junk I ever set eyes on.—I say, Adams, what are you going to make of that there trashy gear he's given you?'

" 'Carry them down to the President directly,' replied I.

" 'Why then, I'll save you the trouble, my brave boy, for here I am,' said Jack Morris himself, taking the papers out of my hand.—'So,—what have we got here? (reads.) *By the Commissioners for executing the office,*—ay, that's the Admiralty's—now for the next—Ah!—*Given at our Court of Windsor.*—By the Royal George, we have it at last!—Success and glory, my boys!—I say, Adams, jump down, my heart, and call Brand, the boat-swain's-mate—or, I'll tell you, you can do it yourself, tell him from me to pipe an assembly at Council-Board directly, to muster.'

" I immediately did so—the call was given, and the delegates instantly obeyed the welcome summons. They were then formally mustered by the President, when Valentine Joyce, and Patrick Glynne, were found amissing. The strictest search on board having proved fruitless, it was immediately conjectured they had stole away on shore, which it was easy to do in some of the numerous shore boats with which the Queen was that day surrounded.

" 'Now, by my soul, mates, if this isn't too bad,' cried the President, exceedingly chagrined, 'to go and cut at the very moment they're most wanted. Were they here now, the job could be settled in a trice—Ba, ba!—I never saw Joyce otherwise with the sight of a glass of grog in the wind.'

" 'But, hark ye, Master President, can't we proceed without 'em?' asked one.

" 'I should think so,' cried another. 'By the hookey, Mark, there are thirty on us here present, and it's very hard indeed if all these must be forced to

hang in the wind for the wilful absence of two.—Besides, Master President, do recollect they may not be very easily found now; or, if they are, 'tis ten to one but they'll be found malty.'

" 'I care not, my good fellows, were they as malty as grog can make them, were they but here present,' cried Jack Morris; 'because, you'll recollect, our answer must come from the whole assembled delegates—and i'faith I won't proceed without them.'

" 'For my part, mateys,' said Blyth, 'I aye like to see things of moment gane about in an orderly, sober, and serious manner; and I'm sure ye've nae reason to think other than that our present meeting is one of the greatest importance, baith to ourselfs, and a' it concerns. I needna fash hardly to add, that, of course, I entirely agree wi' our President; for our decision must, of an absolute needcessity, be the decision of the whole, and not of a part. I wad therefore motion, that Willie Anderson, canny Willie there, be forthwith sent ashore in search of Valy and Pate, to bring them off by hook or by crook, will he or nill he: and that, in the meantime, the rest can gang and play themselves as they were doing afore the word came.'

" 'I agree heartily with you, my lad,' cried Bill Senator; 'but, avast, will canny Willie, as you call him, be able to manage the pair of 'em, think you? I would rather you'd give Anderson a pell, and then, why, that would make squares.'

" 'Oh certainly, if it's to be a will he nill he business, there should be no odds,' cried a number.

" 'Aweel, lads, I dinna ken but what ye're right after a', cried Blyth, 'it'll save reflections. Let me see—ay—what wad ye say to our auld-farrant friend in the corner there, Dennis Lawley?—Od, I'd think he'd do capital; forbye making a gude joke o' the hunting-match they're gaun after—I mean, sending the Scotch and Irish to catch the English and Welsh.'

" 'Well, what say you, mates,' inquired the President, 'ar't both willing?'

" Lawley gave an inquiring glance at Anderson, who seemed all acquiescence; then, shrugging up his shoulders, with a good-humoured smile, he said, 'I'll tell you what it is, master officer, and mates of mine, and by the waters of Ireland, I tell you as serious, sober truth—It's a misfarton of

mine always to get as dry as a biscuit, as soon as I see a decent opportunity of thumbing a naggin. Now, you see, if we should bolt alongside of our old ships, o'er a whacking jug of the creature,—I'm only after making a superstition, honeys ;—supposing now the stuff were of the real sort, you knows, warm, swate, and famously strong, would there be any great harm in lending a hand, dears, to fill it full of emptiness ?

“ ‘ There will be harm in nothing, Lawley,’ said the President, ‘ but delay.—We have received the King’s papers, and must return him an answer as soon as possible. So whatever you do, lose no time in returning on board—we will be all awaiting you.’ ”

“ ‘ Och, and if that’s the case, sweet master of mine,’ cried Lawley, ‘ faith and you must give us a boat, dear ; for these shore gear can no more skimmer through it in a hurry, than fly in the air. And then only think what a flourish it will make from the platform, when they behold a gentleman from Ireland and Scotland coming to pay their respects, and their love, and all that, to another of England and Wales.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, well,’ said the President, laughing, ‘ you shall have a boat : and I hope, as you’re going to play the gentleman, Denny, you’ll behave like an honourable one, and recollect we are waiting your return. As for Anderson, I’m sure of him.’ ”

“ ‘ And may be after sure of me also, master officer,’ cried Lawley. ‘ Come along, Bill ; by the powers, but they shall see that the Scotch and Irish, for native elegance, ease, and civility, are not to be equalled in any other part of the kingdom—gragh !’ ”

“ They accordingly took the large gig and shoved off for the shore, and in astonishing short time returned with the two absentees. The doors of the council were therefore now carefully closed, and the business commenced with a deliberate overhaul of the various papers and whole correspondence which had passed on the business. Many were the speeches made on the occasion, but with these I won’t trouble you ; for the most of them have escaped my memory, and I really cannot do them justice. I recollect well enough, however, that when the King’s pardon was read, there were many doubts and fears expressed by Tom

Allen and Bill Senator,—firmly supported, as usual, by their trusty seconds Vassy and Blyth,—as to whether it might be called a pardon at all ; seeing, if you did not take it just as it stood, or, in its own words, *upon notification hereof*, it was of no farther use to any one. However, notwithstanding a strenuous and a noisy opposition, it was carried by a large majority to accept of the proposals held out, just as they stood. But then came another important point—how was the news to be announced to the fleet ? for as for the Admiral’s wish of a white flag at the main, that was out of the question, seeing it looked far too like a spirit of involuntary submission, and not as a matter of choice. After much altercation, it was at last agreed that a deputation should go on board the Admiral, with a written notice of the decision of the council ; and that at a given signal from them on the Royal George’s poop, the crew of the Charlotte was to man the rigging and give three cheers, to be followed in succession by the rest of the fleet. Notice to this effect was immediately sent through the fleet, in order to be in readiness.

“ Upon the President’s asking for volunteers to accompany him on board the Admiral with the decision of the council, the never a one offered, until I rose up myself—when Mark Turner immediately chimed in, and the President declared he had plenty. The notice was now drawn out, and being properly signed, the council broke up, and took to their respective boats, which had previously been assembled by signal. A short time was allowed them to make to their respective vessels, when the Captain’s barge was manned by its own crew, all properly rigged, and pushed off for the Admiral’s ship, with the deputation on board. We were received by the Admiral, surrounded by Admirals, Captains, Lieutenants, and other officers of the fleet, with the highest distinction.

“ The President, having one of us on each side of him, went boldly from the gangway aft on the quarter-deck, all of us hat in hand. Coming close up to the Admirals, he drew forth the final decision of the Court of Delegates, and presenting it to his Lordship, addressed him with a manly voice something in this manner :— ‘ My Lord, it is with unfeigned plea-

sure that I now present you with the final decision of the Council of the Fleet, because I hope turmoil and disorder are come to a close. Allow me, through your Lordship, in the name of my brothers of the Channel Fleet, to return my most grateful thanks to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty for their ready compliance to our humble requests—to assure them of our steady loyalty to our King, and of our affection and zeal in the service of our country—as we are all determined, under your Lordship's command, on the very first opportunity the enemy will give us, to exhibit to the nation how willing we are to do our duty, to honour our King in the discomfiture of his enemies, and to make the name of your Lordship, as commander-in-chief, famous and imperishable.'

"The Admiral appeared to be highly pleased—shook us all heartily by the hand—and made a slight signal to an officer, who immediately went below. He shortly after appeared, followed by a number of servants, the foremost of whom carried a table, and the others speedily replenished it with liquors of various kinds. Filling a glass of wine, he immediately doused his hat, and seizing the glass, said, with peculiar emphasis, 'Here, my lads, I cheerfully drink to our reconciliation; and may we in future have no other disagreement, nor no other enemies, but those of our King and Country.' He now handed a glass to Jack Morris, who modestly thanked his Lordship, and drank to the 'Happy reconciliation of the Channel Fleet to its King and to its Country!' 'Now, my Lord,' continued he, 'I have only one piece of service more to perform ere my duty expires—may I have your Lordship's permission?'

"'Certainly, my lad,' said his Lordship, but what is it?'

"'It is the ratification of our sentiments, my Lord—and you shall behold it directly. Jack Adams, jump up on the poop, and give the signal.'

"You may depend on't, Davies, I was not slow in my operations—yet it was with pride I saw my shipmates ascending the rigging even while I was bending on the signal; and no sooner did it reach the gaff and flutter in the air, than cheer after cheer arose to the skies, absolutely deafening,—lessening, and dying away, as it reached the other end of the fleet.

"'Bravo!' cried his Lordship; 'why, that was something like the thing, my brave fellow. I must now hurry ashore to communicate the good news to our anxious countrymen; but I will see you again soon, when I hope to have the honour of leading you in search of our common enemy.—D'ye go, gentlemen?'

"The Admirals silently assented, and followed his Lordship to the barge, which immediately shoved off, and made for the platform.

"The nabs being now under weigh, why, I thought it was my turn to spout a little; so marching up to Captain Lock, I shortly told him I had taken the liberty of bringing his barge, properly manned, for his own peculiar use, and that we would all be so happy once more to see him on board the Queen Charlotte. The old fellow here gave me a complete damper; coldly declining the *honour*, as he was pleased to phrase it, his crew would confer upon him—declaring that he had got enough of it for one day, but might possibly visit us the next, when he was in better humour. Here was a choker, my dear lad! an absolute freezer of all kindly or loyal feeling! which, though it did not make me swear at the old fellow, absolutely put my pipe out for the rest of the night."

REMAINS AND MEMOIRS OF THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE.*

WE certainly have read no volumes of the kind, since the *Remains of Henry Kirke White*, nearly so interesting as these *Remains and Memoirs of the Rev. Charles Wolfe*. He was a person, manifestly of rare intellectual endowments, and what is better than any genius after all, of a truly delightful moral character. Mr Wolfe has likewise had justice done him, by his amiable and intelligent biographer, Mr Russell, who writes of his deceased friend in a strain most creditable to head and heart, with an earnest simplicity betokening the depth of his well-founded affection. We are happy to hear that the work has already reached a second edition, although we have not seen it; and we hope that our extracts, even more than our favourable opinion, will induce hundreds to give Wolfe's *Remains* a place in not the least attractive department of their library. Indeed, there is very much to please everybody, and nothing that we have discerned to displease anybody; for, although both author and biographer speak with fervour on the subject of religion, and in their views of Christianity are, we should suppose, what is called Evangelical, yet there is no abuse of that much-abused term in its application to them, for all their sentiments seem to us to breathe the spirit of the religion of purity and peace.

The family from which Mr Wolfe was descended has not been undistinguished. Through the military achievements, says Mr Russell, of the illustrious hero of Quebec, the name stands conspicuous upon the records of British renown. It has also been signalized at the Irish bar, especially in the person of the much-lamented Lord Kilwarden, who was elevated to the dignity of the judicial bench. At an early age Charles Wolfe lost his father, Theobald Wolfe, Esq. of Blackhall, county Kildare,—not long after whose death the family removed to England, where they resided for some years. Charles, who was born

in 1791, was sent to a school at Bath, in the year 1801—on leaving it, lived a twelvemonth at home—then was two years under the tuition of Dr Evans, in Salisbury—and appears to have been about three years at Winchester school, and a boarder in the house of that excellent man and scholar, Mr Richards. There he greatly distinguished himself—and was as much beloved by all for the sweetness of his disposition, as he was admired for his genius and talents. In the year 1809, he entered the University of Dublin, under the tuition of the late Dr Davenport, who immediately conceived the highest interest for him, and continued to show him especial proofs of his favour. In a few months after his entrance, Mr Russell had the happiness of becoming acquainted with him, and says, "This casual acquaintance soon became a cordial intimacy, which quickly ripened into a friendship that continued, not only uninterrupted, but was cemented more and more by constant intercourse, and by unanimity of pursuits; it was, above all, improved and sweetened by an unreserved interchange of thoughts on those subjects which affect our eternal interests, and open to us the prospects of friendship which death can only suspend, but not destroy." Such is the calm, pensive, and pious strain, in which a good man should speak of a dear friend lost to him—but not for ever. Without such belief, constant and pervading, death would be indeed terrible, and this life a desolation.

Mr Wolfe immediately distinguished himself by his high classical attainments, for which he was early rewarded by many academical honours. The first English Poem which attracted general notice was entitled *Jugurtha*, and it certainly possesses, as Mr Russell says, much boldness of thought, vigour of expression, and somewhat of dramatic spirit. At the usual period he obtained a Scholarship with the highest honour, and was chosen to deliver the opening speech before the Historical Society,

* *Remains of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, A.B. Curate of Donoughmore, Diocese of Armagh, with a Brief Memoir of his Life.* By the Rev. John A. Russel, M.A. Chaplain to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Curate of St Werburgh's, Dublin. Dublin: A. and W. Watson, Capel Street, and Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Paternoster-Row, London. 2 vols. 12mo. 1825.

a distinction which, we understood before, is never conferred but on a man of eminence. We need not follow him through his college career, but we shall let Mr Russell tell it in his own affectionate and fervent manner.

"For a short period he prosecuted his studies with such effect as to render it a matter of regret to all who were interested for him, that he did not persevere in his efforts, and that he allowed any trifling interruptions to divert him from his object. He evinced, indeed, a solidity of understanding and a clearness of conception, which, with ordinary diligence and proper management, might have soon made him master of all those branches of learning required in the Fellowship course of the Dublin University; but, the habits of his mind and the peculiarity of his disposition, and the variety of his taste, seemed adverse to anything like continued and laborious application to one definite object. It was a singular characteristic of his mind that he seldom read any book throughout, not even those works in which he appeared most to delight. Whatever he read, he thoroughly digested and accurately retained, but his progress through any book of an argumentative or speculative nature, was impeded by a disputative habit of thought, and a fertility of invention which suggested ingenious objections, and started new theories at every step. Accordingly, this constitution of mind led him rather to investigate the grounds of an author's hypothesis, and to satisfy his own mind upon the relative probabilities of conflicting opinions, than to plod on patiently through a long course, merely to lay up in his memory the particular views and arguments of each writer, without consideration of their importance or their foundation. He was not content to know what an author's opinions were, but how far they were right or wrong. The examination of a single metaphysical speculation of Locke, or a moral argument of Butler, usually cost him more time and thought than would carry ordinary minds through a whole volume. It was also remarkable, that in the perusal of mere works of fancy—the most interesting poems and romances of the day, he lingered with such delight on the first striking passages, or entered into such minute criticism upon every beauty and defect as he went along, that it usually happened, either that the volume was hurried from him, or some other engagement interrupted him before he had finished it. A great portion of what he had thus read he could almost repeat from memory; and while the recollection afforded

him much ground of future enjoyment, it was sufficient also to set his own mind at work in the same direction.

"The facility of his disposition also exposed him to many interruptions in his studies. Even in the midst of the most important engagements, he had not resolution to deny himself to any visitor. He used to watch anxiously for every knock at his door, lest any one should be disappointed or delayed who sought for him; and, such was the good-natured simplicity of his heart, that, however sorely he sometimes felt the intrusion, he still rendered himself so agreeable even to his most common-place acquaintances, as to encourage a repetition of their importunities. He allowed himself to become the usual deputy of every one who applied to him to perform any of the routine collegiate duties which he was qualified to discharge; and thus his time was so much invaded, that he seldom had any interval for continued application to his own immediate business. Besides, the social habit of his disposition, which delighted in the company of select friends, and preferred the animated encounter of conversational debate to the less inviting exercise of solitary study; and his varied taste, which could take interest in every object of rational and intellectual enjoyment, served to scatter his mind, divert it from that steadiness of application which is actually necessary for the attainment of distinguished eminence in any pursuit."

Like most men of genius, Mr Wolfe, although alive to gaiety, and of a temper the reverse of austere, was prone to a pensive melancholy—and a disappointment in his first and only love, very early in life confirmed, perhaps for the remainder of his days, this tendency to serious and mournful meditation.

"Something, perhaps, may be discovered in the latter poems, beyond the mere inspiration of the muse; and it might therefore appear inexpedient to pass by without some short notice, a circumstance in the life of our author, so interesting as that which the reader may have already suspected. With the family alluded to in these poems, he had been for some time in habits of the most friendly intercourse, and frequently had the happiness of spending a few days upon a visit at their country residence, sharing in all the refined pleasures of their domestic circle, and partaking with them in the exhilarating enjoyment of the rural and romantic scenery around them. With every member of the family he soon became cordially intimate; but with one—this intimacy gradually and almost un-

consciously grew into a decided attachment. The attainment of a fellowship would indeed have afforded him means sufficient to realize his hopes; but, unhappily, the statute which rendered marriage incompatible with that honourable station, had been lately revived. His prospects of obtaining a competency in any other pursuit were so distant and uncertain, that the family of the young lady deemed it prudent at once to break off all further intercourse, before a mutual engagement had actually taken place.

"How severely this disappointment pressed upon a heart like his, may easily be conceived. It would be injustice to him to deny that he long and deeply felt it; but he had been habitually so far under the influence of religious principles, as to feel assured that every event of our lives is under the regulation of a wise Providence, and that by a resigned acquiescence in his arrangements, even our bitterest trials may be overruled for our best interests—our truest happiness. This circumstance, perhaps, weakened the stimulus to his exertions for the attainment of a fellowship, but he had long before relaxed them; it does not, however, appear that it had any influence in determining the choice of his profession, as the prevailing tendency of his mind had always been towards the sacred office of the ministry."

This is well said—and probably the following beautiful verses have some relation to reality. They are to us exceedingly beautiful—not only in thought and feeling, but in expression—and are sufficient of themselves, had Mr Wolfe written nothing else (and would he had written more than he did), to prove that he had the deep and fine sensibility of the poet. The pathos is pure and tender as the moonlight.

SONG.

1.

"Go, forget me—why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me—and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile—though I shall not be near thee:
Sing—though I shall never hear thee:
May thy soul with pleasure shine
Lasting as the gloom of mine.
Go, forget me, &c.

2.

"Like the Sun, thy presence glowing,
Clothes the meanest things in light;
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.

All things look'd so bright about thee,
That they nothing seem without thee,
By that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things were too refined.
Like the Sun, &c.

3.

"Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;
Go, for me no longer beaming—
Hope and Beauty! fare ye well!
Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me all benighted;
Glory's burning—generous swell.
Fancy and the Poet's shell.
Go, thou vision," &c.

The following verses are no less pathetic—but Mr Russell does not hint whether they too were inspired by any real event.

SONG.

Air—*Gramachree*.

1.

"If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be;
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more!

2.

"And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary!—thou art dead!

3.

"If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own,
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

4.

"I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me?
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn,
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!"

Charles Wolfe had no sooner lost her by separation, whose image was to be with him always, than he was deprived of another dear friend by death—

“In a short time after this severe dis-appointment, and a few days previous to his ordination (which took place in November 1817), his feelings received another shock by the death of a* dear fellow student, one of his most valued and intimate friends. Under the deep impression of two such afflictive trials, he was obliged to prepare for a removal from society which he loved,—from the centre of science and literature to which he was so much devoted, to an obscure and remote country curacy in the north of Ireland, where he could not hope to meet one individual to enter into his feelings, or to hold communion with him upon the accustomed subjects of his former pursuits. He felt as if he had been transplanted into a totally new world,—as a missionary abandoning home and friends and cherished habits, for the awful and important work to which he had solemnly devoted himself.”

At first he engaged in a temporary curacy not far from the situation in which he was afterwards permanently fixed—at Ballyclog, Tyrone—and in a letter written to a friend, dated Dec. 11, 1817, he says, “I am now sitting by myself opposite my turf fire, with my Bible beside me, in the only furnished room of the Glebe-House, surrounded by mountains, frost and snow, and by a set of people with whom I am totally unacquainted, except a disbanded artillery man, his wife and two children, who attend me, the churchwarden and clerk of the parish. Do

not, however, conceive that I repine; I rather congratulate myself on my situation.” In a very short time he was settled at Castle Caulfield, and the following letter was written on his return to his parish, after a short visit to Dublin.

“*C. Caulfield, Jan. 28, 1818.*

“MY DEAR —,

“A man often derives a wonderful advantage from a cold and fatiguing journey, after taking leave of his friends, viz. he understands the comfort of lolling quietly and alone by his fire-side, after his arrival at his destination—a pleasure which would have been totally lost, if he had been transported there without difficulty and at once, from the region of friendship and society. Every situation borrows much of its character from that by which it was immediately preceded. This would have been all melancholy and solitude, if it had immediately succeeded the glow of affectionate and literary conviviality; but, when it follows the rumbling of a coach, the rattling of a post-chaise, the shivering of a wintry night’s journey, and the conversation of people to whom you are almost totally indifferent, it then becomes comfort and repose. So I found at my arrival at my own cottage, on Saturday; my fire-side, from contrast, became a kind of lesser friend, or at least, a consolation for the loss of friends.

“Nothing could be more fortunate than the state of things during my absence; there was no duty to be performed; and of this I am the more sensible, as I had scarcely arrived before I met a great supply of business, such as, I should have been very much concerned, if it had occurred in my absence. I have already seen enough of service to be again fully naturalized. I am again the weather-beaten curate: I have trudged roads—forded bogs—braved snow and rain—be-

* “The Editor cannot forbear indulging his feelings by a brief record of the lamented friend, alluded to in the above passage. The name of Hercules Henry Graves, with whom we were both united in bonds of the closest intimacy, will not be read even by a common acquaintance without awakening sentiments of regret for the loss which society has sustained in the early removal of so much intellectual and moral worth. He was the second son of the learned and excellent Dean Graves, Professor of Divinity in the Dublin University. —With talents at once solid and shining, he combined an invincible perseverance, a masculine strength of understanding, and an energy of spirit which crowned his academic labours with the most distinguished honours, and afforded the surest pledge of rapid advancement to professional eminence. These rare endowments of mind were accompanied by qualities of greater value,—a high moral taste—a purity of principle—a generosity of spirit—and an affectionate temperament of heart,—which secured him the respect and regard of every individual of his widely-extended acquaintance.

“This happy union of mental and moral qualities was set off by a constant flow of good humour—an equability of temper, and frankness and cordiality of manners, which diffused an instantaneous glow of exhilaration through every circle in which he appeared. He was on the point of being called to the Irish bar, and was universally allowed to be the most promising aspirant of his contemporaries to its honours and emoluments, when, unhappily, his health began to break down. He was ordered to the south of France, where he died in November, 1817, ‘in the fear of God and the faith of Jesus Christ,’ as he himself wished it to be recorded on his tomb.”

come umpire between the living—have counselled the sick—administered to the dying—and to-morrow shall bury the dead. Here have I written three sides without coming to the matter in hand.

* * *

“Yours affectionately,
“C. W.”

Mr Wolfe possessed every quality that a Country Curate ought to possess—except a strong constitution. He was a tall, robust, handsome man, with a penetrating yet gracious aspect, but the seeds of disease were beginning, we suspect, to swell, before he went to Castle Caulfield. We wish we had room for more of his letters, (which by the way do not seem very well arranged—nor is the narrative quite distinct hereabouts,) yet, we believe, that to feel them properly, they must be read along with the story of his life. The letters, though very short, afford pleasant glimpses into the routine of his daily duties.

“I have had no such signal adventures to communicate. Alas! I have no diasters now to diversify my life—not having many of those enjoyments which render men obnoxious to them, except when my foot sinks up to the ankle in a bog—as I am looking for a stray sheep. My life is now nearly made up of visits to my parishioners—both sick and in health. Notwithstanding, the parish is so large that I have yet to form an acquaintance with a very formidable number of them. The parish and I have become very good friends: the congregation has increased, and the Presbyterians sometimes pay me a visit. There is a great number of Methodists in the part of the parish surrounding the village, who are many of them very worthy people, and among the most regular attendants upon the Church. With many of my flock I live upon affectionate terms. There is a fair proportion of religious men amongst them, with a due allowance of profligates. None of them rise so high as the class of gentlemen, but, there is a good number of a very respectable description. I am particularly attentive to the school: there, in fact, I think most good can be done, and besides the obvious advantages, it is a means of conciliating all sects of Christians, by taking an interest in the welfare of their children.

“Our Sunday-school is very large, and is attended by the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians:—the day is never a Sabbath to me; however, it is the kind of labour that is best repaid, for you always find that some progress is made,—some fruit soon produced; whereas, your la-

bours with the old and the adult often fail of producing any effect, and, at the best, it is in general latent and gradual.

“Yours, &c.

C. W.”

The sphere of duty in which Mr Wolfe was engaged, was extensive and laborious. A large portion of the parish was situated in a wild hilly country, covered with bogs and trackless wastes, and the population was so scattered, that it was a work of no ordinary difficulty to keep up that intercourse with his flock, upon which the success of a Christian minister so much depends. But in a short time the effects of his zeal, his piety, his impressive style of preaching, and his affectionate concern with his parishioners, were visible in the crowded and attentive congregations that began to gather round him. A large portion of the Protestants in his parish were Presbyterians, and no small number were of the class of Wesleyan Methodists. He maintained with these two bodies of Christians the most kindly intercourse, and entered familiarly into discussions on the subjects upon which they were at issue with him. Some of the Methodists, on a few occasions, sought to put his Christian character to the test, by purposely using harsh and humiliating expressions towards him, in their conversations upon the nature of religion. This strange mode of inquisition he was enabled to bear with the meekness of a child; and some of them afterwards assured him, that they considered the temper with which such a trial was endured, as a leading criterion of true conversion, and were happy to find in him so unequivocal proofs of a regenerate spirit.

“It is no weak proof of the Christian spirit to be able to recognize the loveliness and sublimity of true piety, in the lowliest or most forbidding forms—to discern its excellence, though dwarfed by intellectual littleness, or degraded by the mean garb of ignorance—to revere it, even when surrounded by the most ludicrous accompaniments. It is, on the contrary, an index of spiritual dulness—perhaps, of mental incapacity, to undervalue or despise any form of sound religion, merely on account of such disadvantageous associations. But, our author held the great truths of Christianity so close to his heart, that nothing could intervene to cloud their beauty: his spiritual taste and perspicacity was such, that it quickly desiered, and (as by a

magnetic attraction) embraced a kindred spirit in whatever guise it appeared. It could separate the dross;—it could detach the grosser elements; and delighted to look forward to that happy time when the spirit of genuine religion, however depressed by the meanness of the subject in which it happens to dwell, or disfigured by the unhappy combinations with which, here on earth, it may be attended, will assuredly shine forth in all its radiant purity and native grandeur.

“The success of a Christian pastor depends almost as much on the *manner* as the *matter* of his instruction. In this respect, Mr W. was peculiarly happy, especially with the lower classes of the people, who were much engaged by the affectionate cordiality and the simple earnestness of his deportment towards them. In his conversations with the plain farmer or humble labourer, he usually laid his hands upon their shoulder, or caught them by the arm; and, while he was insinuating his arguments, or enforcing his appeals with all the variety of simple illustrations, which a prolific fancy could supply, he fastened an anxious eye upon the countenance of the person he was addressing, as if eagerly awaiting some gleam of intelligence, to show that he was understood and felt.

“The solemnity—the tenderness—the energy—of his manner, could not fail to impress upon their minds, at least, that his zeal for their souls was disinterested and sincere.

“The state of gross demoralization in which a large portion of the lower classes in his parish was sunk, rendered it necessary for him sometimes to adopt a style of preaching not the most consonant to his own feelings. His natural turn of mind would have led him to dwell most upon the loftier motives—the more tender appeals—the gentler topics of persuasion with which the gospel abounds; but, the dull and stubborn natures which he had to encounter, frequently required ‘the terrors of the Lord’ to be placed before them: the vices he had to overthrow called for the strongest weapon he could wield. He often, indeed, sought to win such souls unto Christ, by the attractive beauties and the benign spirit of the Gospel; but alas!—

‘Leviathan is not so tamed.’—

Amongst the people whom he had to address, he found drunkenness and impurity, and their base kindred vices, lamentably prevalent; and therefore he felt it necessary to stigmatize such practices in the *plainest* terms:—he could not find approach to minds of so coarse

an order, without frequently arraying against them the most awful denunciations of Divine Justice.”

But his useful life, passed “in his great taskmaster’s eye,” was drawing fast to a close, and to its exceeding great reward. What more affecting than the following picture?

“During the year that the typhus fever raged most violently in the north of Ireland, his neighbourhood was much afflicted with the disease; and thus, the important duty of visiting the sick (which to him was always a work of most anxious solicitude,) was vastly increased; and he accordingly applied with indefatigable zeal in every quarter of his extended parish, in administering temporal and spiritual aid to his poor flock. In the discharge of such duties, he exposed himself to frequent colds; and his disregard of all precaution, and of the ordinary comforts of life to which he had been accustomed, soon, unhappily, confirmed a consumptive tendency in his constitution, of which some symptoms appeared when in college. His frame was robust, and his general health usually strong; but, an habitual cough, of which he himself seemed almost unconscious, often excited the apprehensions of his friends; and at length, in the Spring of 1821, the complaint, of which it seemed the forerunner, began to make manifest inroads upon his constitution. No arguments, however, could for a long time dissuade him from his usual work. So little did he himself regard the fatal symptoms, that he could not be prevailed upon to relax his parochial labours. At length, however, his altered looks, and other unfavourable symptoms, appeared so alarming, that some of his most respectable parishioners wrote to his friends in Dublin to urge them to use their influence in persuading him to retire for awhile from his arduous duties; and to have the best medical advice for him without further delay.—But, such was the anxiety he felt for his parish, and so little conscious did he seem of the declining state of his health, that no entreaties could avail.”

About the middle of May 1821, he was hurried off to Scotland by the importunate entreaties of a kind and valued brother clergyman in his neighbourhood, in order to consult a physician celebrated for his skill in such cases; we presume, Dr Gregory. On his way to Edinburgh, he happened to fall in with a deputation from the Irish Tract Society, who were going to that city to hold a meeting for the promotion of their objects; and, not-

withstanding the languor of his frame, and the irritation of a harassing cough, he was prevailed on to exert his eloquence in that cause. An outline of his speech, corrected by himself, is here given, and it is rather eloquent, but shows, we think, something like debility—not of mind, for that was strong to the last, but of the bodily frame, which, if weak, disorders the spirit of speech. Mr Russell gives us an account of Mr Wolfe's reception on his return to his parish; and cold must be the heart that is not stirred by such a spectacle.

"On his return from Scotland, the writer met him at a friend's house, within a few miles of his own residence; and, on the following Sunday, accompanied him through the principal part of his parish to the Church; and never can he forget the scene he witnessed as they drove together along the road, and through the village. It must give a more lively idea of his character and conduct as a parish clergyman than any laboured delineation, or than a mere detail of particular facts. As he quickly passed by, all the poor people and children ran out to their cabin-doors, to welcome him, with looks and expressions of the most ardent affection, and with all that wild devotion of gratitude, so characteristic of the Irish peasantry. Many fell upon their knees, invoking blessings upon him; and long after they were out of hearing, they remained in the same attitude, showing by their gestures that they were still offering up prayers for him; and some even followed the carriage a long distance, making the most anxious inquiries about his health. He was sensibly moved by this manifestation of feeling, and met it with all that heartiness of expression, and that affectionate simplicity of manner, which made him as much an object of love, as his exalted virtues rendered him an object of respect. The intimate knowledge he seemed to have acquired of all their domestic histories, appeared from the short but significant inquiries he made of each individual as he was hurried along; while, at the same time, he gave a rapid sketch of the particular characters of several who presented themselves—pointing to one with a sigh,—and to another, with looks of fond congratulation.—It was, indeed, impossible to behold a scene like this, (which can scarcely be described,) without the deepest, but most pleasing emotions. It seemed to realize the often imagined picture of a primitive minister of the Gospel of Christ, living in the hearts of his flock, 'willing to spend, and to be spent upon them,' and enjoying

the happy interchange of mutual affection. It clearly showed the kind of intercourse that habitually existed between him and his parishioners, and afforded a pleasing proof that a faithful and firm discharge of duty, when accompanied by kindly sympathies, and gracious manners, can scarcely fail to gain the hearts of the humbler ranks of the people.

"It can scarcely be a matter of surprise that he should feel much reluctance in leaving a station where his ministry appeared to be so useful and acceptable; and accordingly, though peremptorily required by the physician he had just consulted, to retire for some time from all clerical duties, it was with difficulty he could be dislodged from his post, and forced away to Dublin, where most of his friends resided."

We cannot help saying that it is impossible to read the following paragraph, without the most painful feelings. The ministers of religion ought not to be lodged so—and it was enough to kill poor Wolfe, now far gone, it is plain, in a consumption.

"It was hoped that timely relaxation from duty, and a change in his mode of living to what he had been originally accustomed, and suitable to the present delicate state of his health, might avert the fatal disease with which he was threatened. The habits of his life while he resided on his cure, were in every respect calculated to confirm his constitutional tendency to consumption. He seldom thought of providing a regular meal; and his humble cottage exhibited every appearance of the neglect of the ordinary comforts of life. A few straggling rush-bottomed chairs, piled up with his books,—a small rickety table before the fire-place, covered with parish memoranda; and two trunks containing all his papers,—serving at the same time to cover the broken parts of the floor, constituted all the furniture of his sitting-room. The mouldy walls of the closet in which he slept, were hanging with loose folds of damp paper; and between this wretched cell and his parlour, was the kitchen, which was occupied by the disbanding soldier, his wife, and their numerous brood of children, who had migrated with him from his first quarters, and seemed now in full possession of the whole concern, entertaining him merely as a lodger, and usurping the entire disposal of his small plot of ground, as the absolute lords of the soil."

We come now to the death-bed scene.

"After he left this comfortless home, he resigned himself entirely to the dis-

posals of his family. Though his malady seemed to increase, and his frame to become more emaciated, still his natural spirits and mental elasticity continued unimpaired; so much so, that he continued to preach occasionally in Dublin with his usual energy, until the friendly physician to whom he had now submitted his case, absolutely forbade all present exercise of clerical duties.

"About the end of November, it was thought advisable, as the last remaining hope, that he should guard against the severity of the winter, by removing to the Cove of Cork, which, by its peculiar situation, is sheltered on all sides from the harsh and prevailing winds. Thither he was accompanied by the writer, and a near relative, to whom he was fondly attached. For a short time he appeared to revive a little, and sometimes entered into conversation with almost his usual animation; but the first unfavourable change of weather shattered his remaining strength; his cough now became nearly incessant, and a distressing languor weighed down his frame. In this state he continued until the 21st of February 1823, upon the morning of which day he expired,—in the 32d year of his age.

"During the whole course of his illness, (though, towards the close, apparently not unconscious of his danger,) he never expressed any apprehensions to his friends, but once, that he suddenly observed a new symptom—to which he pointed with a look and expression of the gentlest, calmest resignation. He seemed particularly on his guard against uttering a word, which could excite the fears of the dear relative who clung so devotedly to him until his last moments. A short time before he died, she ventured to disclose to him her long concealed apprehensions, saying, (with a humility like his own,) that she felt she needed correction; and that, at last, the Lord had sent 'a worm into her gourd.'—'What!' replied he, 'is it in afflicting me?—indeed, I believe you love me sinfully. I may, however, bless this illness if it lead me to more spiritual communion with you than before.'

"One night that his animal spirits were particularly depressed, he said to her, 'I want comfort to-night;' and upon her reminding him of the blessings he had been the instrument of conveying to the souls of many of his nearest relatives, he faintly exclaimed, 'Stop—stop—that is comfort enough for one night.'

"It is natural for a religious mind to feel a lively interest in every record of the last illness and death of any eminent servant of God—to expect some happy evidences of triumphant faith and holy

resignation in such a trying state—at the awful moment when all the vast realities of an eternal world are about to be disclosed to the disembodied spirit. There are some persons, who perhaps look for such evidences chiefly in ardent ejaculations—in affecting expressions of self-humiliation—in palpable impressions of present comfort, or raptures of joyful anticipation; but these may not be, after all, unequivocal or indispensable tests of the presence and power of true faith. It should not be forgotten, how much depends upon the state of the animal system at such times—upon the nature of the complaint, or even on the peculiar constitution of the mind itself. As in the case of the steadfast and holy Christian here recorded, the disease may be such as to encumber the faculties of the soul by a peculiar pressure upon the body. The corruptible part may 'weigh down the mind which mueth on many things,' and thus incapacitate it for any energetic manifestation of its feelings. It was the nature of his particular malady to bring on an oppressive lassitude of spirits; and he was also afflicted with a racking cough, which, for some time before his death, disabled him from speaking a single sentence without incurring a violent paroxysm.

"One interesting fact, however, may prove with more certainty than a thousand rapturous expressions, the ascendancy of his faith in the midst of these depressing circumstances.

"On the day before his dissolution, the medical gentleman who attended him felt it his duty to apprise him of his immediate danger, and expressed himself thus: 'Your mind, sir, seems to be so raised above this world that I need not fear to communicate to you my candid opinion of your state.'—'Yes, sir,' replied he, 'I trust I have been learning to live above the world:' and he then made some impressive observations on the ground of his own hopes; and, having afterwards heard that they had a favourable effect, he entered more fully into the subject with him on his next visit, and continued speaking for an hour, in such a convincing, affecting, and solemn strain, (and this at a time when he seemed incapable of uttering a single sentence,) that the physician, on retiring to the adjoining room, threw himself on the sofa, in tears, exclaiming, 'There is something superhuman about that man:—it is astonishing to see such a mind in a body so wasted,—such mental vigour in a poor frame dropping into the grave!'

"Let not then the cold sceptic (to maintain a precarious theory on uncertain observations) seek to degrade his

own nature, in the face of facts like this, by identifying the imperishable soul with its frail tenement. There are moments, he may see, at which that divine and immaterial principle can throw off the pressure of its earthly encumbrance, even when it appears to slumber in a deadly torpor. When its own appropriate excitements are presented to it, it can 'burst its cerements,' and rise superior to the ruins amidst which it seems to be buried.

"This incident is abundantly sufficient to indicate the strength of principle and the ardour of feeling which may possess the soul at a time when, perhaps, it finds no utterance. His feelings indeed appeared too deep for superficial expressions. The state of mind towards which he seemed to aspire, was what the excellent Henry Martin preferred above all others—'a sweet and holy seriousness:' and, indeed, he seemed to have attained it. His was a calm serenity—a profound thoughtfulness—a retired communion with his God, which could not, probably, vent itself in verbal ebullitions; but, when an opportunity of doing good to the soul of a fellow sinner presented itself, he showed how strongly he felt the Gospel to be 'the power of salvation to his own soul,' by his zeal to impart it to another.

"It is important thus to see that true religion consists not so much in the constant fervour of the feelings, as in a fixedness of principle,—in the intelligent—determinate choice of the will:—that the one may fluctuate, while the other remains steadfast and immovable.

"From the time that Mr W. came to Cove, he seemed scarcely to relish any subject of conversation but that which bore upon what is, in truth, at all times 'the one thing needful.'

"His Bible was his chief companion:—he seemed also deeply interested in Worthington's treatise on 'self-resignation;' and occasionally read, with satisfaction, 'Omicron's Letters by the Rev. J. Newton.'

"Upon the subject of religion he was always peculiarly indisposed to controversy. He delighted to seize the great principle—to embrace the vital truths; and read with pleasure any author in whose writings he could find them: he valued as brethren, all who maintained them, and diligently sought to co-operate with them, 'in their works and labours of love.' His own views seemed not to have undergone any change from the time of his ordination: but they became more and more vivid, and of course more influential upon his principles and affections.

"During the last few days of his life, when his sufferings became more distress-

ing, his constant expression was, 'This light affliction—this light affliction!'—and, when the awful crisis drew near, he still maintained the same sweet spirit of resignation. Even then, he showed an instance of that thoughtful benevolence—that amiable tenderness of feeling which formed a striking trait in his character;—he expressed much anxiety about the accommodation of an attendant who was sleeping in the adjoining room; and gave even minute directions respecting it.

"On going to bed he felt very drowsy; and, soon after, the stupor of death began to creep over him. He began to pray for all his dearest friends individually; but, his voice faltering, he could only say, 'God bless them all!'—'The peace of God and of Jesus Christ overshadow them—dwell in them—reign in them!'—'My peace,' said he, addressing his sister, '(the peace I now feel) be with you!'—'Thou, O God, wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.' His speech again began to fail, and he fell into slumber; but, whenever his senses were recalled, he returned to prayer. He repeated part of the Lord's Prayer, but was unable to proceed; and, at last, with a composure scarcely credible at such a moment, he whispered to the dear relative who hung over his deathbed,—'Close this eye—the other is closed already—and now, farewell!' Then, having uttered part of the Lord's Prayer, he fell asleep.—'He is not dead but sleepeth.'

The tale is well told—needs no comment, and is full of divine instruction.

Having given such copious extracts from the Memoir of Mr Wolfe's Life, there is little room left for specimens of his compositions, either in prose or verse. The truth is, that on reaching maturest manhood, literary ambition, which had with him been a strong but never immoderate, boyish, and youthful passion, ceased to be an active principle of his life, overcome almost to extinction by other principles of a very different kind. He seems to have dedicated all his powers to the duties of his sacred profession; and his poetical power, being rather the property of a finely constituted mind, awake to beauty and to grandeur, than an original genius for the divine art, it was easily sunk, but not lost, in that total dedication of self to the service of religion, which so affectingly characterized him to the last hour of his existence. Accordingly we find few aspirations breathed after the honours and triumphs of successful genius—none

of those alternations of hope, despondency, and fear, which agitate the soul of the young poet looking into the sunbright world of the imagination. If Wolfe ever experienced such fluctuations of feeling, he has never expressed them; but we believe he never did; for his whole soul took another direction, with all its noble forces and affections, and melancholy as his fate was in some respects, neither he nor his friends had any reason to lament his choice. The few fragments which he has left behind him will always secure to him a place among those beautiful spirits who breathed forth just enough of their imaginative nature to show the poetry that was within them, while the good he did, and was striving to do, in his humble sphere, among the vicious and the ignorant, will plead for him at a tribunal where all the glories of genius, merely as such, will be as nothing. We have to lament none of those earthly stains on his moral character, which have too often marred the loveliness of young genius, and made us regard it even with disgust, fear, and pity. He was strong, serene, and secure in his innocence; preserved in his youth from all evil by a native disposition towards cheerful and tranquil enjoyments, and a native power over intellectual pursuits; and in his manhood by a piety as profound as ever possessed a human soul, and operative on his daily practice in the laborious life he led in obscurity.

We have selected some admirable observations on various subjects, as proofs of the strength and clearness of his intellectual discernment.

"It is curious to observe what sources Superstition used to furnish to Imagination, and what civilization has supplied for them. This may be aptly illustrated by the circumstance of eclipses. These formerly excited a real and present terror in barbarous minds, and gave a wild and violent impulse to their imaginations. Civilization has dried up this fountain for the fancy; but has supplied the knowledge of that glorious system of the Universe, which, though it does not so imperiously demand consideration, yet, when considered, displays a much more magnificent and extensive field for Imagination, which thus seems to have even gained by its alliance with Truth.

"Imagination seems almost necessary to Truth and Reason; and often, first suggests what Reason afterward proves;

and afterwards seems necessary (at least, with such limited beings as we are) to admire its results.

"There is a degree of alliance between Truth and Imagery.—We look for a degree of probability in the wildest fits of Fancy; and require, at least, apparent harmony and coherence, and a consistency with human nature.

"Imagination it is which sustains hope, joy, &c. Shall we then part with it in Heaven? It appears to be a partial exertion of a more general faculty—a love of the sublime and beautiful; so that this our lovely earthly companion, with whom we have wandered over mountain and wild, and by whose side we have reposed in glen and valley,—this our wayward and romantic guardian, may rise when we rise, and become glorified with us in Heaven.

"Men who accustom themselves to take comprehensive views of practical subjects, often forget the application to themselves as individuals, in considering the effect upon the aggregate of mankind, or upon collective bodies. Thus men, who, with a view to raise the character, and justly appreciate the good effects of Christianity, employ themselves much in considering its influence upon society, are sometimes ignorant of its doctrines, and uninfluenced by its precepts. One reason is, that in considering the aggregate of mankind, the individual is kept out of view; another, that many of the effects upon society are merely temporal, and all come short of those which it produces upon any one individual, upon whom it is practically influential; another is, the pride that naturally accompanies the mind which is possessed of those comprehensive powers.

"It might be at once one of the most certain and the most agreeable methods of decomposing and developing the ingredients of human nature, to take some of those passages of undoubted and transcendent excellence which are supplied by Poetry, Oratory and polite literature in general, and by altering one or two the less prominent words or expressions, perhaps a mere particle, into one apparently synonymous, to observe the change of feeling produced by change of phrase, and pursue it to its source. This would be a species of metaphysical analysis, in which, from real though delicate and unobtrusive data, we might, by cautious reasoning, arrive at abstract principles. For if a change of feeling is produced,—if we feel a disappointment at any alteration, however slight, the pleasure or pain is as real, though not as intense, as the most extravagant joy or the most violent agony. Thus we should detect many a pleasure (as we often do)

only by its loss; and, what is still more important, would be guided in the progress of reasoning, to its principles, and prevented from indulging in fanciful and extravagant speculation, by having two feelings to compare or to contrast—the pleasure with its disappointment. This might lead to a knowledge of the principles of our nature,—to an acquaintance with the delicacy of language and style,—to a radical improvement of taste, and to a perception of the more retiring, but, perhaps, the more exalted beauties of literature.

“The question between (I believe) Voltaire and Rousseau, ‘Whether the savage or the civilized state were preferable,’ is one of the greatest arguments for the utter depravation of our species. The mere naked fact, that such a question had arisen among rational beings—whether they should continue in a state allied to the brute, or exert the very faculties which constituted them a species, is enough—we need go no farther.

“Irish Music often gives us the idea of a mournful retrospect upon past gaiety, which cannot help catching a little of the spirit of that very gaiety which it is lamenting.

“There appears to be two species of Eloquence,—one arising from a clear and intense perception of Truth; the other, from a rich and powerful Imagination.

“The milk of human nature appears under as many different modifications in the dispositions of men, as the substance, to which it is compared, undergoes in the dairy. In some men of a perpetual and impregnable good humour, it has all the oiliness and consistency of butter; in those of a liberal and generous disposition, it has all the richness of cream; in men of a sickly habit of mind, it has all the mawkish insipidity of whey; and in a large portion of the community, it possesses all the sourness of buttermilk.

“Solitude and Society may be illustrated by a Lake and River. In the one, indeed, we can view the Heavens more calmly and distinctly; but, we can also see our own image more clearly, and are in danger of the sin of Narcissus: while, in the river, the view both of the Heavens and of ourselves is more broken and disturbed; but, health and fertility is scattered around.

“Those who cavil at the apparent clashing of the attributes of the Deity, and at the control which they appear to exercise mutually upon each other, involuntarily fall into a species of Paganism. They distribute the Deity into so many different essences:—they, in fact, deify his attributes, and make so many

independent Gods. Whereas, the division of the Deity into attributes is only an accommodation to the weakness of human faculties. He is the simple—perfect Deity,—of single and uncompounded energy; like the solar ray, appearing more pure and simple than its ingredients.

“One difficulty of a preacher is—to balance the terrors and comforts of religion—a difficulty in style rather than in matter. Those who speak upon other subjects have generally to give the mind a strong impulse in one direction, because their object is generally to produce one certain specific act, *i. e.* a vote on a certain side; but, the preacher has to induce a *habit* of acting, to regulate a man’s hopes and fears.—This perhaps is one argument against extemporaneous preaching.

“Shall the word of a Physician alter our regimen?—Shall a few hundreds added to, or subtracted from our fortune, alter our style of living,—and yet shall a visit from God produce no change?—Shall Heaven have descended upon earth,—and earth remain what it was?—Shall the Spirit of God have communed with me, and shall my soul return unpurified from the conversation?

“Christ is ‘God manifest.’—He is the Word—God heard:—the Light—God seen:—the Life—God felt.

“The difference between our Lord’s style of prophecy, and that of all other Prophets, is this:—He seems to speak with a clear steady perception of futurity, as if his eye was just as calmly fixed upon future events, as if the whole were a present occurrence. The Prophets appear only to have a picture, or a strong delineation of their prominent features, and their imaginations became heated and turbid, and agitated and confused.

“One of the uses of obscurity in the Bible, is to excite curiosity, and to make an exercise for the *faculties* as well as for the affections and dispositions, in order that the *whole* man may be employed in Religion—that there may be a mode of religious exercise, which may serve both to relieve the exercise of mere feeling, and serve as a kind of *substratum* and *arena*, on which those feelings may find matter, range, and variety.

“The ancients either let the passions run wild, or confined them like wild beasts in their cages, where they were kept muttering in their cells; but, Christ has taught them their legitimate exercise.

“The question whether the passions are to be admitted into Religion—divides itself into two: First, whether the passions are unreasonable in themselves?

—Secondly, whether they are misplaced in Religion? The first is a piece of Stoicism, that is too absurd and ridiculous to be maintained.

“The second divides itself also into two: First, whether the affections are misplaced in Religion, generally?—Secondly, whether our Saviour is the proper subject of them?—

“First, generally:—It is a great presumption against it, that it proposes at once to exclude from Religion so grand a part of the composition of man.—It is to be supposed that as the organs of the body, so the original passions of the mind were given for some valuable purposes by the Creator.—They are now in perpetual rebellion; and reason alone would presume that it would be the effect of Revelation, completely to repair the consequences of this corruption. This indeed had been tried by human systems in vain. Epicurus confirmed the usurpation of the passions; the Stoics attempted to extinguish them; but, it is the peculiar office of Christianity to bring all the faculties of our nature into their due subordination—‘that so the whole man—complete in all his functions,—may be restored to the true end of his being, and devoted, entire and harmonious, to the service and glory of God.’”

The second volume consists entirely of Sermons. They are short, sensible, simple, earnest, and fervent. Mr Wolfe had certainly the powers of a preacher; and some of his appearances in Dublin were most effective. We should think that these sermons could not fail to interest and instruct, if read aloud to any family on Sabbath evenings. They are never prolix—and prolixity, if a slow, is a sure opiate. They are not paradoxical—and paradoxes are most repulsive in the simple

religion of Christianity. They do not perplex by subdivision and endless practical conclusions—but are, generally speaking, breathed out, almost prayer-like, in one pleasant and pious strain. They are admirably adapted for young people.

In conclusion, how could Mr Russell publish the celebrated lines on the Death of Sir John Moore (or, as Medwyn absurdly calls them, the Ode) as the production of Mr Wolfe, without giving us any proof whatever that they are so? What signify long rigmarole letters in newspapers? Mr Russell is called upon to do this in the next edition of his admirable friend's *Remains*. For our own parts, we at this moment know nothing of the evidence on which Mr Wolfe's claim to the authorship of these fine lines is founded. Did he ever say he was the writer? If so, that is enough. But prove that. It may be proved; print the proofs, then, in the preface. How so intelligent a man as Mr Russell could have had the folly to quote Medwin's belief that the “Ode” was Wolfe's, surpasses our power of conjecture. Medwyn knew no more of the matter than any coal-porter on Dublin Quay. That Mr Wolfe had feeling and genius to write the lines, we believe, for they are merely somewhat more felicitous than some of his other best compositions, and the subject, too, is universally affecting. But we have our doubts, and now assert them, in a spirit which Mr Russell cannot, after this article, misunderstand. Will he favour us with the proofs, and, short or long, we shall with pleasure insert them in this Magazine?

BYRON PAPERS.

LORD BYRON is not forgotten—no—that will never be till England is no more an island ; but we have heard little about him for some months, and perhaps it was better so than to suffer, as we did about a year ago, from the shoals of shallow shilly-shallys, that tried all to have their say on his character and genius. It is pleasant to think, that the ninnies are all dead and buried now—from Dallas to Medwyn. Whatever was worth hearing, in their drivellings, attached itself to the memories of all men—the chaff was given to the winds. The editors of the thousand-and-one newspapers of Great Britain and Ireland sagaciously seized on the devourable parts, and gave both islands a feast. Observe how books now-a-days are torn to pieces, gutted, cooked, and served up to the table of the reading public ! On the very morning of the birth of a fine, promising book, the great press-gang of the united kingdoms surrounds the gates of its nativity. In four-and twenty hours time, all the crack-chapters are in half the news-rooms of England. Triple the time and they are delighting an old gentleman in Orkney. Then those winged weeklies, the various Literary Gazettes, who, by a single stamp of their foot, are wafted a hundred miles in ten hours, are all let loose on the vol, and scatter the leaves over all the drawing room rosewood tables, from St Michael's Mount to Cape Wrath. The hundred Magazines, after the storm is somewhat abated, are heard pattering, and rustling, and spouting away over town and country. In a few weeks all is hushed, except when some laggardly editorless, or ten-editor'd periodical, gives the view-hollo long after the death, and seems astonished to find that the public, like one pack, are all off on another scent, while the welkin rings again to their fervent clamour. By the way, of all earthly exhibitions, what is so absurd as a periodical making his bow to the public a year after the fair ? It is like sending sudden news by the heavy waggon, after twenty blood-expresses have radiated, like sunbeams, from centre to circumference of our free and happy country. Let half-a-year go by now-a-days, and any book whatever has acquired an antideluvian appearance. It disturbs you with thoughts of another world—and you wonder who may have been the author—Noah—Abraham—or Adam. Nay, some volumes appear to be Preadamites, and to have been written previous to the Tree of Knowledge. Consequently, a periodical that neglects to take Time by the forelock, plumps into eternity. Did you ever, gracious reader, see the St Leger start at Doncaster ? Thirty of the noblest descendants of the "Desert-born" all off like thunder and lightning, in one flash and roar.—So, on the first of the month, start the Magas from the the Row—and surely there is no need to tell you who is the MEMNON.

To return to Lord Byron. For the information of such of our subscribers as live, like their ancestors the Picts, in caves and earthen holes, we beg to mention, that the Representative is a new daily Paper, set up by Mr Murray, Albemarle-street, London ; and, in several of the very earliest numbers, it has given the world some most interesting and characteristic extracts from a diary kept by Lord Byron. Of course, these extracts are all copied next day (without acknowledgment) into all the London newspapers, and thence into all the provincial ones—so that, most probably, they have been seen by a great majority of our readers. But a newspaper is more fleeting than a shadow—try to recover last Wednesday's Times, and you will sigh,—"*Irrevocabile Tempus !*" Maga may get musty in a month—but she takes not wings to herself, nor flies away. You get her bound ; and although laid on the shelf, still there is something sweet in the old virgin's smile. Therefore, all of us editors are now busy in stealing from the Representative. Some of us—for there are sad scamps in the squad—will abuse the said Representative, while they are picking his pocket—others will sham ignorance of his very local habitation and name. Why—could you believe it—there is the Courier—and there is the new Times—two as gentlemanly newspapers as ever were typified—and always found on the right side—staunch men and true—yet both of them sneering in illiberal and selfish apprehension at their new competitor. Such editors should have been far—far above such conduct. The

Whig and Radical press are entitled to elect their own representative ; and let them abuse every Tory member. But unless the Times and Courier dislike the principles of the new Paper, their opposition to its success will be attributed to motives unworthy the character of Dr Stoddart and Mr Mudford. Should the Representative be, like many of his brethren, in and out of the House, neither an orator nor a man of business, why then his constituents will not return him to next Parliament. Should he prove a fine eloquent fellow, and acute on committees, why then his constituents will return him for next Parliament ; but in neither case will they be influenced by the Times or the Courier, who are not electors, nor can they legally have a vote. There, now, is that most spirited, and intelligent, and independent paper, the St James's Chronicle. He alone, of all we have seen, extended his hand like a man to the Representative—civil, polite, courteous, and at the same time caring no more about him than one gentleman cares for another, when mutually saluting, because living next door, or being of the same profession, or sitting in the same church. No more is expected on either side—it is no friendship—mere acquaintanceship—and if the one dies or goes to the devil, the other is as merry as May-day ; but still laments, in all due degree, the death of so very well-dressed and regular a subscriber to the social compact.

Let no ass bray that we ourselves have often abused all the Magazines, for that case is out of point. All the other Magazines commenced their brilliant career by taking advantages of our well-known Mosaic meekness. What sarcasms passed over our unruffled skin, unruffled as the smooth expanse of ocean, whose foam disdains to whiten but in a storm !

But let us, if possible, return to Lord Byron. Here, there is something genuine. Take the bottle into your own hand—apply the machinery—bring out the wasp-waisted cork—what a sweet-scented savour—gurgle and glow alike prove its descent from the Byron Bink. The peerless spirit, flowing fresh from the fount of Aganippe, is not diluted here with the soft water caught in a tub from the spout of a Grub-street garret. The god himself speaks—from his own immortal lips—and not through the slimy slaver of either priest or priestess. Three images in as many lines ! what a style for a periodical ! Yet we have a deep design in this proemium, as indeed we have in all we write. We are skillfully bringing your mind into the right mood, for enjoying the bold bright balderdash of Byron. Would it be egotistical to hint, that Byron formed his prose-style on that of Maga ? We confess, that we cannot help thinking that he did—and, indeed, his continual study of us, in spite of his strong originality, could scarcely fail to beguile him unconsciously into imitation. It is true, that we have given a tinge to the style of the age—but what we speak of now, is much more than a tinge—it is a permanent dye—a characteristic colour. The subscriber says to himself, is this Byron or Blackwood ? He perpend, and twenty to one his reply is a blunder. Nay, such blunders are not confined to the subscriber, nor even to the contributor. The editor ourselves of this Magazine, would not swear, *ad aperturam libri*, to the authorship of any paragraph, without his own signature, or that of his Lordship. He has been deceived before now, and nothing short of the most perfect reliance on the honour and sincerity of the proprietor and conductor of the Representative, could have persuaded us that the “Byron Papers” were not written by Christopher North. Here they are.

No. I.

I HAVE been thinking since the other day on the various comparisons, good or evil, which I have seen published of myself in different journals, English and foreign. This was suggested to me by accidentally turning over a foreign one lately—for I have made it a rule latterly never to search for anything of the kind ; but not to avoid the perusal if presented by

chance. To begin then—I have seen myself compared personally or practically, in English, French, *German*, (as interpreted to me,) Italian, and Portuguese, within these nine years, to Rousseau, Goethe, Young, Aretine, Timon of Athens, an Alabaster Vase, lighted up within, Patan, Shakspeare, Buonaparte, Tiberius, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Harlequin, the

Clown, Sternhold, and Hopkins;—to the Phantasmagoria, to Henry the Eighth, to Chemiur, to Mirabeau, to young R. Dallas, (the school-boy,) to Michael Angelo, to Raphael, to a Petit-Maitre, to Diogenes, to Childe Harold, to Lara, to the Count in Beppo, to Milton, to Pope, to Dryden, to Burns, to Savage, to Chatterton; to “Oft have I heard of thee, my Lord Byron,” in Shakspeare; to Churchill the Poet, to Kean the Actor, to Alfieri, &c. &c. &c. The likeness to Alfieri was asserted very seriously by an Italian who had known him in his younger days. It of course related merely to our apparent personal dispositions. He did not assert it (for we were not then good friends), but in society.

The object of so many contradictory comparisons must, probably, be like something different from them all; but what *that* is, is more than I know, or anybody else. My mother, before I was twenty, would have it that I was like Rousseau, and Madame de Staël used to say so too in 1813; and the Edinburgh Review has something of the sort in its critic of the fourth Canto of Childe Harold. I cannot see any point of resemblance. He wrote prose, I verse—he was of the people, I of the aristocracy—he was a philosopher, I am none—he published his first work at forty, I mine at eighteen—his first Essay brought him universal applause, mine the contrary—he married his housekeeper, I could not keep house with my wife—he thought all the world in a plot against him, my little world seems to think me in a plot against it, if I may judge by the abuse in print and coteries. He liked botany, I like flowers, and roots, and trees, but know nothing of their pedigrees—he wrote music, I limit my knowledge of it to what I catch by *ear*. I never would learn anything by study,

not even a language—it was by rote, and ear, and memory—I *had*, at least, an excellent one, (ask Hodgson the poet, a good judge, for *he had* an astonishing one.) He wrote with hesitation and care, I with rapidity, and rarely with pains. He would never ride nor swim, nor was cunning of fence. I am an excellent swimmer, a decent, though not at all a dashing rider, (having stoved in a rib at eighteen, in the cause of scampering,) and was sufficient of fence, particularly with the Highland broadsword, when I could keep my temper, which was difficult, but which I strove to do ever since I knocked down Mr Purling, and put his knee-pan out, (with the gloves on,) in Angelo’s and Jackson’s rooms, in 1806, during the sparring; and I was besides a very fair cricketer—one of the Harrow eleven when we made play against Eton in 1805. Besides, Rousseau’s way of life, his country, his manners, his whole character, were so very different, that I am at a loss to conceive how such a comparison could have arisen, as it has done three *several times*, and all in a remarkable manner.—I forgot to say that he was also short-sighted, and that hitherto my eyes have been the contrary to such a degree that, in the largest theatre of Bologna, I distinguished and read some busts and inscriptions painted near the stage, from a box so distant, and so *darkly* lighted, that none of the company, (composed of young and very bright-eyed people, some of them,) in the same box, could make out a letter, and thought it was a trick, though I had never been in the theatre before. Altogether, I consider myself justified in thinking the comparison not at all well founded. I don’t say this out of pique, for Rousseau was a great man, and the thing, if true, was flattering enough; but I have no idea of being pleased with a chimera.

NOTE.—Yet deducing all that is deducible, which consists chiefly of extrinsic circumstances, there is resemblance, and a strong one, between the high genius, profound sensibility, and wayward and morbid sensations of these two great men. But Rousseau was a bundle of affectation, and was vain of his singularities; Byron was too proud to be vain, and when we have heard stories of his affectations, we think we could always perceive that he was gulling or cramming some lion-worshipper—an exercise of which he was very fond.

A. D.

We cannot say that this note was worth the ink either of pen or press. What the wiser can any man be of being told that Rousseau and Byron resembled each other “in high genius,” and “profound sensibility?” These are

words equally applicable to all writers of the first order. "Wayward and morbid sensations" are expressions somewhat more characteristic, but not very original at this time of day. If Rousseau had "wayward and morbid sensations," and he had them miserably and immeasurably, he cannot, justly, be called "a bundle of affectation." As to the remark about Byron, that "he was too proud to be vain," and yet fond of "gulling or cramming some lion-worshipper," it is no great shakes. A wayward man would have found some other employment. But, pray, why should Byron not be occasionally proud, and occasionally vain, and occasionally neither, just like other men of mortal mould? His birth and fame made him the focus of fashion. What was he to do, think, feel, say, or look? Sometimes, it would appear, he was as sulky as a bear with a sore head—occasionally a lion rampant—now a hissing serpent—then a laughing hyena. One day he would sport eagle, and outstare the sun in the front of heaven—at night he would put on the owl, and skim mousing over the bosom of the earth. At one time you might behold him leaning against a pillar in a peer's palace, with his arms folded across his breast—at another, sparring with Mr Purling in John Jackson's rooms, and knocking down that hapless wight (is there or was there ever a gemman so surnamed?) with the gloves and a put-out knee-pan. To-day he would lie for an hour dissolved, like Sardanapalus, in that voluptuous dreamery, a hot-bath; and to-morrow, like another Cassius, buffet the Tiber. Now, place the point of your fore-finger on the organ of causality, like a good phrenologist, and tell us what you have discovered of the wonderful, or the wild, or the miraculous, in all this? Is there a man of genius, or no genius, of sensibility, or no sensibility—either, or neither high, or, or nor profound—shepherd, peasant, artisan, shop-keeper, manufacturer, merchant, banker, barrister, bishop, "prince, Condé, or grandee"—yea, Kaisar, or King,—who does not play the self-same part in that tragic-farce of "life?" Nay, take a tailor—(Flint or Dung)—and watch him from sunrise to sunset, from the moment that glorious luminary shows his nose on the eastern horizon, till the topmost curl of his wig sinks into the western ocean—and you will be amazed at the developement of Snip's character. With respect to "wayward and morbid sensations," even Byron and Rousseau will, in comparison to him, be hot and heavy as his own goose. From his sky-lighted strip of tenement he descends, like lightning along a rod, down to the very cellar where he dines on parsnips. In Rousseau or Byron, what profounder bathos? Ninth part of a man as he is, he is nevertheless the father of sixteen children—and has buried three absolute wives. Nay, read the Morning Herald of the 10th of December 1824, and you will see him examined on a charge of bigamy, and confronted by two furies, one from Dyot-Street, St Giles', and the other from Gorbals of Glasgow—yet

" Though round his base the rolling clouds be spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head."

He too, like Byron, can spar a bit, and perhaps may have put out the knee-pan of an opposition apprentice at Bittoone's or Ned Stockman's. Why, what think, when I tell you that he was a pail of Ings the Butcher, that Ings who was to have headed the Cato Street conspirators against Wellington, and that, on Christmas-day last, in a fit of drunken or philosophic mania, "so morbid and wayward were his affections," that he leapt from a lighterman, with his pockets as full of stones as those of a mineralogist, and then walked along the bottom of the Thames like a mud-lark, knee-deep in sludge, "slick away" into eternity. Yet in two words was his decease dismissed—"Found drowned."

Of the distinction between pride and vanity, we pretend to know nothing permanently satisfactory. We possess both—or rather both, as ruling passions possess us. You who are now reading us, are a modest, humble young or old, gentleman, and are surprised, perhaps offended, at our weakness, so unbecoming our time of life. "The fient a pride, nae pride hae ye." Yet hark ye, "young 'un," why that tie o' neckcloth? That cost you a good half-hour's work, I'll warrant it—and as we believe you don't keep a body servant, confess how long you were occupied to-day, before effulging into Bond Street, in brushing

coat, breeches, and hat, for we shall not suppose it of your shoes? Not so much as a single hair, where a hair should not be—not a crease, not a dimple too much from head to heel—except, perhaps, in your cheeks when you smile! You look as if the fingers of a fairy have deposited you, after your toilette, in a band-box, and then lifted you out, when wanted, with finger and thumb, uncrumpled as a gaudy parrot soliloquizing as its steps out of its cage. As your ringed fingers glitter while they lift up your eye-glass, what virgin, be she chaste as icicle that, congealed of purest snow, doth hang on Dian's temple, could not choose but melt before the genial sunshine of your irresistible optics? And it is you—you, sir, you, that is severe on our vanity—severe on the vanity of us, who never look at a woman without fearing that she is laughing at us, and have not, for thirty years, once exhibited our calves without the protecting duty of pantaloons?

Byron was certainly a little given to boasting of his bodily powers; and since he was fond of speaking of their display, we may be pardoned for alluding to the subject. He was a strong wiry fellow, and showed a good pectoral. But he was no sparrer. We need not say how old we were in 1806, when his Lordship, then a stiff, and notwithstanding his foot, an active stripling, used to frequent Jackson's rooms. If he had scarcely reached his best, we "were somewhat declined into the vale of years, yet that not much." So we were a fair match. We appeal then to Mr Jackson (for at that era the jewel, Pierce Egan, had not been set in the ring) if Byron could ever live ten minutes before us, even with the gloves. He had, it is true, an awkward nack with his left hand, a sort of jerk-like thrust or poke right at the mark, at the very moment he seemed to be ogling your juggler. But it generally fell short, and then we had him, slap, bang on whisker and *os frontis*, after a fashion over which Jon Bee would have murmured applause. As to the stick (or Highland broadsword, as his Lordship somewhat paraphrastically called it), he had only one cut, meant to disable his adversary's arm—but he must have been a sorry stick who would have suffered that; and nothing was easier than to baste his Lordship below and above his guard till he was blown like the South-Sea bubble. He was, however, a matchless swimmer, both fast and strong, and few Europeans could pass him to windward. But many blacks could dive him out of depth; and we once saw the cook of the Apollo frigate, who had been King of Congo, leave him half-a-mile to leeward, upon a beating wind, before they had swam a league. In leaping, of course he was a fourth-rater; and as a wrestler, one cross-buttock from our friend Litt would have been cut-and-not-come-again. But let us hear the comments of C. D. of the Representative, on the first screed of his Lordship's Diary.

ROUSSEAU AND BYRON.

To the Editor of the Representative.

SIR,

I read the commencement of your Byron Papers with much interest; as for the *comparison* between Rousseau and Byron, it humbly appears to me that the great difference is, the one man was, and the other was not, *mad*. I venture further to differ from the opinion of your annotator, A. D.—"that Lord Byron was too proud to be vain." The two vices are by no means so averse to each other's neighbourhood, as some great philosophers have said. Was it *pride* that made Byron occupy himself so much about his personal appearance? Was he proud of his little white hand, old Ali Pacha's notice of which gave him such

exquisite pleasure?—(See the reiterated mention of the compliment, in his letters to his mother, in the *Paris* edition of Mr. Dallas's Book.)—Was it a trait of pride to be so sensitive, as he certainly was, to the matter of his lameness? Was he *proud* of the dynasty of the dandies? No—he was both proud and vain of his high blood and his high genius; but it was mere *vanity* that would make the possessor of Byron's birth, person, and fame, plume himself, even for a moment, on being admitted to the fellowship of those ephemerals, the chief of whom were not much less decidedly his inferiors in real rank in society, than in intellect and accomplishments.

Byron, whatever may be said, was in his feelings more a man of letters than anything else, and in all that he says to the contrary, he betrays himself to have been a partaker in that weakness which made Voltaire laugh at Congreve.

He was not the least happy of these comparison-makers, that likened Byron to Burns.—Burns, in depth of poetical feeling, in strong shrewd sense to balance and regulate this, in the *tact* to make his poetry tell by connecting it with the stream of public thought, and the sentiments of the age, in commanding wildness of fancy and profligacy or recklessness as to moral, and *occasionally* as to religious matters, was much more like Lord Byron than any of the other persons to whom Lord Byron says he had been compared.

A gross blunder (by the way) of the English public has been talking of Burns, as if the character of his poetry ought to be estimated with an eternal recollection that he was a *peasant*. It would be just as proper to say, that Lord Byron ought always to be thought of as a *peer*. Rank in life was nothing to either in his true moments. Then, they were both great poets. Some silly and sickly affectations, connected with the accidents of birth and breeding, may be observed in both when they are not under the influence of “the happier star.” Witness Burns’s prate about independence when he was an exciseman; and Byron’s ridiculous pretence of republicanism, when he never wrote sincerely about the multitude without expressing or insinuating the very soul of scorn.

C. D.

That is a clever letter—yet open to animadversion. What is said about white hands is twaddle. His Lordship was not vain of his white hands, he was proud of them, for he conceived them to be symptoms of high birth. It seems that “blood” is shown in a man’s hands, more than in his feet—at least it was so in his Lordship’s case, and thence he rejoiced in the delicacy of his digits. In the days of chivalry, we suspect it was otherwise. Sir Philip Sydney, we dare say, had a pretty white hand, but not so Archibald Bell-the-Cat—nor before his time, the Black Prince nor Cœur-de-Lion. We cannot think that the English public commit any blunder in talking of the poetry of Burns as being characterized by the soul of a peasant. A Scottish peasant is a “finer animal” than Mr Cobbett—and strip Burns of his glorious “peasantry,” and you leave him a lout. The soil of Scotland is on his thick-soled shoes, even when he walks heavily over turkey-carpets in rich men’s houses; the sweet-smelling air of his native hills bathes that “curled darling,” his head, in perfume preferable to oil Macassar; and the sun-burnt, glowing brown of his fearless physiognomy was imprinted there, as “he walked in glory and in joy, following his plough upon the mountain-side.” As it was beautifully said, in words we do not now remember, by Campbell, in reply to Jeffrey’s lament, Burns made love, not like a sighing knight, but a burning ploughman; and indeed, how could he wear in his hat his lady’s glove, unless he had previously purchased for her a pair of mittens? He was a flesh-and-blood lover, and celebrated the charms of no woman, till he had her in his arms—not with evil thoughts—but in the use and wont of rural courtship, when “kittling in the fause-house,” or lying entranced among the rigs o’ barley, with the gowden locks of Anna on his bosom; or when meeting his ain kind dearie on the lea-rig:

Although the nicht was ne’er sae late,
And he was ne’er sae sae weary, O!

Burns’s “prate about independence,” even when an exciseman, may have sounded to some ears rather out of season; but it deserves a better name, when we remember that, when he died, after no short illness, his debts did not amount to ten pounds—and that he had shared with his brother the paltry profits of his immortal poetry. But now for another column of the Byron Papers.

No. II.

I have never heard any one who fulfilled my idea of an orator—Grattan would have been near it, but for his harlequin delivery. Pitt I never heard; Fox but once, and then he struck me as a debater, which, to me, seems as different from an orator as an improvisatore, or a versifier, from a poet. Grey is great, but it is not oratory. Canning is sometimes very like one. Wyndham I did not admire; though all the world did—it seemed sad sophistry.

Whitbread was the Demosthenes of bad taste and vulgar vehemence—but strong, and English.

Holland is impressive from sense and sincerity; Lord Lansdowne good, but still a debater only. Grenville I like vastly, if he would prune his speeches down to an hour's delivery.

Burdett is sweet and silvery as Belial himself; and I think the greatest favourite in Pandemonium—at least I always heard the country gentlemen and the ministerial devilry praise his speeches up stairs, and they ran down from Bellamy's when he was on his legs.

I heard Bishop Marsh make his second speech. It made no impression. I like Ward (now Viscount Dudley and Ward), studied—but clear and sometimes eloquent. Peel, my school

and form fellow, (we sat within two of each other,) strange to say, I have never heard, though I often wished to do so; but from what I remember of him at Harrow, he is, or should be, amongst the best of them. Now I do not admire Mr Wilberforce's speaking. It is nothing but a flow of words—words, words alone. I doubt greatly if the English have any eloquence, properly so called, and am induced to think that the Irish *had* a great deal, and that the French will have, and have had in Mirabeau. Lord Chatham and Burke are the nearest approaches to oratory in England. I don't know what Erskine may have been at the bar, but in the House I wish him at the bar once more. Lauderdale is shrill, and Scotch, and acute. Of Brougham I shall say nothing, as I have a personal feeling of dislike to the man.

But amongst all these, good, bad, and indifferent, I never heard the speech which was not too long for the auditors, and not very intelligible, except here and there. The whole thing is a grand deception, and as tedious and as tiresome as may be to those who must be often present. I heard Sheridan only once, and that briefly, but I liked his voice, his manner, and his wit—he is the only one of them I ever wished to hear at greater length.

All this is admirable—vigorous alike in thought and expression, and a great embodiment of truth. "Pitt I never heard," must have been said in the same spirit in which a poet would say, "I never heard thunder among mountains." Why had Byron a personal feeling of dislike to Brougham? The annotator should have told us this—else, what the use of "*cum notis variorum*?" "The whole thing is a grand deception," must be acknowledged by all who ever knew intimately, in private life, almost any of those men who are reckoned great orators. Not so with great poets. They are all eloquent as is Apollo's lute, and sacred oratory is native to their lips, or descends upon them from heaven, like the bees that swarmed in murmurs on the mouth of that Greek of old. For theirs is passion and imagination, a perpetual dower, flowing up perennially from the fountain of the spirit. Whitbread! in what was his voice better than a squash of brown-stout forcing out the bung from one of his own beer-barrels? What is Canning, the most eloquent public speaker, by much and afar in all England, at the height of his glory, in St Stephen's Chapel, to Coleridge idealizing like Apollo's self, in his sanctum sanctorum, in Highgate? Another screed of the Byronicana.

No. III.

When I belonged to the Drury Lane Committee, and was one of the Stage Committee of Management, the number of plays upon the shelves was about five hundred. Conceiving that amongst

these there must be *some* of merit, in person and by proxy, I caused an investigation. I do not think that of those which I saw, there was one which could be conscientiously tolera-

ted. There never were such things as most of them. Maturin was very kindly recommended to me by Walter Scott; to whom I had recourse, first, in the hope that he would do something for us himself, and, secondly, in my despair, that he would point out to us any young or old writer of promise. Maturin sent his *Bertram*, and a letter *without* his address; so that at first I could give him no answer. When I at last hit upon his residence, I sent him a favourable answer, and something more substantial. His play succeeded, but I was at that time absent from England. I tried Coleridge, too, but he had nothing feasible in hand at the time. Mr Sotheby obligingly offered *all* his tragedies; and I pledged myself, and, notwithstanding many squabbles with my committee brethren, did get *Iran* accepted, read, and the parts distributed. But lo! in the very heart of the matter, upon some *tepidness* on the part of Kean, or warmth on that of the author, Sotheby withdrew his play. Sir J. B. Burgess did also present four tragedies and a farce, and I handed them to the green-room and Stage Committee; but they would not do. Then the scenes I had to go through! The authors and the authoresses—the milliners and the wild Irishmen—the people from Brighton, from Blackwall, from Chatham, from Cheltenham, from Dublin, from Dundee,—who came in upon me!—to all whom it was proper to give a civil answer, and a hearing, and a reading. Mrs Glover's father, an Irish dancing-master, of sixty years, called upon me to request to play "*Archer*," dressed in silk stockings, on a frosty morning, to show his legs, (which were certainly good and Irish for his age; and had been still better.) Miss Emma Somebody, with a play entitled the *Bandit of Bohemia*, or some such title or production; Mr O'Higgins—then resident at Richmond—with an Irish tragedy, in which the Protagonist was chained by the leg to a pillar during

the chief part of the performance. He was a wild man, of savage appearance, and the difficulty of *not* laughing at him was only to be got over by reflecting on the probable consequences of such a cachinnation. As I am really a civil and polite person, and do hate giving pain when it can be avoided, I sent them up to Douglas Kinnaird, who is a man of business, and sufficiently ready with a negative, and left them to settle with him; and as at the beginning of next year I went abroad, I have since been little aware of the progress of the theatre.—

Players are said to be an impracticable people. They are so; but I managed to steer clear of any disputes with them, and excepting one debate with the elder Byrne about Miss Smith's pas de—something, (I forget the technicals,) I do not remember any litigation of my own. I used to protect Miss Smith, because she was like Lady Jane Harley in the face; and likenesses go a great way with me indeed. In general, I left such things to my more bustling colleagues, who used to reprove me seriously for not being able to take such things in hand, without buffooning with the Histrionnians, and throwing things into confusion by treating light matters with levity.—

Then the committee—then the sub-committee—we were but few, and never agreed. There was Peter Moore, who contradicted Kinnaird; and Kinnaird, who contradicted everybody. There were two managers, Rae and Dibdin, and our secretary, Ward—and yet we were all very zealous, and in earnest to do good, and so forth. Hobhouse furnished us with prologues to our revived old English plays, but was not pleased with us for complimenting him as the "*Upton*" of our theatre, (Mr Upton is, or was, the poet who writes the songs for Astley's,) and almost gave up prologizing in consequence.

NOTES.—I remember hearing Sir Walter Scott, in a conversation with Lord Byron, in Albemarle-street, express his determination never to write for the stage, and allege in excuse, not only the probability that he might not succeed, but the unpleasant, yet necessary and inevitable subjection in which he must, as a dramatist, be kept by "*the good folks of the Green-room*;"—"Cæteraque," he added, "*hanc subeunda ingenio meo*." Byron sprung up, and crossed the room with great vivacity, saying, "No, by G—, nor mine either." I cannot but think, that he had been thinking of some dramatic attempt, and that Scott's answer had touched his pride.

When this happened, Byron and Scott were both authors of established fame, and extraordinary popularity. They had therefore overcome all the difficulties which men experience in the commencement of a literary career; they were no longer obliged to undergo the pain of negotiating with unwilling, indifferent, cold, perhaps haughty booksellers; nor were they—at all events they ought not to have been—any longer under the fear and dread of criticisms from unpropitious Reviewers, and such other ills as ink is heir to. Why, therefore, should Scott and Byron commence a new career, having of course its own new set of difficulties and annoyances to be met and overcome on the threshold?—The question is a very different one in regard to an author who has not as yet *succeeded* in any department of letters.

The “good folks of the green-room” must, moreover, be tried with first-rate authors—which they have not been in our time—ere we are entitled to talk of their airs, and the subjection in which they wish to keep those who write for them. And first-rate authors will never give them the chance of vindicating their character as to this, until the law has been changed in regard to the author's profits in a successful dramatic effort. These are at present by far too slender to tempt men like Scott and Byron, who have once tasted the liberality which the great booksellers of our time never fail to exhibit, when they are satisfied that the public backs their approbation of an author; and which, begging authors' pardons, they would be very foolish, if not presumptuous, to exhibit till this is the case.

Who will believe anything of Scott and Byron being afraid of a set of managers and players? Neither player nor manager has lived in our time, that durst have stood erect in the presence of either of these men, after they had attained the eminence on which they stood at the period of this conversation.

B. F.

It is always delightful to read about the stage,—most delightful even to us, who never now set our foot in a theatre. And the above of Byron's is most spirited and sprightly. The notes too are good; and we beg leave to return our best thanks to Messrs A. D. and B. F. But does not B. F. Esquire, rather contradict Byron and Scott on a subject of their own experience? The “good folks of the green-room” are as self-opinionated as other professional men—barristers, doctors, physical and theological, musicians and painters. They are not so submissive as B. F. would imagine. Perhaps it is too much to expect it. Most players are prodigious ninnies—but they have a better notion of what will do on the boards than any dramatic writer, even of first-rate genius, who has not been himself, like Shakspeare and “the rest,” an actor. There is not a manager of them all, metropolitan or provincial, that would not have stood erect in the presence of both Byron and Scott. They can all “keep their backs straight before a great man,” and otherwise they would not be fit for their profession. We see that they did so before Byron—and that Scott expected nothing less from them; and we have no doubt that they often behaved to Shakspeare in a style at once insolent and scurvy. Sheridan, himself a manager, and who had proved himself to be in comedy as great a genius as either of these illustrious men could ever have proved himself to be in tragedy, with power and practise in his hands, was bothered, badgered, and black-guarded, and often forced to swindle them into common civility, and introduce his plays before the lamps by legerdmain. What B. F. says about “profits” is just—for even Maturin's *Bertram* cleared, it is said, to the theatre, L.10,000, while he pocketed but some three or four hundred. Finally, neither Byron nor Scott had then given, nor have they since, any demonstrative proofs of being able to write a first-rate acting tragedy. They have written more difficult things—but that is nothing to the purpose. Neither Smollett nor Fielding could write comedies or farces; Sheridan would probably have made but a poor hand of a novel. The author of the *Excursion* would write fearful epigrams—we should doubt the orthodoxy of a sermon from the pen of Mr Thomas Moore—nor would we, if booksellers and publishers, give a thousand guineas to James Hogg for an edition, with notes, preface, and prolegomena, of my Lord Chesterfield.

Let the Editor of *The Representative* and his contributors go on giving us scraps of the *Byron Papers*—and we shall allow a year's jubilee to Balaam.

DUKE PHRANZA, THE REGICIDE.

A Tale of the Greek Empire.

'Twas deep midnight on the Caspian wave !
On his deck Duke Phranza slept,
And he dream'd that he saw a dungeon cave,
Where his lady of beauty wept.

" Come not, my bold lord," she wildly cried,
And the words were check'd with a tear ;
" Come not, my loved lord, for this night thy bride
Had better be on her bier !

" There is death by the arrow, and death by the sword ;
And worse than them both, in the chain ;
Yet 'tis keener than all, my bosom's lord,
To call on thy name in vain.

" I have dress'd myself in a sable dress,
But my heart is darker still ;
And when thou shalt come my lip to press,
Thou wilt find it deathly chill."

He sprang from sleep ; his slumbering hand
Had grasp'd his half-drawn sword ;
The rushing galley touch'd the sand ;
On shore his warriors pour'd.

" On, on !" in agony, he cried—
" There's treachery in my hall.
For life, for death, my champions, ride !"
Duke Phranza was first of all.

But his panting heart foreboded woe,
In the silence deep of the hour ;
In the lamp that glimmer'd so pale and low,
From the Lady Zoë's tower.

Duke Phranza knock'd at his palace gate,
He wound his trumpet-call ;
He knock'd with his mace at the portcullis' grate,
'Twas lonely silence all.

He felt a sudden throb of pain
Shoot through each quivering limb ;
And hark, a sad and distant strain—
Oh Heaven, a funeral hymn !

Back roll'd the gate, no warrior's tramp
Came their gallant chief to cheer,
But he saw a pale and fitful lamp
Above a noble bier.

He saw no golden table spread
With the cups of Cyprus wine,
But he saw an image of the dead,
Upon a holy shrine.

There, clothed in pearl and clothed in pall,
Lay the form of his lady fair ;
And monks and maidens, in sable all,
Knelt round with hymn and prayer.

“ Oh, better the Moorman’s poison’d dart,
And better the Turkman’s bow,
And better the Saracen’s lance in the heart,
Than the sight that I gaze on now.

“ How died, where sleeps my noble bride ?”
No answer met his ear,
But they pointed to the roaring tide,
And they turn’d again to prayer.

* * * *

Alexius sits upon his throne,
A pile of gems and gold,
A kingdom’s price is in every stone
That studs his turban-fold.

Ten thousand fierce Varangian spears
Are glittering round their king ;
And his thousand Greek and Latian peers
Stand like a fiery ring.

There came a step, ’twas stern and slow,
Alexius’ cheek grew pale,
When he saw Duke Phranza’s wrathful brow,
When he heard Duke Phranza’s tale.

“ Justice, my Liege, for righteous blood,
The dauntless soldier cried :
“ Though by your mighty throne he stood,
Death to the Homicide !”

The monarch writhed ! But sudden ire
Flamed in his sunken eye,—
“ Thou rebel son of a rebel sire !
Die, in his dungeon die !”

* * * *

He slept—a form was o’er his head,
A twinkling lamp before him shone ;
He waked—the light seem’d scarcely fled,
Still echoed clear the parting tone !

Duke Phranza was bravest of the brave,
But the blood ran cold through his frame,
As the sound came again through his dungeon cave,
“ Arise, or be food for the flame.”

Back flew the door. By a distant shrine
Knelt an ancient man in prayer,
And from the lamp a light divine
Flung a halo round his hair.

His face with early woe was wan,
But his lofty glance might tell,
That that monk had fought in the Christian van,
When the Crescent by Solyma fell.

He rose, and his weak and wither'd hand
Was as if he still grasp'd the sword.
His look was the look of old command,
When he moved like the battle's lord !

"Duke Phranza, this night have I wearied Heaven
To save thee from thy doom ;
Thy life to an old man's prayers is given,
Now welcome my bed in the tomb !"

He led him through a proud alcove,
Where all was midnight shade ;
But the waning moon through the loop above
Upon standard and armour play'd.

"Duke Phranza," sigh'd the man of God,
"What is life but a path to the grave ;
A path, that in sorrow and thorns must be trod,
Alike by the king and the slave !"

He led him by a sculptured hall,
Still rich with the rose's perfume,
And vases of gold were by the wall,
'Twas that midnight's banquet room.

"My son," and his voice sank sad and low,
"Beware of mortal pride ;
What are crowns but bubbles in the flow
Of Time's resistless tide !

"Now, praise to high Heaven—Our course is done.
He oped an ivory door,
And Duke Phranza beheld the sinking moon
On the broad Propontic shore.

But there smote the air a distant shriek,
'Twas woman's agony ;
Back rush'd, like a lion roused, the Greek,
For he knew that fearful cry !

He burst the door ; a lifted sword
Flash'd broad in a cresset's flame ;
Then a woman knelt before Empire's Lord !
To save her from her shame.

"Die, traitor," roar'd the furious king,
As the Greek upon him flew ;
Round flash'd the falchion's massive swing,
But the dagger's point was true.

A moment's desperate strife—a grasp—
A bound from earth—a groan !
There lies the blood has choked his gasp,
The master of the throne !

On the dead gazed the silent conqueror,
On the gore, as it crimson'd his feet ;
But, is it a phantom that springs from the floor,
Then rushes his kiss to meet !

"Come death, come life, while thou art nigh ;"
 On her bosom the soldier sigh'd,
 "Thou'rt sweeter this hour to thy husband's eye,
 Than when he first made thee his bride."

But the noble Monk gave a sudden sign,
 And he took down a spear and targe,
 And pointed, where danced on the moonlight brine
 A golden-sculptured barge.

And on the sweet lady he flung a robe,
 Worth the ransom of a king ;
 'Twas broider'd with golden sceptre and globe,
 Beneath the eagle's wing.

"Now speed thee on, my gallant chief,
 And speed thee, my lovely one,
 As I saw thy beauty come here in grief,
 In gladness I see thee gone."

But Duke Phranza press'd his quivering hand,
 And his lady dropp'd a tear ;
 "Oh, father, leave this evil land,
 This house of guilt and fear."

But the old man turn'd, and he gazed on the dead,
 And he flung himself on his knee ;
 And if ever true prayer to Heaven was sped,
 Dead monarch, 'twas sped for thee.

"Now, now for our hills !" In sprang the Monk,
 They loosed the silken sail ;
 And, ere the moon on the wave had sunk,
 They were far on the wings of the gale !

MY FIRST AND LAST PLAY.

From Mansie Wauch's Autobiography.

Out cam the gudeman, and laigh he louted ;
 Out cam the gudewife, and heigh she shouted ;
 And a' the town-neighbours gather'd about it ;
 As there lay I, I trow.—

Old Song.

THE time of Tammie Bodkin's apprenticeship being nearly worn through, it behoved me, as a man attentive to business, and the interests of my family, to cast my e'en around me in search of a callant to fill his place, as it is customary in our trade for young men, when their time is out, taking a year's journeyman'ship in Edinburgh, to perfect them in the mair intricate branches of the business, and learn the newest manner of the French and London fashions, by cutting claith for the young advocates, the college students, and the rest of the principal tip-top bucks.

Having, though I say it myself, the word of being a canny maister, mair than ane brought their callants to me, on reading the bill of "An apprentice wanted," plaistered on my shop-window. Offering to bind them for the regular time, yet not wishing to take but ane, I thocht best no to fix in a hurry, and make choice of him that seemed mair exactly cut out for my purpose. In the course of a few weeks three or four cast up, among whom was a laddie of Ben Aits, the meal-monger, and a son of William Burlings, the baker ; to say little of the callant of Saunders Broom, the sweep,

that wad fain hae putten his blackit-looking bit creature with the ae ee under my wing; but I aye lookit to respectability in these matters; so glad was I when I got the offer of Stephen Glen—But more of this in half-a-minute.

I must say I was glad of ony feasible excuse to make to the sweep, to get quit of him and his laddie, the father being a drucken ne'er-do-weel, that I wonder didna fa' lang ere this time of day from some chumley-head, and get his neck broken: So I tell't him at lang and last, when he came papping into my shop, plaguing me every time he passed, that I had fittit mysel; and that there wad be nae need of his taking the trouble to call again. Upon which he gaed his blackit neeve a desperate thump on the counter, making the observe, that out of respect for him I might have given his son the preference. Though I was a wee puzzled for an answer, I said to him, for want of a better, that having a timber-leg, he couldna weil creuk his hough to the labroad for our trade.

"Hout, touts," said Saunders, giving his lips a smack,—"Creuk his hough, ye body you! Do ye think his timber-leg canna screw off?—That'll no pass."

I was a wee dumb-founded at this cleverness. So I said, mair on my guard,—"True, true, Saunders, but he's ow'er little."

"Ower little, and be hanged to ye!" cried the disrespectful fellow, wheeling about on his heel, as he graspit the sneck of the shop-door, and gaed a girn that showed the only clean pairs of his body, to wit, the whites o' his een, and his sharp teeth,—"Ower little!—Pu, pu!—He's like the blackamoor's pig, then, Maister Wauch,—he's like the blackamoor's pig,—he may be ver' leetle, but he be tam ould;" and with this he showed his back, clapping the door at his tail without wishing a good day; and I am scarcely sorry when I confess, that I never cuttit claith for either father or son from that day to this ane, the losing of such a customer being no great matter at best, and amais clear gain, compared wi' saddling mysell wi' a callant with only ae ee and ae leg, the tane having fa'en a victim to the dregs of the measles, and the ither having been harled aff wi' a farmer's

threshing-mill. However, I got mysell properly suited—but ye shall hear.

Our neighbour Mrs Grassie, a widow woman, unco intimate wi' our wife, and very attentive to Benjie when he had the chincough, had a far-away cousin o' the name o' Glen, that haddit out amang the howes of the Lammermoor hills,—a distant part of the country, ye observe. Auld Glen, a decent-looking body of a creature, had come in wi' his sheltie, about some private matters of business—such as the buying of a horse, or something to that effect, where he could best fa' in wi't, either at our fair, or the Grassmarket, or sic like; so he had up-pitting free of expense from Mrs Grassie, on account of his relationship, Glen being second cousin to Mrs Grassie's brither's wife, which is deceased. I might, indeed, have mentioned, that our neighbour hersell had been twice married, and had the misery of seeing out baith her gudemen; but sic was the will of fate, and she boor up with perfect resignation.

Having made a bit warm dinner ready, for she was a tidy body, and kent what was what, she thought she couldna do better than ask in a reputable neighbour to help her friend to eat it, and take a cheerer wi' him; as, maybe, being a stranger like, he wouldna like to use the freedom of drinking by himsell,—a custom which is at the best an unsocial ane,—especially wi' nane but women-folk near him, so she did me the honour to make choice of me—though I say't wha shouldna say't;—and when we got our jug filled for the second time, and began to grow better acquainted, ye would just wonder to see how we became merry, and crackit away just like twa pen-guns. I asked him, ye see, about sheep and cows, and corn and hay, and ploughing and thrashing, and horses and carts, and fallow land, and lambing-time, and ha'rst, and making cheese and butter, and selling eggs, and curing the sturdie, and the snifters, and the batts, and sic like;—and he, in his turn, made enqueery regarding broad and narrow claith, Kilmarnock cowls, worsted comforters, Shetland hose, mittens, leather-caps, stuffing and padding, metal and mule-buttons, thorls, pocket-linings, serge, twist, buckram, shaping and sewing, back-playing, rund-goosing, measuring,

and all the ither particulars belonging to our trade, which he said, at lang and last, after we had jokit thegither, was a power better ane than the farming.

"Ye should mak yer son ane then," said I, "if ye think sae. Have ye ony bairns?"

"Ye've het the nail on the head.—Od, man, if ye wasna sae far away, I would bind our auldest callant to yoursell, I'm sae weel pleased wi' yere gentlemanly manners. But I'm speaking havers."

"Havers here or havers there, what," said I, "is to prevent ye, boarding him, at a cheap rate, either wi' our friend, Mrs Grassie, or wi the wife? Either of the twa wad be a sort of mother till him."

"Deed, I daur say, would they," answered Maister Glen, stroking his chin, which was gey rough, and hadna got a clean sin Sunday, having had four days of sheer growth,—our meeting, ye'll observe by this, being on the Thursday afternoon,—"Deed would they.—Od, I maun speak to the mistress about it."

On the head of this, we had anither jug, three being cannie, after which we were baith a wee tozy-mozy; so I daursay Mrs Grassie saw plainly that we were getting into a state where we wad not easily make a halt; so, without letting on, she brought in the tea-things before us, and showed us a play-bill, to tell us that a company of strolling play-actors had come in a body in the morning, with a haill cartful of scenery and grand dresses; and were to make an exhibition at seven o'clock, at the ransom of a shilling a-head in Laird Wheatley's barn.

Mony a time and often had I heard of play-acting, and of players making themselves kings and queens, and saying a great many wonderful things; but I had never before an opportunity of making mysell a witness to the truth of these hearsays. So Maister Glen, being as fu' of nonsense, and as fain to have his curiosity gratified, we took upon us the stout resolution to gang out thegither, he offering to treat me, and I determined to rin the risk of Maister Wiggie our minister's rebuke, for the transgression, hoping it would make nae lasting impression on his mind, being for the first and only time. Folks shouldna at a' times be ower scrupulous.

After paying our money at the door, never, while I live and breathe, will I forget what we saw and heard that night; it just looks to me, by all the world, when I think on't, like a fairy dream. The place was crowded to the ee; Maister Glen and me having nearly got our ribs dung in before we fand a seat, and them behint were obliged to mount the back benches to get a sight. Right to the fore-hand of us was a large green curtain, some five or six ells wide, a guid deal the waur of the wear, having seen service through twa three simmers; and, just in the front of it, were eight or ten penny candles stuck in a board fastened to the ground, to let us see the players' feet, like, when they came on the stage, and even before they came on the stage, for the curtain beingscrimpitin length, we saw legs and feet moving behind the scenes very neatly; while twa blind fiddlers they had brought with them played the bonniest ye ever heard. Od, the very music was worth a sixpence of itself.

The place, as I said before, was choke full, just to excess; so that ane could scarcely breathe. Indeed I never saw ony pairt sae crowded, not even at a tent-preaching, when Mr Roarer was giving his discourses on the Building of Solomon's Temple. We were obligated to have the windows opened for a mouthful of fresh air, the barn being as close as a baker's oven, my neighbour and me fanning our red faces wi' our hats, to keep us cool; and, though all were half-stewed, we had the worst o't, the toddy we had ta'en having fermented the blood of our bodies into a perfect fever.

Just at the time that the twa blind fiddlers were playing the Downfall of Paris, a handbell rang, and up goes the green curtain; being hauled to the ceiling, as I observed wi' the tail of my ee, by a birkie at the side, that had haud of a rope. So, on the music stopping, and all becoming as still as that you might have heard a pin fall, in comes a decent old gentleman at his leisure, weil powdered, wi' an auld-fashioned coat on, waist-coat with flap-pockets, brown breeches with buckles at the knees, and silk stockings with red gushats on a blue ground. I never saw a man in sic distress; he stampit about, and better stampit about, dadding the end of his staff on the ground, and imploring all the powers

of heaven and yearth to help him to find out his run-awa' daughter, that had decampit wi' some neerdowell loon of a half-pay captain, that keppit her in his arms frae her bedroom-window, up twa pair o' stairs. Every father and head of a family maun hae felt for a man in his situation, thus to be rub-bit of his dear bairn, and an only daughter too, as he tellt us owre and owre again, as the saut saut tears ran gushing down his withered face, and he aye blew his nose on his clean calendered pocket napkin. But, ye ken, the thing was absurd to suppose that we should ken onything about the matter, having never seen either him or his daughter between the een afore, and no kenning them by headmark; so, though we sympathized with him, as folks ought to do wi' a fellow-creature in affliction, we thought it best to haud our tongues, to see what might cast up better than he expected. So out he gaed stumping at the ither side, determined, he said, to find them out, though he should follow them to the world's end, Johnny Groat's House, or something to that effect.

Hardly was his back turned, and amais before ye could cry Jack Robison, in comes the birkie and the very young leddy the auld gentleman described, arm and arm thegither, smoodging and lauching life daft. Dog on it! it was a shameless piece of business. As true as death, before all the croud of folk, he pat his arm round her waist, and caad her his sweet-heart, and love, and dearie, and darling, and everything that is sweet. If they had been courting in a close thegither on a Friday night, they couldna hae said mair to ane anither, or gaen greater lengths. I thought sich shame to be an ee-witness to sic ongoings, that I was obliged at last to haud up my hat afore my face, and look down; though, for a' that, the young lad, to be sich a blackguard as his conduct showed, was weil enough faured, and had a guid coat to his back, wi' double gilt buttons, and fashionable lapells, to say little o' a very weil-made pair of buckskins, a little the waur o' the wear to be sure, but which, if they had been weil cleaned, would hae lookit amais as gude as new. How they had come we never could learn, as we neither saw chaise nor gig; but from his having spurs on his boots, it is mair

than likely that they had lightit at the back-door of the barn frae a horse, she riding on a pad behint him maybe, with her hand round his waist.

The faither lookit to be a rich auld bool, baith from his manner of speaking, and the rewards he seemed to offer for the apprehension of his daughter; but, to be sure, when so many of us were present that had an equal right to the spulzie, it wadna be a great deal a thousand pounds when divided, still it was worth the looking after; so we just biddit a wee.

Things were brought to a bearing, howsomever, sooner than either themselves, I daur say, or onybody else present, seemed to hae the least glimpse of; for, just in the middle of their fine goings-on, the sound of a coming fit was heard, and the lassie taking guilt to her, cried out, "Hide me, hide me, for the sake of gudeness, for yonder comes my old father!"

Nae sooner said than done. In he stappit her into a closet; and after shutting the door on her, he sat down upon a chair, pretending to be asleep in a moment. The auld faither came bouncing in, and seeing the fellow as sound as a tap, he ran forrit and gaed him sich a shake, as if he wad hae shoooken him a' sundry, which sune made him open his een as fast as he had steekit them. After blackguarding the chield at no allowance, cursing him up hill and down dale, and caaing him every name but a gentleman, he haddit his staffower his crown, and gripping him by the cuff o' the neck, askit him what he had made o' his daughter. Never since I was born did I ever see sich brazen-faced impudence! The rascal had the brass to say at ance, that he hadna seen word or wittens of his daughter for a month, though mair than a hundred folk sitting in his company had seen him daunting her with his arm round her jimpy waist, not five minutes before. As a man, as a father, as an elder of our kirk, my corruption was raised, for I aye hated leeing, as a pair cowardly sin, and an inbreak on the ten commandments; and I fand my neebour, Mr Glen, fidgetting on the seat as weel as me; so I thoct, that whaever spoke first, wad hae the best right to be entitled to the reward; whereupon, just as he was in the act of rising up, I took the word out of his mouth, saying, "Dinna believe him, auld gentleman

—dinna believe him, friend ; he's telling a parcel of lees. Never saw her for a month ! It's no worth arguing, or caaing witnesses ; just open that press door, and ye'll see whether I'm speaking truth or no."

The auld man stared, and lookit dumb-founded ; and the young man, instead of rinning forrit wi' his double nieves to strike me, the only thing I was feared for, began a laughing, as if I had dune him a gude turn. But never since I had a being, did I ever witness sich an uproar and noise as immediately took place. The haill house was sae glad that the scoundrel had been exposed, that they set up siccan a roar o' lauchter, and thumpit away at siccan a rate at the boards wi' their feet, that at lang and last, wi' pushing, and fidgitting, and hadding their sides, down fell the place they ca' the gallery, a' the folk in't being hurl'd tapsy-turvy, head foremost amang the saw-dust on the floor below ; their guffawing sune being turned to howling, ilka ane crying louder than anither at the tap note of their voices, " Murder ! murder ! haud aff me ; murder ! my ribs are in ; murder ! I'm killed—I'm speechless ! and ither lamentations to that effect ; so that a rush to the door took place, in which everything was overturned—the door-keeper being wheeled away like wildfire—the furms strampit to pieces—the lights knockit out—and the twa blind fiddlers dung head foremost ower the stage, the bass fiddle cracking like thunder at every bruise. Siccan tearing, and swearing, and tumbling, and squeeling, was never witnessed in the memory of man, sin the building of Babel ; legs being likely to be broken, sides staved in, een knocked out, and lives lost ; there being only ae door, and that a sma' ane ;

so that, when we had been carried aff our feet that length, my wind was fairly gane, and a sick dwam cam ower me, lights of a' manner of colours, red, blue, green, and orange, dancing before me, that entirely deprived me o' common sense, till, on opening my een in the dark, I fand mysell leaning wi' my braid side against the wa' on the opposite side of the close. It was some time before I mindit what had happened ; so, dreading scaith, I fand first the ae arm, and then the ither, to see, if they were broken—syne my head—and syne baith o' my legs ; but a', as weel as I could discover, was skin-hale and scart-free. On perceiving which, my joy was without bounds, having a great notion that I had been killed on the spot. So I reached round my hand, very thankfully, to tak out my pocket- napkin, to gie my brow a wipe, when lo and behold the tail of my Sunday's coat was fairly aff an' away, docket by the haunch buttons.

Sae muckle for plays and play-actors—the first and last, I trust in grace, that I shall ever see. But indeed I could expect nae better, after the warning that Maister Wiggie had mair than ance gien us frae the pupit on the subject ; sae, instead of getting my grand reward for finding the auld man's daughter, the haill covey o' them, nae better than a set of swindlers, took leg-bail, and made that very night a moonlight flitting ; and Johnny Hammer, honest man, that had wrought frae sunrise to sunset, for twa days, fitting up their place by contract, instead of being weel paid for his trouble, as he deserved, got naething left him but a ruckle of his ain guid deals, a' dung to shivers.

MORE LAST WORDS OF SHERIDAN.

MR EDITOR,

ON the whole you have treated Sheridan handsomely enough, made a fair distinction between his bright days and his black ones, between the time when wit came of itself, and the time when he was obliged to send for it. But let me say one word for what the world thinks the least defensible point about him. His *payability*. He is, of course, written down as little

better than a very pleasant swindler, whose purpose was to pay no man a shilling, whom he could put off with a joke, and whose life was a long trick worthy of the best of his own Jews.

Now, you may rely upon my knowledge of the fact, that there was no man more *paying* than Sheridan, when he had a shilling in his possession ; that he actually was *always* paying, and in many instances, through mere

agony at being dunned, has paid the same debt over and over. The more impudent demand was, as might be expected, the first paid; and impudence was so notoriously effective with this very sensitive man, that it habitually swept away his means of discharging the true creditor.

It is allowed, that he was unfit for all business that required punctuality, accuracy, or economy; in short, that he was what so many men are, a bad man of business, and this even went so far, that he is said to have never *kept a receipt nor a key!* Yet, to what did the debts of this proverb of wastefulness and dishonesty amount at last? Why, to the inordinate sum of five thousand pounds! There are five thousand very honest and well-charactered gentlemen in the realm, who would think themselves the luckiest fellows alive to find their debts cleared down to five thousand pounds.*

As to his personal liberality, which you seem to doubt, the question is not easily answered. The most liberal are seldom those whose bounty is the most easily traced. It even becomes a maxim, that the most public givers are the least liberal. But so far as I can ascertain, Sheridan was charitable, and frequently destitute as he was of money from his struggling theatre, he did his best to relieve those who came in his way. Theatrical life is miserably fertile in such applications, and we should have heard heavier complaints of the hardness of his heart, if he had rejected the tenth part of his applicants.

But his public life is more tangible. You altogether doubt his capability of any political nobleness. The man who has seen what public life is made of, may well be inclined to doubt the existence of any one generous, manly, or independent feeling in that school. When every man is struggling for himself, selfishness becomes, from a principle of policy, a principle of nature. It must have been a powerful, original repulsion to bowing the neck, that makes any man stand straight under the heavy harness of party.

But can we forget the MUTINY AT THE NORE? The nation in anxiety and terror, the Ministry appalled and wavering in the sight of the most for-

midable catastrophe that had ever threatened England. The Whigs exulting in the prospect of the fall of Ministers, even though they fell with the national ruin. Fox, like another leading spirit of evil, lifting his crest, and triumphing in the success of his temptation! Then came forward Sheridan; in the face of his party, in defiance of his party, in the full exposure to sneers and cries of dereliction and tergiversation, he declared, that in such a time the old bonds and principles of parliamentary opposition should not lie on the mind of any honourable man; he stood forth "among the faithless, faithful only found;" avowed that, notwithstanding his continued and full recognition of all his old friendships and pledges, he could for the time see no difference between the sides of the House, no party but the country; and offered his services to any man who would save it. These were not things done in a corner. They are public documents, to be found in the records of the time, and at that period they were acknowledged by the unanimous gratitude of the empire. They make no figure in the pages of his biographer. But they have an honour that will be as permanent in the hearts of his countrymen.

The independence, spirit, and disdain of all hypocritical party clamour in the very crisis of the country, undoubtedly gave the turn to the time. I will not say, that the empire must have perished without him; nor even that the Ministry might not have felt themselves strong enough in public confidence, to have taken every measure that subsequently extinguished the mutiny. But I limit myself to the plainest and simplest facts, that there was infinite public consternation at the sight of this novel hazard; that the Ministry were perplexed by the fear that the evil was not confined to the fleet, but might be but the first explosion of a series of revolutionary convulsions; that they looked to unanimity in the House, to strengthen the executive; and that in the House they found scorn, exultation, and resistance on the part of the Whigs; till Sheridan, in what I will persist in believing the nobleness of his nature, and the spirit of native fearlessness and

* What! worse than nothing?—C. N.

patriotism, walked forth from their ranks, to offer himself to the public service, and shamed his colleagues into following him.

His wit is more easily disputed. Yet, in an age when every man was emulous of conversational brilliancy, what man equalled him? How infinitely meagre are the relics of the Selwyns, Walpoles, Hares, Tookes, and Townshends, to the heap of negligent and unassorted splendours that Sheridan has left behind him! His published bon-mots are the least of this careless treasure, which lies scattered among the memories of his perishing companions. His day, too, was remarkable for theatrical rivalry, by a higher class than have since attempted to sustain the falling honours of the stage. Burgoyne, Andrews, Topham, Cumberland, and others of fortune, fashion, and scholarship,—yet which of them came within bow-shot of this humbly born, unfashionably bred, and indigent man, even in his youth?

His plays are as vivid this moment

as they were the hour they came sparkling from his pen. Can this be said of any of his contemporaries?—competitors he had none.

His great political crime was, that he flung the Whigs out of the saddle, into which they have never been able to clamber since. There are many, however, who will not look upon this as an inexpiable sin. He threw into contempt a little cabal of aristocratic insolence, that in their moderation would not have left the King the appointment of a turnspit in his own kitchen. With the nation before their eyes, they instituted a degraded traffic for pension and place in the Household; they were detected, scorned, driven out, and this was done by Sheridan! This was his *crime*. But a crime like this ought to be inscribed on his grave, and the panegyric will outlast the fleeting and prejudiced opinions of any man who attempts to strike his pen through the memory of Brinsley Sheridan.

C. R.

NAVAL SKETCH-BOOK.*

LANDLUBBERS like us have no business to write Naval Sketches; but perhaps it may be in our power to review Naval Sketches tolerably well, nay, better than any seaman in the fleet. The British critic-tar would astound and perplex the reader by his profusion of nautical terminology, and set him completely adrift. We, in our comparative ignorance of Neptune's mother-tongue, must make use of our own land-lingo, more or less generally understood ashore. Besides, seaman's wit, except in original composition, is apt to take aback the sails of a landsman's imagination. Authors, in general, review their own books very ably; witness our periodical literature. Yet we could bet a trifle, that the clever Captain now before us could no more keep his book in the mind's eye, without making lee-way, than we could wear his ship in a gale, without carrying

away every stick. In all probability, the few nautical terms we have now ventured on are all misplaced and misapplied; yet how expressive! Let a coxswain criticise, and he will curse us down to the lowest depths of the bread-room; but "all the ladies now on land" will admire our genius, and own that no subject comes amiss to the Editor of *Ebony*.

There, now, is the writer of our *Man-of-War's-Man*—as able-bodied and able-minded a seaman as ever furled a top-gallant-sail; yet could he write a critical article about his own *Memoirs*? Not he indeed. He would forthwith begin "spinning a long yarn," and then clap such a load of canvass on *Maga*, that he would run her down, head-foremost, in deep water, till the St Andrew's cross, at the main, would disappear like a flying fish in the foam. But set him on

* *Naval Sketch-Book*; or, the Service Afloat and Ashore. With Characteristic Reminiscences, Fragments, and Opinions on Professional, Colonial, and Political Subjects; interspersed with Copious Notes, Biographical, Historical, Critical, and Illustrative. By an Officer of Rank. In 2 vols. London: H. Colburn; Geo. B. Whittaker; and Simpkin and Marshall. 1826.

board the Tottumfog, and he keeps her "large" before the gale of popular favour.

Smollett described sea-life gloriously, for Smollett was a seaman. He was up to the whole thing, and Bowling, Crawley, Pipes, and Trunnion, are tars from pig-tail to pumps. You forget when you go on board with the surgeon, that there is any land. You feel as if you had been afloat all your days, and you have only to put out your tongue to catch the lingo. His very boxing bouts on board ship are entirely different from those on shore; as you will see, by comparing Random's set-to with Crawley (not young Rump-Steak of the London ring,) with Strap's turn-up in town. Smollett, no doubt, was up to the rigging in all its cordage; but it is with the crew rather than the vessel that he deals; and the delusion is complete. You forgive the press-gang that hauled you away from the hop, and swing yourself asleep in your hammock, forgetful of wife and children. But Smollett wrote in a bitter spirit, and even in the intense truth of his picture, you desiderate that simple heroism that you unwillingly believe can ever be absent from a British man-of-war. The whole is a satire—yet even in a satire we cannot but love the sons of the ocean.

Cooper, the American novelist, a man of unquestionable genius, and himself a naval officer, (whether like our author an officer of rank, we know not,) has given us some spirited, even splendid, pictures of naval life. His individual characters are all somewhat exaggerated, which is a great pity, for they are well conceived and contrasted; but his descriptions of all sorts of manœuvres, in all sorts of weather, and at all hours of day and night, are at once truly nautical, and truly poetical. We never were more interested in our lives than in his account of the escape (after a running fight) of the American frigate and sloop from one of his Majesty's squadrons. The bearing down of a ninety-four-gun ship, though a stormy and clouded night, is magnificent. Cooper exults, as he ought to do, in the glory of the American Stars; yet he is not unjust to the character of our navy, and there is nothing about him of the braggadocio. He has doubtless been both in battle and in wreck, and is a man that would despise a cork-jacket. We hope he has

not a wooden leg—but if he has, may he dot and go on for half a century. He seems a man worthy of having sailed with Decatur.

But, Allan Cunninghame, Allan Cunninghame, why must you have the ambition to meddle with the history, real or fictitious, of Paul Jones? You may have occasionally braved the dangers of the Solway Frith; in smack or smuggler, sailed from Dumfries to Skimburness, or even served for a day on board a herring-man, in the navy of the Isle of Man. But what will become of you when you have to fight on paper the duel of the Serapis and the Bon-homme Richard? Why, you write at the best like a Horse-marine. In that beautiful song of yours, "A wet sheet and a flowing sea,"—you absolutely know no more than a tailor the meaning of the word "sheet." You think it a sail, and so do all land-lubber bards; but it is no such thing, as you may learn from the skipper of any dirt-gabbert; and,—nay, Allan, how could you, with your eyes open, maintain, that when a ship sails from an English port, "and the billow follows free," that she can "leave England on the lee?" The thing is impossible. To have done that, in any sense, your ship should have been on a wind. Besides, to "leave England on the lee," would be no easy job in any wind that ever blew; for, while part of England was to leeward, part, we presume, would be to windward; and, finally, "on the lee" is not a nautical expression at all; nor, if it were changed into one, would it speak what you intend to say,—that the shore seemed to drop astern. Now, Allan Cunninghame, if you cannot write three lines of verse about a boat, without perpetrating all manner of blunders, what is to become of you when America shows "the little bit of striped bunting," and the meteor-flag of England braves the battle and the breeze?

Allan Cunninghame knows our admiration of his genius, and our affection for himself; but the above diatribe dribbled from our pen, as we thought of the most absurd contempt with which, in his "Scottish Songs," he chooses to treat Dibdin. Dibdin knew nothing, forsooth, of ships, or sailors' souls, or sailors' slang! Thank you for that, Allan—we owe you one. Why the devil, then, are his thousand and one songs the delight of the whole

British navy, and constantly heard below decks, in every man-of-war afloat? The shepherds of the sea must be allowed to understand their own pastoral doric, and Charles Dibdin is their Allan Ramsay. Both may have made mistakes, but confound us if either of them was a Cockney.

Having taken a slap, without any malice aforethought, at "Honest Allan," let us lay our hand civilly on Mr Southey's shoulder. His *Life of Lord Nelson* is a better Admiral's Manual than his friend Mr Coleridge's *Manual* is a statesman's; yet we doubt if either will be much read by people who are employed near the helm. Mr Southey manages nautical phrases very adroitly—but you see the landsman in every page. He describes a hundred things about a ship or a fleet engaging, or in line-of-battle, which no seaman would ever allude to; and thus, by keeping somewhat ostentatiously to the letter, loses hold of the spirit. This we say on the authority of an Admiral, who (then a captain) fought a ship at Trafalgar. And nobody indeed can read his volumes, and then a few pages of the *Naval Chronicle*, without feeling the difference. Neither is Mr Southey a good hand at describing a land-battle, or at sketching a campaign. Let Sir Walter alone for that—he has both the eye and soul of a soldier.

Campbell has written the two finest sea-songs in the world. Yet "*Ye Mariners of England*" might, we think, have been all that it is, and more an Ode of the Sea. The language is too much that of pure poetry, and he dreads the familiarity of nautical expression. Naval men, except they have a strong feeling of poetry, rarely feel that strain as a landsman might expect, and it is utterly unknown below decks. A very few of the finest sea words would have glorified it exceedingly. "*The meteor flag of England*" burning in the troubled night of danger, is a grand image, and we are satisfied. But it is not nautical;—and grand as the image is, no British poet should ever, in our opinion, speak of the flag of England but in the strictest language of the profession. There is the greatest sublimity in the very simplest expressions in common use respecting almost everything that regards the navy, and, above all, in everything regarding the flag. It would

also appear from one stanza, that our admirals have been in the practice of engaging in great fleet actions on a lee-shore; and when Mr Campbell says that "*Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep*," he says what is not perfectly true; nor does he give a good reason for it when he adds, "*her march is o'er the mountain wave, her home is on the deep*." For harbours should be, and are, protected by forts; and although it is allowable to say, that *Britannia's* march is o'er the mountain wave,—meaning thereby that her fleets walk the ocean,—yet it is not allowable to say, in the same sense, that her "*home is on the deep*;" for her home is on the land, and London alone contains a million and a half of inhabitants. Depend upon it, these are not hyper-criticisms. We would most willingly live a thousand years in purgatory to have written that song; but these are blemishes nevertheless, and the poem is not perfect.—What a discovery!

A thought struck us just now to go over all the poets who have poetized about the sea, and expose their blunders; but—we hear the whistle—so all hands on deck.

But what of the *Naval Sketches*? Why, they are excellent—often extremely amusing—the author is a genuine son of a gun, and his volumes are worth purchasing. We shall, therefore, give two or three extracts, mingling off-hand remarks as we jog along, and thus manufacturing, by our joint wits, a concluding article almost as entertaining as a *Noctes*.—The author's chief object is to present the public with a view of the habits, manners, and peculiarities of the profession. That is right; and all mankind will agree with him, "that it is equally distinguished by the splendour of its achievements, and the originality of its character—at once the essential protector of our mercantile enterprise, the nurse of British independent feeling, and the constitutional security of our maritime greatness, and national prosperity." But the Captain is not willing to confine himself to that one great and glorious subject,—(had he done so, how infinitely better had been his volumes?)—but he must needs enter at length into such ticklish questions as "the redress of grievances,—the remedy of evils,—the suggestion of alteration or

improvement in the principle or discipline of the service," which, he complains, have been left almost entirely in the hands of public Boards. Now we cannot help thinking, that the Captain, if determined to write on such affairs, should have come out with a first-rate octavo, full of facts and arguments, blazing away from every tier, and smashing the Admiralty, just as Lord Exmouth and Sir David Mylne smashed the batteries of the Algerines. But, by the frequent introduction of such topics, and at times when you are no more looking for them than for a sudden sermon from Dr Stainier Clark, the amiable reader is so irritated, that he threatens to desert the "Barky," and leave the "Skipper" to his own lugubrious and out-of-tempore meditations. He is a capital tongue at a tale or an anecdote; and by tales and anecdotes might the "habits, manners, and peculiarities of the profession" have been illustrated from stem to stern of his work. But no; he will "argufy the topic," and involve you in the war of words. Often when you are

Aboard a ship, on some calm day,
In sunshine sailing far away,
Some glittering ship that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain,

and you are on the best possible terms with masts and mariners, and forgetful of all the miseries of the mud-world, the author slaps you on the shoulder, and awakens you out of your billowy panorama, by loud ejaculations about dry-rot, club-houses, patronage, levee days, and the Quarterly Review. On one of those occasions, we flung him overboard, and as we were going at nine knots, were not without hopes of the captain's being drowned; but up he came bobbing, from ten fathoms, cocked hat and epaulettes, and capturing a hen-coop thrown over by "one of the young gentlemen," he was picked up and restored to his Majesty's service. We by no means say that he does not frequently treat the subject of grievance and reform with great spirit and vivacity; but it is done in a rambling ineffective way, and leaves ignorant people like us in utter doubt of the truth or falsehood of his serious charges, or jocular caricatures. But he has launched his book; and we take her as we find her, believing, that with all faults she will

be found on the waters after many days. Her masts are rather taunt—she is somewhat crank, methinks, and rather too sharp in the bows—but she carries a good weather helm notwithstanding—the man at the wheel knows his duty decently well—so may she have a prosperous cruise, and when she must be laid up in ordinary, may hers never be the disgrace of being metamorphosed into a Newgate and Old Bailey hulk.

Now that we have suggested the subject of grievance and reform, will the Captain allow us to give in a list?—"First-day-afloat" by a Middy is not a very good performance. There is no keeping in the character of the Middy, who, a daredevil at home and school, is a chicken-hearted blubberer in the barge and on board. And, although doubtless there may be, and have been, such rum concerns as the lieutenant to whom he is consigned, yet such a figure and character is not an illustration of anything either prevalent or peculiar, and we turn away from the ineffectual caricature. Yet the following is good—

"Although a mere boy, never shall I forget the overwhelming and indefinable impression made on my mind upon reaching this wonderful and stupendous floating structure. The immensity of the hull, height of the masts, and largeness of the sails, which had been loosened to dry, so far exceeded every anticipation I had formed, that I continued, unmindful of what was going on in the boat, to gaze on her in dumb amazement, until awakened from my stupor by the coxswain, who now gruffly exclaimed,—'Come, master! come! mount a' reevo, 'less you mean to be boat-keeper.'

"The youngster, who had not opened his lips on the passage, now turned round to give vent to a repartee, which, from its homeliness, served materially to humble him in my estimation,—'Give us none 'o your jaw, Mr Jones,' said this young Triton, scampering up with the black close at his heels. I now seized the side-rope, and was assisted in my awkward attempt by the coxswain, who followed in my wake, no doubt looking out for a 'slippery-bend.'

"Being safely landed on the quarter-deck of the frigate, I literally shrunk back through a feeling of intense admiration, approaching to awe, at the scene which presented itself; where nautical neatness, accurate arrangement, intricate

machinery, and moving masses of men completed the illusion, and overwhelmed the mind with the gigantic grandeur of the whole.

"As I cautiously stepped on the deck, my eyes attracted by the alternate whiteness of the planks and polished ebony of the parallel caulking, my ears were assailed by sounds which seemed to threaten danger aloft, proceeding from the thunder-like claps of the shivering sails, as they hung in the brails, and flapped their huge wings in the wind."

The chapter on *Naval Inventions* is not worth a curse. It looks well to the eye—in the contents—Inman, Sepplings, Captains Pakenham, Phillips, Hayes, Burton, Truscott; Lieutenant Halahan, &c.; but the execution is most miserable, and evidently from an unscientific pen, that can only avoid blundering, by keeping to uninstructional generalities. How differently would *Naval Inventions* have been handled by Croker or Barrow! Another miserable chapter is that entitled "*Naval Authors.*" He prosed away, in a style fifty times more tiresome than our own introductory paragraph to this article, about the "literary productions" of Collingwood, Parry, Franklin, Lyon, Smith, Cockrane, Hall, Goldsmith, and Heathcote—Marshall's Biography, *Naval Histories*—Inconsistencies, infidelities, and fallacies of James, &c. for about thirty pages, and not one word does he utter that any human being will ever be able to forget, for to remember a single syllable is impossible. This is mere book-making; neither is it peculiarly becoming or graceful in an "Officer of Rank" to sport reviewer of his brother-blues. It is taking the job out of the proper hands, and converting himself into what he so much fears and dislikes,—a critic. So, avast hauling there, Jack.

The Club-house is what is technically called "a failure." The caricature is not in the spirit of Cruikshanks—there is not even likeness—and the chapter is too stupid even for a Bore. A Bore is a thing that must be listened to, just as a ghost is a thing that must be stared at, till your hair stand on end. But this chapter is not enunciable. We have been present at the experiment—saw it tried thrice, and fail. An elderly naval-officer, as brave and determined a man as ever gave orders through a speaking-trumpet—a lawyer famous for grinding the

hardest cases through his teeth—and a resolute virgin of threescore—all tried it in succession—but Tabitha alone mistressed the bottom of the fourth page. That abomination which the author calls "a tart debate," is a great slobbering pudding debate, or rather it may be likened to a "sticket haggis," which, to the dismay of all the diners, overflows the table from prow to poop, with a moving bog of the most greasy and vulgar matter.

But the most infernally punishing place in the whole book is the *North-West Passage*, upwards of seventy dim frozen leagues long, for, on the lowest principle, we compute a league to the page. We have made the voyage, not with Parry, but Glascock; and whatever the former may henceforth do, we now swear solemnly before the public, never again to accompany the latter officer on a voyage of discovery into the frozen regions. Such a dismal stagnation, rendered more so by the jests of men become desperate! But to drop all illustrative imagery, the chapter is a rank bad one, feeble, ignorant, and presumptuous, not worth payment, at the rate of three guineas a-sheet, by the Editor of the *London Magazine*. We do not wish to speak harshly to the "Skipper," for we love him heartily, as he will see by and by; but, confound him, why has he spoken so sneeringly of Captain Lyon? He finds fault with that admirable officer for saying "My men." The expression is full of kindness, affection, and pride; and we have only to hope, that if ever our friend finds himself on the verge of death and destruction, as Captain Lyon did, he will behave with equal fortitude and resignation—will, by a spirit as pious and unfaltering, support the courage of his crew—and if he and his ship be saved by a gracious Providence, that he will record the deliverance in language equally worthy of him as an officer, a man, and a Christian.

Finally, and to jump from real displeasure into good-humoured banter, is not the author sensible, now that we whisper it into his ear, of his prodigious vanity in anticipating the strictures of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*? He treats us with the millionth repetition of that poorest of all measures for disarming the critic—a review by way of anticipation. Mere drivelling—and the Captain must have

dined that day with a rejected contributor. It is two hundred and fifty thousand chances to one against a notice of the Naval Sketches in either of these periodicals—a million to one against a notice in both. And should it so turn out, nevertheless, that the Skipper is taken up by Lockhart or Jeffrey, then he may depend upon being slumped into a gross, and dispatched in way of allusion, or perhaps sent to Coventry in that roomy old Diligence, the Single Paragraph. Towards none of the other periodicals does Commodore Pompous deign one word even of contempt; and he manifestly considers them as so many proas armed but with a single pattarero—a whole fleet of whom he will run down or break like bubbles in his hundred-and-ten-gun ship. By all this foolish upholding of his knowledge-box, bringing it back so as to make his nose perpendicular to the line of the horizon and of his own face, he placeth himself in a position so irresistibly ludicrous, that all landsmen must laugh, and, could they but see him, the whole fleet. Why, to take the altitude of such a giant with a quadrant, where could a trigonometrician find a base? Vanity, vanity—all is vanity!

Having now given vent to all our spleen, and all our bad or peccant humour, we hope, of every kind,—it is not possible to describe the light, airy, buoyant spirit of joyous philanthropy with which our whole critical nature doth at this blessed hour overflow. “Ha! my dear fellow—how are you, Glascock? Not a man living I should have been so obstreperous to take by the daddle! Do you know, Glascock, that these Naval Sketches of yours are most admirable. I always knew you to be a capital pen-and-inkman, but you have positively distanced yourself—beat yourself hollow—and past the judge’s stand in a canter, while Former Self comes panting and hobbling in quite a break-down.” “And who,” quoth the Captain, with a certain gruff courtesy, “who are you?” “Christopher North.” Off goes the skipper’s “fore and aft head-gear,” (a terraqueous ex-

pression,) and sweeps the dust at our feet with a golden tassle.

There is great character in what follows; and should any one of our readers not relish it, we beg he may no longer subscribe to this Magazine. Better than anything in Camoëns.

“A MELEE.

“*Cornwallis’s Retreat; with the first of June.*

“*A Galley Story.*

“That sailors are a remarkably plain, downright race, no man acquainted with their character will deny. Devoid of all guile, a seaman never seeks to disguise his object; though he may sometimes be found ‘veering and hauling’ to get rid of some difficulty which he imagines lies in his way. His narrative resembles a ship’s course in working to windward, which is fain to yield obliquely to the blast, in order to weather her object indirectly, and fetch her port in the end; for though in a conversational cruise he may make twenty digressions, and fly off in chase of every strange sail heaving in sight, no sooner has he ‘run ’em down,’ than he will ‘close-haul his wind,’ and resume his original course—as in the following sketch of Cornwallis’s celebrated retreat:—

“‘Come, Jem, spin us a yarn,’ says one of the forecastle-men to another, one night as we were cruising in company with the “Channel fleet” which were blockading Brest,—“Come, Jem, you’ve neither tipped us a stave or spun us a twist this week.’—‘Well, as it’s a fine moonlight night,’ says Jem, ‘and no signs of reefing, and moreover, as that ’ere “jib-and-stay-sail Jack”¹ hasn’t charge o’ the deck, but a gemman, as can keep the ship in her station without worrying the watch—I doesn’t care if I do.

“‘Well, I believe I was telling you t’other night, there was three or four o’ us drafted from the *Brunswick*, seventy-four into the *Billyruffin*,² (the Ball-o’-rope-yarns, you know,) a ship as seed more sarvice nor any other what swam the seas. I did my duty in both ships alike—bowman o’ the barge, and second-captain o’ the fore-top—and, though I says it that shouldn’t, could toss a bow-oar and haul-out a weather earing with any fellow in the fleet. Well, you see, the time I means, we belonged to a squadron of five sail o’ the line, two frigates and a brig, under old Billy-blue,³

1 A nick-name given by men-of-war’s-men to those officers, who, from either inexperience or an unnecessary display of the martinet, torment the men, when a ship is attached to a fleet, by perpetually “making and shortening sail,” to keep her in her station.

2 *Bellerophon*.—It is a curious coincidence, that this ship, which will be found in naval history to have been more frequently engaged with the French than any other British man-of-war, should have been the ship on board of which Buonaparte took refuge after his flight from Waterloo.

3 Admiral Cornwallis.

as brave a fellow as ever wore a flag; and as we were running along the land one morn, close aboard the Penmarks, you see—to conitre, as they calls it, a French squadron as was skulking in Billile anchorage—down comes a galley-packet on the lower deck, to say as how the *Feeaton* frigate had diskivered more nor thirty sail of the enemies' fleet standing-out on a wind, with every stitch they could crack. Well, you know, before you could turn the quid in your mouth, there was a nitty fore and aft in the ship.

“ ‘We'd three or four bullocks 'twixt the guns on the main deck, we'd got from a ship as either comed from Cawsand or Torbay; and blow me if I don't think they nosed the French were in sight, for they tarned to a-bellowing like a bunch of boatswains. Well, just as we'd turned the hands-up make sail, one on 'em breaks from his birth (seeing as how it wasn't for the second captain of the foretop to be lagging astarn on the forecastle ladder); he runs aboard o' me tail o'nend, takes me clean under the counter with one of his horns, and heaves me from the waist half way up the weather fore rigging, over the heads of all the other topmen.’—‘Why, Jem, a send like that was enough to have started your starn-post,’ said one of the group which had assembled between the sick-bay and starboard side of the galley-grate.—‘It's as true as I am here,’ said Jem, ‘and I took such a liking to the beast for it, that a'ter he was killed, cut-up in the coppers, and his hide hung out on the spritsail-yard-arm, I gives a half pint o' grog to the butcher to make a marlingspike out o' the very identical horn what gave me the heave.’

“ ‘Well, howsomever, we clapped on the canvass, and badgered along “on a bowline;” all night, as we stood at our quarters, we were trimming, tacking, manuvring, and taking every 'wantage o' the wind, what was weering and hawling just like the pull of a backstayfall; but it oftner favored the French—for at daylight, you see, they weathered our wake, coming up with us, “hand over fist,” in three different divisions.

“ ‘Well, there was the Brunswick and we in the Ruffin¹ lagging together astarn,

(for it wasn't in the natur of neither to run from an enemy's fleet,) and, as they never larnt it from no one afore, no, not a leg would they willingly budge. Both on us started our water, cut our bower-anchors away, bundled o'erboard the boats from the booms, and did everything mortal could think on to shove 'em long.

“ ‘Well,’ says Sam Smith, (as was one o' the Brunswickers afore, and quartered with me in the top at the time), ‘Jem,’ says he, fixing his eye like a firret, and fetching a heave from his heart as he looked at the ship as his brother was killed in; ‘Jem,’ says Sam, ‘I've just been a-thinking the Barky² was born to be banged.—I'll bet you,’ says he, ‘ay, six months' pay to your plush,’³ (for it happened that day I was “cook o' the mess,”) ‘she's served out the same as the *First o' June*.

“ ‘Ay, that was the day, and had more on 'emstuck to their birds like the *Brunswick*, there had been less breezes and bloody noses at Sallyportstairs.⁴ I shall never forget it, as long as I live; we'd been trying for three days afore to bring *Crappo* to box,⁵ but 'twas only our weathermost ships (the *Ruffin* among 'em) what skrimaged at all on the first day; and as for the second day's work, why, the less we says of it, the better. Then, you know, on the third and fourth, both flyers and fighters was humbugged with fogs; though the 31st, to be sure, we might have brought 'em to a general scratch afore dark; but the admiral wisely refer it for daylight, for *Black Dick*,⁶ you see, was summ'at deep in disarmant.

“ ‘Howsomever, the first o' the month was fixed for the fray. About five in the morning, just as the fog clears up, there was the Ruffin (first, as usual,) with the signal flying for the enemies' fleet in sight, nor'-west. There they was sure enough, about three or four points on the bow to leeward, formed in a long line o'-battle ahead upon the larboard tack, and over their heads there hangs a cloud as black as a hearse; as if, like the morning rainbow,⁷ it comed from aloft to warn the poor devils of their doom. Well, we cracks on, like “smoak and oakum,” till we brings 'em a-beam; when just as the bell strikes six, up goes the signal to “bear up together

1 An abbreviation for Bellerophon.

2 *Barky*—sailors' slang for a favourite ship.

3 On board a man-of-war, the cooks of the messes have a perquisite of the overplus grog that may remain in the “kid,” or can, after the cup has gone round.

4 It is a well-known fact, that many hard-fought battles took place here, between the boat's crews of Lord Howe's fleet, after the action of the first of June. When *Jack* cannot have fight in one way, he will have it in another.

5 The reader will here perceive that *Jack* in his usual circumlocutory way, has lost sight for a while, of Cornwallis's retreat, to describe the part the Brunswick took in the battle of the *First of June*, 1794.

6 Nickname given to Lord Howe in those days.

7 “A rainbow in the morning
Is a sailor's warning.”

a-breast," then for the "van to attack the enemies' van," then for the "centre the centre," the "rear the rear," and for "every ship to break the line," and bang her bird. Four signals was made one a'tert'other, when onemight have sarved; but the Admiral, you see, was determined *they* shou'dn't mistake him *again*. I knows all about it, you see, for in the B. I was quartered on the poop at the signals. Well, down we runs, three or four miles; when the Admiral, both ways bent on a bellyful, makes the general signal for breakfast, and many's the brave fellow that never bolted another. Well, you know, 'twas no time to be nice for stowing away ground-tier grub, so you may suppose every man was at his gun in a crack; and never mind, in closing with *Crappo*, if we did'n't buy it with his raking broadsides. Howsomever, we was bent on the same ourselves; for just as we was passing the stern of our reg'lar anniversary in the line, and giving her a job for the glaziers abaft; her second astern, thinking to cross our hawse and bang it right into our bows, puts her helm a-port, just at the very moment we claps ours a-starboard to luff under the lee of the *Shields*,¹ so slap alongside of each other we comes, as loving as a pair of pet devils. There was both of us rubbing together our bends, like a couple of lighters; and so close we clung to our bird what we clawed like a cat, 'twas mortally impossible to haul up one half of our lower deck ports; so, to shorten the matter, we blows 'em clean out with the bulldogs, and sets to a-barking and biting like Britons. Well, the ship what we grappled was called, (let's see, was't the lee—or the la—though it must be the *lee* to be sure, 'kase she was to leeward of weall the while,) ay, I'm perfectly right, it *was* the lee—the lee *Wengure* was her name, which signifies Wengence in English, and, with a wengence she fought to the last.

"'Twas exactly four bells² when we opened our fire in the *Brunswick*, and at seven or so when the Captain (God bless him) received his death-wound. If bravery is rewarded aloft, and sarvices of a seaman is not overlooked, he's sure of a far better birth above nor ever he'd a'got below. But, bless your heart, he came from a boxing-breed; for if the name of *Hervey* doesn't stand for fight in the telegraph-book, then there's no other word in the world what does. But, howsomever, the *Wengure* and *we*—there we was, for three or four hours, hugging each other like a couple of bears—blazing away like wink-ing, and pouring in the peas, till both ships were tarn'd into reg'lar built rid-

dles. Three times she set us a-fire with her wads, and twice she cleared the poop of a part of the 29th foot, (for you see we'd then sodgers aboard in lieu of marines); ay, and a fine fellow, too, Captain Jackson, as commanded the party, was killed alongside me.

"'About four bells in the afternoon watch³ 'way goes our mizenmast, and shortly a'ter the *Wengence's* fore and mainmasts. We'd dropped, clinging to each other, to leeward of both lines, and the pair on us falling into the trough o' thesea, the lower decks of both were afloat fore and aft, from the water rushing into the ports. Well, a terrible lurch breaks both ships adrift; away goes smack-smooth, our starboard quarter gallery, spare and best bower anchors. Many of our guns was disabled; and many's the poor fellow what fell afore she signified she certainly struck; but our boats were so shivered with shot, we had'n't one as could swim what could board her, so she was claimed for awhile by another, what had little to do in the business. But it warn't quite over with us yet; for, seeing our distress, down bears another eighty-four on us, with four or five hundred men, cutlash in hand, in her rigging, besides what she'd got on her decks, ready to board us. Howsomever, the biter was bit, for Captain Hervey coming up in the *Ramillies* at the time, to back his poor brother, 'twixt the *Ram* and the *Rion*⁴ she was taken herself.

"'Well, by this, we fell so far to leeward, we was reg'larly cut off from our line—and in trying to get into it again, both the *Queen*, 98, and ourselves, had to buffet through twelve of the enemies' ships. The *Queen*, somehow, managed to manuver it, 'sides the *Charlotte*, and a few others ran down to support her. But as for the *Barky*—why, we as well might a-ried to have unshipped Saint Paul's, or rigged a jury-mizenmast out of the Monument, as keeper at all by the wind; moreover, the carpenter came aft to the officers, and reg'larly reported, 'twould soon be all up with us, for the ship would sartainly go down, if they didn't put her "afore it;" so we was obligated to "bear up" at last, a step which the Admiral sartified himself; for seeing our condition, and the signal what we made of inability to continue the action, up goes our pennants aboard the *Charlotte*, "to part company, and proceed for the nearest port." But mind ye, we'd finished our work first, for afore we lost sight of the lame ducks, as well as them as was flying, the *Wengence* disdaining, after we leaves her, you see, to swim any longer, head foremost goes down in the

¹ L'Achille.

² Ten o'clock in the forenoon.

³ Two o'clock in the afternoon.

⁴ Orion.

face of both fleets! So there's an end o' the first o' June for you! But, let's see, where did I alter my course from Billy's retreat? Oh, ay, where the *Brunswick* and *Ruffin* cut away their bower anchors and boats. Well, you know, the Admiral was determined we'd stick by each other, so, to kiver us two bad sailing ships,² he changes our stations with the *Mars* and *Triumph* what brought up the rear. At one time, the enemies' van thought to cut off the *Mars*, but they'd mistaken their man; for old Billy, at once seeing their maneuver, bears right round up in the *Sovran*, and lets fly such a broadside among 'em as sends them all staggering astarn: nor did they try it again in a hurry; for, you see, they was puzzled a bit at the *Fleet-aton* a-head, what was all the time like another decoy duck, "letting fly her to-gallant sheets," firing guns, and making all sorts of false signals to deceive 'em. Howsomever, to make sure of his ships, old Billy again runs down in the *Sovran* to support the *Mars*, when hailing Sir Charly,³ says he, "Don't fear, my friend, have one, have all. We'll stick," says he, "to each other like wax, nor wont go to Werdun⁴ for nothing. What say you, Sir Charly?" says he. Well, he was as good as his word; for, by showing his pluck, and maneuvering in the masterly way what he did, he saved his squadron, and escaped before dark the clutches of *Crap-po*. The *Mars* and *Triumph* bore the brunt of the business; but you know 'twas only their tarn; and as one good tarn deserves another, "take a tarn with that," and "tarn in," for the watch is relieved."

Is not that admirable? Away with all the fine poetry that Horse-marines are made to sing, by chivalrous bards, when lying on imaginary decks, beneath imaginary moon-light, on a voyage to the continent of nowhere. Brown soap-bubbles all, blown from the pipe of poet, for his own delight, and that of other grown-up children. Give us a ship that you can smell at sea in a dark night, almost as soon as you see her lights—no nincompoops with gilt mouldings and muslin mizen-sail, but an ocean-roarer that walks the waters below her own hanging thunder-cloud, and speaks a language understood by all the nations. No fyte second—or canto third. Dang your Spenserian stanza—your octosyllabics—your longs and shorts;

your heroics and blank-verse, feckless as blank-cartridge—but give us Jack himself, putting his quid in his tobacco-pouch above his dexter or sinister jaw, and lolling on a coil of cable—give us Jack, we say, spinning a long yarn, faster than any backward pedestrian in the walk of a rope-work, and interlarding his narrative with "old familiar phrases," redolent of pitch and salt-petre, and of all the composite fumée of the ancient sea. Never mind the moon and stars, for they are all shining away, as forgetful of you as you can possibly be of them, and will never take the slightest notice of the affair, although you should run down that pretty little ship-rigged thing, that looks as if meaning to cross your bows, and then putting about to try you to windward. In short, we desire nothing better than the above Galley Story, and yet here is perhaps a better—The Ghost.

"A VOICE FROM THE DEEP.

"A Galley Story.

"What say you, boys, a caulk or a yarn?" says one of the 'quarter-gunners,' addressing indiscriminately the watch one night, as soon as they were mustered. 'Oh, let's have a yarn, as we've eight hours in,' replied one of the top-men. 'Bob Bowers will spin us a twist,' and away to the galley a group of eight or ten instantly repaired.

"Well, boys!" says Bowers, 'let's see what'll you have?—one of the *Lee Virginney's*, or the saucy *Gee's*?⁵—Come, I'll give you a saucy *Gee*.

"Well, you see, when I sarved in the *Go-along Gee*—Captain D—(he as was killed at Traffygar,) aboard the *Mars*, seventy-four,—ay, and as fine a fellow as ever shipped a swab,⁶ or fell on a deck. There warn't a better man aboard from stem to starn. He knew a seaman's duty, and more he never ax'd; and not like half your capering skippers, what expect impossibilities. It went against his grain to seize a grating-up, and he never flogged a man he didn't wince as if he felt the lash himself!—and as for starting,—blow me if he didn't break the boatswain by a court-martial for rope-sending Tom Cox, the captain o' the fore-top in Plymouth Sound.—And yet he wasn't a man what courted, as they call

1 He now returns to Cornwallis's retreat.

2 The Bellerophon and Brunswick.

3 Sir Charles Cotton, the captain of the Mars. 4 Verdun; French prison.

5 Jack's fancy-names for favourite ships—the *Gee*—the *Glenmore*. 6 Epaulette.

it, cocularity;¹ for once deserve it, you were sure to buy it; but do your duty like a man, and, d—n it, he'd sink or swim with you!

"He never could abide to hear a man abused:—let's see, was't to the first or second lieutenant he says—no, 'twas the second—and blow me, too, if I doesn't think 'twas the third—it *was* the third, 'kase I remember, now, he'd never a civil word for no one. Well, howsomever, you see, says the skipper, mocking the lieutenant in a sneering manner one morn, who'd just sung out, 'You, sir!' you know, to one o' the topmen,—'You, sir, I mean,' says the skipper, looking straight in the lieutenant's face.—'Pray, sir,' says he, 'how do *you* like to be *you* *sir'd* yourself?'

"Well, the lieutenant shams deafness, you know; but I'm blowed but he hard every word on't—for never a dolphin a-dying tarned more colours nor he did at the time! But avast there a bit—I'm yawing about in my course. Howsomever, you know, 'tis but due to the dead, and no more nor his memory deserves: so here's try again—small helm bo—steady—ey-a. Well, you know, the *Go-along Gee* was one o' your flash Irish cruisers—the first o' your fir-built frigates—and a hell of a clipper she was! Give her a foot o' the sheet, and she'd go like a witch—but somehow o' nother, she'd bag on a bowline to leeward!² Well, there was a crack set o' ships at the time on the station. Let's see, there was the *Lee Revolushoneer* (the flyer, you know)—then there was the fighting *Feeby*—the dashing *Dry'd*, and one or two more o' your flash-uns; but the *Gee* took the shine on 'em all in reefing and furling.

"Well, there was always a cruiser or two from the station, as went with the West-Ingee convoy, as far as Madery or so, (to protect 'em, you know, from the French privateers,) and to bring back a pipe of the stuff for the admiral; ay, and I take it the old boy must have boused-up his jib-stay pretty often, for many's the pipe we shipped in the *Gee* for him.

"Howsomever, you see, we was ordered to sail with one of these thund'ring convoys, the largest as ever was gathered together in cove—nigh-hand a hundred and eighty or ninety sail. Let's see, there was the *Polly-infamous*,³ sixty-four, was our commodore, you know;

and 'sides we in the *Gee*, there was a ship *Cravatte*,⁴ and an 'eighteen-gun brig.' Well, we sailed with the convoy from cove on St Patrick's day, with a staggr'ing breeze at east north-east. We was stationed astern, to jog-up the dull-uns, and to 'touch 'em up in the bunt' with the buntin.

"Well, a'ter we runs out of one o' your reg'lar easterly gales, what has more lives nor a cat, and going for ever like a blacksmith's bellows, till it blows itself out, we meets with the tail of a westerly hurricane (one o' your sneezers, you know). Four or five of our headmost and leewardmost ships, what tasted the thick on it first, was taken aback; two was dismasted clean by the board; but the *Go-along Gee* was as snug as a duck in a ditch, never straining as much as a rope-yarn aloft, and as tight as a bottle below.

"Well, howsomever, we weathers out like a 'Mudian; though we lost, to be sure, the corporal of marines overboard, as was consulting his ease in the lee-mizen-chains. Well, a'ter the wind and sea gets down, the commodore closes the convoy, and sends ship-wrights aboard of such ships as needed 'em most. Well, at last we gets into your regular trades, with wind just enough for a gentleman's yacht, or to ruffle the frill of a lady's flounce: and on one o' those nights as the convoy, you know, was cracking on everything low-and-aloft, looking just like a forest afloat—we keeping our station astern on 'em all—top-sails low'r'd on the cap—the sea as smooth as Poll Patterson's tongue, and the moon as bright as her eye—shoals of beneties playing under the bows; what should I hear but a voice as was hailing the ship! Well, I never says nothing till I looks well around (for you see I had the starboard cat-head⁵ at the time); so I waits till I hears it again—when skylarking Dick, who'd the larboard look-out, sneaks over and says, 'Bob, I say, Bob-bo, did you never hear nothing just now?' Well, he scarcely axes the question, when we hears hailing again—'Aboard the G—e, ahoy—a—.' Well, there was nothing, you know, in sight within hail (for the sternmost ships of the convoy were more nor two miles a-head)—so I'm d—d if Dick and myself wasn't puzzled a bit, for we weren't just then in

1 This is no far-fetched Malapropism; the man who made use of this expression was subsequently killed, as boatswain of a line-of-battle ship.

2 A judicious remark, though couched in a homely phrase; for it is now proved that fir-built ships, from the difference of their specific gravity, by no means "hold so good a wind" as our oak "men-of-war."

3 Polyphemus.

4 Corvette.

5 Look-out forward.

old Badgerbag's¹ track. Well, we looks broad on the bows, and under the bows, and over the bows, and everywhere round we could look; when the voice now, nearing us fast, and hailing again, we sees something as white as a sheet on the water! Well, I looks at Dick, and Dick looks at me—neither of us never saying nothing, you know, at the time—when looking again, by the light of the moon, 'I'm d—d,' says I, 'if it isn't the corporal's ghost!'—'I'm d—d if it isn't,' says Dick, and aft he flies to make the report. Well, I felt summut or so queerish a bit (though I says nothing to no one, you know), for 'twas only a fortnight afore the corporal and I had a bit of a breeze 'bout taking my pot off the fire. Well, says the voice, 'Will you heave us a rope? I don't want a boat!' was the cry. 'D—n it, ghost or no ghost,' says I, 'I'll give you a rope, if it's even to hang you;' so flying, you see, to the chains,² I takes up a coil in my fist, and heaves it handsomely into his hands. Well, I was as mum as a monk, till he fixes himself in the bight of a bowling-knot; when, looking down on his phiz, says I, just quietly over my breath, 'Is that Corporal Crag!' says I.—'Corporal Hell!' says he, 'why don't you haul up?'—'Well, I sings out for someon to lend us a fist (for Dick was afraid to come forward again—and I'm blow'd but the leeffenant himself was as shy as the rest o' the watch). So I sings out again for assistance: for there was the unfortunate fellow towing alongside like a hide³ what was soft'ning in soak.—'Will no one lend us a hand?' says I, 'or shall I turn the jolly⁴ adrift, and be d—d to you?' Well, this puts two o' the topmen, you see, on their pluck, for both on 'em claps on the rope, and rouses clean into the chains—Now what do you think?'—'Why the corporal's ghost to be sure,' says one of the group.—'No, nor the sign of a ghost—nor a ghost's mate's minister's mate—nor nothing that looked like a lubberly lobster,⁵ dead or alive; but as fine a young fellow as ever I seed in my days. For, you see, the whole on it is this:—'twas no more than a chap of an apprentice, whose

master had started⁶ him that morn; and rather nor stand it again, he takes to his fins and swims like a fish to the *Gee*—mind! the *starnmost* ship of the convoy! though his own was one of the headmost; aye, and running the risk not to fetch us, you know, nor another chance to look to for his life.⁷ And why?—why? bekase the ship had a *name*—aye, sure! she *was* the *Gee*!!!'

Were we a naval officer, our sole considerable misery would be to command a bad sailer. Riding a slow-paced horse is bad enough—an animal that can walk you two miles and a half the hour, trot seven with an occasional hobble of the right shoulder, and gallop ten on a turnpike. We once had such a horse. All things that travel by land used to give us the goby—even droves of cows. We remember bitterly trying, with tears of vexation in our eyes, to keep parallel with an old tinker on his ass—but we fast dropped astern, and saw the long ears sinking below the distant horizon. Before we knew him well, we remember riding him, during a moonless midnight, for a midwife—but out of a six-mile-an-hour hobble-trot, he would not have broken into a gallop, had we been sent in favour of an expected heir-apparent to the throne of these realms. A slow wooden horse at sea, although not likely to be mounted on such occasion, would, to our temper (which is naturally placid), be even more irritating, and we fear we should get sulky. Yet, there are such tubs. Sail they won't, off or on the wind—come it on the beam, or right astern, the tub in a gale may make about seven knots—but down helm, and bring her up to the teeth of a north-wester, and she won't look at it—off she falls, and drifting to leeward, is soon out of the reach of signal. The jade won't answer her helm. When you are within a few cables-lengths of a most picturesque coast, indented to a

1 A name given by *Jack* to Neptune, when playing tricks on travellers upon first crossing the Line.

2 An external projection affixed to the side of a ship to give spread to the lower or standing rigging (the shrouds), to which the latter are set up or secured.

3 That part of a ship's rigging most liable to be chafed or rubbed is usually preserved by pieces of hide being securely sewn around it. Men-of-war have continually, at sea, hides towing overboard in soak.

4 Jolly—familiar appellation for a royal marine.

5 *Jack's* slang for a marine, or soldier in any shape.

6 Beating with a rope's end.

7 The author served on board this ship at the period above alluded to.

painter's heart's delight, she sulkily misses stays, and her great clumsy stern-post keeps battering the rocky bottom like a paviour, till her knees getting weaker and weaker, and her back almost broken, she goes to pieces in a way that seems at the time almost unaccountable, and a pretty sight is the beach next day with the bodies of yourself and crew, without a watch in one of your fobs; for every time-keeper that was in the ship, is now ticking away at the bed-heads of honest and industrious men, living a mile or two up the country.

Nothing can be imagined much worse than this; yet this is nuts to being in a bad sailer when breaking the line. A fire is poured into you from every ship you crawl snail-like by, till you get apparently water-logged in among three or four first-raters, who keep raking you during the rest of the engagement, which probably terminates about sunset, it being now one minute Post Meridian. We do not wonder, therefore, at the universal predilection for the *Gee*; there being another blessing attending her long leg and a short one, which our heroism has hitherto prevented us from alluding to, namely, that if you are once to windward of an enemy who shows too many teeth in his muzzle, you can laugh in his face, with a reef perhaps in your mainsail, and should you choose to shake it out, why you run him hull down in an hour or two, and falling in with your consort from whom you had parted in a gale, you put about upon the rascal, and two together bring him into an English port. That's the *Gee*.

But now for our third extract.

"A GALLEY STORY.

"I tells you what a-tis—as often I told you afore—what you loses on one tack, you gains on the t'other. Overhaul both sides o' the business—tarn in just 'end for end;' and in spite o' your shore-going, know-nothing growlers, you'll find a man-o'-war's berth's not so bad, after all.

"You may talk o' the hardships of pressing, your man-hunting, and the likes of such lubberly prate; but if there's never no ent'ring, how the h—ll can you help it? Men-o-war must be mann'd, as well as your marchanmen. Marchanmen must have their regular convoys; for if they haven't, you know, then there's a stopper over all upon trade; so, take the consarn how you will, 'by or large,'

there's not a King's-Bench among you can mend it. Bear up for Blackwall—ship aboard of an Ingee-man, and see how you'll be badgered about by a set o' your boheaing-hysun-mundungo-built beggars. Get hurt in their service—lose a finger or fin by the chime of a cask in the hold, or fall from aloft, and fracture your pate, then see where's your pension or 'smart.' I'm none o' your arguficators—none o' your long-winded lawyers, like Paddy Quin the sweeper, or Collins the 'captain o' the head;' but d—n it, you know, there's never no working to wind'ard of truth.

"There's not a chap in the barky—no, not a fellow afloat in the fleet, has felt more o' the roughs and the smooths o' the service nor I. I was prest—desarted, and desardedly punished; and here I am, 'happy-go-lucky,' and as hearty as ever. 'Tisn't often I spins you a yarn, but, just to set you to rights, I'll give you a twist; so here's heave with the winch.

"Well, you must first of all know, it's exactly—let's see—exactly thirteen years, come the third of November, since first I was prest by the Wengeance's cutter. The ship was fitting at Spithead—ay, and a snug little barky she was. There wasn't a faster seventy-four in the sarvice: she was just like a frigate in a fleet, and kept always to wind'ard on the Admiral's beam, 'kase there was never no keeping her astern in her station. The Captain was one o' your thoro'-bred tars, ay, and a sailor's friend to the mast. He'd an eye like a hawk. He never went out o' the ship he didn't see something amiss—either a to-sail-sheet, a stay-sail halliard not properly taut, or a yard not square by the lifts. He led the boatswain the devil's own life, and well he desarded it; for, d—n the fellow, he was the only bad-un aboard. He was the rummest-looking chap you ever sot eye on. Though he stood on his pins like the figure of five capsized, he nevertheless was as taunt as a topmast. There was his head, too, all of a hoo—chin topping to port—a thorough-put in his starboard eye—and his mouth all awry from 'clue to ear-ring.'

"Well, howsomever, as soon as, I may say, I was shipped—as I took both helm and lead—I was put on the folk'sel at once.

"Soon after, we sailed for the Baltic, and as I bevelled it aboard very well with all hands—and moreover a somet-of-a-sort of a fancy-man with the First Leaf-tenant—I was clapt in the barge—ay, and I takes it, had oft'ner the slinging of the Captain's cot nor his coxen.

"Well, you know, for more nor five nor six months, everything was going on

as gay as a goose in a gutter, when, coming back to Spithead from a cruise, who should come off to the ship but the postman, fetching me a lubberly letter from home what fixes my fate. For, you see, the very diential day that I gets it—as the barge, under charge of a bit of a boy, went to wait for the Captain at Sally-port steps (the devil coming into my head,) no sooner she grazes the ground then out I jumps, slap in the surf, and hard-up for the back o' the point.

"Well, there was the younker, singing out like a soger, and cracking on everything 'low-and-aloft to come up with the chase—when I drops him astarn—whips in a wherry, and over in a jiffy to Gossey.¹

"Well, the first thing in course I does, was to make for old Moses' slop-shop, and search for a suit of shore-going togs. There I was, overhauling rig after rig, just as fickle as a flaw on the sarfis; till I fixes at last on a white linen shirt, with a flying-jib-frill, and 'throat seazeing' complete—a pair of gaff-to'sail-boots, and tautfitting breeks—a black long-tailed coat, towing over my taffel with a sky-scraper cape—and one o' your flush-built waistcoats, with hanging-ports on the pockets, when docking my tail, and dowsing my whiskers close by the boards. I powders my pate, and claps on a broad-brimm'd chopper clean over all.

"Well, as soon as I was reg'larly a taunto—everythingtautfore-and-aft, and yards squared with Moses—for you see I'd a Newland for ten in the letter—I just takes a bit of an overhaul squint in the glass; then glancing at Moses, who was looking out as sharp as a shovel-nose sherk for a Guineaman,—'Moses,' says I, 'I'm d—d, by the cut o' my jib, but I'll pass for a parson!—Tip us your daddle,' says I—'never say die—and scud like a mugen, and book us a berth in the mail.' Well, off he flies—ay, as fast as if the d—l was in his wake with a 'double piece of pork,' and clinches a place in a crack. Thinks I to myself, this is running the rig—it'll gee very well if it doesn't get wind in the bar-racks—for you see just at that time, the sogers were looking out sharp for their 'stragglin' money.' Howsomever, you know, as the coach didn't weigh until eight, there I was, brought up in Moses' cole-hole, just like a collier in the 'Lower Hope,'² waiting for the turn o' the tide.

Well, at last I weighs, with Moses as pilot, when, after 'backing and filling, and boxing about every lane, what led to the coach, we comes alongside her just as she claps on her canvass. 'Ye hoye, there, coachee,' says I, 'what! d—n your eyes, forget your freight;? for you see I was 'shaking a cloth in the wind.' 'Is that your respect for the church?' says I. 'Come down from aloft and let me aboard,' says I, 'or I'll break every lubberly bone in your body.' Well, the words were scarce out o' my mouth, when, just as I was stepping into the cabin o' the coach, what the d—l does I feel but a grip by the scruff o' the neck! There I was, all-a-back,—boned by the Lord, by the master-t-arms, and a man-hunting party o' marines. Moses, you know, was off like a shot; and, as I couldn't make play in my togs, or palaver any o' the passengers to lend me a fist, in course I'd to strike to the party.

"Well, away went the coach—coachee cracking his whip and his joke, as he went laughing along at a fellow's misfortune. But, d—n it, the worst was to come, for being taken aback in the coach was a trifle to being taken aboard in the clergyman's rig. No sooner, next morn, you know, nor I comes alongside in the cutter, but there was a regular spree fore-and-aft:—'who've we here?' says the firstleaffennant—(clapping on one o' your half-and-half-laugh and purser's grins, as he stood on the gangway, looking down in the boat).—'What!' says he:—'d—n-it! a methody parson?'—'send a hauling-line down for the lubber.'—Going on after that sort o' fashion, and keeping up a frolicksome fire on a fellow, what was a d—d sight more gallin', you know, nor a regular raking.

"Well, howsomever, to shorten the matter: after I comes up, as down in the mouth as a midshipman's dough-boy, I was clapt into limbo, togs and all, as I stood, till the skipper comes off after dinner. There he was (as soon as I came aft, and brought up afore him), trying to stopper a smile on his mug and clap on a grave-digger's grin; when, at last, says he, coming for'ard to face me,— 'Well, my man, what 'ave you to say for yourself?' says he, 'Nothing, sir, says I.—'No?' says he, 'indeed, you're the last man in the ship I thought would have run. Howsomever,' says he, 'I'm sorry it happens to be *you*, 'kase, as I must make a sample of some-un, the only

¹ Gossey—Gosport.

² One of the lower Reaches in the River, where merchantmen frequently wait, when the wind is foul, the turn of the tide.

course I can take is to try you by a regular court-martial.'—'I hope not, sir,' says I; 'rather you'd punish me aboard, if you please.—Howsomever, you know, there was never no use in palavering, for his mind was made up; and he was as good as his word, for, as he never broke it with no man, by the return o' post I was ordered for trial.

"Well, you know, just as I was rigged, and ready for the 'fray the morn o' the trial, and taking a bit of a squint out o' the after-gun-room-port, off goes a gun 'board the *Billy*,¹ as the bell strikes eight. Thinks I to myself, 'come what will, Mr Sam, they can't say you havn't made a bit of a noise in the world;' for, you see, 'twas the *Billy* repeating the court-martial signal aboard the *Gladiator* in the harbour.

"There was—'man the pinnace,' and send me aboard her, just like a lord o' the land, with the second leaftennant, a midshipman, the master-t-arm, three jolly marines, with belts and bagnets shipped, two sitting aside in the starn-sheets abaft, and one in the bow facing aft, just like a figure-head shipped the wrong way.

"Well, as soon as I gets aboard the *Gladiator*, with her *Jack* at the peak,² only waiting for the members to muster, I was clapt under the charge of a chap as they calls the proviky-martial.³

"There was 'the devil to pay, and no pitch hot!'—piping the side for the skippers, and the guard presenting arms to them as fast as they came off in their barges. I never seed so many swabs⁴ on a deck in my day.

"Howsomever, as the bell strikes two,⁵ down they dives, to take their stations at the court-martial table in the cabin. Well, as soon as they was ready to open their fire, they rings a bell, when *in* I comes, under reg'lar convoy of two armed craft (for there was a royal, with a bagnet in his fist, on my larboard beam,) and the proviky-martial, rigged out in a cocked-hat athwart ship, with a sword drawn over his shoulder, stuck on my starboard, as stiff as a midshipman.

"The commodore⁶ o' the court was moored at the top o' the table, the rest o' the skippers facing each other in two regular lines, in the order o' battle; and a little lawyer-looking chap, with a face like a bladder hauled over a wig-block,

as busy as a devil in a gale o' wind, overhauling a parcel o' papers, below at the bottom.

"Well, as soon as this rum-looking fellow in black (the judge of advice,⁷ as they called him) was ready to lay down the law, up the whole on 'em gets, Bible in-hand, and tarns-to to swear (muttering together like a parcel of methody parsons,) to sarve out justice alike, both to man and to messmate.

"There was the skipper,⁸ standing in the commodore's wake (for as he was parsecutor, you see, he'd to reg'larly stand to what he said;) and nobly the poor fellow behaved, for never a question he asked more of a witness nor was necessary to clinch the consarn. Well, you know, as I was going to leeward as fast as a hay stack afloat, I takes the advice of one o' the captains, and axes no more o' your traverse-sailing⁹ questions; for, d—n it, you see, they did me more harm nor enough. So, as soon as the skipper's palaver was over, there was, 'pall the capstern,' and clear the court till the judge of advice draws up a paper for a fellow, throwing carector and all upon the mercy o' the court. Well, you know, as soon as he reads it aloud, and both the first leaftennant and skipper comed for'ard to say a few words in my favour, there was tarn-out again for a bend, till they settles the sentence; when *in* I comes, to hear, as I thought, my unfort'nate fate.

"As soon as I enters the cabin, and sees the commodore and captains o' the court looking as fierce and as black as the d—l in a blaze, every man on 'em with their gold-laced scrapers reg'larly shipped, some 'athwart ship,' and some 'fore-and-aft,' says I to myself, 'the game's all up with you, Sam!'—that's the yard-arm signal, as sure as a gun!—(for, you see, 'twas only a fortnight afore I was prest, I happened to put into Old Bailey-bay, as the judge was clapping on his cap to condemn an unfortunate fellow to death;) so, in course, I thinks this shipping of scrapers was the sim'lar signal. Howsomever, you see, I was ahead o' my reek'ning; but, instead of going round the fleet, I was sentenced to one hundred lashes aboard my own ship! No, no; none o' your court-martials for *Jack*! If so be as I'd a' gammoned the skipper to a' settled the score at once,

1 *Royal William*—the flag-ship at Spithead.

2 A union-jack flying at the peak is the signal far a court-martial sitting.

3 Provost-martial.

4 Swabs (epaulets).

6 President.

5 Two bells—nine o'clock. See NAVAL ANOMALIES.

7 Judge-advocate.

8 "The skipper:" *Jack's* constant phrase for his own captain. 9 Cross-examination.

and sarved me out himself, I'd a'napped no more nor four dozen at the outside!"

We should like to see Mr Wilberforce's face, while reading the above extract. Mr Wilberforce, in his younger days, (we are his juniors by about a lustre,) had the most exquisite perception and power of the ludicrous of any man we ever counted the midnight chimes with over a flowing bowl. He never was a hard drinker, but "wi' just a drappie in his ee," what a boon companion among the small hours! As a mime, Mathews is a joke to him—and one of his very best things was an imitation of a tar sporting chaplain. We fear all his mimicry—at least of that kind—has been at an end ever since he first headed the Saints in St. Stephen's. But although the mortal instruments have been called on for other exhibitions, the genius must still be there, asleep and snoring mayhap, but not extinct. What it must have cost such a man to keep down the laughing devil! Even now, what inward convulsions must his keen sense of the hideously absurd have inflicted on his diaphragm, when noticing the aspects of the righteous over-much elongated at love-feasts, glistening with ungodly dew, eyes upturned, and long lank black hair overshadowing their half-heavenly, half-earthly twinklings of imperfect regeneration! We defy any man to kill within him the sense of the ludicrous. It has been seen to burst forth even on the scaffold, and on the peaceful death-bed, with mahogany posts and damask curtains. Do the saints in general keep their gravity when looking on sanctified sailors? And, pray, what do they think of Jack's pastimes, even of a more innocent complexion? Do they ever criticise him when he is dancing a hornpipe? What steps! His heels chucking his hinder-parts under the chin, then pattering along the floor with upturned toes, till he reaches the line of ladies, then whisk round, with a handy-clap on each sinewy thigh, and away back to the starting chalk-line, in a shuffling fandango! Ought all this carnal exhibition of Jack's incomparable agility to be prohibited under pain of eternal damnation? Be it so. Pray, what are to be his amusements? Every man in the fleet cannot teach a Sunday-school. Malthus won't let them all marry—and the press-gang in war time plays

smash among the Methody parsons. Nothing for it, if we wish to preserve morality immaculate, and religion orthodox, but to dismantle the navy of England, and to change the first letter of the word Sailor into the subsequent one in the alphabet. Make fuel of the fleet, and convert all its sheet-anchors into iron-staunchels for Tabernacles. Let Tate and Brady supplant Dibdin, till the consummation of the ruin of the wooden-walls. Let all the canvass of the Fleet be sewed up into tents for itinerant field-preachers, and the Standard of England be struck, to float over some bawling seer prophesying the downfal of our empire of land and sea. But till then, let Jack dance his hornpipe—and Naval Sketches flourish.

We are great admirers of Mr Wilberforce now—as we were forty years ago—but although we are so, we do not on that account despise, detest, abhor, execrate the many hundred British merchants, connected as proprietors, and in other relations, with the West-Indian colonies. One half of them, at the least, are as good men and as good Christians as Mr Wilberforce—one-fourth worse, and the other fourth better. We have been at some pains making this computation from a vast body of intricate data. But how the people of this island allow themselves to be led by the nose and the ears! We have, we fear, readers who will look upon the few bygone paragraphs as little less than blasphemy. But the Saints are all mere mortal men; and just ask yourselves, our dear readers—what is the price of East-India sugar? Ay, there's the rub. And finally, and to conclude,—grant that our language has been brutal, and that you as men ought to give up the Magazine—then ought not Wilberforce, Stephen, M'Aulay, and a hundred others, saints and sinners, when convicted of brutality a thousand-fold greater, not only to give up the Magazine, but the ghost?

We are rather at a loss to know why we have so unceremoniously lugged in Mr Wilberforce by the head and shoulders. But now that he is in, in for a penny in for a pound. So let us ask him one question. Good Mr Wilberforce, suppose your father had been a West Indian planter, and that you thought him, and had reason to think him, a good man: Suppose you

were yourself a West Indian planter, and although not quite so pious as you now are, still, as men go, pretty pious, and, on the whole, an honest man : Suppose farther, that you had, partly from humanity, partly from self-interest, done all you could to ameliorate the condition of your slaves, not having been able to sell them and your estates to advantage, and from the evil whisperings of the Old Man, being unwilling to set them all free, to the beggary of yourself and family—What would you think of any person of the name of Wilberforce, or Stephen, or M'Aulay, your name being something else, who should fall foul of you with every mouth-missile he could fling, and load you with charges of robbery, cruelty, and murder? And what if you showed him some hundreds of those you were every day robbing and murdering, all alive and happy, and challenged him to dance a dance, or sing a song, or sleep at a sermon, with any one of those robbed and murdered slaves, and that still he should roar out robbery and murder, and swear by all the gods, that he knew the whole black population to be daily, hourly, kicked, beaten, lashed, ravished, and put to death in lingering torments,—what, we ask, would you, Mr Williams, think of the said Mr Wilberforce? We shall wait till next month for your reply.

We have “spun a long yarn” quite unexpectedly, and as off-hand as any sailor on his night-watch. So let us make amends to the yawning reader, by another screed from the Skipper.

“SAINTS AT SEA.

“A Galley Story.

“‘Why, boys, you’re all as down in the mouth as a parcel of Jews disappointed o’pay-day,’ says a talkative top-man, one night, to a part of the watch, who were rolling aboard of each other as they sullenly paced the lee-gangway with their hands in their becketts. ‘One would think,’ he continued, ‘you were

all on six-water grog for the cruce.’—‘Come, blaze away, Bill,’ says another, ‘tip us a stave; see if you can put a little life in a fellow, for I’m tired of this sort of fun; this is blockading *Too-long*¹ in earnest.—Why, d—n it, ’twas only the last time the ship was in Malta, when I carried captain’s portmanter ashore, I overhears a lady axing the skipper himself if it wasn’t a mutinous² sort of life; and I am d—d if he didn’t say that it *was*; though, had any o’we made a similar answer, I suspects we’d a’got more kicks nor coppers. But it’s the way of the world all over.’—‘Well done, Blue-devil-Dick,’ says a third, ‘growling for ever. You’re just the fit fellow to have sailed in that psalm-singing ship as I sarved in. Come, let’s down in the waist, and I’ll give you a touch of her;’ when, after following them to the ‘fore-hatchway,’ he thus began;—‘Well, you know, a’ter I ships in the *William and Mary*, West-Ingce-man, one o’ your regular Liverpool runners, as was waiting for a wind in the Cove of Cork, I goes ashore one night, for a bit of a spree, to one o’ your “Holy-ground” hops; and, just as I’d opened the ball with a blowen, and tipping the shields in a reel, in comes a larking leaftennant, with five or six lubberly lobsters, rigg’d out alike in jackets and trowers. Well, they passes at first for some o’ your regular cruisers, no one never suspecting as how they was under false colours, or, moreover, a parcel of kidnapping pirates; for the first thing, you see, the leaftennant does, was to sing out a lilt of his own, and to foot it away like a regular pinter.³

“‘Well, you know, as he was most flush of the dibs at the time, he stands the score, and sows-up myself and the piper; when, after a little palaver or so, he sends me clean out of the room a reeling in earnest. This was a job for the jollies to take me in tow, and lug me along them thundering cliffs to the beech; for though I was fast by the nose, I was yawing about like a ship what had broke from her sheer in a tideway. Well, as soon as we reaches the boat, they bundles me in like a quarter of beef, and a’ter we fetches the frigate, they whips me right out like another. In course, that night, ‘I’d too many cloths in the wind’⁴ to know where I was; but as soon as I came to myself, I diskivered my fate was fixed. Well, there I was, a pressed man in the morn; ‘Jammed like Jackson’—‘hard

1 Toulon.

2 Mutinous—monotonous.

3 Portsmouth Point dancer.

4 Drunk, in nautical slang.

up in a clinch, and never a knife to cut the seasing; so I makes up my mind for the worst, and bad was the best, for I'm blow'd but the frigate was more like a methody chapel afloat nor one of his Majesty's ships. There was the captain, would puzzle the devil himself to know what he was; he was sometimes a sanctificator, and sometimes one o' your smart-un's; a chap that could sarve out a sarment a Sunday, and four or five dozen a Monday; and then, perhaps, for a couple of months, when a freak of the skipper went off, and fit of the parson com'd on, there was a spell with the cat for the cruce. Well, howsomever, you know, he makes, as they call it, a parcel of convicts¹ aboard—ay, as good as one-third of the crew, 'sides the second leaftennant, his coxen, and clerk. There was these psalm singing beggars, with their hair as straight as a die, and their ways, aye, as crooked as a "snake on a stay," going from mess to mess on the 'twixt-decks, sarving out tracks as they tarm 'em—your die-away speeches, you know—your 'Repentance made easy,' and the like of such lubberly trash. Watch or no watch, a fellow'd never no rest for his body or soul, these jarney men parsons so bothered them both. I remember, one day, as I was taking a caul² on my chest in the berth, who should come forward, you know, but the captain's coxen. 'Well,' says he, giving me a shake o' the shoulder, 'Sem,' says he, 'rise, my man, 'tis time afore this you'd a call.'—'Why d—n it,' says I, 'it's my watch below!'—'Watch below!' says he, turning up his eyes like a lady in love, 'ah, Sam! 'tis time you should think of your watch above.' Well, I'm blow'd if I knew what the fellow was at, so I let's him go on for awhile. When, 'Sam,' says he, looking me straight in the face, 'your sure to be damn'd for your sins.'—'The devil I am, who told you?' says I.—'I tells you,' says he, 'unless you gets (let's see, what was the word), unless you gets—you gets—I have him—you gets—Re—Re-jenny-rated,' says he.—'What ship's that?' get rated what? say's I.—'Born'd all over again,' says he.—'What, tarn a fellow into *Twicelaid*?³' says I.—'Aye, and tarn from your sins,' says he.—'So,

to shorten the matter, says I, 'I tell you what it is, Mr Coxen, every man to his station—"the cook to the fore-sheet;" you may be a very good hand at the helm—but a precious poor pilot for heaven. You're out of your latitude now; keep within soundings,' says I, 'and talk like a sensible man; when its comfort I wants, 'tis not to the likes of such fellows as you that I'll seek; I'll look to the *log-book* aloft; so "brace up and haul aft," and no more of your preaching,' says I. Well, I silenced his fire, for he never came near me again.

"But this was a trifle to some of their tricks.—Why, bless your hearts, they used to practise the psalms in the store-rooms, and join reg'lar coal-box⁴ as they sung 'em aloud on a Sunday. It's as true as I'm here; but this wasn't the worst of it neither, for all the work fell on the 'Good men'⁵ aboard; and the topmasts might go over the side, afore one of those methody chaps would clap on a clewline. Then, as for coming to box, I'm sartain one-half of 'em would have thought it a sin to have stuck to their guns. They were even too lazy to go for their grub. Why, the whole o' the ship's company went without breakfast one morn, 'kase a parcel of these straight-haired, double-faced fellows (the ship's cook as bad as the best on 'em) thought proper to 'pound' the gospel instead of the cocoa.⁶ Howsomever, it didn't happen again, though these hip-percerodile⁷ rigs, as they call 'em, flew through the frigate like wild-fire, till at last she was no better nor a reg'lar built hell afloat. There was the first leaftennant and skipper for ever a snarling; for *Billy* was blue to the bone, and too much of a man to bear up for a parson. But the skipper and second leaftennant was as thick as three in a bed: what one would say, t'other would swear to: the queerest notions would come into their heads, for they were a pair of the most suspiciousest men as ever was born'd.

"I shall never forget one day, when the second leaftennant had charge o' the watch; I goes aft, just to ax for a pot o' water to make a mess o' *Ge-ograpy*⁸ afore I went to relieve the weather-wheel,⁹ when he takes it into's head I

1 Convicts—converts.

2 Caulk—to sleep upon deck, or lie down with their clothes on, is called a caul.

3 Twicelaid; Old rope re-manufactured anew.

4 Coal-box—chorus.

5 A nautical designation for hard-working willing seamen.

6 The cocoa, on board a man-of-war, is pounded the previous day to its being boiled for breakfast, by one of the messes, each mess taking this duty in turn.

7 Hypocritical.

8 Ge-ograpy—a sort of beverage made by seamen out of burnt biscuit boiled in water.

9 The man who steers the ship, and who stands at the weather-side of the wheel.

was drunk—there he was for all the world like one o' your figures on the rudder-head of a Dutchman's dogger, stuck on a carronade-slide, with a track in one hand, and a trumpet in t'other.

"Well, howsomever, says I, taking off my hat at the time, as I hears him, 'Pot o' water, i' you please, sir,' says I: well, there never was no answer till I axes him louder and louder three or four times; when all of a sudden, lifting his eyes what were staring clean out of his head, from the book he was reading, and grinning his teeth like a laughing lenah, he shies the trumpet slap in my face, singing out like a new-one,—'Wiper, away! wiper, away? the wicked spirit's *within* you!'—May I never see light if I tasted a drop o' my grog that day, for I gave the whole o' my allowance to one of the topmen for making me a duck-pair of mustering trowers: no, not all I could say could make him believe I was sober; so he sings out, you know, for the master-t-arms, and orders me both legs in limbo, for contempt, as he calls it. Well, there I was, hard-and-fast, for a fortnight, ground-tackle down, with a cable each way; though 'twas hard, to be sure, an innocent fellow should be shov'd into irons just for the freaks of a sanctificator. Howsomever, as there was eight or ten more of us lock'd by the legs, the duty looked shy in the ship; for, as *Pat* says, all the best *hands* aboard were fast by the *feet*. Well, 'twas all very well till we comes into port, and the day was fixed for sarving out slops.¹ The hands at seven-bells was turned up as usual, when, just as Pill-garlic, with the rest o' the prisoneers, was ready for 'preachy or foggy,' and the captain about to muster my name, the second leaftenant all on a sudden starts for'ard, and says to the captain—'Now do you hear 'em, the d'ciples of Satin? Now do you hear 'em?' though there wasn't as much as a whisper to be heard at the time fore and aft. Well, you know, the captain sees there was some'at amiss, so the hands were piped down, and punishment put off, for the man was as mad as any chap in St Luke's. Well, about two or three morns after this, just as the decks were dried up, and hammocks all stowed in the netting, up he comes, rigged out to the nines in white silk stockings, breeks, and buckles in his shoes, all ready to go ashore to a ball, as he said: but 'twas a ball of a different mould what he meant; for, just as the hands were turned up, up top gallant yards, and every one on deck

as would go; down he flies to the gun-room, seizes a pistol, and blows out his brains; and though, when alive, he'd never a laugh on his phiz, would you believe it, when *dead*, there was a grin on his face, as much as to say he'd been mocking us all, as well as his Maker. There's a precious end for a sanctificator!"

"This account of the fanatical pranks, which, we regret to say, were played on board of one of our men-of-war, though related in the droll language of *Jack*, is, nevertheless, faithful as to facts. Perhaps as good a moral may be collected from his '*yarn*,' as might be conveyed in a strain more serious or didactic."

We never willingly give offence to any one sole single individual, Christian or Whig,—but now and then 'tis impossible to help it. Hitherto we have seldom spoken of the British navy, except in general terms of admiration of its glorious and unconquerable spirit; for we number among our friends but few naval officers; and they are fighting rather than writing men. But we intend to make a venture, and give articles about the Fleet. They may show ignorance of many things familiar to the British seaman, but they shall show no ignorance of his humanity, his courage, and his patriotism. We even now put forth, in a conclusion too long perhaps delayed, a few words concerning that discipline, which the sons of the ocean have chosen for themselves, and under which they fought and triumphed—we shall not say how much farther back—but from Blake to Broke.

A hundred questions relative to the navy crowd upon us for discussion, and we are grieved to the heart to be informed that we are now positively enditing an additional half-sheet to *Maga*; so we must, however unwillingly, approach to *Finis*. The system of impressment we would fain touch upon—and discipline in all its branches. On these subjects our author speaks most sensibly; and we are sorry that we cannot quote entire the first chapter of his second volume. He is no thin-skinned sentimentalist, sighing forth a code of lenient laws for those delicate and consumptive creatures, the mariners of England. Let

¹ *Jack's* familiar phrase for punishment.

him open his mouth at a Whig meeting on the subject, and the blues will cough him down with hisses as a perfect barbarian. Yet we believe him to be as brave and humane a man as ever leapt overboard to save a powder-monkey; ay, the Captain would dash over the gunwale, we warrant him, to save the life of the most despicable devil in the ship, when many a saint would content himself with ejaculating a long-winded prayer. Sensibility is a word we hold in especial abhorrence, for it characterizes the souls of passive slaves. Nothing so cherishes base sensibility as prayer. There is indeed a kind of prayer which brings down from heaven power and glory to the souls of our feeble race. But what we now speak of is the base desertion of a man's mind from this earth and its dangers to heaven in ejaculations—when all laws, human and divine,—that is to say, all impulses of an undebased nature, and all commands from God, should drive him in silence, and without more than a look upwards, to devote himself, if so it must be, for the salvation of any one wretch framed in the same image, dressed in the same rig, pressed by the same gang, swinging in the same hammock, intoxicated with the same grog, dancing at the same hopping shop, flogged by the tails of the same cat, destined to be pensioned by the same government, to get grey and glorious in the same Greenwich, and if not to rot in the same grave,—yet what matters it, and where is the difference to lie cheek-by-jowl, although a few roods apart, alike forgotten in the same burial ground!

One of the most judicious chapters in these volumes is, as we have said, on the subject of Discipline. It does not enter much into details, but contains the essence of the experience of one who, we have no doubt, is a gallant, humane, firm, and intelligent officer. With respect to punishments, in general, we see no reason why landsmen, like ourselves, should be unable to form a rational judgment. It is the fashion of the day to represent fear, in all its shapes, as ineffectual to repress disorder, insubordination, vice, or crime. All knowledge, all observation, lead to a totally different conclusion. Wickedness is, in the nature of things, inseparable from suffering; and pain and privation, as they are terrible in endurance, so are they terrible in forethought. All sensitive beings, who are

also endowed with reason, will be anxious to avoid misery; and if they know, as certainly as that they have backs, that these backs will be scarified if they conduct themselves in a certain way, most assuredly that knowledge will generally deter them from acting in that way, and place them almost in a necessity of acting according to required rules. Corporal punishment is far from being dignified; it is always degrading. But the disgrace is not necessarily, and in all circumstances, a deep, festering, or incurable wound. Some spirits there doubtless are, who are insensible to the shame of sin, and yet all alive to the shame of punishment; so that, now and then, a flogged mutineer may wish to blow up the ship, or leap into a drowning death. That is a species of sullen or ferocious pride, with which we have, we confess, little sympathy; and, instead of the cat-o'-nine-tails, such a culprit should be run up to the yard-arm. But the generality of mankind are not heroes of that class; and although they may not flinch during a flogging, will flinch at the bare idea of one. They would rather not—they would beg to be excused—and that peculiar breed of cats that live on shipboard, and that have not only nine lives, like their feline brethren on shore, but likewise nine tails, are, except in a gale of wind, fully more useful than the chaplain. It is quite a mistake to suppose, that the tails of a cat leave an indelible stigma, like that of the branding-iron. You cannot see it through the clothes, and Polly don't mind it. Many a good seaman is tattooed in that style, and not a whit the worse either for show or service. But admitting that the cat may cut occasionally too near the heart of an honest fellow—consider how rarely that happens; and that, in a thousand cases out of a thousand and five, *Felis* whips the offending Adam out of an unconscionable sinner. Punishment without pain and without disgrace is not even a bugbear,—but an animal to be dandled on the knee, hugged to the bosom, and taken at night into the hammock. We trust, therefore, that the cat-o'-nine-tails will never be so rare as a male cyprus; but will curve her back, purr, and be playful, on the decks of every ship in the British navy.

The British navy is of pretty long

floating. "For a thousand years its flag has braved the battle and the breeze." And was there flogging through all those glorious centuries? Somewhat too much of it, we verily believe; for the less the better. But did it break the naval spirit of England? Did it deaden it? No. It kept it alive and kicking. It was a privilege of our seamen; for although flogging has never been unknown to our land-forces, it flourished in its native vigour at sea. Among all their other grievances, some of them too well-founded, our tars never included the cat. It is not too much to say, that it has always been with them rather a favourite animal. To be sure, they abuse it, and have lavished upon it a thousand endearing terms of desecration. But, depend upon it, they like it in their hearts, and consider it a *sine qua non* to a prosperous voyage or victorious battle. They always swear at it with a certain degree of respect; and were it out of the ship, what would become of the one half of their jokes, and the seasoning of the other?

Such bodily inflictions, as crucifying, impaling, breaking on the wheel, slitting of the nose, *et cetera, et cetera*, are at once hideous and inefficacious. Ruffians rise against the laws, and there is not one sinecure place in the whole executive. But what exaggerating and dishonest idiots are they who confound the dreadful agonies of tortured nature with a little smarting between the shoulders, and down even to the rump? Jack is himself again before Saturday night, and roaring out Tom Bowling. It is delightful to hear young ladies eloquent against flogging, or even old women. Nay, it is not unpretty in the Miss-Mollyish members of a Seaman's Friend's Society: but pipe all hands on board the Dreadnought, and not a voice will be against grimalkin.

Sailors are unquestionably an extraordinary race. Look on that fellow with his glazed hat in a position that not the most ingenious man of the eleven millions now ashore all over England could reduce into practice, were he to rehearse till doomsday,—only lose yourself for a few minutes in a hopeless speculation on the name of the colour of his hair,—mark, by the external sign on the absurd expression on one side of his face, the

internal revolution of the quid,—what a tail! to which your arm would be a bad joke, if it were not so much shorter,—shoulders shrugging up, not at all in French fashion, but saying, in a forcible deaf-and-dumb language, "you be d—d,"—a rolling motion, as if Jack were uncertain whether or not he had yet weighed anchor,—broad back, long arms, narrow loins, somewhat light in the timbers, and positively no posteriors,—and say gravely if ever you clapt eyes on such a hypothec. What does he care about flogging? Just enough to prefer keeping his back warm without it, and no more. Take him aside, and ask him to sign a petition to Parliament against the cat, and he will forthwith squirt you all over with liquid tobacco, pull up his tarry trowsers, and be off with a grin to the tune of Moll of Wapping.

Had flogging been a grievance in the British navy, we should oftener have seen the black flag. There would have been more Admiral Parkers. Pay Jack his wages regularly—give him good junk, and proper allowance of grog—and, above all things, little as it may be, let him see his prize-money in shiners, with his king's face smiling on him, and he will let his back take care of itself, and smile at a round dozen. He will die at his gun—he will laugh in mutilation in the cockpit—his cutlass will sweep the enemy's deck among the blast of boarders—he will nail the colours to the mast—but strike them never. At such an order only would Jack be a mutineer; and, if it must be so, then down with the "Barky" to Davy's locker, for it is a capacious one, and will take in, with room to spare, Goliath and all her crew, covered with canvass to her very skyscrapers.

Are admirals, commanders, captains, lieutenants, all brute-beasts? No—gentlemen all, or nearly all—if not gentlemen born, gentlemen bred by Neptune and the Nereids. Their humanity may not be that of a Wilberforce or a Fry; but what sort of a sea-captain would Mr Wilberforce make, or Mrs Fry either? When Jack's legs are both carried away by the board,—that is the time to be tender with him,—and there he sits waiting, in blood, for his turn with the surgeon, side by side with that beau-

tiful young midshipman, whose mother, the daughter and wife of a duke, sent him away, but a week ago, from the palace of his ancestors, with weeping and with prayers, that her boy might do his duty. And if the young lord die in his glory, and the old seaman survive, the one will be interred to the sound of his country's thunder, and the other stump into a berth in Greenwich, the noblest palace that flings its shadows over the Thames.

An old spirit—the spirit of the sea, broods over our navy. The usages of the race of men that belong to that dominion, should be preserved to them till they themselves solicit their abrogation. Their march is o'er the mountain wave, their home is on the deep—and let those legislators whose walk is on the turnpike-road, their homes upon the shore, beware of baffling the lives of the sons of the ocean. They have many incomprehensible customs; but there is a meaning in them all. What is odious—or shameful—or distressing in their lot, will fall off, as it has been falling off for many years, in natural and unforced decay. Our naval officers, in knowledge, in intellect, in science, in humanity, stand on a level with the best men on earth; it is false to say that they are tyrants—but the milk of human kindness in their heart is not diluted—the only water they use is in their grog—and there is more pity in the calm eye of him who has stood, fifty times, on a deck drenched with blood and brains, than in all the maudlin ogles of all the saints that ever sweated in a tabernacle.

But saint and sinner shall from us have equal justice. The morals of seamen we must never expect to be immaculate, while the sea roars around Britain. From sensual vices they never can be free. Yet, after all, perhaps their vices are rather gross and glaring, than very wicked. We know with what sort of women they associate—but seamen are not seducers. The dreadful evil that shocks us in all the streets of all great cities, comes not from the wooden-walls. This, however, is a subject not to be discussed at present by us—only deplored. Let every man—every society of men—do their best to save their fellow-Christians from vice. But let them know what they are about—else all their

schemes will be covered with horrid ridicule, and nurse a deeper pollution.

As to religion, that is a still more awful subject; and it is difficult to say with what lamentable ignorance and superstition it may not be combined, and still be religion. That sailors are, as a body, irreligious, we shall never believe; for danger opens the heart before God. Perhaps more might be done—than has ever yet been done by the government of this country for religion in the navy—both at sea and on shore. It would be impossible to do too much, and the noblest faculties of thought, feeling, and eloquence, that ever graced a Christian divine, would “find ample room and verge enough,” “the characters of heaven to trace” on the ground of the nautical character. Psalm-singing in floating-chapels, and such preaching as we have ever chanced to here therein, seem not to us likely to enlighten or purify—and would to heaven, Lord Gambier, brave man as he is, had been but Archbishop of Canterbury.

Far be it from us to say what may be the demands of conscience in the bosom of any man; and that Lord Gambier, and others like him, are sincere, is our honest conviction. But we have no hesitation whatever in saying, that he is a man of very weak judgment. He ought certainly to mount a shovel-hat; nay, in proposing to him that he should even now go into orders, we are perfectly serious. We do not know precisely his Lordship's age—but say that he is rather upwards of threescore. There can be no doubt that any one of all the bishops would ordain him without any very strict classical examination. They would never be so insensible to the services of the navy as to pluck an Admiral; and being once in Deacon's orders, Lord Gambier would meet with speedy promotion. We are glad to know that he is already very rich; and, of course, he would give all his tithes to the poor. A brilliant preacher we scarcely think it would be reasonable to hope for in such a veteran—yet there is no saying, and he might blow Mr Irving out of the water. We beg the reverend Admiral's pardon, but these nautical expressions, however unbecoming this sacred theme, stick to us like burrs. It would be curious to mark

if the Reverend Dr James Gambier carried the quarter-deck into the church when a parson, just as he used to carry the pulpit on board ship when an Admiral. Then, it would be advantageous to the state to have a Bishop in the Upper House well versed in naval affairs. Into orders then must he go—and we expect he will send us his cocked-hat and uniform to keep for his sake.

Should there ever be another war—which God forbid—may Captain Glascock get a ship—and take an American frigate of equal force. Should he be taken himself—we are sure there will be no dishonour in defeat—but that “He will fight till not a stick would stand
On board the Arethusa!”

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VOL. XIX.

STREAMS.

How delightful, even to elders like us, to feel Spring breathing once more over air and earth! We have been quite happy and contented with Winter, however severe; nor have we ever felt the slightest inclination to be satirical on that hoary personage. On the contrary, there is not a Season of them all whom we love better than hale, honest, old Winter. But when he has migrated from the lengthening days, we think cheerfully on the last time we shook hands with him; and knowing that he is as regular as clock-work, have no doubts of his return as soon as he hears that we have again laid in our November stock of coals and corned-beef. Indeed, his son, Spring, has so strong a family resemblance to his father, that were it not for the difference of their complexion, and a totally dissimilar style of dress, we should frequently mistake the one for the other. The likeness, however, wears off as we become better acquainted with the young heir-apparent, and find that with most of his father's virtues, he possesses many peculiar to himself; while in every point of manners or lesser morals, he bears away both the bell and the palm from his sire. Like the old gentleman, he is occasionally cold to strangers—biting in his remarks—or wrapt up within himself; but his icyness soon thaws—his face becomes animated in the extreme—his language is even flowery—and putting his arm kindly within

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yours, there is nothing he likes so well as to propose a walk among the pleasant banks and braes, now alive with the new-born lambs, through whose bleating you can but faintly hear the lark returning from heaven.

We seldom are exposed to any very strong temptation to leave town till about the second week in April. Up to that time the dinners have complete power over us, and we could not tear ourselves away without acute anguish. Lamb (see last paragraph) has been exquisite for weeks; and when enjoyed at the table of a friend, not expensive. Garden stuffs, too, have purified our blood, and, if that be possible, increased our appetite. Spring has agreeably affected our animal being, without having as yet made any very forcible appeal to our intellectual or moral system. To leave town during such a crisis of private affairs, would obviously be inconsistent with our judicious character. Take them on the whole, and the best dinners of a cycle of seven years will be found to fall in the months of March and April. We have verified this fact by tables of observation kept for eight-and-twenty years, now in the temporary possession of Dr Kitchener, who has been anxiously collating them with his own private *Gastronomical Journal*.

Yet in spite of such tender ties, by which we are bound to the urbane board well on into April, our poetical

imagination is frequently tempting us away into the country. All such temptations we manfully resist; and to strengthen us in the struggle, we never refuse a dinner invitation, except when we have reason to know that we shall be asked to eat *patés*. Mr Cole-ridge, meaning to be very severe on Mr Jeffrey for having laughed at some verses of Mr Wordsworth's, about "the child being father of the man," declares somewhere or other, that not willingly would he gaze on a setting sun with a man capable of the enormity of such a criticism. On the same principles precisely, not willingly would we gaze on the setting sun with any man who, in his own house, had ever asked us to begin dinner with a *paté*. Such a request shows a littleness of soul and stomach, that could comprehend the glory neither of a setting sun nor a round of beef—two of the very best things, in their own way, in heaven or on earth.

But about the "very middle and waist" of April, we order a search through our wardrobe for trowsers, striped and spotted waistcoats, jackets, foraging-caps, and thick-soled shoes, called by our housekeeper, *Clampers*. Then we venture to open our eyes and look a little abroad over the suburban gardens and nurseries. We had doggedly determined, indeed, not to take any notice of Spring symptoms before that time, for fear of pining away for the green fields. Accordingly, we wore our great-coat as faithfully as if it were part of ourselves, even during the soft days that now and then came balmy over the city gardens during the somewhat surly month of March. We rather kept our eyes on the ground in passing by rows of poplars, which we knew from the sweet scent were more than budding in the sunshine. When a bee hummed past us about the suburbs, we pretended not to hear her; and as to these parrows, why, they twitter all the year through, almost as heartily as if they were inditing valentines, and their chatter never disturbs us. In short, we wish to enjoy the first gentleem brace of Spring in some solitary spot, where nothing will impede the mutual flow of our spirits, but where, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," we may wander away together into the ideal lands of the Imagination, nor care if we ever more return to this weary and distracted life.

Perhaps you may be a little surprised at first, when we tell you that we do not like, on our first vernal visit to the country, to go to Buchanan Lodge. We hate having anything to do with a *Flitting*. These lazy, lubberly porters, pretending that their backs bend under half a load for an ordinary *Girzie*, try all patience; and there is no standing a whole forenoon's sight of a great blue-railed waggon, with a horse seventeen hands high in the shafts, sound asleep. A *Flitting* "is a thing to dream of, not to see." The servants engaged in one have a strange, wild, hurried, flustered, raised look, very alarming to a *Sexagenarian*. More especially, the cook, armed with spit and grid-iron, as with spear and shield, like *Britomart*. The natural impetuosity of the culinary character is exasperated into effervescence; and if she meet us hobbling down or up the front steps, she thinks no more than "Jenny dang the weaver" of upsetting, or at least sorely jostling, her unoffending master. The chamber-maids have on *Flitting-day* an incomprehensible giggle, through which they seem to be communicating to one another thick-coming secrets—heaven only knows about what—and "my Butler" assumes a more portly and pompous air, in the consciousness of being about to act round about the Lodge as a summer land-agent. Then all within what a dusty desolation! Only one chair, and that in the lobby, for so many wearied bottoms—"Cupboards vast, and presses idle!" Tomorrow will be a fast-day to the mice—and before the week-end, dozens will have paid the forfeit of their lives to the offended laws of their country; for, next door, there is a maiden lady curious in traps, and inexorably cruel in the executive. You ring the bell by way of a dreary experiment, and a ghostlike echo answers from cellar and garret. For six months, and that is a long time for such an organ, that tongue will be mute. One dead plant is left behind in the lobby-window, close to the front door, for all the other windows in the house are closed up with shutters. No fear of the poor unhappy embers on the kitchen-hearth setting fire to the tenement. Bang goes the street-door, like one of those melancholy peals of thunder followed by no other on some unsettled day that wants spirit for a storm—elunk plays the bolt to the strong-

wrenched key in the hand of the porter—there is motion visible in the wagon, and the perceptive faculty finally admits that there is a Flitting.

All the miseries above has it been frequently our lot to witness and partake; but of late years it has been too much for us, and we have left the Flitting in the hands of Providence. Besides, how pleasant, on a stated day and hour, to walk into Buchanan Lodge, an expected Head of a House! All the domestics delighted to behold their beloved master hobbling towards the porch. Every window so clear, that you know not there is glass—the oil-skin on the lobby-floor glancing undimmed—nestlings in a twitter over all the clustering virandas; but all this is subject for a future leading article, whereas the title of the present is—Streams.

Well, then, Streams! The unpardonable thing about Edinburgh is, that she wants a river. Two great straddling bridges without one drop of water! The stranger looks over the battlements of the one, and in the abyss sees our metropolitan markets—through the iron railing of the other, and lo! carts laden with old furniture, and a blind fiddler and his wife roaring ballads to a group of tatterdemallions. What a glory would it be, were a great red river to come suddenly down in flood, and sweep away Mound and Bridge to the sea! Alas! for old Holyrood! What new life would be poured into the Gude auld Town, thus freshened at its foundations! And how beautiful to see the dwindled ship gliding under cloud of sail by the base of our castled cliff! Oh! for the sweet sea-murmur, when torrent retreats before tide, and the birds of ocean come floating into the inland woods! Oh! that, “like Horeb’s rock beneath the Prophet’s hand,” yonder steep would let escape into light the living waters! But this wish is a mere whim of the moment; and therefore it is our delight to escape for a week to the brooks of Peebles, or Innerleithen, or Clovenford, or Kelso.

Wherever we go to escape the Flitting, a stream or river there must be—our ears are useless without its murmurs—eyes we might as well have none, without its wimpling glitter. Early in life we fell in love with a Naiad, whom we beheld in a dream, sitting, with her long di-

shvelled hair veiling her pearly person, by a water-fall; and her every spring have we in vain been seeking, and still hope to find, although she hide from our embrace in a pool far away among the hills that overshadow the lonely source of the Ettrick, or embowered in the beautiful Beaulieu, delight in the solitude of the Dreame.

Once, and once only, have we been a few miles above Ettrick Manse, and memory plays us false whenever we strive to retrace the solitude. It was a misty day, and we heard without seeing the bleating lambs. Each near reach of the Ettrick, there little more than a burn, murmured in the vapours, almost like a new stream to our eyes, whenever we chanced to lose sight of it, by having gone round knoll or brae. Just as we came down upon the kirk and manse, the rain was over and gone, and while mist-wreaths rolled up, seemingly without any wind, to the hill-top, a strong sun brightened the vale, and bathed a grove of tall trees in a rich steady lustre. Happy residence! thought our heart, as the modest Manse partook of the sudden sunshine, and smiled upon another pleasant dwelling across the vale, yet a little gloomy in the shadow. And a happy residence it had been for upwards of half a century to the pastor, who, about a year before, had dropped the body, and gone to his reward. No record—no annals of his peaceful, inoffensive, and useful life! Death had never once visited the manse during all those quiet years,—neither sin nor sorrow had sat by the fireside—and there had been no whisperings of conscience to disturb the midnight sleep. The widow had to leave the long-hallowed hearth at her husband’s death; but there is to right-thinking minds little hardship in such necessity, long calmly contemplated in foresight as a thing that might one day be, and now submitted to with an alacrity to leave the vale for ever, that showed how dear it had been, and still was, to the old woman’s heart! A new minister came to the parish, and he and his young wife were in a few months respected and beloved. Here they had let go the anchor of their earthly hopes, never to be weighed again in that calm haven. Their friends prophesied that they would live for ever—but long within the year the young minister

died—and was lying a corpse at the very hour of that glorious sunshine! Many eyes wept for him, who, over his grey-headed predecessor, would have thought it foolish to shed any tears; for the grave is the fitting bed for old age, and why mourn when the curtains are drawn forever? But when youth on the sudden dies—the voice seems stifled in the mould—and hope and affection are with difficulty reconciled to the decree. The old widow had left the manse, with quiet steps and composed eyes, and all her friends felt and knew that she would be cheerful and happy in the small town where she was going to live, near some of her own blood relations. But she who had but one year ago become a wife, and had now a fatherless baby at her bosom, left the manse during the dark hours, and was heard more than sobbing as she took an everlasting farewell of her husband's grave.

But we are in chase of the Naiad, the Musidora, whom we beheld bathing in the lucid pool, and who, more beautiful far than she of the Seasons, had no need to disrobe, veiled in the lights and shadows of her own pearl-enwoven tresses, that gave glimpses of loveliness from forehead to feet. Lo! she rises up from the green velvet couch beneath the atmosphere of St Mary's Loch, and leaning on the water as if it were a car, is wafted along the edge of the water-lilies of the Naiads' own gorgeous garden,—that Crescent Bay! What a thing it is to have a soul-deluded eye in one's head! Why, it is merely a wild swan, perhaps the identical one that Mr Wordsworth saw, when he said, in his own delightful way, let

The swan on still St Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!

Heaven preserve us from ridicule, it is a wild-goose! Lame of a leg too, evidently, as, with a discordant gabble, it stretches out its neck, and with much exertion contrives to lift up its heavy hinder-end into flight. There's a Naiad for you—off, “slick away,” to Norway at the nearest. Should the Loch Skene eagle get sight, or scent, or sound of the quack, her

feathers are not worth an hour's purchase. There he comes in full sail before the wind! for although it is breathless down below here, there is a strong current flowing three thousand feet high, and the eagle has set every inch of canvass. He nears upon the chase; but suddenly, as if scorning the gabbler, puts down the helm of his tail, and bearing up in the wind's eye, beats back, in a style that would astonish a Bermuda schooner, to his eyrie.

Let us leave the loch, then, (for Lochs will be well treated in another leading article,) and go Naiad-angling down the Yarrow. Do you think she would be tempted to rise to this bright and beautiful butterfly, the azure fields of whose winglets are all bedropt with golden stars? What cruelty, to immerse into another element the child of air! Perhaps it is Psyche herself, so let the captive free. Ha! did she not waver away into the sunshine, like a very spirit?

Here is a pool worthy of any Naiad, had she even come to visit Scotland all the way from some Grecian fountain. Look into it, and the water disappearing, you see but the skies! A faint loch-born breeze comes rustling through the one birch tree that hangs leaning over from the sloping bank, and for a moment the vision hath vanished! Oh! what a slight breath of earth can dispel a dream of heaven! The breeze has gone by, and there is the same still, steadfast glory as before, the boundless ether pictured in a pool ten fathom round! The Naiad, the Naiad! Bless thy sweet face, smiling up from the pool, as if in one of those mirrors of deception sometimes exhibited by scientific and slight-of-hand men travelling with a dwarf. What is this? Let us look a little more narrowly into this business. There our nose is within six inches of the surface of the water; and, reader, will you believe it, the Naiad, by some potent necromancy held over her even in her own watery world, slowly changeth into—Christopher North, editor of Blackwood's Magazine, and other celebrated works! Fain would we now, fancy-led, float down with the foam-bells, till

We passed where Newark's stately towers
Look out from Yarrow's birchen bowers.

But lo! Altrive, the abode of our own Shepherd, whom we have not seen since the last Noctes Ambrosianæ.

Yarrow! the Beloved of Bards of Old, well mayest thou be proud of the author of the Queen's Wake! and many

a little pathetic lilt beside—hymn, elegy, and song, hast thou heard breathed by him, along with thy own murmurs, during the pensive gloaming. Nor will thy pastoral sister, the Ettrick, be jealous of your loves. For in spirit all the streams are one that flow through the Forest. And you too, Ettrick and Yarrow, gathering them all together, come rushing into each other's arms, aboon the haughs o' Selkirk, and then flow, Tweed-blent, to the sea. Our Shepherd is dear to all the rills that issue, in thousands, from their own recesses among the braes; for when a poet walks through regions his genius has sung, all nature does him homage, from cloud to clod—from blue sky to green earth—all living creatures therein included, from the eagle to the mole. James knows this, and is happy among the hills. But the hospitality of Altrive shall not be dismissed thus in a passing paragraph, but shall have a leading article to itself, as surely as we know how to honour worth and genius.

We called thee, Yarrow, The Beloved of Bards of Old! Ay! flowing in the brightness of thy own peace along the vale, yet wert thou often invoked by minstrels with a voice of weeping. Blood tinged thy banks, nor could the stain be washed away even by the tears of the Sons of Song. Thine became a traditionary character, if not of sorrow, yet of sadness, and all that is pensive or pastoral has ever seemed to breathe over thy braes. The wanderer carries thither with him a spirit of imaginative grief—an ear open to the mournful echoes of the ancient elegies of war and death. Thus, let the holms of Yarrow glitter to the sunshine as they will, yet, in the words of the old strain, they are “dowie” holms still; just as we always see something sad even in the smiles of a friend, whom we know to have been a man of sorrows, although to happiness he has been long restored. Cheerful chaunts there are about thy braw lads and bonny lasses; but sit down beside any shepherd on the hill-side, anywhere in the whole Forest, and wherever

Yarrow, as he flows along,

Bears burden to the minstrel's song,
depend you upon it, the tale shall be one of tenderness and tears! Such was the determination of the poets of the days that are gone, and such too is

the spirit, Wordsworth, of that divine strain thou didst breathe, in thy inspiration, when first thy thoughtful eyes beheld the stream that had so long murmured in the light of song.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And Pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of foreign charms decay'd,
And pastoral melancholy.

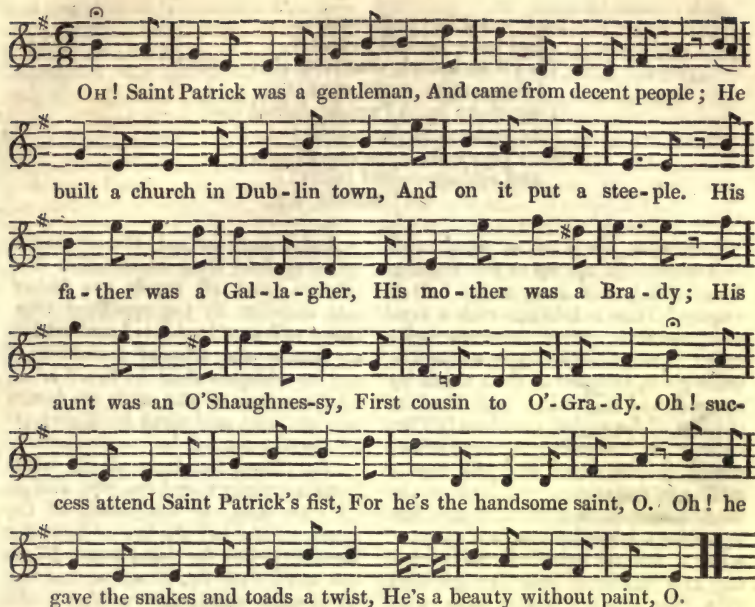
And why hast thou, wild singing spirit of the Highland Glenorchy, that cheerest the long-withdrawing vale from Inverouren to Dalmally, and from Dalmally church-tower to the old castle of Kilchurn, round whose mouldering towers thou sleepest with more pensive murmur, till thy name and existence is lost in that noble loch—Why hast thou never had thy bard? “A hundred bards have I had in bygone ages,” is thy reply; “but the Sassenach understands not the traditionary strains, and the music of the Gaelic poetry is wasted on his ear.” Songs of war and of love are yet awakened by the shepherds among these lonely braes; and often when the moon rises over Ben-Cruachan, and counts her attendant stars in soft reflection beneath the still waters of that long inland sea, she hears the echoes of harps chiming through the silence of departed years. Tradition tells, that on no other banks did the fairies so love to thread the mazes of their mystic dance, as on the heathy, and bracken, and oaken banks of the Orchy, during the long summer nights when the thick-falling dews almost perceptibly swelled the stream, and lent a livelier tinkle to every waterfall.

There it was, on a little river-island, that once, whether sleeping or waking we know not, we saw celebrated a Fairy's Funeral. First we heard small pipes playing, as if no bigger than hollow rushes that whisper to the night-winds; and more piteous than aught that trills from

earthly instrument was the scarce audible dirge! It seemed to float over the stream, every foam-bell emitting a plaintive note, till the airy anthem came floating over my couch, and then alighted without ceasing among the heather. The pattering of little feet was heard, as if living creatures were arranging themselves in order, and then there was nothing but a more ordered hymn. The harmony was like the melting of musical dew-drops, and sung, without words, of sorrow and death. I opened my eyes, or rather sight came to them, when closed, and dream was vision! Hundreds of creatures, no taller than the crest of the lapwing, and all hanging down their veiled heads, stood in a circle on a green plat among the rocks; and in the midst was a bier, framed, as it seemed, of flowers unknown to the Highland hills; and on the bier a Fairy, lying with uncovered face, pale as the lily, and motionless as the snow. The dirge grew fainter and fainter, and then died quite away; when two of the creatures came from the circle, and took their station, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier. They sang alternate measures, not louder than the twittering of the awakened wood-lark before it goes up the dewy air, but dolorous and full of the desolation of death. The flower-bier stirred; for the spot on which it lay sank slowly down, and in a few moments the greensward was smooth as ever—the very dewes glittering above the buried Fairy. A cloud passed over the moon, and, with a choral lament, the funeral troop sailed duskily away, heard afar off, so still was the midnight solitude of the glen. Then the disenthralled Orchy began to rejoice as before, through all her streams and falls; and at the sudden leaping of the waters and outbursting of the moon, I awoke.

Away, then, from the Isle of the Fairy's grave—away on winged thought, at the rate of a hundred miles in the minute, and lo! the Falls of the Beaulieu! A pleasure party of ladies and gentlemen from Inverness, as I am an Editor—and the band of a militia regiment! Well, the Duke of York's March is intelligible music, and it is pleasant to count the bars, after that unscientific and bewildering dirge of the green-robed people. God save the King, and Rule Britannia, are two

tunes of which I should never tire, were they to be dinned till doomsday. These alone can we hum truly, and without putting our foot through the air. Nothing so grand as a cataract-accompaniment to martial music! Say what you will about solitude, what looks so beautiful by moonlight among trees, as scattered groups of beaux and belles, appearing by fits and starts, like native sylvans in holiday array? Hark! they are answering each other with shrill shouts, and peals of laughter, and many a harmless kiss is ravished in the dim glades. What pretty terror and astonishment strike a whole group motionless on the cliff, as our venerable Figure emerges, like the hoary genius of the Beaulieu, from a chasm, and ascends a natural flight of steps towards the virgins, each one leaning, in her alarm, on the breast of a protecting swain! Had we suffered our beard, descending to sweep our aged breast, what an incomparable Hermit! It is plain, from the looks of all, that we are taken for the Man of the Moon. But even here a contributor solves the riddle, and "Christopher North," "Christopher North," repeated by a chorus of nymphs, echoes among the rocks. And now, all gathering together on a platform above the Falls, we foot it deftly to the love-awakening waltz, in revolutions like the heavenly bodies, till the stars themselves seem to have caught the contagion, and with rays round each other's glowing zones, wheel and whirl on the floor of heaven. A glorious cold collation!—Table surrounded by the Band, who ever and anon reduce the flirtation into hand pressure, by sudden bursts of martial or venereal music!—That Black, with the clashing symbols twinkling aloft over his six-feet-high curly head in the moonlight, must be of the blood-royal of the "Souls made of Fire, and Children of the Sun!" How disdainfully would he annihilate the petty abolitionist by one white scowl of those fiery eyes! What cables of muscle lift up his huge flourishing hands! and how his yard-broad chest distends with power, as his wide diverging arms make the pectoral start like that of a Titan!—Christopher North is called upon unanimously for a song, and what more appropriate to the scene than the following Irish melody!—



OH! Saint Patrick was a gentleman, And came from decent people; He
 built a church in Dub - lin town, And on it put a stee - ple. His
 fa - ther was a Gal - la - gher, His mo - ther was a Bra - dy; His
 aunt was an O'Shaughnes - sy, First cousin to O'-Gra - dy. Oh! suc -
 cess attend Saint Patrick's fist, For he's the handsome saint, O. Oh! he
 gave the snakes and toads a twist, He's a beauty without paint, O.

2.

The Wicklow Hills are very high,
 And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;
 But there's a hill much higher still,
 Much higher nor them both, sir.
 'Twas on the top of this big hill
 Saint Patrick preach'd his *sarmin't*,
 That drove the frogs into the bogs,
 And bother'd all the *varmint*.
 Oh! success, &c.

3.

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
 Where dirty vermin musters,
 But there he put his dear fore-foot,
 And murder'd them in clusters:
 The toads went pop, the frogs went plop,
 Slap-dash into the water,
 And the snakes committed suicide,
 To save themselves from slaughter.
 Oh! success, &c.

4.

No wonder that those Irish lads
 Should be so free and frisky,
 For sure Saint Pat, he taught them that,
 As well as drinking whisky.
 No wonder that the Saint himself
 To drink it should be willing,
 Since his mother kept a *sheebeen* shop
 In the town of Enniskillen.
 Oh! success, &c.

5.

Oh! was I but so fortunate,
 But to be back in Munster,
 'Tis I'd be bound, that from that ground
 I never more would once stir.
 'Twas there Saint Patrick planted turf,
 And plenty of the *praties*;
 With pigs *gallore*, *ma gra m'astore*,
 And cabbages—and ladies!
 Oh! success, &c.

Somewhat too much of mirth and merriment—so up, up to yon floating fleecy cloud, and away to the Fall of Foyers. Here is solitude with a vengeance—stern, grim, dungeon solitude! How ghostlike those white skeleton pines, stripped of their rhind by tempest and lightning, and dead to the din of the raging cauldron! That cataract, if descending on a cathedral, would shatter down the pile into a million of fragments. But it meets the black foundations of the cliff, and flies up to the starless heaven in a storm of spray. We are drenched, as if leaning in a hurricane over the gunwale of a ship, rolling under bare poles through a heavy sea. The very solid globe of earth quakes through her entrails. The eye, reconciled to the darkness, now sees a glimmering and gloomy light—and lo, a bridge of a single arch hung across the chasm, just high enough to let through the triumphant torrent. Has some hill-loch burst its barriers? For what a world of waters comes now tumbling into the abyss! Niagara! hast thou a fiercer roar? Listen—and you think there are momentary pauses of the thunder, filled up with goblin groans! All the military music-bands of the army of Britain would here be dumb as mutes—Trumpet, Cymbal, and the Great Drum! There is a desperate temptation in the hubbub to leap into destruction. Water-horses and kelpies, keep stabled in your rock-stalls—for if you issue forth the river will sweep you down, before you have finished one neigh, to Castle Urquhart, and dash you, in a sheet of foam, to the top of her rocking battlements. A pretty place indeed for a lunar rainbow! But the moon has been swept from heaven, and no brightness may tinge the black firmament that midnight builds over the liquid thunder. What a glorious grave for the Last Man! A grave without a resurrection! Oh, Nature! Nature! art thou all in all?

—And is there no God! The astounded spirit shrinks from superstition into atheism—and all creeds are dashed into oblivion by the appalling roar. But a still small voice is heard within my heart—the voice of conscience—and its whispers shall be heard when all the waters of the earth are frozen into nothing, and earth itself shrivelled up like a scroll!

Our Planet has been all the while spinning along round the sun, and on its own axis, to the music of the spheres; and lo! the law of light has been obeyed by the rising morn. Night has carried off the thunder, and the freed spirit wonders, “can that be the Fall of Foyers?” We emerge, like a gay creature of the element, from the chasm, and wing our way up the glen towards the source of the cataract. In a few miles all is silent. A more peaceful place is not among all the mountains. The water-spout that had fallen during night has found its way into Lochness, and the torrent has subsided into a burn. What the trouts did with themselves in the “red jawing speat,” we are not naturalist enough to affirm, but we must suppose they have galleries running far into the banks, and corridors cut in the rocks, where they swim about in water without a gurgle, safe as golden and silver fishes in a glass-globe, on the table of my lady's boudoir. Not a fin on their backs has been injured—not a scale struck from their starry sides. There they leap in the sunshine among the burnished clouds of insects, that come floating along on the morning air from bush and bracken, the licheny cliff-stones, and the hollow-rhinded woods. How glad the union of hum and murmur! Brattle not away so, ye foolish lambs, for although unkilted, unplaided, and unplumed in any tartan array, we are nathless human beings. You never beheld any other Two-legs but Celts. Yet think not that Highlanders people the whole earth, any more—than they

fight and win all its battles. Croak—croak—croak!—Ay, that is the cry of blood—and yonder he sits—old Methusaleh the Raven—more cruel every century—the steel-spring sinews of his wings strengthened by the storms of years—and Time triumphing in the clutch of his iron talons. Could he fight the Eagle? Perhaps—but their ancestors made a treaty of peace, before the Christian era, and all the descendants of the high-contracting powers have kept it on the mountain's brow, and the brow of heaven.

A Shieling! There is but this one beautiful brake in the solitude, and there the shepherd has built his summer nest. That is no shepherd looking up to the eastern skies, for scarcely yet has the rosy dawn sobered into day—but Shepherdess, as lovely as ever trod Arcadian vale in the age of gold. The beauty may not be her own, for the very spirit of beauty overflows the solitary place, and may have settled, but for a morning hour, on the Highland maiden, apparelled after the fashion of her native hills. Yet, methinks that glowing head borrows not its lustre from the chance charity of the sky, but would shine thus starlike, were the mountain gloom to descend suddenly as night upon the shieling. Now she bounds up among the rocks! and lo! standing on a cliff, with her arm round the stem of a little birch tree, counts her flock feeding among dews and sunshine. The blackbird pipes his jocund hymn—for having wandered hither with his bride on a warm St Valentine's day from the woods of Foyers, the seclusion pleased them well, and they settled for a season in the brake, now endeared to them for sake of the procreant cradle in the hollow stump of the fallen ivied oak. The Shepherdess waits for a pause in his roundelay, and then trills an old glee-some Gaelic air, that may well silence the bird, as the clear, wild, harp-like notes tinkle through the calm, faintly answered by the echoes that seem just to be awakening from sleep.

And doth the Child not fear to live all alone by herself, night and day, in the Shieling? Hath she not even her little sister with her, now and then, to speak, and constantly to smile in the solitude? Can her father and mother send her fair innocence unshielded so far away from their own Hut? There is nothing to fear, and she fear-

eth not. The Fairies, whom from childhood she has heard of in sweet snatches of traditionary song, and whose green dresses she has herself uncertainly seen glinting through the hazles,—the Silent People are harmless as the shadows, and come and go by moonlight in reverence round the Christian's heather-bed. If grim shapes are in the mists and caverns, they cannot touch a hair of the head that has bowed down in morning or evening prayer, at the sacrifice of a humble heart. Even with her religion there blends a superstitious shade, coming from the same mysterious feelings, and she lays a twig of the birken spray within the leaves of her Bible. From human beings she has nought to dread, for sacred to every Highlander is the Shieling where his daughter or his sister may be singing through the summer-months her solitary song. On the Sabbath-day, too, she sits among her friends in the kirk, except when the mountain-torrents are swollen; and her friends, "by ones and twos," visit her for half a day, and take a cheerful farewell. One there is who dwells many a long league beyond the mountains, on the shore of a sea-loch, who, when the nights are hardly distinguished from the days, travels thither, and returns unknown but to their happy selves, for their love is a sinless secret buried in bliss. He takes her to his bosom during the midnight hush of the hills, as a brother would a sister, returning from the wars, and finding her an orphan. In those arms she careth not whether she wakes or sleeps, and sometimes on opening her eyes out of a suddenly dissolved dream, she sees that he has slept away, and starting to the door, watches his figure disappear over the summit of the well-known ridge—on no very distant trysting-day to return.

Here have we been for an hour at least hobbling up and down Prince's Street, with our eyes in a fine phrenzy rolling, in a gross mistake about the Dumfries Mail. The loungers have been gazing on us in wonder and fear, knowing our irascibility in our imaginative moods, and keeping, therefore, out of the wind of our crutch. While our old crazy body has indeed been moving to and fro, like an automaton, between the Mound and the Magazine, our soul, as you have seen,

has been taking her flight over flood and fell, and speaking Gaelic with the Sons of the Mist. Doubtless, the gouty old Don has been soundly belaboured by the laughter of the ice-cream-eating dandies that on the steps of Montgomery's shop most do congregate; but what was their windy suspiration of forced breath, the only satire within the range of their impotence, to one who was with the red deer on the bare mountain, or with the roe in the sylvan glen? But hark, the horn!—Ay, the driver recognizes our person, and pulls up before the pillars of the Grecian temple on that truly attic and artificial natural eminence, the Mound. A passing Lord of Session assists us to mount the box (our great-coat having kept that chosen seat for its master,)—all right, and off she goes at a spanking long trot, that, in little better than an hour, will carry us out of the county.

It may seem a very unromantic way of travelling into the ideal lands of the Imagination, on the top of a mail-coach; yet could not even a poet choose a more convenient and characteristic conveyance. Few sorts of wings could waft you with equal swiftness, certainty, and safety, away from those hideous lines of human dwellings called streets. How you exult in the greeting air of the hills, and eye disdainfully with retroverted glance the whole army of smoky chimneys, defiling afar off into one solid square! Behind, a dim, dull, dusky, dirty haze! Before, the true, unpolluted, celestial azure, beautiful as lover's dream of his own virgin's eyes on the morning of her bridal day! The very guard's bugle now speaks music to the echoes; and you bless the name of Adam in that of his son Mac, as his Majesty's most gracious Machine seems to spin self-impelled along the royal road both to Philosophy and Poetry.

We know not, at this moment, any other class of lieges so thoroughly amiable as mail-coach guards. What bold, yet civil eyes! How expressive the puffed-up cheek, when blowing a long line of carters into deflection! How elegant the attitude, when, strap-supported, he leans from behind over the polished roof, and joins in your conversation in front, with a brace of Bagmen! With what activity he descends to fix the drag! and how like a winged Mercury he re-ascends, when

the tits are at full gallop along the flat! See with what an air he flings kisses to every maiden that comes smiling to the cottage-door, at the due transit of the locomotive horologe! You would think he had wooed and won them all beneath the dewy milk-white thorn; yet these fleeting moments of bliss are all he has ever enjoyed, all he ever can enjoy—for, by the late regulations, you know mails go at the rate of nine knots an hour, stoppages included, so all such little love-affairs are innocent as in the days of gold, and before the invention of paper-money. The most bashful maiden, knowing that she is perfectly safe, flings towards the dickey her lavish return-kisses, and is seen squandering them, as if she had forgot that some should be kept for real use and sudden demand, on one, who at the next turn of the road is found faithless to the "love he has left behind him," and like another Joannes Secundus, bestowing his "Basia" on a new mistress—a work that thus steadily runs through a greater number of real editions, than any of the late "most important" ones of our worthy friend Mr Colburn.

If the day be a fine one—and the Bagmen facetious—it matters not much to us through what kind of a country we are trundled along—pastoral or agricultural—dank or drained—naked, woody, or with only here and there a single tree. It is the country—that is enough—the bosom of old mother earth, from which we grasshoppers sprung. What although mile upon mile of moor and moss lie before and around us, like a silent and sullen sea? Yet to our ears it is neither silent nor sullen. Like Fine-ear himself, in the tale, we hear the very grass growing—the very ground-bees buzzing among their first-formed combs in their cozy nests—the ants repairing the interior of their temple—the mole mining his way to the surface of the greensward, preceded by the alarmed worms—the tad-poles jerking in the ditch-waters, here as clear as any springs—the footsteps of the unseen lapwing on the lea—the rustle of the little leverets, close by their mother's side, hidden among the brackens! But we might go on thus for a whole sheet—so, suffice it to say, that during the occasional silence of the politico-economical Bagmen ceasing to dissert on

free trade, the whole resources of natural history are at our disposal, and we commune almost unconsciously with the reviving spirit of animated and inanimated nature.

Gentle reader! are you fond of roaming about the country by yourself, at some considerable distance from your domicile? We say at some considerable distance from your domicile; for to be familiarly known by all the men, women, and children you foregather with, is tiresome in the extreme, both to yourself and them, and almost disgusting. In such excursions, however made, on foot, filly, or fly, how pleasantly every object affects you, as you creep or canter by, without the smallest necessity for that painful process—ratiocination! The senses are indeed most admirable contrivances; and we cannot be sufficiently thankful for “the harvests of a quiet eye” or ear, reaped at her leisure by the Imagination! There is a cottage—you cannot help seeing its wreathing smoke, neither can you help descending the chimney, and plumping down into the midst of four laughing country girls, devouring soup or sowens. Only look at the gudewife—twelve feet in circumference, more or less, and a face that baffles all competition. After romping a moment—for it is all you can spare—with one of the four who has taken your fancy you know not how—perhaps by the stedfast gaze of her large hazel eyes swimming in delicious lustre—instead of taking your departure up the chimney, you vanish, generally, after the fashion of a Brownie—and find yourself once more sitting cheek by jowl, *in medio tutissimus*, of your two Bagmen.

There again, that wreath of smoke attracts your eye, wavering over a small coppice-wood, and betraying an unseen dwelling. Dove-like you wing your way thitherwards, and behold an aged couple sitting opposite to each other by the ingle, each in a high-backed arm-chair; while a small maiden is sewing in silence on her stool, exactly midway between, and never lifting her eyes from her pleasant task-work. Is she servant or grandchild, or both together? An indescribable likeness on her pretty small-featured infantine face, tells you that she is of the same humble line as the old people. But why so silent? She is listening to the story of Joseph sold by

his brethren into captivity. The Bible is on the old man's knees, and his spectacled eyes are fixed on the page, almost needlessly, for verse after verse rises of itself before his memory. The chapter is finished, and the child, wiping away a tear, lays by the kerchief she had been hemming, and trips away to the garden for dinner herbs, and with a pitcher to the well. The open daylight awakens a song in her gladdened heart, at the very moment the lark is leaving earth for sky; and flinging back her auburn ringlets, the joyful orphan watches the lessening bird, and all the while unconsciously accompanies with her own sweet pipe the ascending song.—But back to your own two Bagmen.

You cannot choose but see a nest-like Hut, embowered in birches, on the braeside, and stooping your head you cross the threshold. Not a mouse stirring! You look into a little back-room, with a window that shows but the blue sky, and there, sound asleep, beside her silent wheel, with her innocent face leaning on her shoulder, hands clasped on her lap, and her white unstockinged ankles dazzling the mud-floor—there sits the Gentle Shepherdess, unconscious of a hundred kisses on forehead, lips, and bosom. Oh! that you could read the creature's dream, written as it is in characters of light on that cloudless forehead! See, an old ballad has fallen from her hand—doubtless a tale of love. Ay, and although breathed, a hundred years ago, from the heart of a homely swain, who perhaps married a plain coarse lass, and became father of ever so many yelping imps of hungry children—a very clodhopper, who could not write his own name, and as for conversation, was never known to finish a sentence—a vulgar wretch, who shaved once a-week, and ate a furlot of meal every fortnight—and who played the fiddle occasionally, when the regular Apollo was drunk or dead, at fairs and kirns—ay, although framed by such a poet, yet tender and true to nature, and overflowing with the sad delight of his inspired soul. Contributor to all the Magazines but one! Author of various pieces in prose and verse! Inditer of Petrarchan sonnets and Sapphic songs! that *terre filius*, who has gone back to the dust without his fame, was dearer than ever thou wilt be to all the heaven-

ly Nine. They purified the clown's soul from all gross and earthly passions, and with their own breath fanned the spark of genius, that slumbered there, into a flame. Then flowed the sweet murmuring words—then came the pensive pauses—and then the bursts from the beating and burning heart. Nature knew it was Poetry—and she gave it to Time and Tradition to scatter over a thousand glens. How, pray ye, do you account for the caprice of genius, thus glorifying the low-born, low-bred peasant—and why should low birth, and low breeding, in cottage, hut, or shieling, be thus made beautiful by the light of undying song? But the solitary maiden awakes and takes you for a robber—so up again, my dear sir, up again to your Bagmen.

In short, you keep repeating the same process, with variations, all the stage, and by the time you arrive at the inn, you have made yourself thoroughly acquainted with all the real or imaginary domestic economy and private histories of all the families in three successive parishes, from the sexton to Sir John Haveril—himself of that ilk.

In like manner you become enlightened, whether you will or no, by merely keeping your eyes open in your head, on the state of agriculture. Stone walls, where no stone walls should be, or tumbling down in rickels and gaps; open gates, with broken bars that would not turn a tinkler's cuddy; wide weedy ditches, full of frogs and foliage; burweeds thick-set in every pasture field, as a congregation at a tent-preaching; thistles six feet to the grenadiers, and five feet eight inches to the light-infantry, and Matthew Brambles, through whom many a sheep has become a prey to the ravens, are seen by your eyes in spite of your teeth, and your mind passes judgment for you on the stupidity or laziness of the tenant, who, you see, is behind with his rent, and has orders to quit at Mayday. Or, hedgerows here and there, with a princely elm or oak, all clean as those round a garden, and easily-shifted hurdles dividing the smiling fields into temporary enclosures—and padlocked gates defying the cunning of stray horses, or the carelessness of wandering lovers—and compost heaps, on which may the hind's spring-spade not disturb the

nest of the water-wagtail—and old lea-riggs, whose bright verdure is embroidered with the glowing gowans; and downy brairds, that in three weeks will be bearded barley; and a general character of permanent and principled well-doing over all the beautiful farm. Every field holds forth for itself, in a style of rich or simple eloquence. The great principle of rotation evolves itself to the very senses visibly among the crops. The potatoe-field speaks for itself, with the true Irish accent; and wheat reminds you of the blades of Cockaigne. You turn round upon the Bagmen, and are so copious on agricultural produce, that the one takes you for Sir John Sinclair, and the other for Mr Coke of Holkham.

Or, if you are like us, not only a politician and a philosopher, but also a painter and a poet, why, what hinders you all the while the mail is at nine knots, to leap down into yonder glen, on whose brink, three hundred feet high of chasmed cliffs frowns, or rather say smiles, so green is the ivy on one rounded corner, and so red the wall-flower on the sharp edges of the other, and so bright the sunshine over all the revived walls—a Castle so old that tradition has forsaken its donjon-keep, nor could Jonathan Oldbuck himself tell the tale of the spurs and dagger dug up along with the great yellow bones!—sketch the old Castle—and bring away, if not in your paper-book, in your astounded spirit, that grim, black, groaning abyss, into which sullenly descends the waterfall! Tumble in there, my boy, head over heels, and thenceforth you will be invisible as the merit of the last damned tragedy. But you shan't be hissed—unless in your descent, reverberating the slimy rock walls, you enrage a nest of owls—or irritate a surly old bat, taking a cool nap beneath the portico of his cavern. It is a gross mistake to dream that the river in flood will drive your mangled corse down to the low-lying lands, where being picked up, it may be conveyed to the Modern Athens for Christian burial. We tell you, for the second time, your corse will never be seen on this side of eternity—for at the bottom of that huge rock, that rises like a steeple from the channel to the Castle's foundation, time and the torrent have scooped out a catacomb, from which there is no

egress, for a fierce gurgle of foam shuts up its mouth like a stone, and secures all the skeletons! So up, if you be wise, between the Bagmen.

You observe we have a pannier on our shoulder, and a fishing-rod in its numerous pieces, not unlike the Roman fasces. You must know that we are on the way to the Crook-Inn in Tweedsmuir. Ostensibly, we are going to angle; but the truth is, that that is almost a pretence. An elderly gentleman, ever since Dr Johnson's verses, looks absurd in his hat and wig by the side of a murmuring stream; so we have mounted a foraging-cap, and let our few silver hairs take their chance in this genial weather. With our angle in our hand, we shall be able to dauner down the streams, without awakening suspicions of sanity or suicide in the minds of the shepherds; and not improbably we may kill, without intending it, a glowing, golden, starry-sided Prince of the Pool, who has reigned a lustrum over a populous empire of trouts and minnows.

We have lost somewhat of our enthusiasm even in the "angler's silent trade," and never hope to fill our pannier to the very lid again in this world. Ours, indeed, is now "the sober certainty of waking bliss," in all the pursuits of this life. But we envy not in others those eager transports which we never more can share. We remember the days of our youth, and are grateful. No rushing down now, with breathless anxiety, to the water side, to see with our own eyes if it be indeed in trim for the delicate gossamer midge-fly tackle. No desire to murder any previous angler in the very act of landing a giant on the shelving sand of our favourite and unfailing pool. No strict compact to fish stream and stream about; no proposal made in bitterness of rivalry, to toss up for precedence, down the bright, beautiful, breezy Tweed, murmuring along through the lights and shadows. No wading to the arm-pits, or swimming to the opposite bank from which alone we could command the certain eddy at the head of the Saugh Linn. No—no—no! Then we were young Charles Cotton—but now we are old Isaac Walton. We now put our rod together by the water-edge, as composedly as if exhibiting its taper longitude to admiring children in our parlour. We draw the reel-line through the rings, one after one, as solemnly as

if moralizing on the thread of life, so apt, with all possible preservation, to get rotten, or to snap in its strength. And after we have got all ready, and the deadly red spinner, or March brown, or Phin's delight—is circling the air about to descend on the curl, would 'you believe it, we have grown so fastidious, that not one pool in a dozen will we condescend to try, and only drop in our tail-fly, as light as a snow-flake, above the dimple made by the pig-like snout of a four-pounder that we have doomed to death. And when we lay him gasping on the gravel—no keen exultation, no fervent triumph! We regard him with serious eyes, and almost wonder, with a slight self-upbraiding, why we could not have left him for another year to enjoy the murmurs of his native linn, and salmon-like, fling himself in sport among the spray-rainbows of the waterfall.

"The Tweed, the Tweed, be blessings on the Tweed!" Bagmen, behold the Tweed! It issues from the blue mist of yonder mountain, *Scottice* Erickstane. The very wheels of the mill—the axle himself, is loath to disturb the liquid murmur. That sound—call it a noise—for it is brawling jocosely—is from some scores of tiny waterfalls, up among the braes, all joining, like children's voices the leader of an anthem, the clear strong tenor of the Tweed. A blind man, with a musical ear, might almost be said to see the river. Yonder it is—one bright gleam, like that of a little tarn; but a cloud has been passing, and the gleam disappearing, there you behold at once a quarter of a mile of stream, pool and shallow—cattle grazing on the holms—sheep dotting the hills,—over yonder grove, too distant to be heard, the circling flight of rooks, and tending thitherward a pair of herons, seemingly unmindful of this lower world, yet both crammed as full as they can fly with fishes from the moor-lochs—more easily caught perhaps by the silent watchers than the stream trouts; or rather do not herons prefer such angling, because Guems-hope is a lonesome loch, and they have it all to themselves—their own silent preserve?

But lo! the Crook Inn, and we must say, "farewell," to guard and bagmen. The former assists us, even as if he were a son of our own, down

with our gouty foot on the rim of the wheel, and then, tenderly carried beneath his arm, deposits us safely on *terra firma*. Why, our crutch is now altogether unnecessary. Our toe is painless as if made of timber, yet as steel elastic. Gout, who certainly mounted the mail with us in Prince's Street, has fallen off the roof. Well, this perfect freedom from the shadow of a twinge, is to us as "refreshing" as a pretty new poem to Mr Jeffrey. No more of that revolutionary, constitution-shaking, radical, French eau-medicinal. A few gulps of Tweedsmuir air have made us quite a young elderly gentleman. There, landlord, give our crutch to Bauldy Brydon, the lameter; and, hang it, if we don't challenge the flying tailor himself to a hop-step-and-jump match in the meadows. There, "right—left—right—left"—that's the way we used to march thirty years ago, when we raised a regiment of our own in defence of Liberty and Law, and even now we take it not amiss, civilian as we are, to be called—Colonel.

We were beginning to like both Bagmen. For a few miles out of Edinburgh, they were nothing short of offensive—so rich their unspirited southern slang, that bespoke them true subjects to their liege lord, the King of Cockney-land. Their long loud laugh, how coarse and sensual! How full of pus the pruriency of their imaginations! Their sensations how gorged—in what state of starvation their ideas! The one was the Wit, the other the Man of Information. Then they had been at Bolton, and attempted trotting, but they soon ran dry; and after an hour and twenty minutes exhibition and exhaustion, both together were not a match for the twelfth milestone. Nevertheless, we saw them wheeling away for ever from our range of vision, with feelings of the slightest, but most unaffected sadness. Nor were they unmoved. About Pennicuik they had discovered, that, notwithstanding the comeliness of our green old age, we were somewhat of an ugly customer to all Cockneys; and they drew in their horns as quickly as the guard does his after a turnpike opening Tantarra. About Nine-mile-end, one of them hesitatingly proffered a pinch, apologizing for the device on the lid of a papier-machè snuff-box, conceived in the true Gallic grossness; and at Whitburn the other (who said he knew Tims)

handed us up a glass of negus, with a kindly expression of countenance that disarmed all criticism on the pug nose it illuminated. Therefore we felt our hearts warm towards both Bagmen; and should this meet their eyes, let it be taken as an acknowledgment of the pleasure we received from their sprightly conversation, and especially from their duet, so extemporaneously chaunted on our first catching a view of the Tweed—

"Gee ho, Dobbin, Hey ho, Dobbin," till the solitary Tower of Polmood sent his echo from the hill, and the Genius of the river hoped the restoration of the days of chivalry.

The kind greeting between an annual customer and a pair of way-side innkeepers, male and female, is with us one of the very best of the small cordialities. Suppose that over, and Mr Christopher North shown to his parlour, with many assurances that he looks younger and younger every year. Why may not that be the truth after all? After the voyager of life has sailed through the grand climacteric, and gets into the fine open Pacific sea—he downs with his storm-jib, and hoists all his fair-weather canvass. He also shows his colours, and now and then fires a gun to bring to any brigantine about his own tonnage and weight of metal. Accordingly we believe that we look much more dangerous—and indeed not only look, but are so—than your full-cheeked, thick-calved, bolt-upright, broad-shouldered bachelors of about forty. Were we young girls, we should become loath-sick of such Lotharios, who have lost the loveliness of youth, without having gained the venerability of age. Thirty miles on the outside of the mail is a whetter; and dinner, we confess, is to us the Meal of Meals. The bare mutton shoulder-blade has been thrown to the colleys—the cheese has been sent for by a traveller from Moffat, with his compliments to Mr North courteously returned—and one single bottle of as fine old port as you could elicit even from the cellars of Brougham and Anderson, having been discussed by us, all except three glasses for our bolster-cup—pray how are we to pass the evening? Thank Heaven for all its blessings—and for none more, than that, when free from the pressure of life's heavier calamities, never once,

during the memory of threescore years, has one evening hung upon us ponderous or protracted! Enough to amuse our vacant, and to sober our thoughtful mind, to hear the house-clock ticking when all but ourselves were asleep; and often have we, before going unchambermaided to bed, stood holding up the candle, burned down nearly to the socket, to the mysterious face of the Time-teller, with his long sweeping hand, and his short one so sure and steady, awe-struck in our travelling Kilmarnock nightcap, at the tick—tick—tick reminding us momentarily that we were one—two—three steps farther advanced on the road to eternity.

A single blockhead, or even a batch of blockheads, would be miserable at the Crook Inn. There is no stir on the road to stare at—two or three chaises, perhaps, at the utmost, during a whole day at this season; and now and then a farmer, jogging by with—it may be—his wife behind him on a pillion. Nothing to look at but green hills—a few flat potato-fields, covered with pyramids of dung, and a river—name by blockhead unknown and unasked—with a din more wearisome and monotonous than a hurdy-gurdy. But, reader, neither you nor we are a blockhead; so, happy could we be together, or apart, with the “Crook in our lot,” all a summer’s day; for who, with a heart and a soul tolerably at ease within him, could fail to be happy, hearing, as we do now, the voice of the Tweed, singing his pensive twilight song to the few faint stars that have become visible in heaven?

Let us dauner away, then, along to the banks of the Tweed—and if the dews be not too heavy, lie down, like one of the other resting and ruminating creatures, on the close-nibbled braes. A contemplative man looks well, with arms folded, eyes now searching for stones, and now for stars, footsteps slow as if the drag had been put on,—and ever and anon a pensive philosophic sigh;—but as there are now no immediate spectators but about a dozen cows, and one old ram, who seems meditating a charge of horning, we shall not cross the runlet that separates us from Mr Wooler,—in this case no black or yellow Dwarf, we assure you,—but shall take the chair, an accidental armed one, framed in a freak by that most fan-

tastic of cabinet-makers, Chance; and as the evening is now warm, and we “have ta’en our auld cloak about us,” it matters little if we should even fall asleep. Ay, there now are a hundred suddenly-lighted candles—but there is no fear of their setting fire to the curtains—the beautiful blue-hanging curtains, lately edged with gold, but now with cloud-fringes, pure as the silver or the snow.

Nothing is farther from our thoughts than the wish to be poetical; yet who can escape being so Scott-free, when walking alone by Tweedside, under one of the most beautiful of April night-skies? There is no silence, except where there is sound. Silence is an active power, when overcoming sound, as it does when the continual calm contest is carrying on in the solitude of the hills. The louder the voice of the stream, the deeper the sleep of the air! nothing can awaken it till morning melt the dream. Should a distant dog bark, hunting by himself on the hill, or disturbed, perhaps, by the foot of some strange shepherd, visiting his Peggy when the household are asleep, how the faint far-off echoes give power to the brooding calm! Wearied labour is everywhere thankfully at rest; and love, and joy, and youth, alone are wakeful. No wonder that poets glorified the glimpses of the moon, and, long before science was born, named, and arranged, and localized the stars. So sayeth Kit North, beadsman of Tweedside.

Does that man exist who is not, in some degree, the slave of the senses? Breathes there the man, with soul so alive, that he can bring night upon himself during day, day during night, to the utter extinction of sun, moon, and stars? No. Something external must touch the spirit, to vivify her visions. The Swiss must hear the cow-song before he pines himself away in the malady of his mountains. The sailor who, when circumnavigating the globe, wept at the sight of a pewter spoon with the mark “London” upon it, had not wept at the often-repeated name, however dear the distant shore. And, to come nearer home, who can, sitting by his fireside in town, so envelope himself in imagination, as to walk in moonlight, tender as the true, by the glittering sound of streams, murmuring absolutely out of and along the green pory earth? Place a human

being in a scene he has loved, and a million congregating feelings and fancies will convince him how weak is the creative power of the unassisted soul over its own spiritualities;—a remembered stream is unsubstantial as the air—the remembered air, a void. But the streams the eye sees, and the ear hears, murmur, and glide, and glitter with recollections. The past is as the present, and the gazer and listener is born again, and extends the wings of his youth, as if in an atmosphere that knew not the deadening attraction of the earth. At such times, and in such places, all men are poets, and feel that the real world is as nothing, or rather, but the frame-work of the world of imagination.

It would puzzle us to tell why the Tweed is to us the dearest of all the streams of Scotland. Our father's house stood not on its banks, nor on them played our infancy nor our boyhood. Perhaps we are thus able to love it with that unregretful and impassionate affection, without which the human spirit cannot find happiness in nature. Oh! there are places on this earth that we shudder to revisit even in a waking dream, beneath the meridian sunshine. They are haunted by images too beautiful to be endured, and the pangs are dismal that clutch the heart, when approaching their bewildering boundaries! for there it was that we roamed in the glorious novelty of nature, when we were innocent and uncorrupted. There it was that we lived in a world without shadows, almost without tears; and after grief and guilt have made visitations to the soul, she looks back in agony to those blissful regions of time and space, when she lived in Paradise. Nor are any flaming swords, in the hands of cherubim, needed to guard the gates, through which she dares not, if flung wide open, now to enter, in the abasement of her despair. Therefore she takes refuge in the dim and obscure light of common day, and seeks scenery not so mournfully haunted by the ghosts of thoughts that glorified the dawn of her prime.

Who has not felt something of this, although the forms round which the memory of his boyhood clings, may, in his particular case, be different? But, reader, if thy early footsteps were free and unconfined over the beautiful bosom of the rejoicing earth, thou wilt

understand the passion that the dream of some one solitary spot may inspire, rising suddenly up from oblivion in all its primeval loveliness, and making a silent appeal to thy troubled heart, in behalf of innocence vanished long ago, and for ever! From the image of such spots you start away, half in love half in fear, as from the visionary spectre of some dear friend dead and buried, far beyond seas in a foreign country. Such power as this may there be in the little moorland rill, oozing from the birchen brae—in some one of its fairy pools, that, in your lonely angling-days, seemed to you more especially delightful, as it swept sparkling and singing through the verdant wilderness—in some one deep streamless dell among a hundred, too insignificant to have received any name from the shepherds, but first discovered and enjoyed by you, when the soul within you was bright with the stirred fire of young existence—in some sheltered retired nook, whither all the vernal hill-flowers had seemed to flock, both for shadow and sunshine—in some greenest glade, far within the wood's heart, on which you had lain listening the cushat crooning in his yew-grove—ay, in one and all of such places, and a thousand more, you feel that a power for ever dwells omnipotent over your spirit, adorned, expanded, strengthened, although it may now be, with knowledge and science,—a power extinguishing all present objects, and all their accompanying thoughts and emotions, in the inexpressibly pensive light of those blissful days, when time and space were both bounded to a point by the perfect joy of the soul that existed in that now, happier than any angel in heaven.

We know that there is one very short and simple way of breaking all such delusions; and that is, to go in person to the scenes that inspire them, and all our imaginative griefs and regrets will, it is said and sung, be changed at once into contemptuous laughter. We have, in one or two instances, made the experiment, but the effect was not answerable to our expectation. True, that all things were less, both in bulk and beauty, than we had believed; but that very discovery aggravated our sorrow for the days that were gone. The lady-fern was still pretty; but in those days, a lady-fern grove was a fairy

forest, and the insects that hung or sported there, in their gorgeous hues, hardly seemed to belong to our world. Wild flowers there still were in abundance; but in those days they so enamelled the sward, that we feared to tread among the profusion, and spared the sacred wilderness of sweets, overcome by the sudden sense of their rare and wonderful beauty. We recognized the burn-braes to be the same we had loved of yore; but the few bunches of wall-flowers, growing here and there among the gravelly soil, looked stunted and disconsolate, all unlike to that glorious glow that dazzled our eyes when angling along the rapids, and that brought before our imagination the old ruined Castle from which the seeds had been blown. The windings of the Yearn were romantic still, but the liquid labyrinths had lost their pleasant perplexities, and the small tufted islets amidst the broader streams or pools, once to our eyes so romantic, were only heaps of sand and weeds, whirled by eddies into a temporary obstruction to the waterflow. But enough was still there to justify our boyish spirit in all its blissful dreams—to justify it, did we say? Ay, to prove its heavenly power of transmutation and adornment, now that heavenly power was lost for ever, nor perhaps its place worthily supplied. We looked on a little angler, leaping from stone to stone, as we used to do of old; and sighed to know that the simple boy lived in such visions as we at his age had lived in too, but which now all melted away before the eyes of the understanding, and could no more be viewed by us now than the filmy ghosts of the dead.

But, oh! feeling and imaginative reader,—for such thou art, else had thine eyes already drowzed over these pages,—a sadder sorrow still it is, to summon up courage to revisit some darling den of our youthhead, and find it utterly demolished, and for ever swept away from the very face of the earth! Why all this murderous and exterminating spirit of change? The ancient moss, with its heather head-high, and wide steep hags, that the poled hunter could not overleap, is now drained, and limed, and ploughed, and clothed with the ragged nakedness of blighted barley. In a few years it will fall back into a desert, but never into the shaggy wilderness it once was,

where the red and black cattle brouzed the spots of herbage, and sheltered among the bent from the deluge of the thunder-storm. You look in vain for the beautiful moor on which you chased the whirring dragon-fly, or lay couched for hours to get a shot at the curlew, when,—lo! and behold, a pack of grouse alighted within ten yards of your muzzle, and you let fly among them, without injuring one feather of all the plumage. Or you will revisit the *ROOKAN*, loneliest of lanns that ever sounded in the solitary silence of nature! In days of yore, the loneliness was almost too profound for your beating heart; no living thing to be seen, but the water-ouzel flitting along the rocks, or, as he rested a moment on a stone, turning towards you his white breast, and then dropping into the water. Sometimes, indeed, when the spring evening was warm, a little before sunset, the grey-lintie came, as if to freshen his plumage in the spray melting over the woods that covered the waterfall, and sang for his own delight a hasty carol, impatient of his nest in the neighbouring broom-brae. Behold now a paper-mill—no, not a paper-mill—for that an editor might force himself to forgive for the dear sake of thirty guineas for every sheet from his own quill; but—a bobbin-mill! yes, a bobbin-mill. Perhaps you know not what a bobbin-mill is; then remain ignorant for ever. Suffice it to say, one has destroyed the *ROOKAN*!

But let the *ROOKAN* be destroyed; so that one Glen, not many miles from it, but whose name shall by our lips be breathed never, remain unviolated, nor the dryads ever be scared from the deepening umbrage of its hallowed woods. What is mere boy-love, but a moonlight dream? Who would weep—who would not laugh, over the catastrophe of such a bloodless tragedy? No one so heartily as sweet Sixteen herself, when told by her mamma that she must say, No, to the amorous young gentleman, with a ribbon round his shirt-collar, or haply with an open frill. In another year she marries a man of thirty, who has to shave twice a-day; and Adonis, who is now at Oxford, and a Christ-Church man, reads the marriage-advertisement in the obituary of Blackwood's Magazine, and knowingly chuckles at the reminiscences of all the sentimentalities that passed between Miss Louisa and self,

"when she came to the bower he had shaded for her," and therein breathed vows of eternal devotion—vows pure, fragrant, and fleeting as the evening dew, that bathed her raven tresses as they floated over the snow-drifts of her bosom. All that is a farce, whether in one or three acts. But love-affairs, when the lovers are full-grown men and women, although perhaps twenty years have not passed over either of their heads, are at least tragi-comedies, and sometimes tragedies; closing, if not in blood—although that, too, when the fates are angry—yet in clouds that darken all future life,—and that now and then lose their sullen blackness only when dissolving, through the transient sunshine, in a shower of tears!

Therefore, hail to the gloomy but ever glorious Glen, in which, many many long and short years ago, we met the Lady of our love! Reader, we told you in our "Birds," (see No. CIX.) of our first boy-passion for the Maid of the Mill; and we asked the winds of heaven to waft the tears from our old eyes, to bedew the primroses smiling on her unforgotten grave. But we speak now of the passion that came suddenly against the heart of manhood, and having stormed the citadel, put the whole garrison to the sword. Ay, there was havoc there—and carnage! Let prim people pertly prate about a ruling passion, and versify it into sickly sonnets and queasy quatrains. While our ruling passion reigned; while of it, it might have been said, "*bacchatur in aulis*," all others fled or perished. Every sunrise, and every sunset, for two months of the celestial summer of 17—7, we beheld her by appointment, and it was kept by her as duly as the angels keep theirs who move the spheres of heaven, floating down the glen towards the arbour that nature embowered for love. Light, music, and fragrance, she came softly into our trembling arms; and at the touch of her cheek on ours, fled the whole visible and audible world. There were no vows of eternal love, for such vows betray a lurking fear that there may be—an end of the insupportable bliss! Our love we felt to be immortal, as we gazed on the rising or setting sunlight, and to be prolonged, in every embrace, into the regions of a future life. My wife was an orphan. Wife, said I—

Oh! blot out the word with rueful with bloody tears! For two years of absence and of distance brought a strange, dim, misty haze over the fires—supposed unquenchable—of our hearts; then came suspicion, distrust, wrathful jealousy, and stone-eyed despair! Some fiend of the air had, with leer malign, seen us in the Bower of Paradise, and soon as we were, for a short season, as we thought, apart—he breathed poison into both our hearts, and changed, at last, our love into hatred! Oh! that "hatred" is a hideous and an ugly word, and never, never surely could with truth be inflicted on us who had lain so often in one another's arms—bosom to bosom in the bower of sighs! Yet, "what is writ is writ," and if the senseless letters must remain, let tears of mutual penitence, contrition, and remorse, blot out all disastrous frailty from our long-pacified and forgiving hearts! Wife of mine was she never—but one hour, when, all unknown to her, I was within a hundred yards of the church, (the marriage was in England,) she became a bride. One of those accursed rings, that are cast in millions by imps swarming round an infernal furnace, and purchased in the gross by that great merchant, both in the home and foreign market, Mammon, and then retailed by small devils of dealers all over Christendom, as avowed agents of the Pseudo-Hymen, was forced upon that delicate finger, whose shape I knew so well, and whose warm snow melted not beneath my kisses, although they were kisses of the burning flame. Out she issued from the church-porch, blushing, yet pale as death whenever the blush passed away, (and often did it come and go between porch and gate,) and drowned, quite drowned, in tears! The beast her husband allowed her powerless arm to lie within his, with no more apparent emotion in his face, except something like a poor paltry pride, than if that arm, through whose blue veinery flowed and reflowed blood as pure as the celestial ichor in an angel's wings, had belonged to a lay-figure, propped up against the wall as a model for a portrait painter to work by, when forging a lie for a fast-aging maiden who had missed the money and the marriage market, in her native land, and was about to send her Eidolon, as her forerunner, to India.

Her lips were not wont to be so cold and white when kissed in that glen-bower ; not so moveless and bustlike her bosom. Tears were shed then, too, but they glittered brighter than any jewels the poor sick bride will ever wear, and she smiled as she shook them from her soul-searching eyes over my neck and breast. Were all those our passionate endearments and dying embraces forgotten ? Or came they now like a blight over her beauty—bliss I will not say, for bliss there was none—and withered the rose on the very day it was to be gathered by a man without a soul ? Yet, perhaps the holy service had quelled all memory of our past, and I was nearly forgotten. Better, better far if it were so—for although we had loved, dangerously and desperately loved, yet carried she to the bridal bed a frame as pure as the sweet-smelling violet, a spirit as innocent as the new-born dawn.

A few sentences back I called the bridegroom a beast. Now the truth is, and the truth I will speak, and shame the devil, that he was a remarkably good-looking—nay, tall, handsome man, and had been an officer of dragoons. He was, as far as I could judge, just about as proper a man as myself, and would have fought about thirteen stone. So far from being indifferent to his bride, he passionately loved, and piously adored her ; but he had a stiff, cold, proud air of his own—being of an old, rich, and almost noble Yorkshire family, and still smacking of the Life-Guardsman. Had I been an Italian, that night had a bravo stood with his stiletto between him and her virgin body, and pierced heart, spine, or jugular. As a Scotsman, and with some of the best blood of Scotland in my veins, oh ! that I could have stood with my hair-trigger before him, at twelve tidy paces, and a ball through his boiling heart would have made him bounce, like a buck, ten feet right on end up into the sunny air of his wedding day ! Or, how pretty had it been to dally for a few passes, and then, unparryable as the Chevalier St George, to pierce through heart and back, with twenty light, airy, invisible and deadly touches, letting out life without spilling an ounce of his amorous blood ! How sweet to my satisfied soul would have been that inward bleeding, speedy singultus, and then

with one inelegant convulsive sprawl over upon his back, sudden stone-death ! Curse him—yes, let my curses go back, like a jaunting car, when the harness has been broken, rumbling down hill, edged on both sides with precipices—Vain and needless mockery of execration—I had another and a better revenge.

Well, out of the church-gate they went, into a carriage, no doubt finely pannelled and beplastered with West-Riding heraldry, and, as I shall be sworn, drawn by four bright chesnuds, and driven by an absurd, fat, broad and red-faced hereditary coachee, bred in that most ancient house, with a woollen wig, gloriously frizzled, and a cocked hat that shone with the beaten gold. God knows why I should have been so much engrossed as I certainly must have been, by Jehu the son of Nimshi. But I remember perfectly his *tout ensemble*, and the prodigious white rose fastened to his single-breasted, many-buttoned coat. Off the marriage party drove ; and going to a mirror, I looked in upon a gentleman, rather taken by surprise, with his cheeks of the colour and clamminess of grave-stones, eyes fixed as those of a somnambulist, and groaning through the glass till I shuddered to feel as if the long, low, quivering agony were venting itself in night-mare shrieks within my own heart ! Whenever I lifted up a razor, and whetted the edge on the palm of my hand, the ghost in the glass did the same—whenever I laughed, he laughed—and perhaps the blood had spouted from both our throats, as if they had had but one jugular between them—when a soft, sweet voice said, “ Sir, my mammy bid me tell you there are prayers in the church to-day ; ” and looking round, I saw my poor widow landlady’s only daughter, “ a child of beauty rare,” and her timid smile so sunk into and restored my heart, that I took her by the hand, and walked away with her and her mother to the afternoon service. I looked at the altar, where two hours before had been performed that impious mockery of marriage, and knew that for me, the sun of life was eclipsed for ever.

Oh, dear me ! as the children say, this is an old story, nor would I have told it now, had I thought it would have proved so long a one ; yet it

must be told out, for without a catastrophe, a story, especially a true one, is like a knotless thread. Well, the Baronet—for he had a title—and a small one is better than none, and ought to be acted on throughout all the minutiae of its rights and privileges—made for several years a most excellent and exemplary husband—and that year he was High Sheriff, his lady, although very thin and very pale, was the most beautiful by far of all the beauties in the Assize Ball-room. But what will you think when you are told that about a month before the Baronet had headed his javelin men, he had found a huge bundle of love-letters in the secret drawers of his wife's cabinet? There's a Diana for you!—the mother, too, of three dead children—for all her children died—and pretty creatures must they have been, especially her first-born, who faded away in her fifth summer—the others were never more than mere crying babes. He was so unpolite—so mean, if you choose to call it so—as to read them all, one after the other, over and over, twenty and forty times, from the “my beloved and beautiful Glendoveer,” (a creature of the element in oriental climes, and here put poetice for my dearest Jane,) down to “yours till death and burial,” C. N. inclusive! Yes, C. N. the very signature that you saw t'other month appended to that unpardonable Preface. She had not had heart to burn the letters that I used to put with my own hand into her bosom, silently breathing thoughts that I dared not utter. Words were there that by no husband could be borne, although, when they were written, his base existence and illustrious name were to us both unknown. Not unaccompanied with kisses had been words such as these—nor would the hand have dared to indite them, that had not embraced the bosom to which they were poured forth in the exulting yet reverential language of liege and loyal love. Our attachment had been no secret to him; but till that fatal moment, when he pulled out a little tiny drawer in an ivory-studded bijoux, which seemed contrived only for holding thimbles and netting-rods, but was full of the smouldering fires of ungovernable passion—he knew not that such feelings had ever been below the sun. But now he knew that they had been inspired by,

and breathed back in return into that bosom, which, however it may have heaved of yore in tumultuous passion, had ever been to him, cold almost and insensate as the beautiful marble bosom of an image lying on a tomb.

The Baronet had been High-Sheriff, and as ambition will be mounting, he must needs be Member of Parliament—not exactly one of the county members—for others were Yorkshire too—but for a borough. But the Whig interest was overbought by the bills of a Jew broker, and the Baronet was a ruined man. Many a better and many a worse man have shot themselves, as he did, before and since; yet the event was one of the most unexpected of the kind that had occurred in that part of the county for a good many years, and did not fail to be spoken of with some regret for several weeks. I cannot with truth say, that, on the first hearing, it made much impression upon me; but in about an hour or so, my whole soul underwent the nature of a revolution.

She is free from fetters now, I exclaimed to myself, and I will cherish her yet in my heart of hearts. For her sake, and she knows it well, have I been a wanderer over the face of the earth. For her sake have I been alone in the world, a moody man, with blasted hopes, and shunned even by my blood relations (poor devils!) as a misanthrope. One hour in each other's arms—not with the same transports as in the glen-bower, but in sober, pensive, pathetic, and melancholy bliss, and all ungentle thoughts will dissolve away in our tears—and the love, the sorely faded, but still the same love of other years, return. Give me but that silken head once more meekly rested on my breast, and all my errors—all my frailties—all my follies—all my sins—will be forgiven by one dewy glance of those uplifted eyes, and the earth will be again a garden of Eden, although somewhat tarnished the hues and deadened the odours of the flowers of happiness!

Oh! little, little during that insane hour, did I know either of mine own or that lady's heart! The vain dream dissolved, and I felt that I loved her no more. She had loved another! no—that never could have been—that never was—for I have her own word for it, and she was ever the soul of truth, then surely when lying on the

bed of death. But she had lain in his bosom—had borne him children—and loved them living and dead, partly for his sake ! Not, at least, for mine—no—hell and furies—not for mine !—for the traitress had broken our vows, and in punishment that was sent from a just heaven, had seen child after child in its death-clothes. 'Twas well that the imps—all of them probably, boys and girls alike, with the father's peculiar expression—never a pleasant one, even when he was pleased—had all been put out of sight ; and what matters it that an old Yorkshire family, in the West Riding, should be no more ? For distinguished, there is something laughable in the substitution of the word extinguished—"alike, but oh ! how different !"

In about half a year after her husband's suicide, I had a letter from her, saying that she was dying, and wished to see me. I went, and she died in my arms. Her last embrace was of the kind fittest for us both—and if heaven's gates were shut against her, all the generations of man are, and will for ever be, buried in unrising dust !

Thirty years, or nearly so, have fled since that farewell. But never once—although several times I have ventured within a mile of it—have I visited the Glen. I could as easily visit her grave. Perhaps I may yet do both. She was buried in a vault, which ought not to have been, for her grave should have been free to the flowers and the sunbeams. But, methinks, the huge massy gate will fall back on its rusty hinges, if I but hold out my hand—and as for the Glen-Bower, may it be in latest autumn that I revisit it—one long, silent, divine gaze, and then, like the sere and yellow leaf, may my life be whirled away into the unknown world !

Now, dear reader, but somewhat perhaps too credulous, what assurance can you possibly have that all this fine pathetic tale is not one of the most unprovoked lies that was ever uttered by the editor of a periodical publication ? Nothing at once so easy and so delightful, in this poetical and imaginative age, as to tell lies by the hour,—nothing at once so difficult and distressful, as to speak truth by the minute. We cannot think, that under such circumstances, the truth ought always to be told. In our opinion, the

truth ought seldom or never to be told, for then it becomes as dull and tedious as a thrice-repeated tale. Utter a small gold coin of truth now and then, and you will be amazed how slowly it circulates. Try a paper-falsehood, and it passes current in countries where they will not look at that of a bank, with one dead and one sleeping partner. Now, if every syllable of the above pathos be a fiction, what worse are we than Shakspeare, or Byron, or Scott ? We cannot help thinking that there is some truth in it ; but we confess that one thing we concealed. But now we shall out with it—it was current at the time that OUR MARRIAGE WAS OFF, BECAUSE WE SPLIT UPON SETTLEMENTS !

Many a sincere and passionate attachment in real life has had such undignified ending, and is it not real life that the rational critics are now constantly demanding, with all its outlines defined against the self-same firmament that rains, and blows, and thunders, and lightens, and under the name of atmosphere has various qualities of its character indicated by thermometers and barometers ? We have given you real life, and how do you like it ? Does it come too near home ? Would trustees not allow you to lay your great, wide, filthy paw on the whole of the simple young creature's patrimony, settling it all (not a life-rent merely) upon yourself, in case of her dying childless ? Yes—*dying childless* ! And these shocking words you see inserted with your own eyes, on the morning of your marriage-day ! Really, real life is a very mean and odious thing—we fear, that however high it may be, it is low—and that that writer would imitate humanity most abominably, who exhibited it bare-faced, bare-bosomed, and with the window in the breast wide open, uncanvassed and uncurtained, for the inspection of every street-passenger. Truth should be like gin-twist, half and half. Too much diluted with the waters of fiction, it is weak and wersh, and apt to turn the stomach. The pure spirit knocks you down like a hammer. But "half and half" kindles a mutual affection between you and the whole world.

Why, things have come to a pretty pass, methinks we hear some whining Whig decry, when the world is asked to listen to the classical confessions of

the gouty Editor of the most libellous periodical of any age or country—for such, according to the *fama clamosa* of that pitiful part of the press, is the character of rosy-fingered, silver-tongued Maga, still smiling graciously like the dawning of morn. But grant that we are as libellous as gouty,—what then were, or are, Voltaire, Rousseau, Byron, Jeffrey, Gifford, Brougham, Playfair, and a hundred others? Libellers all. And pray, what the worse men were they, or are they, for all the libels that ought to have set several of them in the pillory? Did not Byron's heart and soul overflow with all manly and humane affections, in spite of spite, and during the very disease of rancour? Is not one love-poem of his, breathed one hour, and forgotten by him the next, worth all the drivelling of you and all the other amiable characters in the kingdom, were you to drivel amatory effusions till the rheum ceased to flow from your over-aged eyes? What although he libelled his way through society, from the King upon the throne, to the very meanest of his subjects? All the world loves his memory. Where could you find a bitterer, more venomous body, than old Gifford? Yet is he universally respected, for his bitterness changed many a scribbling blockhead into an inoffensive man, and he spat his venom chiefly on corroded Cockneys, whom it was pleasant to see writhing in the dead-thraws. His friends know him to be one of the best of enlightened and religious men; and as his Quarterly accounts have long been found correct, so will his accounts of all sorts pass at the last general audit. We offer to fill the largest church in Edinburgh with authors, their wives, and parents, and sons, and daughters, and cousins, who shall carry Mr Jeffrey by acclamation to be the greatest libeller of all the Spirits of the Age, that spiritual essence, Hazlitt himself, not excluded—yet who more amiable than Mr Jeffrey, or less like a person who, it has been voted, would not scruple, if he had courage, to assassinate the most virtuous grinder in all Grub-street? We stop here, for we have said enough to show, that we alleged libellers are the wisest and best of men, and that were we to unlock the treasures of our inner spirits, and fling them before the world, there would be thenceforth no need for assessments

for support of intellectual and moral pauperism; for the whole population would be so enriched, that each rejected contributor would be a Croesus, and strike his name off all the poor lists of parish and of press.

Heaven preserve us, what is it o'clock? Our watch is run down, and fast asleep, pointing in its dream to half past one. What will mine host and hostess at the Crook be thinking of the old gentleman? They will be suspicious of an assignation and intrigue with some yellow-hair'd lassie of the Braes. Our character is at stake; but our innocence is known to Heaven, and “*conscia sidera testor*.” One tumbler of hot toddy—and then to bed to make harmless love to the four shepherdesses sitting on the curtains on four dimity knolls—look which way we will by the rushlight, ogling us with bashful solicitations when sinking away into stoical repose.

Mortifying thought to human vanity! we have never been missed; and on entering into the kitchen, we stand for several minutes unnoticed in the roar of laughter that shakes the mutton-hams dangling from the porch-like chimney. The gudewife jaloused that we had gone to roost, and she had shut up the trans-doors, that we might not be disturbed by the merry-making. Rustic wit, ignorant in its originality of Joe Miller, has, during all the hours of our river-side reverie, been dirling the rafters, and rough and ready at repartee, has never once waited for an encore. Strapping queans too are there, rising from the knees of lovers, and disengaging fond hands from soft bosoms, at our sudden apparition. Lassies, spare your blushes before the mild old man; for “*honi soit qui mal y pense*,” which, being interpreted, is “evil to him who evil thinks.” Rax down the fiddle from the peg, for we can handle her, and here goes a strathspey. There is no spring in the earthen floor, but there is one in every instep; and every reel has a kiss by way of introduction and postliminious preface. Better to overlook the fun, we mount a stool (not the cutty, for that is an old story, and even then our sex protected us,) and our Niel-Gow-like bowhand brings down our well-calculated elbow, at every stroke, within an inch of the red tappetoury on auld Saunders's broad blue bonnet. What daffin and

skirling! Oh, that all England could see us in our glory! Are we indeed the dreaded Christopher North—he of a hundred plumes? But while the dancers are all wiping their brows, or dandling their partners on their knees, even as the lion dandles the kid, we check our hand, and change our measure, till the plaintive Cowdenknowes or the Bush aboon Traquair hushes the room, so that you might hear the cat purring on the lightsome hearth, and the face of the most ordinary hizzie becomes absolutely beautiful in the emotion of nature true to the simple strain.

The moon, no doubt, knows whether the morrow is to be dry or rainy, but the wisest man is not always able to fish it out of her hypocritical physiognomy. You trust to her hazy halo, and put your tackle in order for sunrise. There has not been so much as a drop of dew—not a breath of air stirs—those marbled wreaths cannot be called clouds—and the sun has already stared all the trouts in Peeblesshire into their stone cellars. You may as well angle in the dust of the high-road from the inn-door to the manse, as in the Tweed. On the other hand, you bite your nails to see Luna, about two o'clock in the morning, unveiled, and vivid at a route given by her to the stars; and rain, you think, may possibly fall before breakfast in the deserts of Arabia, but certainly not in Scotland. What, then, makes you bounce from bed, as if your bolster were of whins, at the first cock-crow? The pat pat pattering of rain on your window facing the south! Beautiful misty clouds, all in a state of pregnancy! Earth glitters to the new-risen rays, and after meridian there will not be an hour till sunset without its rainbow. Breakfast! You would no more wait for breakfast than for a post-letter informing you of the issue of a Chancery-suit. You carelessly drop a quartern loaf into your pouch, along with the cheese-whang and the leathern Bottle, and off like a hart to the running brooks!

Oh! we feel that we were deceiving ourselves when we said that our old age was not subject to the Anglimania. We would not give up the prospect of this day's sport to be the Right Honourable Frederick Robinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Nothing

drumly about the sweet Tweed this morning—no pool the colour of porter with barmy foam—but the deeps a black blue, and the shallows a dark green, covered with foam-bells that break beneath the breezes warm-breathing from the South-South-West, the angler's darling air. Yes—O' a' the airts the wind can blaw,

He dearly loes the West!

Yet what philosophy even in our passion! Who would so run counter to that system which places Virtue in Propriety as to fish up a Stream? So let us take our unangling way up the Tweed to its very source below the Erickstane, speculating on each pool and eddy, and prophesying the multitudinous murder of our downward course. Pray, acutest of metaphysicians, did you ever trace up any one single thing in your own mind to its origin? When the emotion flows broadly along, you know its nature and its name, its depths and shallows, nor doubt to recognize it when it glides away behind a knoll, or into a wood. But follow it into the misty uplands of the spirit, and you are bewildered among a hundred rivulets. You decide upon one that seems somewhat stronger than the rest, and it disappears in the dry desert. You try another glittering thread, and it leads you into a melancholy marsh—a third leaves you on the pleasant herbage, but you have no divining rod to quiver when it lies above the hidden spring. So you must be satisfied with the Emotion in its wide open flow, nor hope ever to reach the Nile-head. Or suppose you trace three separate rills, each to its fountain-well. Which yields the prevailing water, and through all its future course gives the peculiar tinge of Feeling or Thought? Alas, mighty metaphysician! little better art thou than the blind leading the blind.

But here we are at the source of the Tweed—nor far from those of the Annan and the Clyde. What three beautiful flights might our Fancy take, following the Three Rivers to their friths and seas! What would hinder her from breakfasting with the benevolent Owen, and studying the new philosophy in his cotton-mills? Why might she not write a criticism on the pictures in Hamilton Palace, and embody in it a history of the art from Apelles to Haydon. "Oh! Bothwell Bank, thou bloomest fair!" and

Mary Queen! what woes were thine from the day thy virgin zone was untied by the youthful Lewis, till thy lovely neck was bared to the headsman's axe! Then, what punchbowls in Glasgow—what “herrings at the Broomielaw!” And hath to Dumbarton Castle the sword of Wallace been restored?—Whirr flies the gorcock from the heather at our ear, and we see again the gambols of the infant Tweed.

A ruined castle is a grand and a melancholy sight—but that last epithet applies as well to a ruined cottage. That is one—that mere heap of stones that you might mistake for a cairn. Less than twenty years ago it was a laughing summer abode. For several winters it was untenanted, and only the roof fell in beneath the weight of snow—the walls stood fast, and there the hill-cattle sheltered. Then part of the one gable was pulled down to build a fold. Lightning struck the other into a heap, and the front and back walls soon followed in natural decay. Wild flowers were soon sown by the winds in the dust of the mouldering stones,—mosses crept up from the earth and bound together the rubbish,—grass seeds had been on the floors of the inhabited house, clean swept as they used to be, and they soon sprouted through the chinks,—and how they came there it is not so easy to tell, but sure enough there they are, two or three pretty little limber birch-trees rustling on the ruin. Last time we were here, there was a porch not unadorned with roses—they are dead—a thatch-roof, trim as trim might be, on which the doves and pigeons were making love—and the cheerful smell of the peat-reek wreathing along the side of the sheltering brae.

Now you are expecting “a tale of tears, a moving story.” But no such story have we to tell now, for none such appertains to what once was a human dwelling. The honest shepherd who lived here, had a dear farm of it, and found it no easy matter to make both ends of the year meet, without an ugly gap of poverty. He was the cleverest fellow in all the county, and had Hogg on Sheep at his finger-ends. His wife, too, was as active a woman as ever twirled a churn-staff. At quoits, “putting the stane,” wrestling, and hop-step-and-jump, with or without the staff, you must

have gone to Cumberland for Tom Nicholson or Will Litt to match the worst of his two sons—and his only daughter, in her Sabbath array, was fair as the stately Harebell. Well then—an extensive farmer near Kelso made Rob Riddell his head hind, while his wife, who, for a considerable number of seasons, had prudently given up child-bearing, undertook the dairy. And will you believe what I tell you on their own authority, they left Erickstane-brae without a sigh! On the day of the Flitting, instead of weeping farewell to the stocks, and stones, and trees, and the somewhat coarse-fleeced sheep, Rob the Ranter got so drunk with whisky—or if you would rather word it so, so moistened with mountain-dew, that it took six men to hoist him into the cart, and half of that number, assisted by his faithful and affectionate Leezie, to keep him down when he was in, so obstreperously did he enact his vagaries among the straw. Unlike the poor girl in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, the Harebell did not “leave a lover's for a father's arms,” a cold exchange, and palpable injustice. But she took her lover along with her—Allan Armstrong—ploughman to Mr Weir of Annandale-head, against whose character (forgetting that scrape Tibbie o' the Cross-lees brought him into when he was a mere callant) no man had ever breathed a whisper; and, if he had, Allan would not have been slow of making him find his own level. The two sons—Jock and Jamie—for they had been christened with those very popular names—saw the Flitting as far as Noble-house, where, after taking an affectionate farewell of the authors of their existence, and a sister, whom, in spite of perpetual bickerings, they loved most tenderly, they remained two whole days and nights without seeming to remember that sleep was one of the great laws of our nature; and on recovering from about twenty half-mutchkins each, finished the forty-eight hours' relaxation from all pastoral and agricultural labours, by two successive single combats, in a ree state, Jock with a gipsy, and Jamie with a horse-couper, both of whom, in spite of science and shifting, fell beneath the Tweeddale Twins; one with three fractured ribs and a broken leg, and the other with one bashed nose and two puffed ears, that

made him one of the most grotesque of mortals.

We do not wish to bother you with the memoirs of this family of the Riddells. Suffice it to say, that not only are the whole five at this hour alive and solvent, but they have multiplied themselves by six. The Harebell, now Mrs Carse, (her husband is brother to Him of the Trows, surnamed the Salmon-slayer,) became conspicuous for her prolificness, even in the neighbourhood of Kelso—and having buried several babies, and a boy and girl well grown up, has still twelve in life. Jock and Jamie married away over yonder about Dumfries—and James Hogg, who knows them both well, informed us the last time we saw him in the shop, “That the world went well with the Riddells, the one being an elder, and the other an exciseman. The exciseman, however,” James added, in his gash way, “had rather taken a serious turn, and it was feared that he might take some sort of orders, and go into the church.”

Now, homely as this tale is—and if you are a disciple, either of Will Wordsworth or Kit North, you will know, gentle reader, “that you may find a tale in everything,” you may take a lesson from it, in case you should ever think of coming before the public with a volume. When you chance to see an old house that has been brought down about the ears of the spiders, do not forthwith sillily take it for granted that the house fell down dead, because the whole family, each after his own fashion, had done the same. Vamp not up, we beseech you, a pathetic Flitting—nor send the man and his wife, and all their legitimate children, to their graves, under hooping-cough, (it sometimes strangles old people,) small-pox, measles, putrid sore-throat, typhus fever, cholera, and galloping consumption. Be merciful as you are strong—and have pity on the obituary. Let it not be said of you, which it will be, if you publish in three vols. crown octavo, One guinea and a half in boards—

You taught us how to live, and *oh! too high*
The price of such a lesson—how to die!

So much for blarney—now for breakfast. Ho! ho!—the table is covered with a most beautiful specimen

of Scotch damask, from the loom of Lichen, Moss, and Sons—an old copartnery that have stood many a storm, and that will not fail, even although there should be a glut of their manufactures in the market. Thank you kindly, my pretty little dear of a mountain fairy—you have placed my chair quite to my usual habits. There, Lady Green-scarf, take the leathern guard of my pocket pistol, and get it filled by your playmate the Naiad, who lives in the fountain beneath yonder knoll—and see that she gives you the liquid radiance fresh from the farthest-ben binn in her cellar. This cheese, as Kempferhausen would say, is most illustrious. Instead of cutting the loaf crossways, right down the middle goes the gully, and brown-side and white-side fall asunder, like a Frenchman's chops at Waterloo under the sword of Serjeant Shaw. Pretty legerdemain that—three hard-boiled eggs, all kept gracefully up in the air together, by our chalk-stoned fingers, an ascending and descending shell-shower, a playful prelude to their ingurgitation in that whirlpool—that Corryvrechan—our stomach. Butter at open-air breakfasts, should always be spread with the thumb—skin-lines look rural and picturesque, and you may read your fortune at every swallow. Pity that we forgot the cold beef. No—here it is in our breeches pocket. Hold your tongues, all of you, till we have allayed the “fames edendi,” for we are apt to be crusty when victualing. Now, any man who might be observed through his window, any morning at breakfast, in a town, in the attitude we now occupy, turning up his little finger—so—would be proclaimed instantanè a drunkard. What then is the philosophy of dram-drinking? This blessed moment have we emptied the lesser leather of Glenlivet, and yet that severe moralist, our own conscience, approves the deed. How milky! yes, as if the dew had dropped from the milky-way! What a pretty, delicious, sweetly-working, sabbath-breaking small still, must have elaborated that spiritual essence! What a worm!

Who the devil are you two?—And from what scarecrows, may I ask, have you raised the loan of that wild and withered attire?—Are you a witch and a warlock?—And if so, pray, are you married?—And if so, have you pro-

geny? And are the imps flunkies down below in a place that shall be nameless?—I beg your pardon, honest people—sit down there—lie down there—and let us break bread and taste salt together, with a previous grace; and then old Christopher North is safe, were you Sin and Satan.

Only two poor beggar bodies, in duds and with wallets, trudging their ways homewards to some hovel or another, on a bit neuk by the road-side! Man and wife they indeed are—that is easy enough to see—and it is no less so to see that they are both of them hungry and thirsty exceedingly; and faint therewithal, especially the woman, who has a couple of brats tucked up, with their dirty sleeping faces—dirty, but not disgusting—hanging out cheek by jowl, in a bag-like fold of her gown, between her shoulders. The wearied creatures sit down thankfully on the turf beside me, and say little or nothing—fatigue not being loquacious. They take the bread and cheese, with a word and a look to me, and more than a word and a look to heaven; and forthwith, after two or three moderate mouthfuls, begin eating away like fighting-cocks rather than Christians. Never saw I ancient couple chew cheese with more effective jaws. The half of the quartern, (ourselves will account for the other,) like an old song, is handed down by oral tradition. Catch any miserable diseased beggar, male or female, refusing a caulker. We shall not, however, make them both drunk, although a little thing would do it after their twenty-mile tramp since they rose from the straw. Just enough, and no more, to cheer their hearts and comfort their bones. But one of the brats has awoken, and by pulling the nose of the other, has brought it into a similar predicament; so, sorry as we are to break up the party, we must make ourselves scarce, and set ourselves out for serious fishing. In spite of the laws against vagrant mendicity, the benefaction of a few halfpence unwarranted won't do much harm to the state. But let me remember—they asked for nothing—therefore, open your fist, Watty Wallets, for a crown-piece; but promise not to buy a gill till you get to your own clachan.

Now, let us fill the maw of the craving pannier. The large golden trouts love the unsullied streams near the pa-

rent-spring. A gross mistake to think they inhabit only the Palace of the Waterfall. There, we have hooked the Hermit of Erickstane! No sharp-edged rock to cut the gossamere—no twisted roots to entangle—no fallen log-tree under which the Solitary may plunge in despair—no wool-gathering briars on the brink to impede the landing—no ledge for him to rush madly over, like a harpooned whale, carrying away the end-line, and leaving the cheated rod in our helpless hand! But low green banks without a shrub, or a rush, or a bracken, edged with the fine pounce-like silver sand! Who would have thought that a fish who had passed a long life of meditation in a pastoral district, would have thus unwieldily struggled against destiny! The inextricable midge-fly is in his tongue—and the invisible filament of fate draws him from his native element to a dry death. It was so set down in the Doomsday-book of the Naiad long before he was spawned. He belonged to Christopher North in the roe of his first ancestor, and the predestined hour is come. Voluntarily at last he sailed towards the land, his back-fins above the shallowing water, indicative of his magnitude, and lies not dead, for he gasps widely—but motionless, except in the mouth and gills, while another half-pounder dangles unheeded at the tail-fly, dwindled into a minnow beside the Triton.

Look on the blush-rose, as in full-blown pride she salutes the morning—but know, while you are gazing, that before the meridian sunshine, her glory will be somewhat dim—at evening, a faded and unrejoicing thing—a ball without balm and without beauty, that you would not care to scatter into tarnished leaves beneath your feet. Look at the rainbow affronting Phœbus, having borrowed from the god that many-coloured rim, which even cold-hearted science, while it scrutinizes, adores—turn away your eyes but for a moment, and it has left the sky. So in half an hour would it be with that glorious fish, now bespangled with stars. What hero ever wore such grand crosses as these?—What ribboned orders so effulgent? But let him lie on the sand there, and in the sunshine, just while we fish half-a-dozen pools, and he will barken into bedimmed and shrivelled scaliness,

worthy but the admiration of the cook-maid, when about to gut him on the kitchen dresser ! So without compunction, in with him (if he will go) into the pannier, head and tail relentlessly curved together,—for such and so unlovely is Death.

Man is by nature a beast of prey. So said old Hobbes—and what angler can deny it ? Isaac Walton himself was a murderer. If the ghosts of all the pikes he had ever trolled had taken upon them to send constant deputations “to draw his curtains at the dead of night,” not one of them all had ever been called upon a second time upon that service. By the way, a pike would make a horrid ghost. What cadaverous-jaw and jowl ! What a bony spectre, where not one single bone of all those thinner than a hair, up to the horse-like spine, was deficient in the threatening skeleton ! To frighten you more deadly, perhaps an artificial mouse in his mouth, with agglomerated hooks, and the twisted brass chain that in his tortured hour he strove in vain to snap asunder. What think you of a yard-long eel, not only haunting your bed, but evolving his lean length from below your bolster, and worm-like crawling down your back, cold as ice, and hard as iron, jagged too as the wheel of a watch, and emitting a faint hiss like that of a serpent. The very spinning minnows would thus have their revenge, for they would come in shoals among your sheets, and bury you alive under bushels of small anatomies. And then, oh ! the Bait you so purged in moss-bags, and impaled through all their writhing knots from head to tail, (never, never were we guilty of such enormity,) with all the careless cruelty of a practised executioner ! But they have no need to become ghosts before they can enjoy their retaliation ; for whatever geologists aver to the contrary, down they glide with ease through the pory earth, or mine their way without much difficulty, “labor ipse voluptas,” through the stiff clay, till they reach your coffin at last—and free from all sumptuary laws is then their coiling revelry in the very core of your heart.

A pleasant superstition this for an Elderly Gentleman angling his way down the Tweed. However, to prolong the lives of a few thousand of those dancing ephemera to the close of a vernal day,

let us put to death a brace of fly-flappers in this pool. There was a rise by an elephant. Poo-poo—merely a par ! Had we not hooked the imp, we should have told a story, for years to come, of the lost prodigy. 'Tis just the same in coursing. Every leveret that escapes the greyhounds by darting into a drain, or squatting in a ditch, is declared to have been as big as the Witch of Endor. It was so too with the American sea-serpent, that lay floating many a rood, each coil of his body being like a cask, till a schooner ran him down, and the poor devil was not ten feet long from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. So with a tiger that devours villages. When you come to stuff his skin, he is among the least in a museum. So with the eagle twelve feet from wing-tip to wing-tip. Come upon him when gorged, and before he can flap himself into the ether, dash out his brains with a club, and the distance is but seven feet four. So with a fire in a remote part of the city, burning a whole street or square. Follow a fireman, and you see a beggarly blaze in a tailor's garret. So with earthquake toppling down, in a newspaper, a distant metropolis with all its towers and temples. Had you been present, with a late number of the Edinburgh Review in your hand, the shock had never waked you from your dose of Political Economy.

“Waly, waly down the bank—and waly down the brae,” and what, by chucking out the small fry, two at a time, and humouring the large ones into land-lubbers, our pannier is about two-thirds full, and has for some hour or so past felt heavy, and not without friction, on the shoulder. Are we indeed upwards of three-score ? Why should not we yet marry ? Not “a wee thing just come frae her mammy,” but a buxom nymph of a certain age, well read in Mrs Rundel, and who could even cut out and put together, at her leisure hours, breeches for our future Tommys. More unfeasible schemes have been put into execution ; and all that Buchanan Lodge desiderates is the soft fall of a kid shoe, and the rustle of a silk petticoat. Fair reader ! thou' art the very woman—hide thy blushes behind the Magazine, and sleep with it to-night beneath thy pillow, for the sake of thy devoted Christopher.

Gay, gamesome streamlet, that comes dancing into the Tweed from Talla-Linns, let me follow up thy murmurs for a mile or so, and by way of a finale, take a bathe in the Silver Pool, so named by shepherds for its perpetual pellucidity. We must not, however, like Alexander in the Cydnus, plunge in without waiting for a cooler. Alexander, however, did not wear flannel next his skin, as we have done from the year Eighty, or he had escaped his fever. That long narrow gully is an admirable air-bath. Indeed, every green chasm among the braes, has a breeze as well as a rill of its own, and as you pass along up the main valley, itself but narrow, every hundred yards or two, some unseen air-nymph, waggishly disposed, gives you a refreshing flirt of her fan. Bless us, what sounds are these mixing with the murmurs of the Silver Pool? Voices and laughter, and the splashing of water! Diana and her nymphs bathing, by all that is beautiful! It is fortunate for us that no pack of hounds is kept in this neighbourhood, otherwise we might fear the fate of Actæon. Here let us take up a position behind this large stone—the Screen-scene in a new School for Scandal. Sweet creatures—not one of them more than eighteen! The Scotch are a fair-skinned people—that is obvious—and it is quite a mistake to imagine that rural labour necessarily spoils the female form. It is devoutly to be hoped that these merry mermaids will not drown themselves, pulling and hauling each other about so deliriously; and now and then all invisible together below the water, except by the yellow gleam that changes the Silver Pool into the Pool of Gold. “Ye five cruel wretches, are you absolutely going to hold that dark-tressed shrieker under the too high and too heavy shower-bath of the water-fall? Let go your hold, or I will dart down upon you, and rescue the fair child from jeopardy.”

The yell is in our ears yet that replied to our extorted ejaculation. You may have seen the effect produced upon half-a-dozen wild-ducks sportively dallying on their own small moorland tarn, by a sudden discharge of slugs or swan-shot. One of them plumps out of sight in a moment, and makes no sign. Another gives an awkward dive, preceded by a flourish of her tail, but cannot keep her poor wounded

self from coming up to the surface. Here one lies floating quite dead among the water-lilies—and there another goes whizzing and whirring and whirling in the strangest antics, while the feathers are floating about in all directions. The other couple fly off quacking with outstretched necks and drooping sterns, and effect their escape to a distant fen.

Even so was it now in the Silver Pool. The image occurred to us at the time; but it has since brightened into a more perfect similitude. Unluckily for us, the two who made their instantaneous escape from the Pool, not knowing in their alarm whence had come the voice, came in their scrambling flight up the rocks, due North. We involuntarily cried out—“Ye ho! Ye ho!” wishing, half in love, half in fear, to arrest the fair pilgrims’ progress, when, flinging somersets backwards, they went with a plump and a plunge into the water, and on re-rising to the surface, lay by a beautiful instinct, with just the tips of their noses out, from which we could not but observe the little air-bells bubbling all over the subsiding Pool. The whole basin was still as death. We began seriously to apprehend that six young women were about to lose their lives; yet there was great difficulty, delicacy, and danger in any scheme for their deliverance. By and by, a sweet Doric tongue was heard breathing from the waters—“What for are ye sittin’ glowerin’ there, ye auld chiel? Siccan behaviour’s a great shame for ane o’ your years; and I wadna hae expeckit it o’ you, when you was playing thae bonny tunes last nicht wi’ tears in your een. For gudesake, sir, tak aff your specs—gang awa wi’ you—and let a set o’ puir naked lassies get to their claes!” The appeal to our humanity was irresistible, as indeed at all times it is from a female in distress. “Pardon us, our dearest Girzie,” we tenderly exclaimed; and then, for the first time, looking modestly to the ground, we saw ourselves encircled with all the possible varieties of female apparel, which, to name profanely, would incense against us the Eumenides. ‘Truth and simplicity spoke in every tone of our voice; and Girzie, raising her weel-faured face from the foam, with a neck shewn just down to the snow that covered her beating heart, conscious, as we thought, of

her charms, nor even, in her bashful disquietude, unproud of their manifest effect on a man well stricken in years, said, in still sweeter accents, and with imploring eyes—"That's a bonnie man—gang your wa's—and dinna tell ony stories, na, about our ploutering to the lads."—"Will you promise to give me a few kisses, then, Girzie, ony time we chance to forgather, and I'll gang my wa's?"—"Oo ay, Mr North—Oo ay, sir—but oh! gang your wa's, for Tibbie's just chockin owre by yonner aneath the water-pyet's nest—and Chirsty's drank a gallon at the least, and maun be sair swalled. Oh! gang your wa's, my bonnie Mr North—gang your wa's." We felt it was indeed time to "gang our wa's;" for Girzie, as she was growing more and more impassioned in her beseeching, rose higher and higher from the water, and stood nearly to the waist unveiled, the long-sought Naiad of the Silver Pool of Talla.

Gentle reader! be not displeased with this picture; for remember, that to the pure, all things are pure; and thou, we know well, art the very soul of purity. Often, mayhap, hast thou, leaning on friend's, or lover's, or husband's arm, moved slowly along the picture gallery of some Peer's palace, and for a moment hast let thine eyes dwell on some nymph scene, in some place of waters, trees, and precipices, with its gleam of azure sky. No painful emotion blushed around those eyes, when the huntress Queen, wearied with the chase, stood disrobed among her train; and from some glade in the forest, the peeping Sylvans stole partial glances of the virgin goddess. Then why since "*ut pictura poesis*" be offended by the description of North more than of Poussin? Homer, indeed, are the names and the natures of his bathing beauties; yet chastity is the virtue by which Scotia's shepherdesses are guarded and adorned; and the waters of the Talla, are they not as pure as those of the Ilissus?

Let us then re-angle our way down the pastoral rivulet, and leave the laughing lassies in the linn. Soon will they collect their scattered garments, and with playful titterings reappear

their innocence. Already is the pearly moisture wrung from their hair, and adjusted every silken snood. Fresh breathing balm from every warmed bosom again blends with the fragrance of the hill-flowers—a brighter crimson is on every cheek—a brighter radiance dances in all their eyes—and down the braes like birds they fly, and not without a choral song. With many a gleesome smile over their strange adventure, they part in a little broomy hollow, and each wings her way towards her own nest. Each carries her blooming beauty into a home gladdened by her presence—all household affairs are cheerily attended to by them whose limbs health has braced—and what difficulty is there in imagining any one of them to be the wooed maiden of the Cotter's Saturday Night; for this is indeed the last day of the week, and Robert Burns—hallowed be his memory!—sung then a strain true to the manners and morals of Scotland over all her hills and plains.

Accompany us, in imagination, next day to Tweedsmuir Kirk, and the same voices will be sweetly singing the psalm of worship—one maiden sitting between her parents—one near her lover—one with her little brother on her knee—all thoughts of labour or of amusement will then be hushed, and the small house of God overflowing with thankfulness and praise. The low galleries, the pews beneath them, the seats in the main body of the kirk, forms set in the middle lobby, and even the very stairs up to the pulpit, all covered with well-dressed people, sedate in rational piety. At the close of the service, family parties form in the kirk-yard, and move away through opposite gates, each towards its own hill-home. And what if old Christopher North go with the Minister to the Manse—partake of a dinner yesterday prepared—all but one dish which is warm, a few Tweed trouts of his own catching—and having laid aside his Saturday's merriment with his green velvet jacket and jane trowsers, and with his black suit put on a spirit befitting the day—enjoy a few such serious hours as no man having heart and soul can ever forget, who has past a Sabbath evening in the Manse of a Scottish Minister.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

No. XXI.

Sappho ; by Franz Grillparzer.

FRANZ GRILLPARZER'S *Destiny-Tragedy*—to adopt the appellation bestowed by the founders of the New German School upon their dramatic creation—*DIE AHNFRAU*, or female ancestor, with all its horrors, wildness, lyrics, and poetical beauty, has long been known to the readers of this Magazine. But there is another Tragedy of the same Author's, which, although from the extreme simplicity of its fable it cannot be called of the English School, is nevertheless of a character more congenial to English feelings. It is *SAPPHO*; and of this piece we now purpose to offer some account, and copious extracts. *SAPPHO* is written in very harmonious blank-verse, and, as it is a later production than *DIE AHNFRAU*, we would fain indulge a hope that the Bard's riper judgment has decided him to abandon the lyrical style for one so much better adapted to the lofty or pathetic breathings of Melpomene. We have only further to wish that he would give us a Tragedy, in which the quantity of incident might find a medium, between the horrors crowded into the first, and the actual barrenness of events distinguishing the play we are about to review. In the present instance, indeed, the choice of the subject necessarily determined the nature of the composition; since no one, possessed of real poetical feeling, could think of obtruding the bustle of intrigue, or perplexed adventures, upon the sorrows of the love-lorn, the forsaken Sappho. The choice of the subject equally necessitated the violation of moral propriety inevitable in a piece awakening our sympathies in favour of a passion neither sanctioned, nor intended to be sanctioned, by marriage, nor yet qualified by remorse. Whether subjects so circumstanced are or are not decidedly objectionable, is a question into which we do not here mean to enter; but it is a curious fact, that such old classical intrigues, of which we have read in childhood without any reference to the unlawfulness of the proceedings, excite in after life scarcely any feeling analogous to the strong sense

of offended decency which would revolt at the representation of a modern love so wholly unencumbered by "human ties."—But to return from ethics to criticism. The whole interest of the drama before us turns upon the depth and intensity of Sappho's absorbing passion, and upon the management of Phaon's infidelity. Its chief beauties are the just conception and delineation of character, the admirable portraiture of the workings of the human heart,—exhibited alike in the feminine tenderness and delicacy, the creative imagination, and the lofty self-consciousness, intermingled amidst the wildest bursts of Sappho's love, jealousy, and despair, as in Phaon's originally mad and dazzled admiration of the celebrated Poetess, his growing uneasiness in the course of their intimacy, under the sense of her immeasurable superiority, and his preference of a mere childish and insignificant slave—and lastly, the rich vein of poetry adorning and vivifying the whole.

The scene is laid in Lesbos, in Sappho's garden upon the sea-shore. Its decorations are described with a minuteness which we shall not copy, the only material one being an altar dedicated to Venus, or rather to Aphrodite, for in speaking of a German work, we must needs follow the fashion now prevalent in Germany, of giving to the deities of classical Mythology their Greek instead of their Latin names, more especially when treating old Grecian subjects.

The Tragedy opens with the rapturous joy of Sappho's slaves, who are preparing to receive their mistress upon her triumphant return from the Olympic Games, where she has obtained the laurel wreath of victory in the poetic contest. The crowned Poetess presently makes her appearance in a magnificent chariot, in which she is accompanied by Phaon. She is attended by multitudes of Lesbians, celebrating, almost as enthusiastically as her slaves, the success and the arrival of their illustrious country-woman. Sappho courteously thanks her friends for their good will; presents Phaon

to them as the chosen object of her affection, with whom, forsaking the aerial heights of poetry and glory, she proposes henceforward to lead a simple, pastoral life ; and then, dismissing her company with an invitation to dinner, she remains alone with Phaon.

Sappho now addresses her lover upon his introduction into her home ; and after touching slightly upon past sorrows, and her early habits of endurance of suffering, observes that there is one evil which she can never learn to endure—the loss of his love ; and she questions him as to his capacity of repaying her boundless devotion to him. Phaon declares that his senses are absolutely bewildered by the inconceivable pride and happiness of being thus distinguished by her, and goes on to say,

And art thou then indeed the exalted woman,

Who, from Peloponnesus' furthest strand
Even to where the barbarous Thracian's
mountains

Border upon the life-enjoying Hellas,
On every spot which, from our Continent
And man's abode far distant, Chronion's
hand

Has scattered through the Grecian sea,
and further,

On Asia's rich and sunny shores, where-
e'er

A single Grecian mouth in music speaks
Our rich, our godlike language, joyously
Triumphant acclamations raise to Hea-
ven ?

And if indeed thou be that glorious wo-
man,

How fell thine eye upon a youth obscure,
Nameless, unknown, who boasts no high-
er worth

Than may this lyre, honoured as touch-
ed by thee ?

Sappho. Shame on the base, the ill-
accorded lyre !

Awakened, sounds it but its owner's
praise ?

Phaon. Since I could think, since first
my feeble hand

With hesitating touch the strings attempt-
ed,

Still has thy godlike image stood before
me.

Whenever in the gay, domestic circle,
Beside my parents' lowly hearth, I sat,
And from the blackened shelf my gentle
sister,

Theano, took the parchment roll to read
A lay of thine, of Sappho's lofty Muse,
How suddenly was hushed all boyish
clamour !

How eagerly the sisters crowded round,
To lose no grain of all the golden store !
And when she read, haply, th' impass-
ioned song

Of Love's own Goddess for the beaute-
ous Youth,

The soft lament of lonely, wakeful nights,
Or of Andromeda, or Atys' games,
Oh, how all listened ! struggling to sub-
due

Each breath that heaved the rapture-
throbbing breast,

Lest ev'n a sigh should interrupt the
strain !

Then would Theano, meditative maid,
Lean back her head, and gazing fixedly
Upon the distant darkness, say, " How
lofty

In aspect must this wondrous woman
show !

Methinks I see her ! Oh, by all the gods,
I amidst thousands could distinguish her !"
Then every tongue was loosened ; every
one

Then racked his fantasy, with added
charms

To decorate thy person : one bestowed
Pallas' blue eye, another Hebe's arm,
Another Aphrodite's witching zone.

I only rose and silently went forth
Into the lonely realm of holy night ;
There 'midst the pulses of sweet slum-
bering nature,

Within her magic circle's strong en-
chantment,

Did I outspread mine arms in search of
thee ;

And when light snow-flakes from o'er
hovering clouds,

The tepid breath of zephyr, mountain
mists,

The pale moon's flood of silver radiance,
Together blending, floated round my brow,
Then wert thou mine, thy presence then
I felt,

And Sappho's image swam on each bright
cloud.

Sappho. Thou deck'st me from thine
own abundant wealth ;—

Alas ! if thou shouldst e'er recall the
loan !

Phaon. My father sent me to the Olym-
pic games

To strive for victory in the chariot race ;
But all my road re-echoed with the ti-
dings,

* Were those the honours usually sought by inhabitants of lowly hearths ?

That Sappho's lyre for poesy's high
crown
Would at this festival contend and triumph.
Then with impatient longings swelled my
heart,
And ere mine eye beheld Olympia's
towers
Sank mine exhausted coursers, and ex-
pired.
Thither I came. The Chariots' winged
career,
The Wrestlers' skill, the Discus' merry
flight,
Touched not a mind with expectation
filled;
I asked not whose the prize, for I had
gained
The fairest and the loftiest prize, to view
Her, even her, the crown of womanhood!
The day of the poetic contest came.
Alcæus and Anacreon sang—In vain!
They could not wake me from my deep
abstraction,
When, hark! A murmur through the con-
course sounds,
The crowd divides! My sense and sight
return!
Bearing a golden lyre upon her arm,
A woman passes through the gazing
throng,
Her garment, white as innocence, flowed
down
To her light-shunning ankle, a fair stream
O'er flowery hills. The border, of green
palm
And laurel branches, tenderly pourtraying
Renown and peace, spoke what the poet
needs,
What claims as recompense. Like morn-
ing clouds
Around the sun, a purple mantle flowed
Around her. 'Midst her tresses' ebon
night
Shone like a moon the sparkling diadem,
The lofty emblem of authority.
My heart exclaimed, 'tis she! And 'twas
thyself.
Ere I had given utterance to my thought,
The people round, with joyous acclama-
tions,
Confirmed the sweet conjecture. How
thou sang'st,
How gained'st the victory, and how
adorned
With the proud crown of triumph, from
thy hand
The lyre amidst the inspiring tumult fell;
How, bursting through the press, I met
thy glance,

And stood, a bashful youth, senseless
with shame,—
All this, exalted one, thou better knowest
Than I, who, scarcely half awake, still
seek
How much has chanced, how much I did
but dream.
Sap. Well do I know how mute and
shy thou stood'st,
Thy whole existence seeming in thine
eye
Concentred, that, from earth though
hardly raised,
Display'd an unextinguishable fire.
I bade thee follow, and thou followed'st
me,
Deep sunk in hesitating admiration.
Pha. Who could believe the first of
Hellas' daughters
Should stoop to look on Hellas' lowliest
son?
Sap. To Fate and to thyself art thou
unjust!
Those golden gifts disdain not, which the
gods,
Ev'n at its natal hour, upon the child
Predetermined to life's amplest, best enjoy-
ment,
Bestowing, bounteous pour on cheek and
brow,
Into the heart and bosom! Props un-
failing
Are these, round which existence twines
and fastens
Her fragile threads. Beauty of outward
form
Is a fair gift, and to delight in life
A treasure of inestimable value.
The strength and daring of the world-con-
troller,
Valour and high resolve 'gainst all that is,
And fancy sweetly serving, her meet
office,
These but adorn the rougher paths of life,
And life itself is still life's chiefest object.
Not idly did the Muses' choir select
The barren laurel for their ornament.
Cold, destitute of odour as of fruit,*
It weighs upon the brow to which it pro-
mised
Full compensation for each sacrifice.
'Tis painful standing on the giddy heights
Of human nature, and eternally
Has science been compell'd to beg an
alms
Of life's abundant superfluity.
(Stretching her arms towards PHAON.)
Pha. What could'st thou say, thou ex-
quisite enchantress,

* We think we have read somewhere that the laurel does not bear fruit or flower in the North of Germany, which may explain, though not justify, the remark as made by a Greek.

That from thy lips were not received as truth?

Sap. Let us endeavour, then, my friend beloved,

To twine both garlands round our brows, and drink

Of life, from Art's intoxicating cup,
Of art, from Life's all-bounteous hand,
rich draughts.

Sappho now summons her slaves, presents Phaon to them as their master, and somewhat oppresses him by her lavish encomiums and liberality. He withdraws to bathe and refresh himself, attended by her whole household, with the exception of her favourite slave, the youthful Melitta, whom she detains. Amidst many caresses, Sappho first blames the dulness of the girl, who can find nothing to say of Phaon. It should be observed, that Melitta, treading closely in her lady's footsteps, had fallen in love with Phaon even before he alighted with Sappho from the triumphal car, and that her apparent dulness is only the shyness of unconscious passion. Sappho next says, that she will henceforward be all mildness and gentleness;

For such love's magic influence, whate'er
It breathes on, it ennobles; Like the sun,
Whose golden rays, streaming on thunder-
clouds,

Transmute the very tempest into gold.

Melitta answers, that Sappho has ever been good and gentle, and the poetess falls into melancholy doubts of her power of making her lover happy. She dwells, with tenderly anxious apprehension, upon the freshness of his glowing youth, and upon her own exhaustion, from past emotions and sorrows, and from her harassing struggle for fame, which, when obtained, has yielded her only dry leaves. As she speaks, she takes off her laurel crown, and gazes mournfully upon it, when Melitta exclaims,

Beautiful wreath! How proud such recompense,

Contended for by thousands, but in vain!

Sap. Contended for by thousands, but in vain?

True, sweet Melitta, thou hast spoken well:

Contended for by thousands, and in vain!

(Replacing the wreath upon her head.)

Despise not glory, ye who have obtain'd it!

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'Tis not an empty, an unmeaning sound,
A godlike energy its touch bestows!

Sappho, rejoice! Not destitute art thou!
His wealth, with equal wealth can'st thou
repay—

Repay the offered garland of the present
With blossoms of the past and of the future.

Sappho, thus comforted, sends Melitta to see if Phaon be ready to receive her, and then, after a brief pause of meditation, sings, accompanying herself upon her lyre, a hymn to Venus. This little poem has classical and appropriate beauty; but we wish to devote the space allotted to this subjects to *dramatic* extracts, and besides, the hymn, or ode, is unrhymed, and written in imitation of the lyrical metre of the ancients; the German language possessing sufficient rhythm or prosody to give effect to the measures, which in English, after the late failure of a poet whose genius and command of language are indisputable, we need hardly say can barely be rendered sensible to the ear; whilst the introduction of rhyme would injure the correct classical *keeping* of the piece. As the poetess droops her head, fatigued with her exertions, the curtain falls.

When it rises again, Phaon enters alone. He has fled, considerably annoyed, it should seem, from the noisy festivity of the banquet given by Sappho, at once to celebrate his arrival, and to express her sense of the warm affection of her fellow-countrymen. The hero of the day appears to be much perplexed by not finding himself more perfectly happy in the wonderful realization of his most extravagant dreams; to which he has so unexpectedly, and, to himself, so inconceivably attained. After a while, he, rather suddenly, recollects that he has neglected to transmit any tidings of himself and his fortunes to his parents. He then begins to fear that they may think him dead, or that they may have casually heard of his connexion with Sappho—for he now further recollects his father's bad opinion of female musicians. But he magnanimously declares his resolution to uphold against a world the manifold virtues of Sappho,

Her sex's glory, crown of womanhood,

and satisfies himself that an introduction to her would immediately remove his father's prejudices. He is here in-

terrupted by an approaching crowd, and takes refuge in a grotto which opens from one side of the stage.

The intruders prove to be Sappho's female slaves collecting flowers, wherewith to decorate their mistress's abode upon this festal day. All are busy, all active, except Melitta, who is rallied by her companions upon her unusual moping helplessness, as well as upon her awkward waiting at table, where she had thrown down a goblet of wine that she was presenting, by Sappho's express commands, to her new master. They quickly disperse in search of more flowers, leaving Melitta to twine garlands against they return, of the roses they gather for her, from a bush upon the stage. The drooping girl attempts to execute the task assigned her, but soon desists, and breaks out into bitter complaints of the wretched condition of a slave, torn from all she loves, and prays to the gods to restore her to her family, or to take her to themselves. A Christian, rather than a classical prayer, by the way; she could scarcely hope for aught beyond the Elysian fields. Be that as it may, Phaon, who from his grotto has overheard these lamentations, forthwith joins, and endeavours to comfort the youthful mourner, but manages, maladroitly enough, to wound her pride as well as her heart, by his consolatory assurances that she need not thus distress herself on account of her blunder in her attendance at dinner, as the accident had merely amused Sappho as well as himself. Failing in this effort, he next tells her that he can fully sympathize in her grief at being parted from her family, as he deeply feels his separation from his own, and that the generous Sappho will readily, at his request, set her free, and restore her to her home. Again he is unsuccessful, for Melitta knows not where this regretted home may be; and it now appears that she was so early kidnapped by slave-traders, as to render her recollections, and consequently her domestic affections, very faint; that her perfect happiness in Sappho's kindness, has really obliterated all ideas of such a nature; and that it is only when some accidental occurrence afflicts her, that her sorrow assumes this sort of home-sickness shape. She is now recovered from her momentary depression, and has no farther wish for liberty. Phaon is evidently delighted

with Melitta's childish simplicity, and half-betrayed attachment. He goes on trifling with her, heedless, or perhaps unaware—like other boys of all ages—of the pain he inflicts or prepares. He places a rose in her bosom as a pledge of friendship, and asks for one in return. The tender girl will not give him any of those plucked by her wild companions, but must gather one herself. In climbing and stretching for the only rose left by the slaves upon the bush, because it was out of reach, she farther charms Phaon by the display of her youthful form and grace. The scene ends by her falling, his catching her in his arms, and his imprinting a kiss upon her lips, just as Sappho appears. All parties are considerably disconcerted. Sappho—who has laid aside her ensigns of honour, and is simply attired—dismisses Melitta with some words, half bitter, half kind; and then, after a pause, proceeds to apologize to Phaon for the banquet, which had, she fears, proved disagreeable to him. He answers shortly, and rather absently, and is quitting her. He, however, offers to stay, if she wishes it; and upon her desiring him to do as he pleases, says,

Art thou offended?

Sap. with emotion. Phaon!

Pha. Would'st thou aught?

Sap. Nothing.—Yet—(with effort)—with Melitta thou wast jesting.

Pha. Melitta! Who?—Oh, ay—Most true. Proceed.

Sap. To me the dearest of my slaves, or rather

My children I should say, for as my children

I ever loved them; and if I forbear
To break the bonds of slavery, 'tis only,
Since sweeter ties by Nature are withheld,

Not prematurely from the teacher's eye,
The mother's tender watchfulness, to send
Those homeless orphans. Such has been
my wont,

And amongst Mytilene's best wives and mothers

There are, who still, with joyful recollection

Of earlier days, call themselves Sappho's work.

Pha. Beautiful! Beautiful!

Sap. Of all the maidens

Hither chance-brought, none have I ever cherish'd

Like this Melitta, soft, still-temper'd girl.
Though unendow'd with lofty intellect,

Unfit for science, or the liberal arts,
Beyond all others have I ever prized
Her unpretending, modest, pious nature,
Her deep internal lovingness, that slowly,
Like the still garden snail, in which combined

We see the house and the inhabitant,
Prompt at the slightest sound in sudden terror

To shrink into itself, and with soft feelers
Cautious exploring round, doubtfully ventures

To touch aught strange, but having once
ta'en hold,

Closely adheres, and but in death falls off.
Pha. Most beautiful ! In truth most beautiful !

Sap. 'Twould grieve me,—pardon me,
my best beloved,—

But it would grieve me, should a passing
jest

Unthinkingly within this maiden's heart
Awaken wishes, which, ungratified,
Torture with rankling sting. Alas ! I fain
Would spare her youth the sad experience
Of disappointed passion's gnawing tooth,
Of those fierce pangs which slighted love
inflicts,

Then, gentle friend——

Pha. What said'st thou ?

Sap. Thou'rt not listening ?

Pha. I heard thee—Love inflicts fierce
pangs.

Sap. Too true !

Dear friend, thou'rt now untuned—Some
future time

We will discuss this business.

Pha. Be it so.

Some future time.

Sap. Farewell, then, for a while.

This is the hour that ever to the Muses,
In yonder quiet grot, I dedicate.

And though I hope not now to find the
Muse,

Silence and stillness will be there mine
own,

And those I need.—Farewell.

Pha. Art thou then going ?

Sap. Would'st thou desire——

Pha. Farewell.

Sap. (turning abruptly away.) Farewell.

(Exit into the grotto.)

Pha. (after a pause.) And hast thou——

(Looking around.)

She's gone. I feel confused, my head is
heavy.

Here sat she, the serenely blooming
child,

And here will I repose my weary head.

Thus ends the second act.

The third act finds Phaon asleep,
where the second left him, and Sappho
returns from her grotto, saying,

'Tis vain ! However widely rove my
thoughts,

Unfreighted they return. Whate'er I do,
Whatever I attempt, still is it stamp'd,
That image most abhorr'd, which to
escape,

I'd fly beyond the dusky bounds of earth,
In glowing colours on my burning brain !
Oh ! how he clasp'd her ! how his arm
twined round her !

And how, surrendering to the soft pres-
sure,

She on his lips—Away ! I will not think
on't !

The bare remembrance kills a thousand-
fold !

Is't not absurd thus to torment myself,
Lamenting what perchance has no exist-
ence ?

Who knows what transient, quick-forgot-
ten fancy,

What idle whim allured him momentarily,
That, lightly vanishing as 'twas conceived,
Merits not, as unmeaning, my reproof ?
Why do I seek the standard of his feelings
Within the depths of this impassion'd
breast ?

By woman's love none measure man's
affection,

Who life and love, and man and woman,
know.

Most changeable is man's impetuous tem-
per,

Subject to life, the ever changeable.

Boldly he treads existence' open path,
Around which dawning hope sheds ro-
seate light,

With strength and valour, as with sword
and shield,

Arm'd for the glorious conflict. Too con-
fined

Appears to him the world within the
breast ;

His restless efforts ever outwards tend.

Should he find love upon his way, he
stoops,

Gathers the tender floweret, looks upon
it,

Delights in it a while, then on his helm
Places it coldly, 'midst his other trophies.

He does not know the still, the mighty
fire,

Which in a woman's bosom love awakes ;
How all her being, faculties, desires,

Solely revolve around that single thought ;
How all her wishes, like to callow birds

Timidly fluttering round their mother's
nest,

With anxious watchfulness guard fearfully
That love, which is their cradle—and
their grave.

She, as a jewel, hangs existence' self
Upon the neck of new-born love. Man
loves,

But his capacious bosom can contain
Much more than love; and what to woman seems

Licentious outrage, he allows as sport,
Unhappy that 'tis so, but so it is!

Sappho now perceives the sleeping Phaon, and contemplates him with fond admiration, until she has convinced herself of his innocence. She then awakens him with a kiss; and before he opens his eyes, he names Melitta! He wakes, however, in apparently a very loving mood, and expresses so much affection for Sappho, that she again almost deceives herself into confidence, till he sets about telling her a dream, in which he unintentionally, and indeed without being himself aware of the fact, so completely betrays the wandering of his thoughts and inclinations, that she is overwhelmed by irresistible conviction, and sends him away.

Sappho, left alone, abandons herself to all the agonies of a proud and impassioned spirit, conscious of high worth and great sacrifices, and deceived, wronged by him in whom it has most fondly trusted. For a moment she regrets her descent from the heights,

With laurel crown'd, where Aganippe murmurs,

And where the mauses' choral song unites
With starry symphonies, down to the vale,
Confined and narrow, where reigns poverty,

And treachery, and vice. My place was there,

Amidst the clouds; here is for me no dwelling,

No refuge but the grave!

But such regrets immediately give place to jealousy; and she summons Melitta, to examine the charms that have supplanted hers. Her rival presents herself, clad in her best apparel, and adorned with flowers. Sappho is indignant at this seemingly open endeavour to eclipse her; but the poor girl, who is still unsuspecting of the nature of her own sentiments, answers so simply as to disarm resentment. After a long conflict between former tenderness and present jealousy, Sappho commands her slave to lay aside her ornaments. Melitta obeys, but refuses to part with the rose placed in her bosom by Phaon. This irritates Sappho afresh; she insists, and draws a dagger, when Phaon returns,

attracted to the scene of contest by the sound of Melitta's voice, in supplication. The new comer impetuously undertakes the defence of his young favourite, declaring, that

Softness is woman's fairest ornament,
And the fresh-budding wreath of innocence

Worth all the laurel garlands of renown.

And having thus spoken, he drags away the reluctant Melitta, who, subdued by the speechless anguish of her benefactress, would sacrifice everything, life, rose, and all, at her feet. This closes the third act.

The fourth act is principally occupied with Sappho's transports of jealousy. It opens with a long nocturnal soliloquy of the forsaken Poetess, in the course of which she observes—

'Tis said excess of agony can slay—

Alas! that is untrue. Around me all
Is tranquil, even the air is hush'd in silence;

Life's cheerful tones are mute, no rustle sounds

From the unmoving foliage; solitary,
Like a late-wandering stranger, does the voice

Of my complaint go forth by night. Oh! could I

Sleep like the birds! But longer, never roused,

In that deep, sweetest slumber, lulling all—

All—every throbbing pulse, to lasting sleep,

Which morning's dawn awakes not to new pangs,

Which no ingrate—Hold! tread not on the snake! (*In a suppressed tone.*)

Murder must be confess'd a dreadful crime,

And robbery, and treachery, and all,
Whate'er their loathsome names, the heads that hiss

Around the poison-bloated hydra, bred
Amidst the fire-swamps of the dark abyss,
With slaver to infect the universe.

Ay, dreadful, infamous, envenom'd sins!
But one there is, in whose surpassing blackness

Others seem white as lilies; and its name—

Ingratitude! Whatever separately
Others effect, that in itself combines;
Robs, lies, deceives, swears false, betrays,
and kills!

Ingratitude! Ingratitude! Ingratitude!
—Defend me, gods! defend me from myself!

After a long struggle between conflicting feelings, the wretched Sappho resolves to send Melitta secretly to Chios, to the care of an hereditary friend, who shall keep her strictly. She checks herself—

Not strictly, no ; already is her fault
By absence fully punish'd.

This constantly-recurring tenderness for both offenders, amidst the fiercest tempest of her anger, is beautifully touched. But at Chios, if not strictly kept, Melitta is to be detained and concealed from Phaon. The business of removing her, Sappho commits to her confidential slave, and former preceptor, Rhamnes. He proceeds to execute his orders ; but Melitta resists her sentence of exile, and her voice again brings Phaon to her succour. The lover's resentment ends in his taking advantage of the boat prepared for the purpose of depriving him of the object of his new passion, in order to fly with her, whilst, by threats and violence, he prevents the faithful, but no longer young or active Rhamnes, from offering any impediment to the elopement. When the embarkation of the lovers has freed him from restraint, the old man, by his outcries, assembles Sappho, her household, and a number of Lesbians, eager to offer their services upon the occasion. Sappho addresses them with entreaties to

Man every ship, and, rapid as the wind,
Pursue the traitor's track. Oh ! recollect
That here in agony I wait for you ;
That every instant, till your wish'd return,

Plunges a thousand daggers in my breast !
Who brings them, who procures me the delight

Of piercing with mine eyes even through his,

And asking, How, in what have I offended,

That thus thou murder'st me ?—

(Bursting into tears.

Not so ! not so !

Rage only, and revenge ! But whoso brings them,

His be my treasures, his my life ! Away !
On the wind's wings, away !

The Lesbians hasten to comply with Sappho's wishes ; she herself faints ; and the fourth act is over.

It is impossible, without much longer extracts than we can afford space for, fully to exhibit the profound knowledge of the human heart discovered by our author in his delineation of the

gradual change in Phaon's manner and character, as, from the irksome consciousness of inferiority, and its concomitant bewildering confusion of feeling, under which he labours when he first appears in Sappho's *suite*, he rises in self-importance through the comfortable sense of his superiority to the fond, innocent, childish Melitta, a creature absolutely dependent upon him for support and protection, until he grossly insults Sappho in defence of her slave. We should more regret this impossibility, but that the execution is far less delicate and happy than the conception—no unusual occurrence in German works—and that the portraiture of Sappho herself, with which no such fault can be found, is the grand beauty of the piece. We have, however, shown something of his conduct of Phaon's mutability, and shall give a specimen of his final development of character in the fifth act, to which we now proceed.

At the rising of the curtain, Sappho is seen sitting mute and motionless, encircled by her attached slaves, who are anxiously watching her, and awaiting the result of the enterprise of their Lesbian emissaries. She discovers no symptoms of sensibility, except when the words of her attendants seem to imply tidings of the fugitives. At length a messenger arrives, who relates the encounter of his fellow-countrymen with Phaon ; and the desperate resistance offered by the latter, clasping Melitta with his left, and wielding his sword with his right hand, until a blow aimed at him had casually struck the maiden's head. Sappho, who has hitherto listened breathlessly, now covers her eyes with her hands, and the narrator subjoins, that whilst Phaon was wholly occupied with the fainting girl, he had been seized, and that his captors were bringing both their prisoners to Sappho. She wildly exclaims—

Oh no ! not hither !

Rham. Whither else ? They're here.

Sap. Who shall preserve me from his sight ? My maidens !

Oh ! Aphrodite, shield thy votaress !

With these words she flies to the back of the stage, and clings round the altar, where her slaves surround so as to conceal her. Phaon then enters, conducted and guarded by the Lesbians, and accompanied by Melitta, who vainly tries to appease the fury

with which her lover storms, first against his successful enemies, and then against their employer. The Lesbians refer everything to Sappho's decision; and Phaon, vehemently reproaching them with their tame submission to a woman's humours, asks,

Why, who and what is Sappho, that her tongue

Should regulate the even scale of justice?
Is she the country's sovereign?

Lesbian. She is,
Not because she commands, because our joy

In serving her consists.

Phaon. Are ye then all
By her ensnared? I'll see how far extends
This witchery.—To her!

(*Going towards the house.*)

Lesbian. Forbear!

Phaon. In vain
Such menaces! I must confront her.—
Sappho,

Appear! Where art thou? Tremblest
thou before me?

How? All her slaves about the altar
ranged?

She's there! Attempt not to escape!
Come forth!

(*He breaks through the crowd. The
slaves give way. SAPPHO is seen
lying, stretched out helplessly at
the altar's feet.*)

Lesbian. Presum'st thou, rash and
inconsiderate boy!

Phaon. What would'st thou at the
Godhead's shrine? The prayers
Of malice Heaven disdains. Arise!

(*He takes hold of her. At his touch
she starts up and flies to the front
of the stage. He follows her.*)

Would'st fly?

Thou shalt both hear and answer—Dost
thou shudder?

'Tis time to shudder—Knowest thou thy
deed?

Say by what right thou dar'st to seize on
me—

On me a free-born man, owning no master
Save mine own will; and here, in shame-
less bonds,

A captive held? That crew, unwonted
arms

Who wield, did'st thou employ them?
Speak, did'st thou?

What, mute? The poetess' sweet accents
mute?

Sappho. This is too much!

Phaon. Ay, now her cheek is reddén-
ing,

The fire of anger burns upon it. Right!
Throw off the mask, appear thyself, and
rage,

And kill, dissembling Ciree!

Sappho. 'Tis too much!

Arouse, and arm thyself, my heart!

Phaon. Reply,

Did'st thou employ these men?

Sappho. Rhannes, fetch hither

My slave-girl; only her I would reclaim.

Phaon. Back! Back!—Attempt not
to lay hands upon her!

Name but her ransom! Wealth I can-
not boast,

But willingly shall friends and parents
join

To purchase from thine avarice my bliss.

Sappho (still turned from him). Gold I
desire not, only what is mine.

She shall remain.

Phaon. Never shall she remain!

By all the gods, she shall not! Forfeited
Hast thou thy title, since thy dagger's
point

Threaten'd her breast. Her service, not
her life,

Was thine by purchase. Think'st thou,
in thy hands

I could abandon her? Again, I say,

Demand a ransom, and resign her!

Sappho. Rhannes,

Obey mine orders.

Phaon. Back! Thou tempt'st thy
death

If thou presum'st to touch her!

After a little more violence, softer
recollections awake in Phaon's mind,
and he says,—

How different a Sappho had my fancy
In earlier, fairer days, imagined! Tender,
Sweet as her song, appeared her godlike

mind,

And taintless as her strain I deem'd her
heart;

The harmony that from her lips still
flow'd,

Her breast attuning, all her being seem'd
Nothing but melody. What magic spell

Has thus transform'd thee? Seek not to
avert

Thine eyes! Look up! Let me behold
thy face,

And ascertain if that thyself it be.

If these the lips mine have so often
press'd,

If this the eye that gently smiled upon me,
If thou indeed be Sappho?

(*He seizes her arm, and turns her to
himself. Their eyes meet. SAPPHO
shrinks painfully into herself.*)—

Sappho. Woe is me!

Phaon. Yes, thou art she! Yes, that
was Sappho's voice!

What I have spoken, let the winds dis-
perse!

Let it not in the heart strike root! Oh,
now,

The darkness vanishes, and all is light !
And like to sunshine after thunder storms,
So through the lowering clouds of present ill,

Bright beams the past in pristine splendour. Welcome,

Remembrance of fair times ! Again to me
Art thou, what in my distant home thou wast,

Ere yet beheld, the self-same glorious image

Of the Divinity, that I so long
Erroneously believed a human form.
Sappho, reveal thyself as goddess ! Bless us !

Sappho. Deceiver !

Phaon. No, deceiver I am none !

Nor when I swore I loved thee, was't untrue.

I loved thee, as men worship deities,
As they adore the good, the beautiful.
Thou, Sappho, should'st commune with higher natures ;

None from the table of the gods descend
Unpunish'd, to the lowly sphere of mortals.

The arm that has embraced the golden lyre,

Is sacred, and must shun each meaner touch.

Sappho (aside, and turning away). In ocean's depths he sunk the golden lyre,

If purchased at such cost !

After another long speech about the perplexity of his feelings, Phaon, selfish even in his pretended repentance, concludes, that

Equality's the proper bond of love ;
and requires Sappho to receive Melitta kindly and cheerfully. Again Sappho recoils, and again he misunderstands and reproaches her. The gentler Melitta interferes, but Sappho remains silent to her humble and affectionate supplications. When at length Phaon, kneeling beside, and embracing his beloved, exclaims,—

Love is for mortals, reverence for the gods,

Give us our portion, and receive thine own !

Consider what thou dost, and who thou art !

Sappho starts, gazes for a moment steadily upon the kneeling pair, and abruptly quits the stage, without speaking.

The interval of her absence is filled up with the repentance and grief of

Melitta, the boastings of Phaon, and the scolding of old Rhamnes, who dilates upon Sappho's lofty genius and worth, upon Phaon's nothingness and ingratitude, and upon what posterity will think of the transaction, till he makes the idly inconstant youth thoroughly ashamed of himself.

Sappho now returns, adorned with the insignia of her Olympic triumph, bearing her golden lyre upon her arm, self-collected, and solemn in her deportment. As she appears, Melitta passionately addresses her.—

Melitta. Oh, Sappho ! Oh, my mistress !

Sappho (calmly and seriously). What desirest thou ?

Melitta. My blindness disappears, mine eyes are opened.

Oh, once again receive me as thy slave, Possess thine own, and pardon !

Sappho. Dost thou deem

Sappho so helpless, she should need thy gifts ?

What is mine own, that I possess already.

Phaon. Oh, Sappho, hearken to me !

Sappho. Touch me not !

I to the gods am consecrated !

Phaon. Sappho,

If e'er with favourable eye on me——

Sappho. Of bygone things thou speakest.

Thee I sought,

Myself I have recovered. 'Twas not thine To comprehend my heart. So, fare thee well !

My hopes must on a firmer basis rest.

Phaon. Then thou abhor'st me ?

Sappho. Save abhor and love

Know'st thou no other feeling ? Thou by me

Wast cherish'd, art so still, wilt ever be so. Like to a valued fellow-voyager,

Whom, for short traverse, Fortune's whim had placed

Beside us in the bark, till, gained the shore,

Each separately treads his several road ; And only when in distant foreign climes,

A recollection of the kind associate—
(*Her voice fails her.*)

Phaon (agitated). Oh, Sappho !

Sappho. Gently ! Let us part in peace.

You who have look'd on Sappho's weakness, pardon !

All Sappho's weakness shall be expiated ; The bow displays not, until bent, its strength.

Kindle the flame on Aphrodite's altar, Let it blaze cheerily on morning's dawn.

Withdraw ye now, and leave me here alone ;

Alone to seek the counsel of the gods !

Rhamnez. 'Tis her command—Let us obey—Withdraw.

(*They retire, but remain upon the stage.*)

Sappho. Ye holy and exalted gods !
Richly with blessings I by you am graced !

Ye gave the bow of music to my hand,
Ye gave me poesy's abundant quiver,
A heart to feel, a spirit to conceive,
And energy to fashion my conceptions.
Richly with blessings I by you am graced.
I thank you !

Ye've crown'd with victory this feeble head,
And ye have planted in far distant lands
The songstress' fame—Seed for eternity !
My golden lays resound from foreign
tongues,
And only with the earth shall Sappho set.
I thank you !

Ye have allow'd the poetess to taste
The sweets of life's delicious, flower-
wreath'd cup,
To taste ye have allow'd her, not to
drink.

Behold ! Obedient to your high behest,
Resign I the delicious, flower-wreath'd
cup,
And drink not !

The task by you enjoyn'd I have fulfill'd,
Refuse me not the latest recompense !
Who appertain to you yield not to weakness,
The vipers of disease consume them not ;
In perfect vigour, in existence, bloom,
Abruptly ye remove them to your dwelling—
To me concede a like exalted lot !

Oh, suffer not your priestess to become
The object of your enemies' disdain,
The scorn of fools, wise in their own conceit !

You crush'd the blossoms, now break
down the tree !

Permit me to conclude as I began,
Spare me the bleeding anguish of this
struggle.

I am too feeble longer to contend,
Dismiss me from the conflict, conquest-
crown'd !

(*After a pause, she proceeds as if inspired.*)

High soars the flame to meet the rising
sun,
I feel't—my pray'r is granted ! Thanks,
great gods !
Thou Phaon, and Melitta thou, approach.
A friend from distant worlds now kisses
thee. (*Kissing PHAON'S brow.*)

'Tis thy dead mother sends thee this
warm kiss !

(*Embracing MELITTA.*)
Now hence ! And at thy shrine, God-
dess of Love,

Be love's dark destiny consummated !
(*Hastening to the altar.*)

Rhamnes. What meditates she ? Half
divine she seems,
Splendours of immortality shine round
her !

Sappho. (*from an elevation upon the shore,*
stretching her hands towards the lo-
vers.)

To mortals love, and reverence to the
gods ;

Enjoy what blooms for you, and think of
me !

Thus the last debt of life do I discharge.
Bless them, great deities, and me re-
ceive !

As she speaks the last word, she
flings herself from the rock, and, as
she does so, *should* the curtain fall.
But alas ! here we recognise the dra-
matist who ended his *AHNFRÄU* by
making his ghost say she would go
home, and so step into her grave !
Grillparzer now not only disturbs our
sympathy with the deeply-feeling,
high-minded Sappho, by obtruding
upon us Phaon's paltry regrets, which
do not even draw him from the side
of the lamenting Melitta to look after
his victim, but he actually introduces
a discussion between Rhamnes, who
has run to the edge of the cliff, and
the faithless lover, as to whether Sap-
pho will, or will not, be dashed to pie-
ces as she falls, against a projecting
crag of the rock from which she flung
herself. We apprehend, that not even
by taking Mathews' rapidity of elocu-
tion as the measure of time, could
these doubts be compressed into any
sort of compatibility with the laws of
gravity, and of the acceleration of mo-
tion in falling bodies. But, to be se-
rious—Such incongruities, if most
common amongst German writers, are
unhappily by no means confined to
them. Judgment is universally ad-
mitted to be the latest quality devel-
oped, alike in nations as in individu-
als. And authors of maturer years
and experience than Franz Grillpar-
zer, and countries farther advanced in
cultivation and civilization than Ger-
many, have but too often afforded
proof that taste, which is perhaps but
a peculiar form of judgment, is not
the necessary concomitant of genius.
Let us then, instead of carping at

faults of green youth, either in the poet or his native land, following the practise of those liberal times, of which Pope says,—

Then criticism the Muse's handmaid
proved,
To deck her charms, and make her more
beloved,

feel and praise the beauties abounding in SAPPHO ; and may we, without incurring the imputation of arrogance, be permitted to conclude with the wish, conceived in all kindness, that it might be possible Grillparzer should derive improvement from these remarks of his very sincere admirers.

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.

CHAP. XIX.

The Story of Jack Adams—continued.

" WELL, after such a brush as we had had, and getting over the hards in such excellent style, you can have no idea, Ned, how joyfully I turned in for that night, or how sweetly and soundly I slept. Everything was now settled to our utmost wishes, and it was natural for a person to think that we were to have nothing afterwards but smooth water :—But no !—the devil wasn't done with us, it would appear, and seemed determined to have another rally, by way of a finish, at all events. I think it was on the fourth or fifth day after I'd been on board the *Ral*, as I told you, I was chatting with old Simmons on the forecastle, just immediately after we had got our grog, when who should board us but Allen and Senator, along with Jack Morris; our late President, demanding an immediate muster of the ship's company. A meeting was accordingly called, when Tom Allen, after requesting our silence and attention, pulled out a bundle of your shore printed gear, and began to read ; and, 'tis a truth, he had not proceeded far before he astounded the ears of his listeners with the dreadful intelligence, that the whole promises hitherto made us were mere wind, meant never to be performed—that some of our great Lords, in the House of Parliament, who wished to know all about the story, and see us properly redressed, had been ordered by the King's servants to clap a stopper on their tongues, and let the business alone—that they wished to hurry us to sea, where they would treat us as they thought proper—and, in short, that the whole proceedings, from first to last, was a

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mere bam, purposely got up to hoodwink and satisfy us for the present time only. Immediately on concluding this very agreeable morsel of intelligence, Tom commenced a long rigmarole sort of speech, in which, after calling the public authorities everything but gentlemen, he urged the ship's company once more to resort to the good old plan of disobedience. I feel it quite impossible, my dear fellow, to give you the smallest idea how instantaneously the effect of all this was visible on the ship's company—in some producing the most outrageous anger—in others a sort of demoniacal laughter—and in all arousing those fears and forebodings of personal security, which had been so lately and so happily banished. For my own part, my lad, as I told you before, I had little faith to put in them there shore printed gear, with which we had all along been so lavishly supplied for nothing. I had always considered them as full of mischief, and not the thing at all for weak heads ; and was very apt to view them much in the same light I'd have done an officious intermeddling third person, who edges and edges on two people quarrelling, until they fairly come to fisticuffs, thus giving rise to endless brawls and disorder ;—and I was the more inclined to think in this manner from the experience I had had of their putting wild and mischievous thoughts into the people's heads, which otherwise they would never have had the brains to hatch. As soon as Tom had finished, therefore, I asked him if he could show us no better authority for his news than these gear—telling him plainly how jealous I

was of the truth of all such unauthorised and underhand stuff, and how lightly I valued anything they said. Tom answered me never a word, but thrusting his hand into his bosom, forth he pulls me a London newspaper, and bids me read and satisfy myself from the Parliament's report. I did so directly, you may be sure; and in faith, I must confess I was very unwillingly soon convinced, that so far Tom's paper was correct, and that silence on all our story had actually been strongly enjoined.

"Well, Adams," cried Tom Allen, triumphantly, "are you convinced at last that we have been most cursedly bitten?"

"No, Tom, I can't say I am," replied I,—for, 'pon my soul, Davies, I couldn't bring myself to believe that the whole was a hoax,—“I can't say I am,” says I. “The newspaper does indeed say, that silence has been strongly recommended—but we don't know for what reason, and possibly it is not proper that we should. In the meantime, Tom, until we get better information, I'd have you to follow my plan, and be content with knowing, that all we've asked for has been solemnly granted us—”

"Come, come, Adams," interrupted Bill Senator, "don't go to be running the rig on us in that sly manner;—for I can tell you, my lad, all we've asked has *not* been solemnly granted us,—for at the utmost stretch it has only been solemnly *promised* us; and, in my eye, there's the devil's own difference between what is promised and what is given. I think every man of common sense must agree to that; and I also think that it is high time we were once more stirring our stumps in the good old cause.—What d'ye say, my jolly hearts?—don't *you* think so?"

"His appeal seemed at once to burst the flood-gates of passion in every individual, for such another scene of noise and tumult ensued as beggars description. I assure you, Davies, I've seen a good many brawls in my time, but you may take my word for it that they all sink into utter insignificance when compared with the remembrance I have of the universal burst of indignation and frantic violence which immediately followed this appeal to them of Bill Senator's. Fortunately every one on whom they could properly

wreck their vengeance was out of their reach, since I am as certain as I exist, that had they had even Lord Bridport himself that moment in their power, they'd have torn him in pieces.

"In this state of mind matters were not slow in assuming the determined aspect of defiance with which we were all now so very familiar;—so that after having arranged a regular plan of procedure for the future conduct of the ship, the deputation departed to pay a visit to the next in order. On the following morning, accordingly, the riot began. We had hardly got our breakfast swallowed, ere the Admiral dropped his foretop-sail and fired a gun, as the signal for instantly getting under weigh, which, you may depend on't, was paid not the smallest attention to. The officers, to be sure, brushed about the decks bawling like madmen, and did everything in their power to enforce the order—nay, headed even by Captain Lock himself, they traversed the decks sword in hand, threatening some, flattering others, and even almost supplicating a third party;—but all would not do—they were speaking to determined and daring spirits, who were not to be very easily daunted—and in spite of all their united endeavours, the old Charlotte continued fast at her moorings.

"All this conduct, however, you may very easily guess, naturally drove us to do something decisive; and of course it excited little surprise on-board the Charlotte, when a Court of Delegates was announced to be held forthwith, on board the London, lying at Spithead. The different boats immediately got under weigh for the place of meeting; and I was not a little astonished, on our boat nearing the London, to find that all admittance was refused us, by no less a personage than the Admiral in person. Breasting the gangway passage, my boy, and backed by his officers sword in hand, and his marines under arms, there stood the old blade crowing for all the world as bold as a turkey-cock. The question, however, admitted but of little delay;—for we were all sensible that we were placed in ticklish circumstances, and that the sooner the parley was pushed to a point the better.

"So you won't allow us to settle our business peaceably aboard your ship, my Lord?" said Jack Morris, from his boat alongside.

“ ‘No, no, my lad, indeed I will not,’ answered Admiral Colpoys ;— ‘for I really see no end to this business of yours—since the more you get, seemingly, the more you would have. It is high time such turbulent conduct should be put an end to. Return therefore to your respective duties, and bless your stars and be content with what his Majesty has already granted you.’

“ ‘Pray, what has he granted us,’ cried Tom Allen, ‘more than your Lordship is doing now—giving us a very pretty treat of your chin-music?—Bah! To the devil I say with all such grants!’

“ ‘You are indeed a well-finished scoundrel,’ cried the Admiral, clenching his fist and shaking it at Allen ; ‘and were it not you are seated where you are, and I might injure a better fellow, I’d order a ball to be sent through your head directly.—Away with you ! It is such knaves as you, you villain, famous alike for your turbulence and cowardice, that bring honest simple men into tumult and disgrace.’

“ ‘Away with me, my Lord!’ cried Allen, standing up in the boat ; ‘faith and I must e’en be telling your beautiful person, I came here for no such a purpose as to be scouted off so very easily. I’ll go, I believe, as soon as I discharge the duty intrusted to me by my shipmates, and the never a moment sooner. You may therefore chime away on me as long as it pleases you, and welcome ; and though I may be possibly turbulent in your eyes, which, thank God, better people don’t see through, I can flatly give you the lie as to cowardice—Here stands Tom Allen of the Mars, whose ears have heard the whistle of ten shots to one more than ever your Lordship did—here he stands, I say, open before you—fire upon him if you dare!’

“ ‘We must really come on board, my Lord,’ repeated Jack Morris, from the boat ;—‘we are merely wasting time as well as words.’

“ ‘I tell you, my lad, I cannot agree to it,’ replied his Lordship. ‘You seem to be a fellow of some behaviour, and I would fain treat all such with civility. But I cannot hear of your present proposal. If your business is so very importunate, in God’s name, take yourselves off, and meet wherever else you please, but on board this vessel, while I command her, you shan’t, that’s certain.’

“ ‘Bah!’ cried Bill Senator, ‘never mind the old fellow, Morris ; he’s got his jawing tackle hauled aboard, and could prate you there for a month of Sundays.—Jump up, Jack, and I’ll follow you.—Come along, my jolly hearts, here’s at it!’

“ ‘Marines!’—cried the Admiral, ‘make ready—present!—I advise you once again, my lads, before you go farther, to keep to your boats ; for by mine honour I declare, that if you attempt to force your way on board, it shall be at your own peril—you see I am all ready.’

“ ‘Zounds, Morris, never mind him,’ bawled Senator, impatiently, ‘but heave a-head, and keep moving—I’ll stand by you, my hearty!—Come tumble up, my bucks, tumble up!—Never mind his speechifying—if he dares to fire on us, he may look out for squalls, that’s all.’

“ This was encouragement enough to determined men ; and the whole scrambling up the London’s sides by both fore and main-chains, soon gained her deck, and confronted the armed marines, who were very unwillingly held to their ranks. Their first lieutenant, an active stout man, had zealously seconded the Admiral in opposing the entrance of the delegates ; beating some back with the flat of his sword, and by main strength precipitating others from the top of the side right slap overboard. One delegate, whom he had served in this expeditious manner, felt so indignant at the affront, that the moment he was dragged into a boat, he laid hold of a musket, and let fly at the marine lieutenant, who immediately fell to the deck. All was now confusion and alarm—the first lieutenant of the ship ordered the marines to fire—they did so, and a midshipman, three men, and a boy, were also laid sprawling on the deck, severely wounded. This unnecessary order immediately roused an universal indignation—the whole crew instantly joined the delegates—cast loose the foremost guns, and pointed them astern, threatening loudly they’d blow all aft into the water, unless they had an immediate unconditional surrender. The Admiral, now on his marrow-bones, immediately gave in, to prevent, as he said, the unnecessary effusion of blood—but that, you know, was all in my eye, else why did he effuse blood at all? The real matter of

fact was, he could do no better ; and was accordingly instantly ordered to his cabin, till the council met and deliberated on his conduct. He had not luckily left the deck ere his attention was drawn to another object—no less than the preparation for immediately hanging his first lieutenant, for ordering the marines to fire. The yard-rope was rove, and he would have infallibly been run up, all standing as he was, had not the Admiral come forward and avowed that the officer was not to blame, having merely acted according to the orders of Admiralty, which he himself had received the day before.

“ ‘Then I’ll tell you what, my old blade,’ cried Tom Allen, approaching the Admiral, ‘if you wish the life of this bloody-minded man spared, who has done more harm in the course of a few minutes than his whole rascally lifetime can ever atone for, you’ll instantly make good your words, by producing us these same instructions you speak on. I must say, I’ve always suspected, as our good friends on shore tell us, that the Lords Admirals were all along fooling on us ; but may I be hung if it ever entered my headpiece yet that they’d sent down written orders for our murder.—Come, come, no dallying, old one—produce these same Admiralty orders in an instant, if you please, or, by the cross of St Albans, away he goes.—Shipmates, man the tacklefall !’

“ ‘Have patience, my good fellow,’ said the Admiral, considerably agitated, ‘and allow me a moment or two to recollect myself. Captain Griffiths, be so good as go aft to my cabin, and open my escrutoire—here’s the key—Beaujeau will point it out to you. You’ll there find my last dispatches from the Admiralty, which I will thank you to bring with you.—Oh, cast the gentleman loose, my brave fellows—I freely give you mine honour he is not to blame. He merely did his duty, and acted according to the orders given him.’

“ ‘You gave the officer these orders, then, didn’t you?’ demanded Vassy.

“ ‘I did most certainly,’ replied the Admiral ; ‘for they were those transmitted me by the Admiralty.—Ah, thank you, captain—here they are,’ continued he, taking them from the hands of Captain Griffiths, and handing them to Morris, ‘read them

carefully—you’ll find Lieutenant Bover and the whole of us were completely justified in repelling force by force.’

“ ‘Pish !’ cried Senator, contemptuously, ‘that will never go down with us, Master Blue-at-the-fore, I can tell you, so you needn’t prate another moment about *force* at all. Was there the smallest intention of harm in e’er a single soul, until you yourself commenced the squall ? No, sir, you cannot say there was anything to be seen but the utmost civility and good-humour. It is you, sir, and you alone, that I blame for the blood which has thus been needlessly shed ; and had I *my* will, I honestly assure you, I’d make it a very brief business indeed, the compelling some people’s carcase to answer for it.’

“ ‘If you have lost every regard to propriety of behaviour, fellow,’ said the Admiral, warmly, ‘you’ll oblige me much by your silence. Ever keep in mind to whom you are talking.’

“ ‘To whom I am talking, forsooth !’ cried Senator, scornfully. ‘By the hooky, that’s not difficult to guess—for he’s no great shakes, I’ll be bound to say. I am talking to one, sir, who seems to have forgotten that he is no more than a man, and that he has a life to lose as well as his neighbours.’

“ ‘Do you threaten me, you ruffian !’ menaced the Admiral, clapping his hand on his sword.

“ ‘It don’t depend on *my* good will, most mighty sir, else mayhap I would do more,’ rejoined the dauntless delegate.

“ ‘Come, come, Billy,’ interrupted Morris, ‘belay, if you please ;—for we’ve other fish to fry than the standing up here a-listening to you two jawing each other. You, Anderson, get a boat lowered directly—take the doctor with you—and hurry ashore to the hospital with Master Simpson and these poor unfortunates. Jack Adams, see you the Admiral safely to his cabin—a small restriction on your personal liberty, my Lord, will be absolutely necessary, until we see how this unhappy business is to end.—Captain Griffiths, I will expect a similar behaviour from you, and that you will keep your cabin—unless, to be sure, you’d prefer going on shore with Lieutenant Bover, who must go at all events, as it is impossible for me to answer for his

safety amongst a highly enraged and irritated ship's company. What say you, sir?"

"If I'm allowed to have a choice," replied the Captain, "I'll rather prefer, at every hazard, to stay along with my superior officer."

"Well, Captain, be it so," said Jack Morris. "See that you take every necessary precaution, Adams, to prevent either of these gentlemen from being unnecessarily disturbed or insulted. I can do no more for you—so good bye, gentlemen.—Come now the whole of you, my lads, and let us dispose of the other officers and these rascally marines."

"This was speedily accomplished, the officers being generally ordered on shore, and the marines disarmed, and strictly confined to the cable-tier. The President now proceeded with the delegates to the state-room, for the purpose of examining the Admiral's dispatches, which were found to be by no means so hostile to their interests as he had led them to imagine;—for though they no doubt strongly recommended the exertion of his utmost influence, firmness, and promptitude in enforcing the necessary duties of the ship, they left him a complete discretionary power to act in all cases that might occur according to the best of his judgment. This discovery aroused considerable spleen against the Admiral, who, it was now plainly seen, had acted in the whole affair entirely on the suggestions of his own mind; and it also called forth some very bitter remarks on his conduct, both from Tom Allen and Bill Senator, who loudly insisted that an extraordinary meeting of delegates should be instantly held, for the purpose of a strict inquiry into the conduct of both the Admiral and his officers, particularly Captain Griffiths. After a good deal of noisy altercation, it was at last finally agreed, That for the purpose of holding this meeting next day, on board the Royal Sovereign, with convenience and decorum, every ship that wore a pendant then at Spithead, should immediately get under weigh and rendezvous at St Helens—that all officers, excepting the Masters, should be immediately ordered on shore—and that, in the meantime, Admiral Colpoys and his Captain should be strictly confined to their cabins. After coming to this

decision the Court broke up, and the delegates shortly afterwards retired to their respective ships. An hour had hardly elapsed ere the resolution of the meeting was visibly in full operation; craft of every description you could think on being seen making for Sallyport, laden with officers of all grades—while they had the mortification of seeing their vessels, some under weigh, and some weighing anchor, standing majestically down towards St Helens, and there bringing up in the most regular and beautiful order around the Royal Sovereign.

"Next day, at an early hour, we went on board the Sovereign, at whose lofty main the signal for a meeting of the delegates was by this time flying. While the Court was assembling, I took a stroll round the decks, and had not gone far when I was accosted by Joe Green, one of the delegates of the ship, with a familiar slap on the shoulder, coupled with the usual salutation of,—*Aha, matey!*—the top of the morning to you, my boy!—Hast any news?"

"The never a morsel," answered I, "but what I suppose you already know.—Have you got any?"

"Why, there was some of our people a-saying, as went ashore with the officers last night—"

"What!" asked I, interrupting him, "hadst to put 'em ashore?"

"Ay, that we had, my boy," replied he; "and the devil's own job it was ere we got rid of 'em. Why, lad, you'd have thought Admiral Gardner, for one, had lost all the little judgment ever he'd been possessed of. I never saw a man in such a sad taking; and 'pon my soul I were very sorry for him indeed, for he's by no means a bad fellow, though somewhat passionate. After a vast deal ado, however, (for opposition was nonsense, you know,) we succeeded in bundling him and his clerk into one boat, and the rest of his officers into another; and so they were shoved off for the shore, he crying all the way like a mere child.—My eye! it was a rare frolic for the boats' crews!—and in faith they had a glorious cruize on shore by the shift; for the never a man of 'em returned till this morning; and, as I were going to tell you, you'll not hinder some of 'em from popping into Haslar in passing, where they learnt, that the poor boy,

yesterday, had kicked the bucket, and two of the chaps as were wounded, the fourth was at death's door, if he ain't popped also by this time. They also told us, that it was quite a common say on shore, that the council meets to-day for the express purpose of trying Admiral Colpoys and his Captain by a regular court-martial—but this, I hope, is a fudge; and 'pon my word, Adams, I should be very sorry to see matters pushed so far.'

" 'Why, truly, my dear fellow,' replied I, 'I should really be as vexed as yourself to see matters take such a bad turn—for that, in my opinion, would only be making bad worse; but really, again, when you consider how confident and bold some of our fellows are, you must allow, that it would excite in me no very great astonishment though some one or other of them even had the hardihood to propose such a measure. The examination of his Admiralty dispatches, I can tell you, did him no good, for one thing; and the stories that have since come out regarding the little mean tricks he resorted to in gaining over the marines to back him, was every way unworthy the conduct or character of either an officer or a gentleman.'

" 'Well, well, all that may be true, Jack,' cried Green, 'but nevertheless I will still hope, that matters will not even be attempted to be pushed so far. I am sure, my lad, you know as well as I, that discipline *must* be strictly enforced, else how long would we be out of the mud?—And certain I am, that if there was provocation, and even what some would call obstinacy, on the one side, there was not wanting a most plentiful service of the most daring insolence on the other. Just you recollect Tom Allen's and Senator's saucy behaviour—the one not a whit behind t'other—and candidly tell me, had you been an officer, what you'd have done?—For my own part, I can say, I'd have pistolled them both on the spot.'

" 'Tush, tush! my good fellow,' cried I, 'or you'll spoil all.—Did either of the two you've mentioned hear these words, they'd have you sent to Coventry, if not to a worse part, before you could say Jack Robinson.'

" 'I care not a d—n, Adams, what they would do, or what they could do,' said Green, with vivacity; 'I've a right to speak out boldly as well as they. And you may depend on't, my

lad, if such a subject is even dared to be broached by either of 'em, I'll tell him a piece of my mind mayhap as won't go down very sweetly.—What say you?—Don't you think I'll be right, Adams?'

" 'Perfectly so, my hero,' replied I; 'but then, d'y'e see, as I take it, I think there's a right and a wrong way in going about everything:—for you'll mind me, I can see little use, and far less wisdom, in deliberately running amongst breakers, if it's possible they can be avoided at all. I'm sure you know as well as I do that this is eminently the case with all good seamanship,—whose highest excellence arises from the skill and dexterity displayed in standing steadily clear of all such hard rubbers, without sustaining the smallest injury. Do you the same, Joe;—keep a close mouth until you hear coolly and calmly what they mean to be after—and then you'll have the vantage ground of them completely; and should you prove unable to overthrow their measures altogether, you may still be able to render them less harsh and mischievous.'

" 'Egad, Jack, I believe you're right after all,' said Green; 'and I dare say I'll give your plan a thought or two.—But let's be jogging, for I hear them calling out for old Kelly the boatswain's mate, and that will likely be to summon the council.'

" 'We accordingly marched aft to the Admiral's state-room, and found the President already seated, and preparing to muster the meeting. This was speedily done, and all being present, the doors were made fast, and the business commenced. This was done by the President himself, who gave a simple and very impartial account of the whole proceedings as they took place on board the London, and concluded by informing the meeting, that now was the time to institute any farther inquiry they might wish to make.

" 'I wish to know, Mr President, before you proceed any farther,' cried Tom Allen, 'whether you have any news to give the meeting regarding the poor fellows in Haslar?'

" 'I understood it to be pretty generally known already, Tom,' answered the President, 'otherwise I'd have mentioned it before—they are all dead!'

" 'A murmur of mixed surprise and horror buzzed round the cabin.

"I beg pardon, Master President," continued Allen; "but I'm rather inclined to think the news has *not* been generally known; however, I thank you for your public mention of it. Would you now be so good as say, whether the marines, who blabbed last night, are now in attendance?"

"Most certainly not," answered the President; "nor is it at all proper they should, until the present council determine in what manner they mean to prosecute this intended inquiry, or indeed if they mean to make any farther inquiry into the story at all."

"Make any inquiry at all, Mr President!" cried Bill Senator; "you astonish me by offering such a remark. I would like to know what we are called here for?—Is it not to investigate, as a Court of Inquiry, into the extraordinary conduct of Admiral Colpoys in particular, for premeditated and deliberate murder? You may *doubt* as it pleases you, but I will boldly say it is; and I will also add, that, according as I understand the matter, if circumstances come out in the course of this inquiry sufficient to establish cool, determined premeditation against him, then this Court has it in its power immediately to appoint a certain number of its body to try him by a proper naval court-martial."

"With all deference to Bill Senator's superior ability, Master President," cried Mark Turner, "I am quite of a different opinion. I positively deny that this Court can lawfully appoint a certain number of its body to try anything affecting the life of the humblest individual in the fleet. If you mean to have no respect to the laws of the land you live in, I've no more to say; but if you mean to act like men, and to deal justly, again I repeat this Court has no lawful right to try even the commonest Jack amongst us, far less a person so elevated as an Admiral. I say not this, d'ye see, because we are prating about an Admiral; but I say it because it is the positive law of the country we serve, that every person, be his offences what they may, has a right to be judged and condemned by his peers. This is what I take to be their trial by jury on shore; which means nothing more nor less, than a fair open trial by uninterested persons in the same rank of life with ourselves. Whether Bill Senator

counts himself the fellow of Admiral Colpoys, is what I neither know nor care about; though if he has the cheek to do so, the very idea is cursedly ridiculous."

"Mr President," returned Senator, with some severity, "if Mark Turner had paid a little more attention to my superior abilities; as he chooses to phrase it, he would have seen in a jiffy how villainously he has misunderstood me. I were neither talking of peers nor juries—no, nor your laws of the country either, for in fact we have no business with any such gear—I were speaking of proper naval courts-martial, where offences, we all know, are tried neither by uninterested persons, nor of the same *rank* as ourselves. Don't we all know, that it is the common invariable practice of the fleet to try all offenders by our first-rate commanders; and is it anything less than fair, having such an example before us, that the delegates of the fleet should have a similar power over them?—Nothing, in my opinion, can be more just. I therefore repeat what I were before saying, that this Court can appoint a number of their body, as soon as they think proper, to try Admiral Colpoys, or any other Admiral whatever, who is charged with the crime of cool, deliberate, premeditated murder, by a proper, regular, naval court-martial. As to what he were sneering at in making me suppose myself the Admiral's fellow, I scorn for to answer him; though, mayhap, after all, had I the Admiral's friends, his purse, and laced jacket, I may still have the vanity to think, that I'd fill his shoes a devilish sight better than e'er a Mark Turner in the fleet."

"Order, order!" cried the President, interrupting the speaker sharply. "Recollect, Senator, we have no meeting at present for hearing you and Turner jaw one another—so belay, if you please, and sit down."

"I have no wish, no, not I, Master President," answered Senator, sulkily, "to shove either myself or my abilities in the eyes of the council; but I certainly think I have no reason either to be sneered at for naught."

"Come, come, Bill, have done now at once," said the President, "for you're completely putting a stop to the business. We'll never come round the point in the world if we get on in this un-

steady, lubberly manner. I'll positively thank any of the present company to propose some rational scheme that may bring us to something like a conclusion at once.'

" 'Well, I'll tell you what, Master President,' observed Joseph Green, 'though I'm but a poor fist at a speech, and not possessed of one of the brightest of understandings, I'm far more inclined to agree with Mark Turner than Bill Senator; for it strikes me smackingly that we have no power whatever to go an inch farther into the present subject. Admiral Colpoys, there's not a doubt on't, did resist to his utmost our boarding his vessel, and in this resistance there's as little doubt several lives were lost; or, if it pleases Bill Senator better, I'll even say several innocent people were murdered—for innocent of that matter they certainly were, since they had no hand in the business, but were mere onlookers. Now, while I freely grant all this, I at the same time am of opinion, that still we have no earthly business to interfere in the matter at all—that being the proper duty of the crowner on shore. We may no doubt speechify and wrangle here long and long enough, and bother each other's brains and judgments to a complete jelly; but come to whatever resolution you may, my lads, depend upon it, our superiors in power, and the most of the people on shore besides, will stoutly maintain, that Admiral Colpoys did no more than his duty in repelling force by force. Having said this, I need hardly add, that it is my opinion we should drop this plaguy business altogether, and betake ourselves to the consideration of other affairs which more immediately concern ourselves, and the many thousands we represent.'

" 'And if you do so, Master President,' cried Tom Allen, 'you will not only make a complete goose of yourself, but mere goslings of us, your companions, and complete ninnies of the whole fleet!—We shall be the complete laughing-stock of all Europe, in faith.—What!—after ordering the vessels at Spithead, in the sight of thousands, to assemble here—after turning our officers adrift in the face of the whole country—after thus, in short, laying our hands to the plough in the most manly and determined manner, are we to knock under, and

end in a pitiful smoke in this dastardly manner?—I will never believe it;—such a mean, heartless resolution, was never implanted in the bosom of a real blue-jacket—Oh no!—Rather rouse up at once like men, and let our friends and our enemies behold us as such—let them see us as fellows who have both heads to plan, and determined hands to execute with resolution. Pursue, therefore, your first steady purpose—let a regular course of inquiry be immediately set on foot—examine carefully both papers and witnesses—and if, as Bill Senator says, a case of cool, deliberate murder can honestly be made out, let the guilty instantly suffer the well-merited penalty of his crimes, without bestowing a single thought either on his rank, or on popular opinion. This would be behaving with something like the spirit of British seamen—and this I would call doing a trifle towards—'

" 'Sending us all headlong to the devil!' cried I, hastily interrupting him, 'for I defy any mortal present to point out the smallest degree of good such a wild proceeding could accomplish.—I am sorry, Mr President,' continued I, 'that I should be guilty of being so very ill-mannered, but I am compelled to be so, for my patience is completely exhausted. Here we have been sitting, now, the best part of a couple of hours with fast doors, and we are as near a beginning of our intended business as ever. Indeed, as far as I can perceive, it is quite impossible that we can ever come to a conclusion—for while one gang of our orators are for not interfering at all in the matter, there's another whom nothing will seemingly please but complete extermination. I haven't the smallest wish to chime in with either of these proposals; for while I cannot think the Admiral altogether innocent, I do not see how it is possible for us lawfully to punish him. I therefore think we should steer a middle course, and surrender him without delay to the civil power on shore. By doing so we should sufficiently mark our complete conviction that he was highly blameable, if not guilty—and that we very wisely did not consider ourselves the proper tribunal before which to convict him; but we should also retain our own and the fleet's unsullied honour, and at once get rid of a bone of contention, which at present

not only mars our own happiness, but has almost effectually put a stop to far more important matters which more immediately concern us. If any one will second me, therefore, Mr President, I will now move, That with as little delay as the matter will admit of, you shall proceed to take such steps as will conduce to the immediate surrender of Admiral Colpoys and Captain Griffiths into the hands of the civil power on shore.

" 'Well done, Jock Adams,' cried Jamie Blythe; 'troth I'll second you wi' a' my heart; for though I wad hae had ne'er a single objection to hae hung yon madman o' a first Lifenant, I'dinna care about meddling wi' an Admiral. Saul, sirs, they're cattle I'm easy about fingering ava in that raucle way.'

" 'Well,' cried the President, 'since I've at last got a motion made and seconded, it shall be my fault if it's not put into some shape or other without delay.—Delegates, what do you say?—Shall the Admiral be surrendered to the civil power on shore without delay or not?'

" 'Am I to understand, Master President,' cried Tom Allen, 'if this motion is not adopted, that the present council will then proceed to an immediate inquiry—the avowed purpose of our meeting?'

" 'No, Tom, I do not think so,' replied the President; 'for other motions may be made immediately after it, you know.'

" Against this both Allen and Senator strongly remonstrated; and Allen, indeed, was on the very eve of treating us with another of his flaming speeches, when he was suddenly interrupted by a loud and repeated knocking at the cabin door.

" 'Hilloah!' cried the President; 'who the blazes have we got here in such a devil of a hurry? some lubber from the shore, I hope.—Jack Adams, I'll thank you to see what ill-mannered Yahoo that is who disturbs the Court so unceremoniously.'

" I instantly rose, and opening the state-room door went out on deck, when, who should I find there awaiting me but my good old shipmate, Peregrine Wigley, whom old First of June, while on board the Charlotte, had taken such a notion of, that he first made him his coxswain, and then took

him ashore with him, where he was now a sort of vallydesham to his Lordship. By the hookey, Davies, the chap was so bepowdered and beruffled, and so gaily rigged withal, that I stood for some time staring him in the face, he all the time grinning and laughing, before I discovered he was no other than my old shipmate. I immediately shook him heartily by the hand, while he said, says he—

" 'Well, Jack, I always thought your goggles were in better trim than I find they now are—Zounds, man, not to know an old shipmate in a second, who has both ate and drank with you for years!—I'm sure I'm not so much altered as all that comes to.'

" 'Not in your voice at least, my hearty,' said I, 'for that I can discern in a trice—but who d'ye think was to smell an old Jack under all these gew-gaws and fine trappings you've got rigged in, and so many of them there dandilly shore creatures eternally crawling about us, as has lately been the case?—'Tis more than I could, I know, and my not knowing of you at first sight is of course the less surprising.—But how hast been—well and hearty, I hope?—ah! you're a lucky dog, Perry!—and how is our good old Father of the Fleet?—and what the devil has blown you hither in such a gale of wind, if I may judge from your knocking?—Hast brought any good news with you, Perry?'

" 'Belay, belay, if you please, Jack,' cried the laughing Wigley, 'or I'll never be able to overtake you. Why, my dear fellow, you rattle away all as one as the old Charlotte did on the 1st of June, and put my pipe out as completely as she did the Frenchman's;—but I'll try to answer you in your own rapid manner, as brief as a telegraph. Well, my dear soul, I've been in glorious health ever since I saw you, and live, thank God, with a kind indulgent master, the life of a gentleman:—His Lordship has been rather poorly this some time back, but he gets stouter daily:—And the gale of wind that has blown me hither is no other than this—I understand the Council of the Fleet sits inside there—now that's just what I want—you must introduce me directly to the whole posse, and you'll hear the rest of my story when I'm there.'

" 'Ay, my dear Perry,' cried I;

'but can't you give one a slight notion of your message, that a fellow may have something to say, you know?'

"'No, no, Jack, the never a syllable,' said Wigley:—'so in you go and announce me as a messenger from his Lordship. Come, quick, my heart:—my time is precious.'

"Well, Davies, I did as he desired me; and, as soon as it was understood that the messenger was no other than Coxswain Wigley, I was immediately ordered to introduce him. This was soon done, and after a few compliments had passed between Perry and his old chums, the President observed, that the council was now ready to hear what the coxswain had to say—

"'Very little, Mr President,' said Wigley, 'for I've only to repeat the words which were put into my mouth by my noble benefactor, and all our friends, the Father of the Fleet. Yesterday, after his return from Court, he called me into his library, and, delivering me this packet, said, "Perry, you must set off for Portsmouth without a moment's delay, and travel as fast as horse flesh can carry you. When you get there call immediately at the Governor's house and give him this note from me. It is for the purpose of providing you with a suitable boat to carry you on board the fleet. You will immediately push off, and, if the delegates are met, you must board that vessel they are sitting in, and there, getting admission to them, you are, before the whole assembled, to deliver that packet into their President's own hand, requesting him in my name, to make known its contents to the other delegates—to deliberate upon them—and to return their answer as a body by you to me." Such were his words, Mr President, and I've fulfilled them to the utmost of my power, having never halted for a moment's leisure since I left his Lordship in London.'

"'The council and the Fleet are undoubtedly much indebted to you, my good fellow,' said Jack Morris, 'for your zeal and affection in their cause. His Lordship's request shall be immediately most religiously complied with; and I sincerely hope, that his well-known partiality for the interests of the Fleet will have suggested some scheme of ready accommodation, which may please all parties, and settle all disputes.—But you must be sadly fatigued, Wigley, travelling all night.—

Wilt retire to the ward-room and take some refreshment—we can be going on and getting ready for you meantime, you know.'

"'It is impossible, Master President,' said Wigley, 'for me to lose a single moment at present, although I sincerely thank you for your kind offer. I must now hurry on board the Royal George, as I've letters to deliver the Commander-in-Chief. On my return I mean once more to board you—when I hope your letter to his Lordship will be awaiting me. I must then hurry on shore, as I know it would greatly please him were he to find me at the Governor's awaiting his arrival.'

"What, Perry, is old First of June coming down himself?' roared a score of voices.

"'Yes, I expect both him and Lady Howe before nightfall at farthest,' was the answer.

"'Ah, glory!—then we're all right enough, my hearts!' was the conclusion.

"The President Morris, now that Wigley had retired, proceeded before the whole meeting to break open the packet, when the first thing that presented itself was a sealed note, addressed to the *President of the Delegates of the Fleet in Council assembled*. He immediately broke the seal, and read to the council as follows:—

"SIR,

"After having laboured with considerable assiduity in the cause of the fleet which I once had the honour to command—which is still dear to me—and which has always been amongst the foremost in the ranks of duty—it gives me infinite pleasure to be able to transmit you a genuine copy of the public act of legislature regarding your interests, which I give you my honour has passed through both Houses of Parliament, has been signed by his Majesty, and solemnly ratified by a special commission. By it you will perceive, that it cordially and cheerfully grants all the different allowances you have ever asked; and grants them with a liberality and condescension on the part of your King and country never before witnessed in any kingdom of the world.

"I have it also to inform you, that it having pleased his Majesty to empower me to promise you his most

gracious pardon, and a generous forgiveness of all past conduct, on the simple condition of your immediate return to that system of duty and discipline which has raised the British navy to a glory and renown unexampled in history, I mean to be in Portsmouth to-morrow, when I shall expect to find such an answer to this awaiting me, as shall once more induce me to visit you all, ship and ship—execute his Majesty's most gracious commands—and leave you and your officers once more restored to harmony and good humour.

“I have chosen to transmit this note to you by my own faithful and confidential servant, Peregrine Wigley, and I confess I prefer him to be my messenger solely because I know he is well known to you all, and has your every interest as much at heart as he has my own. It is my orders to him, that he wait for your answer, which I sincerely hope will be such as will finally terminate this disagreeable business to the entire satisfaction of the Fleet, and believe me, to no one more so than your late Commander-in-Chief

“HOWE.”

“The President had no sooner concluded this affectionate letter than the state-room rung with reiterated cheerings. He now proceeded to read the other official papers contained in the packet, which were all received with high applause, and generally approved of. The meeting being thus all in good humour, the President had set himself to work in forming a scroll of the intended answer to Earl Howe, when he was rudely interrupted by Tom Allen, who peevishly demanded—

“And what, pray, are you going to make of Admiral Colpoys?”

“This question created a momentary surprise, and naturally turned all eyes on Tom Allen, Bill Senator, and Jack Vassy, who seemed the only discontented persons in the whole meeting.

“What shall we make of him?” cried Mark Turner; “why send him ashore to be sure—who the deuce cares a straw about him now?”

“I certainly think,” cried Bill Senator, “you’ll have the decency at least to see how the votes go first, Master Turner, before you get so liberal in your notions.”

“Oh, surely, surely,” cried the

President, interfering, “we must put the vote regularly after what has passed. Come then, my lads, and let us see if we can’t decide this knotty point at once.—Order in the corner there—and do pay a little more attention to the business before you.—What d’ye say now, the whole on ye? I’ll once more repeat the question—Shall Admiral Colpoys and his Captain be delivered up to the civil power on shore without any more delay?—Come, mates, out with it—ay or no.—What, no one speaks!—Well, I must push it forwards, I see. I’ll tell you what, my lads, if there’s no reasonable objection stated, and backed by a majority of the council, by the time this three-minute glass has run out, I’ll take it for granted that you’re all agreed, and directly send orders on board the London to bundle them both on shore without further bother.—So look out, and make up your minds quickly. We have a vast deal to do yet, and it wears towards the hour of dinner.”

A profound silence ensued, during which the President coolly resumed his task at the scroll, a good many entered into a whispering sort of conversation, and there were not a few whose eyes were steadily fixed on the fast receding sand. It was just on the point of expiring, when Tom Allen, who had given Bill Senator many significantly woeful looks, at last jumped up, and in a tone of the most whining vexation, exclaimed,—

“D—n it, Master President, you’ll certainly not turn them ashore, without at the very least some mark of your decided disapprobation of their infamous conduct. I will be content if you’ll call them before you and give them a public vote of censure before they go.”

“I certainly am of opinion they shouldn’t get off scart clear,” chimed Senator.

“Well, any other body of that opinion?” said the President, looking round him. “What, no more than two against the vote? Then it’s decided; and depend upon it I shall take an early opportunity of putting your vote into execution.—Now, delegates, I’ve written a few lines here—and a few lines is enough—as an answer to our late gallant commander-in-chief, Earl Howe. I shall now read them to you, and if you think proper to approve of them, I’ll have them transcribed and

made ready for our old coxswain, Wigley, without any farther delay. Be pleased to listen for a moment:—

“ ‘Royal Sovereign, St Helen’s,
10th May, 1797.

“ ‘MY LORD,—We had the honour of receiving your excellent note by the hands of our old shipmate, your servant, Peregrine Wigley, and we beg leave to assure you, that the contents of it, while they satisfied every wish we had formed, has filled our hearts with the most ardent gratitude to you, as the steady friend and father of the British Fleet, and to our King and country for their munificent indulgence and prompt liberality. Our grievances, my Lord, are from this moment at an end. It shall now be our pride to prove to you, and to the world, that the loyalty of the Fleet has not been impaired, nor its discipline rendered in the least inefficient by our late misunderstandings. We are highly sensible, my Lord, that, without order and strict subordination, our much-loved wooden-walls, the bulwark of Britain, and the pride of the ocean, would soon sink into merited contempt and complete insignificance; and therefore, it shall be our future study to convince all Europe, by deeds rather than words, how much we feel indebted, both to our worthy, venerable patron and father, and to our beloved King and Country.

“ ‘A visit from your Lordship to-morrow, will not only be exceedingly gratifying, but very acceptable. As you have been pleased, my Lord, to give us a hint of your intention, we beg leave to say, that we will be proud to wait upon your Lordship at an early hour, at the Governor’s house, in order to have the honour of escorting you on board. We are, my Lord, with our most respectful love and duty, your Lordship’s faithful and devoted servants,

“ ‘The DELEGATES of the FLEET.’

“ ‘The letter was received with applause, and just as it was transcribed Wigley thundered once more at the state-room door.

“ ‘I hope you’ll forgive my quality-knocking, my dear boys, but want of time allows of little delay. Have you got my—Oh, I thank you, Master President—I hope this little folding will set all to rights, and that I’ll

see you all to-morrow, when I’ve more leisure. I must now hurry ashore as if the devil kicked me. Good bye, my hearts—I trust you believe I wish you well.’

“ ‘O, undoubtedly, Perry,’ cried the President; ‘but why in such a hurry now?—at least stop one moment and take a mouthful of grog.’—Jack Adams, come, you’re my fancy man, you know—take your old mate down to the ward-room, and give him a sneezer or two. Meantime we’ll arrange matters for to-morrow.’

“ ‘You may depend on’t, Davies, that if ever I had an agreeable commission to put in execution, this was one—for I was really anxious to have a little talk with my old messmate. We therefore speedily decamped from the council board, and a few minutes after saw us comfortably seated in the wardroom, with a jug of good stuff before us, and a platter of the best in the hooker.’

“ ‘Well, my dear fellow,’ said I, after we had freshened hawse a bit, ‘now you’ve a spare minute or two, do give us some of your shore news. I’m very curious to learn what you’ve all been about lately, and what the people think and say of us.’

“ ‘They say very little good of you, let me tell you, my lad,’ answered Wigley, ‘whatever they may think; for there are too many cocked hats sauntering idly about the streets, a-growling and grumbling like hungry bears, for any one even to dare to chime in a word or two in your favour. Why, lad, according to them, you are a mob of the most turbulent, lawless desperadoes the world has ever been bothered with; the Buccaneers, with black skipper Morgan at their head, were mere innocents in comparison—and as for the blood you have secretly spilt—ay, *secretly*, mind me—and the number of lives you’ve lost by drownings of a night—nay, don’t stare so—why they’re out of all count. Even I, Jack, who should have known you better, was completely staggered with their horrible ditties; and I fairly confess to you, that when I came on board on ye to-day, the first thing I looked out for was the yard-rope, and Jack Ketch’s necklace, being positively assured ashore, by people I could hardly doubt, that you were to astonish the world by tucking up an Admiral and his Captain to-day without fail.’

“ ‘And did you really seriously believe such stuff, Perry?’ asked I.

“ ‘Seriously believe it, Jack,’ said Wigley; ‘why as to that, let me tell you, my lad, it’s a devilish hard matter now-a-days to know what to believe; for there’s nothing to be heard, day after day, wherever you go, but these thundering dismal stories, every one more marvellous than t’other, a-flying about like grape and canister. We have stories about the French and Dutch, and long yarns every other post about the wild Irish; but those about you blue-jacketed, riotous rascals, as are here, at the Nore, and other places, fairly bewilder the poor people on shore, and put their pipes out; so that what with the marching, and drumming, and trumpeting of soldiers, horse and foot—the erecting of batteries, as if the enemy were in the offing—and other warlike preparations, why they live but a dog’s life on’t. Why, my dear fellow, there is nothing to be seen ashore at present, all round the compass, but women, dogs, and soldiers.’

“ ‘You astonish me, Perry,’ said I, ‘and I much doubt me are at some of your old tricks.—Come now, be serious, and no larking; are there really so many soldiers in town at present?’

“ ‘Many?’ cried Wigley; ‘why, man, ain’t I telling on you as fast as I can, that you’ll see nothing else? You may think me larking or not, as you please; but I honestly assure you, Jack, I never was more serious in my life. I passed thousands on the road coming down; and I’ll be d—d if Portsmouth isn’t at this moment absolutely crawling with them, as well as Portsea, Gosport, and Farnham. Hilsea barracks are long ago bang-up and choke-a-block; and as for Southsea Castle, why, it’s for all the world swarming like a bee-hive.’

“ ‘Why, zounds, Perry,’ cried I, ‘what a pothor the goodfolks must put themselves into, and all about nothing! Sure am I; they needn’t be so terribly frightened about either French, Dutch, or devils, while we lay here—since they must thrash us before they can come nigh them, you know.’

“ ‘Now what a silly stupid you must be, Jack,’ cried Wigley, laughing, ‘not to see, with half an eye,

through all that there flummery! Why, man, you make me perfectly wicked at you. Doesn’t see, now, as plain as a pike-staff, that all them there stories as are hatched about your French, Dutch, and Irish, are all in my eye and Betty; and that the real truth is, the King and his government fears no one half so much as you blustering roaring boys, both here and at the Nore? Why, man, now as they say you’ve begun to tuck up your Admirals and Captains, what’s to hinder such a multitude of scape-grace rascals, who are both daring and desperate, from jumping ashore, and doing unheard-of mischief. It is this, my heart, that they are frightened at—and it is this that all them soldiers, as are swarming ashore, are called together to oppose—that you may depend on. Why, man, they’ve taken the very same precautions on the Medway and the Thames; for every village, hamlet, and inhabited spot, from Deptford, all the way down to Tilbury, and from Rochester all the way down to Sheerness and Shepey, is absolutely swarming with the soldiery—horse, foot, and artillery. I’m afraid, Jack, you’ll have but a paltry account of your fancy girls before all these fellows are gone; for mind me, my lad, the sober blue, however true, had never the single chance of a kind look when once the saucy scarlet hove in sight. Doesn’t recollect what that wicked wag of a fellow, Paddy O’Connor, used to say, that all our pretty girls, dogs, and turkeys, ran like devils after the scarlet?—ha, ha, ha!’

“ ‘As for the girls, Perry,’ said I, a little crusty at his ill-timed merriment, ‘that’s a matter of very small consequence indeed to any one, since belike there’s more to be had where these same came from. I am far more concerned at hearing you say, who has such good opportunities of knowing, that the King and Government of our native land should harbour a single doubt of our fidelity, or think for a moment that we would betray them in the hour of danger. They must have been sadly imposed upon surely; for, though I know we have some daring, dauntless, restless rogues amongst us, (as who that considers our numbers can doubt?) yet I’ll be bound to say, that our simple requests granted, there are more than three parts of us

still true to the core, who would neither allow the British flag to be insulted, our King dishonoured, nor our much-loved country to be trod by an armed enemy, while they'd a sword to yield, or a breath to draw.'

" 'Glory, my heart of oak!' cried Wigley; 'why, that was spoke like yourself now, Adams. Come, pledge me, my dear fellow; here's to all loyal hearts and sound bottoms.'

" 'Amen,' said I; 'but I'll tell you, Perry—other things apart—I'm cursedly disappointed with this same news of yours, for it will completely knock up a glorious cruize I had in my eye.'

" 'Let's have it, Jack, in an instant.'

" 'Why you must know, mate,' said I, 'that within this last week or two we've interchanged a good many letters with our chums, both at the Nore and at Plymouth, and it was a made-up sort of a plan between us, that as soon as we got properly settled we were to send each of them a deputation of two of our delegates to let them know all about it. Now, as I wished much to have a sight once more of London, as well as for the sake of the cruize, you know, it has been long settled now, that Jack Morris, our President, and myself, should go up to the Nore, whilst other two should be dispatched in the same way to Plymouth. But if, as you say, there's such a devilish guard of soldiers in the way, why, my cruize is all in my eye, unless we could fall on some scheme or other—which I really can't see at present—of getting a sort of a protection, or liberty card, from the nabs, you know.'

" 'Eh! and, by St George, but that's not such a bad thought of yours, Jack,' cried Wigley, 'and might be more easily done than you're possibly aware of.—Ay, man, and so you were thinking of once more having a dash at the town in your way to the Nore? In

faith, Jack, and it's an excellent plan, and a plan, too, that we must see if we can't get put in execution; for nothing would give me more pleasure, my good old friend, than to come down and find you and Morris safely housed in the Belle Sauvage. My eye! we would have such rare doings, you can't think.—Let me see—(*musings*)—Zounds, it will go devilish hard, now the Earl's coming, if I don't contrive some way or other that may enable you both to break through the line of the soldiery; for after you're once clear of the coast, the roads are as quiet as pussy.—But, bless my thoughtless head, what am I thinking on—sitting here and gossiping with you, when I should be hurrying ashore—Oh, the devil's in the nimble heels of Time, when seated with an old friend and a can of grög—he doesn't walk his ordinary pace, but flies in ten-leagued boots, like a pigeon-carrier.—However, Jack, I'll see and contrive to give your scheme a thought or two before I sleep, tired though I be, and shall tell you my notions on it sometime or other to-morrow when I see you. Cheer up then, my dear heart; for you shan't want your cruize, and a good long one too, if it possibly lies in my power to serve you.—Remember me to Morris—give him my thanks—Good bye, my lad, good bye!

" We shook hands repeatedly and parted. By the time I returned to the council the business was over, and the meeting dispersing, everything having been finally arranged and agreed on for the next day's proceedings. After talking a few minutes, therefore, with Jack Morris;—hearing what had been done, and telling him what I had heard from my old friend, Perry, I stepped into our own boat and returned on board the Charlotte—where, having retailed my news to the various inquirers, I took the earliest opportunity of jumping into my hammock, and was very soon fast asleep."

S.

PUBLIC DISTRESS.

WE fear that our readers will not look at the title of this Paper with much satisfaction; they will think that more than enough has been already said on the subject. The staleness of the question assuredly is not one of the reasons which induce us to take it up, but if this were far greater than it is, there would still be sufficient in the condition of the country to justify us. In the short space of a few months we have fallen from a state of unexampled prosperity, to one of almost unexampled distress. Commerce and manufactures are suffering dreadfully, immense numbers of the working classes are destitute of employment, and in a state of starvation, the revenue has decreased in an alarming manner, and nothing is spoken of but bankruptcy and suffering. Apology cannot be necessary for an attempt to throw light on the causes. We make such an attempt principally, because we think that these causes have been very imperfectly explained, even in Parliament; and that much has been said of them which is calculated to do prodigious mischief. We make it the more especially, because some of the most powerful of them have in the legislature wholly escaped accountability, and are to be retained and strengthened under the idea that they will act as remedies.

Some years of suffering, previously to 1824 and 1825, had greatly diminished production, and the stock of most commodities, save agricultural produce, both here and in various other countries. In 1824, demand began to press somewhat upon supply in most articles, and of course prices began to rise. The recovery of agriculture from its long period of distress, swelled mightily the demand for merchandise and manufactures, and this, in return, swelled greatly the demand for agricultural produce. The improvement here naturally produced a proportionate improvement in the nations with which we trade, and this carried general demand still higher.

When times are bad, the stocks of commodities lie in a comparatively few hands; speculators will not touch them, and retail dealers will only hold small portions. When prices rise from

scanty supply, both speculators and retail dealers hold largely. When the advance commenced in 1824, the Government, instead of draining money out of the market, as it had long done by borrowing, was pouring money into it, by reducing its debt; and this, with some other things, caused money to be abundant for both speculation and regular trade. Consumption and demand can become giants and dwarfs in a moment; but production and supply require some time for enlarging or diminishing themselves. Both here and abroad, the great increase of consumption, and the heavy purchases of speculators and retail dealers, caused the supply of most articles to be short, and in some created a degree of scarcity.

In 1825, foreign governments, as well as our own, had almost ceased to borrow money, and from this, the operation of the Sinking Fund, and the preceding year's prosperity, the glut in the money-market became excessive. Saving a glut in agricultural produce and labour, no glut in a trading country like this can well be more destructive than one in the money-market. The excess inevitably resolves itself into one of goods, and destroys itself by ruining those who deal in them. We know from whom we differ, when we say that we cannot believe in the doctrine which teaches that there can be *constantly* an excess of money—a redundancy of circulating medium—an excessive issue of paper or gold—a depreciated currency. The doctrine is flatly opposed to the laws of nature. There may be for a short period a superabundance of money, but it will assuredly soon dissipate itself, for it cannot be employed except in causing a superabundance of goods. On this we shall say more before we conclude this article.

For the greater part of the last year, a large portion of the superabundant money operated prodigiously to increase consumption, without increasing supply. The erecting of the new cotton manufactories, iron works, &c.—the building speculations—the buildings, utensils, &c. of the new companies—employed a great quan-

tity of labour, and took a vast quantity of goods out of the market, without bringing any into it. The demand for various important articles could scarcely be supplied. An immense portion more of this money was employed in taking goods out of the market, and holding them on speculation. Prices kept rising, and every one prospered.

Production during all this kept receiving mighty additions to its powers, but it required some time to get its increased crops of cotton, &c., the goods of its new manufactories, &c., ready for sale. At length these began to reach the market, and they did this at a time when consumption was gigantic, and credit almost unbounded. The retailers were almost necessitated to keep heavy stocks by the largeness of demand; the smaller merchants and wholesale dealers, from the goodness of credit, were enabled to buy almost as largely as they pleased, and they were tempted to buy largely from the ease with which profitable sales were effected; and the leading merchants were almost compelled to order very largely from abroad to meet the calls on the market. All things conspired to prevent the market from breaking down under the stocks of different commodities, until they obtained the widest basis and greatest weight possible.

At length production reached consumption, and prices became stationary; it passed it, and then they began to decline. Before we describe what followed, we will, from what has been said in Parliament, examine in detail some of the causes which led to the destruction of balance between supply and demand.

A set of people in this country ascribe every variation of prices solely to our currency. Bad harvests—destruction of the means of producing—the loss of sources of supply or demand—abundance or scarcity of trading capital—sudden variations in consumption—all these things are without influence on prices. If a rise take place, no matter what the cause may be, the cry is set up—The currency is depreciated!—The banks are ruining the country with an excess of their paper! We hoped that the slang had had its day, when, to our utter astonishment, the Ministry adopted it. Upon look-

ing at the issues of paper from the Bank, it was seen that these had not varied much during the rise of prices, and that they had been considerably less than they were for some years previously, when prices were very low. This was grievously mortifying to the enemies of a paper currency. However, upon looking at the issues of the Country Banks, lo, and behold! these had been almost doubled during the rise. Here was a discovery! Without more ado, the Earl of Liverpool, Mr Robinson, and Mr Huskisson, on the one hand, and the Marquis of Lansdown with the other Whig heads on the other, asserted in effect that these increased issues of the Country Banks had supplied the new companies, the purchasers of foreign stock, the speculators in cotton, tallow, &c. &c. with funds, and had caused the destructive glut in the money market!!!

The question is one of immense importance, and it is one on which the Ministry and the Opposition think alike. We shall, therefore, speak of it without any regard to reserve or compliments.

It will, we suppose, be conceded to us by all, save Economists and Philosophers, that a nation ought always to possess as much circulating medium as the honest and legitimate needs of its pecuniary interests call for—that, whether this circulating medium consist of gold or paper, there ought always to be as much of it in the market as people may find it necessary to buy, provided they can give twenty shillings' worth of goods for the sovereign or bank-note. No one, we apprehend, will say that the circulating medium ought never to exceed a certain sum; and that if this sum should be found insufficient for the fair needs of trade, people should be compelled to resort to barter—the farmer should be compelled to barter corn for cloth and groceries, and the manufacturer to pay his wages with bread, bacon, &c., obtained in barter for his manufactures.

It will, we suppose, be likewise conceded to us by all, that the amount of circulating medium necessary for supplying the nation's honest and legitimate needs must fluctuate very greatly; and that an increase of population, or trade, or riches, may make an addition to it indispensable.

Always excepting Economists and Philosophers, it will, we suppose, be moreover conceded to us by all, that great fluctuations in prices may possibly be produced by other things than the circulating medium. A bad harvest may make corn, or a blighting spring may make fruit, exceedingly dear in this country. A bad season may make sugar exceedingly dear in the West Indies, or cotton exceedingly dear in America, or wine exceedingly dear in France or Portugal. To put the matter beyond doubt, and to prove that a paper currency is not the only thing that can cause prices to fluctuate, we will show how the price of wheat fluctuated in this country, in times when bank-notes were either wholly, or to a very great degree, unknown to our farmers and speculators.

In 1651, the price of the quarter of wheat was seventy-three shillings—We omit the pence for the sake of brevity. In the following year it was forty-nine shillings. Here was a fall of twenty-four shillings in a single year. In 1653, wheat was at thirty-five shillings. Here was a further fall in the succeeding year of fourteen shillings.

In 1658, the quarter of wheat was twenty-five shillings—in 1659, it was sixty-six shillings—in 1660, it was fifty-six shillings—and in 1661, it was seventy shillings. In the second, therefore, of these four years, it rose forty-one shillings,—in the third it fell ten shillings,—and, in the fourth, it rose fourteen shillings.

In 1699, wheat was sixty-four shillings per quarter—in 1700, it was forty. Here was a fall in twelve months of twenty-four. In 1704, it was forty-six—in 1705, it was thirty. Here was a fall in the same term of sixteen. In 1707, it was twenty-eight, and in the following year it was forty-one. Here was an advance of thirteen. In 1709, it was seventy-eight. Here was an advance of thirty-seven. In the space of two years the price was nearly trebled.

In 1727, the quarter of wheat was forty-two shillings—in the following year it rose twelve shillings—in the next year it fell eight—and in the succeeding year it fell ten.

In 1756, the quarter of wheat was forty-five shillings—in 1757, it was sixty—in 1758, it was fifty—and, in 1759, it was thirty-nine.

In 1766, it was forty-three—in the

next year it was sixty-four—in the following one it was sixty—and, in the one that succeeded, it was forty-five.

In 1794, it was fifty-one shillings—in 1795, it was eighty-two—and in 1796, it was seventy-two. In the beginning of 1797, gold ceased to circulate, and the currency became paper; yet, strange to say, the quarter of wheat fell to fifty-two; and in 1798, it fell again to forty-nine. Time makes unaccountable changes in the nature of bank-notes. In 1799, the quarter of wheat was sixty-seven, and in 1800, it was one hundred and twelve. In some parts of the last-mentioned year it was much higher. The farmers who remember the dreadful harvest of 1799, will not ascribe the high price to the issues of bankers. We ourselves knew one, the occupier of a pretty large farm, who, instead of having a large stock of wheat to sell, according to custom, had to buy fifty pounds' worth for his own consumption. His case was by no means a singular one.

In the intervening periods, the fluctuations were frequently as great. The price of the quarter of wheat but seldom remained the same for more than two years. It rose to the heights we have stated; then in three or four years it ran down to thirty-five, thirty, or twenty-five; and then it rose again. There was commonly a variation in it between one year and another of five, ten, and sometimes fifteen shillings. It must be remembered, too, that we only give the average price of each year, so that the fluctuations must in reality have been much greater than they appear from the statement. If we go to the earlier periods of our history, we find that the fluctuations were greater. The quarter of wheat was sometimes as high as ten and sixteen pounds of our money, and sometimes as low as five or six shillings.

When we look at all this, it certainly amazes us that people can be found to maintain that a metallic currency will always keep prices from great and frequent fluctuations; or that it will of necessity always keep them low.

Let us now glance at the "high prices" of the last two years, which have thrown the Ministry and Parliament into such agonies, and brought such terrible denunciations upon the

unfortunate bank-note. First, with respect to agricultural produce, it is asserted on all hands with the utmost gravity, that the rise in this was caused solely by the small-note bill, and we imagine that it would be just as well to assert that it was caused solely by the steam-washing company. For some years previously to the passing of this bill, agriculture had been in great distress; in these years many farmers were ruined, much land was put out of cultivation, and the fertility of land in general was greatly reduced. Now it requires no great difference of season, or cultivation, to make a difference of one-sixth in the crop of corn; and if less and less corn be brought to market, supply must become scanty. In 1822, prices from diminished supply began to advance; they continued to advance in the most gradual manner, and it was not until 1824 that they reached what was necessary to protect the farmer from actual loss. In 1824, we had not a sufficiency of oats for our consumption, and are we to be told that oats would not have risen if the currency had been gold? In the early part of 1825, it was the opinion of many intelligent people, that there was not sufficient wheat in the country to bring in the harvest; and are we to believe that wheat would not have risen if there had been no bank-notes? In the same year, the barley-land, from an untoward season, was very badly cultivated, the crop from this, and the hot, dry weather, was a very short one; there was a deficiency to be supplied from abroad; and are we to think that bank-notes caused the rise in barley? In one part of the last summer, an advance of fourpence or sixpence per pound, suddenly took place in fresh butter in London. On inquiring into the cause of this grievous business, our butter-dealer said not one word touching bank-paper; he assured us that the pastures were burnt up, and that if rain did not fall speedily, the price would be much higher. We believed him. For the greater part of last summer the weather was exceedingly hot and dry; pastures were exceedingly bad; consumption was very great, and in consequence, butter, cheese, and animal food, advanced much in price. The vast numbers of sheep that were carried off by the rot in the early part of

1825, operated greatly to raise both wool and mutton. In the last two years from the prosperity, the inhabitants of towns demanded an enormous number more than usual of saddle, coach, and draught horses: this could not be foreseen; the farmers had only bred horses to meet the ordinary demand; a horse must be four years old before he is fit for regular labour; and in consequence there was a scarcity of horses, and they became dear. Corn and horses cannot be produced in quite so short a time as a parliamentary speech, or a newspaper paragraph.

Let us now turn to other things. It was discovered that there was an unusually small quantity of certain kinds of spices in the market. Money—not merely bank-notes, but solid, unborrowed capital—was in profusion; the spices were quickly bought up; they got into a few hands; the holders, for a time, produced a great scarcity in them, and obtained what prices they pleased. Supplies arrived from abroad, and then spices tumbled again in spite of bank-notes. Certain great mercantile houses, of large unbounded capital, confederated to buy up the chief part of the raw cotton that was in the market; buyer bought against buyer, until a great scarcity was produced in cotton, and prices were in consequence very greatly raised. Supplies arrived, and then cotton fell again, without the assistance of a metallic currency. The same took place with tobacco and some other articles. The combinations raised wages in some trades very greatly, and far above what the supply of labour and the price of provisions justified; the articles produced in these trades were raised in consequence. Paper, we think, was raised twenty per cent, and the paper-makers publicly declared that they were compelled to make the advance by the combination formed by their workmen. We apprehend that bank-notes had no share in exciting the combinations to demand such unfair and extravagant wages.

Looking at the “high prices” as a whole—wheat rose about eight or ten shillings per quarter each year, and the chief part of the advance was necessary to protect the farmer from loss. It never was so high as it often was in former periods, when the currency was a metallic one, and it was only for a few months a few shillings

per quarter above the lowest price that the farmer ought to have, to receive very moderate profits from his capital. The more important articles of colonial produce continued long at losing prices, and they never fetched more than remunerating ones. The very few articles that were very dear were rendered so by scarcity, real or artificial; they only continued so for a short period, and then they fell to losing prices. Generally speaking, prices were very good, but not high; they were very little above what public prosperity demanded, and with few exceptions the fluctuations have been from good, to such as would, at almost all times, be ruinous ones. The advance in many articles was caused in a very trifling degree by speculation; it was demonstrably occasioned by the shortness of supply. Parliament said nothing against high prices in the last session, although they were then about at the highest; on the contrary, it exulted over the condition of the country.

In the face of all this, the Ministry, the Opposition—the two Houses of Parliament, protest that the rise of prices was caused solely, or almost solely, by the additional paper put out by the English country bankers! We will never believe them—no, we will never believe them, even if they vote it to be the truth ten thousand times, and then make solemn oath that it is so before the Lord Mayor of London.

Prices rose in Ireland, and Scotland, in London, Liverpool, and Manchester, as well as in those parts of England which are supplied with circulating medium by the country bankers. Prices rose first in London and Liverpool. Yet we are told that this general rise of prices was caused wholly, or chiefly, by the gradual issuing in the space of three years, of additional notes, to the amount of six or eight millions, by the English country bankers. We are told this, although these additional notes had no circulation in Ireland, &c. It is incredible—it cannot be believed.

But then it is said that the Bank, which supplies London, Liverpool, Manchester, &c. did not greatly vary its issues during the rise of prices, the increase of trade, and the speculation fever. Now, in fact, the Bank increased its issues of circulating medium in a greater degree in proportion than the country banks. Ministers say, that it has issued twenty-

five millions of sovereigns since 1819; and, while it has done this, it has only drawn in five or six millions of its paper. It is calculated that fifteen or seventeen millions of these sovereigns still remain in the country; and every one knows, that, in so far as they circulate, their circulation is almost exclusively confined to those parts in which the notes of the Bank circulate. If we assume that sixteen millions remain, that of these, two millions were hoarded, or scattered through the other parts of the realm, and that the Bank drew in six millions of paper, it will appear that the Bank added eight millions to the circulating medium of London, Manchester, Liverpool, and their environs.

If we estimate the number of souls supplied by the Bank at 2,000,000, the case stands thus: While the country bankers added six or eight millions to the circulating medium of ten millions of people, the Bank of England added eight millions to the circulating medium of two millions of people. Those whom the Bank supplies, carry on their business in a far greater degree by means of bills of exchange, than those who are supplied by country banks. A bill for one hundred pounds will often pass from hand to hand before it comes due, and pay debts of ten times its amount, without the aid of a single bank-note or sovereign.

If at the moment when the Bank began to issue these sovereigns, it had had them already out, and had had eight millions less of paper in circulation; and if it had kept the amount of them in circulation nearly stationary, and had slowly put eight millions more of paper into circulation, what would have been said of it? Ministers would have been horror-struck—Mr Brougham would have raved himself hoarse—Cobbett would have gone stark-mad—and Mr Baring himself would have groaned over its “excessive issues.” All the distress of the nation would have been at once fathered upon it. Yet the circulating medium of London, &c. has been in a worse condition, in regard to paper, than it would have been in, had this been the case; but because the Bank has increased its issues by means of gold, the increase has had no effect whatever in the eyes of our sagacious rulers, although every one may see that the currency of London, &c. has

been increased much more than that of the other parts of England.

People—and very exalted people too—seem to imagine that a country banker can only get his notes into circulation by lending them, or discounting bills with them, or giving them away. It appears to be thought that the inhabitants of Leeds, Wakefield, Hull, Bristol, Newcastle, &c. &c. are so miserably poor, that they have not wherewith to buy a bank-note, and that they can only procure such notes through the charity of bankers. This is somewhat erroneous; the wealth of England is not altogether confined to the regions of Cockaigne, and the districts inhabited by Mr Huskisson's constituents and their connexions. We will venture to say, that the chief part of the additional notes put into circulation by the country bankers, were bought of them with property as solid as that which was given by the people of London in exchange for the sovereigns. We will venture to say, that, if the country bankers had not issued these additional notes, they would have put nearly their amount of sovereigns into circulation. In truth, for the two years previously to the commencement of the present distress, the country bankers were so little pressed for loans and discounts, that they scarcely knew how to employ their money; if money were offered them on loan they would scarcely take it at the lowest interest, and they often wholly refused it. In the country, as well as in London, people in general pay the same for the bank-note as for the sovereign; and they are as able to buy the one as the other, if the choice be before them.

The truth is, agricultural produce of all descriptions rose considerably in price; in some districts, husbandry wages advanced, and in all a much greater quantity of husbandry labour was employed.—A great advance took place in almost all articles of merchandise and manufactures. The consumption of the agricultural population, and the trade of country towns, were very greatly increased. Let it be remembered, that, in all the agricultural districts of England, the circulating medium consisted almost exclusively of the notes of country banks. Let it be remembered, too, that, when the farmer is poor, he can scarcely keep a pound in his pocket; and that,

when he is in easy circumstances, he generally lives some miles from a bank. He cannot make his payments by cheques; he has scarcely anything to do with bills of exchange; he cannot go at a moment's notice to the bank for cash; and he commonly keeps from twenty to fifty pounds in notes in his dwelling. Let it be remembered, in addition, that the circulation of money is infinitely slower in the country than in towns. When all these things are taken into consideration, it will surprise no one that a vast additional quantity of circulating medium was called for in the agricultural districts.

With the exception of London, Liverpool, Manchester, and their neighbourhoods, all the manufacturing districts and sea-ports of England had scarcely any other circulating medium than the notes of country banks. Trade increased very greatly, wages rose very much, a vast additional quantity of labour was employed, and the price of everything was greatly raised. Was it possible in such a state of things for the amount of circulating medium to remain stationary?

If the whole of the bankers of the three kingdoms added twenty millions in notes and sovereigns to the currency, this, on the average, would scarcely give an additional pound to each member of the population. Now, notes and sovereigns are more or less needed by the whole population. Putting the calls of business out of sight, every one who is not an utter stranger to the world knows, that, in prosperous times, all traders, farmers, &c. small and great, together with their wives, and sons, and daughters, keep much more constantly in their pockets, as mere pocket-money, than they keep in times of adversity. This money is in effect hoarded, for it is kept at about the same amount. In the way of business, most farmers, as we have already said, and most small, middling, and even great traders, keep much more in notes or sovereigns by them, in good times than in bad ones. When wages are good, and work is plentiful, a vast portion of the working classes hoard to a certain extent; the mechanic, or even the labourer, if he be single, or if his family be small, can constantly keep a pound or two in his pocket; he saves by little and little, until he has perhaps five or six

pounds, or more, for the purchase of clothes, or some other purpose. When wages are low and work is scarce, those who can procure employment can only earn what will supply them with necessities, and they are compelled to part with their note or sovereign as soon as they receive it. Great numbers are unemployed, and have never so much as a pound in their possession. If five millions of the population keep on the average two pounds more each in their pockets, this renders ten millions more, in notes or sovereigns, necessary, without any rise of prices or increase of trade.

When we look at all these things, we are thoroughly convinced that the additional amount of currency put into circulation was not the CAUSE, but the EFFECT, of the rise of prices and the increase of trade. It, no doubt, did, occasionally, for a moment, operate, in a trifling degree, as the cause, but looking at its operation from first to last, as a whole, it certainly, in our judgment, was the effect. Of course, we imagine that nothing could well be more simple and absurd than the assertion made by the leaders of that portentous and fatal Coalition which the Ministers and the Whigs and Burdettites now form, that the speculations, &c. flowed from the increase of paper put out by the English country bankers.

The merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen whom these bankers supply, do not speculate with bank notes, if they enter into speculations. The merchant carries on his business chiefly with bills; he gives his acceptance for what he buys—he receives an acceptance for what he sells; and these acceptances are, almost always, payable in London. When he receives a bill, he takes it to his banker, not to receive notes for it, but to pass it to account: if the banker do not pay it away, he sends it, when due, to London, to receive the amount in Bank of England notes, or gold. The merchant does not take up his own acceptances with the notes of his banker, but the latter takes them up for him; in London, with gold or Bank of England notes. If he need a heavy advance from his banker, he receives it, not in notes, but in bills, or in the taking up of his acceptances in London. If his banker assist him in his speculations, he can only do it in a very trifling

degree with his own notes; he must do it almost wholly with what is the same to him as gold or Bank of England paper.

The manufacturer is paid chiefly with bills, and he needs large discounts for the wages of his workmen; but he pays for what he buys chiefly with the bills that he receives, or his acceptances, both of which are generally payable in London. If he speculate, he cannot do it with the notes of his banker; and if he need assistance in his speculations, he must receive it in the same way as the merchant receives it.

All but small tradesmen buy nearly everything with bills. If the tradesman pays his London or other commercial travellers with country notes, they immediately take the notes to the bank to obtain bills for them. But he does not so pay them. If he take to his banker gold, or Bank of England notes, or the notes of the different banks of the place in which he dwells, he has credit given him for the sum in his account, as cash; if he procure from his banker a bill in exchange, he has discount allowed him for the time that the bill has to run. His travellers will take in payment good bills at two months, on the same terms as they will take sovereigns, without demanding discount. He therefore profits considerably by paying with bills instead of notes. In country towns, good bills that have not more than two months to run are taken by most men of business as cash, although the banks regularly charge, or allow discount, on receiving or paying them; and in consequence, in paying for the goods that he buys of his own townsmen, the tradesman has a profit in paying with bills instead of notes. If his banker make him advances to assist him in speculations, he cannot pay his accounts in London, Manchester, &c. with notes; if he pay these to his own townsmen, the latter immediately take them to their respective bankers, and in a day or two they are returned to his banker, who has to give what is equal to gold for them. His banker cannot assist him, to any degree worth mentioning, merely by lending him notes; if he lend him notes, they cannot be kept in circulation for a week.

Nearly all the bills that circulate in the kingdom are payable in London

—many of the heavy payments of both merchants and tradesmen are made in bank notes—from the system of banking that prevails, many of the smaller traders are not able to open accounts with the banks. From these and other causes, the discounting of bills prevails to an enormous extent. In the country, where the heavy payments are made principally in bills that are payable in London, there is comparatively but little of what is really the discounting of bills with country notes, except among the manufacturers, who have to pay great sums in wages. In London, the notes that circulate are those of the Bank of England, and if the other banks receive them from their connexions, they do not return them to the Bank for gold. In the country, every banker is in effect constantly labouring to drive the notes of other banks out of circulation: immediately on receiving them from those who keep accounts with him, he sends them to their respective issuers, to be exchanged for what is equal to gold, or notes of the Bank of England. Most of the loans that the country banker makes are not made in notes; he will only lend notes for particular purposes, and when they are likely to be put into circulation; he will not lend them to merchant, tradesman, farmer, or country gentleman, if these want to pay them away in one sum, because he is sure that they will at once get into the hands of another banker, and be returned to him, to be exchanged for solid money. From the manner in which business is carried on in the country, and from the powerful checks which the country banks impose upon the issues of each other, we think it almost impossible for the issues of these banks to be ever much greater than the fair and legitimate needs of business call for.

Where, and by whom, were these speculations entered into, that are charged upon the notes of the English country bankers? They were entered into principally in London and Liverpool, by persons who had nothing to do with these notes or their issues. In these places, and among these persons, the scarcity of money and the failures began: and not much complaint has been heard, up to this hour, from Hull, Bristol, and the other ports which have neither sovereigns nor Bank of England paper.

In the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, &c. the distress was manifestly caused by other things than the speculations of the manufacturers and tradesmen. Once more we say, that the circulating medium was in proportion increased more in London, Liverpool, &c. than in the other parts of England; and are we to believe that Bank of England notes and sovereigns will not enable bankers to discount bills and make loans—will not enable men to form mining and other companies, and to enter into great cotton, tallow, and other speculations? We cannot, and we will not believe it. The charge brought against the notes of the English country banks was most disgraceful to those who made it.

The truth is, that the new companies, speculations, &c. flowed from a profusion, not of circulating medium, but of wealth, real wealth,—of that which gives birth to, and is represented by, the circulating medium. Before the peace, the government, independently of the taxes, borrowed almost yearly twenty or thirty millions of the savings of the nation, and it immediately destroyed the sum as capital. The funds constantly offered a good and secure investment to all the capital of the country which could not be profitably employed in business; such capital regularly flowed into them from all parts, and they dissipated it solely in consumption. This ceased soon after the war terminated; and it seems to be foolishly imagined by the leaders of the Coalition, that the money thus lent was created solely by the issues of bank paper, and that the ability of the nation to save ended with the need of the government to borrow. In late years, the country accumulated surplus capital, as it did during the war; the drain for taking it away was cut off, and instead, the sinking fund added to this surplus capital five or six millions annually. The consumption of capital, if we may so speak, was, in effect, diminished by perhaps twenty millions yearly, while the supply remained at any rate the same, and can any man wonder that this soon made it superabundant?—The capital which, during the war, regularly flowed into the hands of government, as soon as it could be spared by its owners to take goods out of the market and consume them, now

flowed into the hands of the town and country bankers, to seek, and seek in vain, for employment. Every bank in the kingdom was glutted with money; and this money consisted, not of its own paper, but of sums placed in it, in one way or another, that were as solid in their character as land. Mortgages and other good securities could not be found, and it was almost impossible to employ the money in any manner. It was this real, solid, superabundant capital, and not bank notes, that made the bankers so liberal in lending and discounting, that enabled large numbers of other people, as well as merchants, to speculate, and that furnished the funds for the new companies, &c. At the time of the South Sea bubbles, and in other parts of our history, a similar state of things produced similar consequences, when bank notes were wholly, or almost, unknown.

This superabundant capital was put to various employments, and we will now endeavour to ascertain what share each of these has had in producing that distress under which the nation is suffering.

A very large amount was advanced on loan to foreign nations, and some people make this the leading cause of the distress. We cannot agree with them. When a community has more capital than it can employ at home, the best thing, in our judgment, that it can do with the surplus is, to lend it to friendly foreign governments, provided it can get unexceptionable security. These governments immediately annihilate the loans as capital, and do not employ them to injure the trading, or other interests of the lenders. Assuming that proper security is obtained, loans made by the people of this kingdom to other countries operate, until the money is repaid, much as though they were vested in the purchase of estates in these countries. It is said, that more than sixty millions have been lent in this manner in late years; if this sum pay five per cent, the nations that have borrowed it will have to remit three millions yearly to the borrowers in this country. To the community at large, it will have much the same effect as though the proprietors of estates in those nations, yielding three millions of annual rents, should dwell and expend their rents constantly here.

We say not that good security was obtained for all the money thus lent; on the contrary, we think that much of the security will be found to be very worthless. We fear that many of the lenders will soon have great difficulty in obtaining their interest, and that they will sustain tremendous losses in respect of the principal. But putting out of sight the Spanish Bonds, the effect of which was over before public prosperity commenced, and the Greek loan, the amount of which was contemptible, the loans in question operated up to the beginning of the distress, as they would have done had they been advanced on the very best security. The interest, no matter how, had been regularly paid, and the marketable value of the principal had increased. Had this money been kept at home, there is decisive evidence that human ingenuity could not have found for it beneficial employment. Notwithstanding that it was taken away, and that so much more was absorbed by the schemes, there was, until long after the beginning of the distress, abundance of idle money in the country. The country papers, almost up to this hour, have been constantly offering heavy sums on mortgage. No one will be so foolish as to imagine, that if the money had been kept at home, no efforts would have been made to employ it; and no one but an Economist will say, after looking at all the modes in which capital can be employed, that it could have been employed in any other manner without producing evil. Had it been kept at home, it would doubtlessly have been employed in making the present overstocks of merchandise and manufactures still more destructive; a vast portion of it would have been lost to its owners, and the existing public distress would have been more severe. It was sent abroad—and, up to the beginning of the distress, the foreign stock was saleable without loss, and it practically brought three millions annually into the country to be expended in consumption. We imagine, that the foreign loans were so far from producing the distress, that they operated powerfully to prevent it, and that it would have been much greater if they had not been made. The fall in the South American funds must have done fearful injury; but it followed, and did not precede, the dis-

distress: it was not a cause, but a consequence.

We now come to the schemes. However great the folly and villainy of the originators of many of them were, we must still do justice. Some of the new companies that took the most heavy sums out of the market are still in being; and they are not wholly without hope of a small share of success. The distress began before returns could have been expected from any of them—when very few had been dissolved—and when these few had produced no failures, and no great amount of individual loss. The loss occasioned by the schemes has been divided amidst a vast number of individuals; no very large portion has fallen upon each, and very many of them have not been in trade. The new companies took a large quantity of goods out of the markets, and they brought scarcely any into it; they therefore acted to a certain extent as a counterpoise to the heavy importations which have been so loudly complained of. In the bubbles of former times, families embarked their all, and lost their all; the ruin was evidently produced by the bubbles alone. In those of the last two years, people only ventured a part of what they possessed; and they seldom went beyond their depth. We have scarcely heard of a single failure that was produced solely by confiding money to the new companies.

The operation of the foreign loans had in a great degree ceased when the money was advanced to these companies, so that the absorption of money by these loans and companies was perhaps nearly equal in amount in each of the last four years. If we take this amount at even so much as twenty millions yearly, this does not reach what the government often absorbed during the war, without producing any scarcity of money, or any injury whatever. The shares were principally held by people in the metropolis, and the great body of the merchants and manufacturers had nothing to do with them. The distress did not begin amidst the dabblers in shares; it was not them, but people unconnected with them, who were pressed for money, and were in need of loans and discounts. We conceive that the new companies had no great share in producing the distress; and that if nothing had co-operated with them, this

distress would have been but little felt by the nation at large.

The fact is, that two very prosperous years had greatly increased the capital of almost every merchant, manufacturer, and tradesman. This increase was altogether independent of bank notes, and bank advances; it was solid, unborrowed capital. This, and the largeness of consumption, inevitably led to the holding of heavy stocks, to heavy importations, and of course heavy exportations, and much speculation. A great deal of reproach has been cast upon the merchants for importing so largely; and the increased imports of the last two years have been triumphantly quoted against them, to prove that they are principally accountable for the distress of the nation. Now, a single glance at the revenue of the last two years, will show that consumption called for a very large increase of importations; and we are by no means sure that the importations would have been in any considerable degree excessive, if consumption could have been kept from decrease, and credit from injury.

Ministers, who in these days puff their own talents and wisdom in a most extraordinary manner, declare that they foresaw the distress in the last Session; and that if their cautions had been attended to it might have been avoided. Now, their cautions were confined to the new companies, and even some of these they sanctioned. Mr Huskisson again and again declared, when trade was at the highest point which it reached, that it would increase—that it would keep increasing—that the new system would carry it infinitely above what it then was. He and the Chancellor of the Exchequer asserted, that the opening of the silk trade would greatly benefit this trade; that the new Colonial system would increase our commerce with the Colonies; and that the abolition of restrictions would swell out this commerce in every quarter. If this were not calculated to excite the merchants and manufacturers to cast away caution, and carry importing and exporting to the highest point, we cannot tell what could be calculated to do it; yet now Ministers reproach the merchants for over-trading, and assert, that attention to their cautions would have kept things in their proper course! We say this merely in justice to the

merchants, who have been most barbarously dealt with.

While importations kept increasing, consumption received some severe checks. The Combinations did it great injury. They raised wages greatly in some callings; but by this they depressed them in others; those engaged in them were often idle; and upon the whole, much less money was paid in wages than would have been paid, if they had not existed. They seriously injured many of the masters. The shipwright one, and several others, if they had kept in employment, would have taken a large quantity of such goods out of the market as are now superabundant, without producing an excess of others. The merchants had no share in creating these Combinations.

The cotton speculation, by greatly raising prices, did great injury to consumption. Here a portion of the merchants deserve the blame.

The time approached for the admission of foreign silks; the retail dealers durst not order of the manufacturers, the latter were left without trade, and this did great injury to consumption. It has been said, that the distress in the silk trade was produced by the same causes which have distressed other trades; but this is contradicted by facts. This trade was in a state of stagnation some time before any other began to suffer, and before the want of money diminished the wearing of silks; the dealers assigned the approach of the time for the admission of foreign silks as their reason for not buying. It is, in truth, perfectly ridiculous to ascribe the distress of every trade to the same causes, when causes that injured one did not touch another. The cotton speculations injured the cotton manufacturers seriously, but they did not reach other manufacturers. The new system injured the silk trade dreadfully, but various other trades were not affected by it. The importations caused many descriptions of merchants to suffer fearfully, when others had nothing to do with them. The real fact is, that one interest was distressed by one cause, and another by a wholly different cause, until several of them were distressed, and then their sufferings made distress general. Many at this moment are distressed merely by the distress of others; and others are distressed by things perfectly different.

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The stagnation of the silk trade greatly reduced the consumption of the large part of the population engaged in it; and it prevented the usual orders from being received from Italy for manufactures.

The uncertainty touching the operation of the new system, caused considerable stagnation in the shawl, the printing, and some other trades. This injured consumption.

The new system threw the increase in the carrying trade wholly into the hands of foreigners: this injured consumption greatly on the one hand, and increased imports on the other. This system, instead of increasing the exports to the Colonies, considerably reduced them; and this injured consumption. The merchants had but a very small share in making the changes in our laws and systems; and we conceive that the injuries done to trade by these changes operated greatly to produce the distress.

From different causes several interests began to suffer; workmen were thrown out of employment; trade became flat; and prices generally began to fall. We have already said, that consumption can become a dwarf or a giant in a moment. The fall of prices left almost all traders without profits, and it subjected very many to heavy losses. An instantaneous reduction of expenditure followed. The tradesman who lives at the rate of five hundred per annum, can sink to four, and still maintain about the same appearance in the eyes of the world. All classes were well stocked with clothes, and the buying of manufactures in a great measure ceased. The shopkeepers had heavy stocks, which went off slowly, and they bought very little of the wholesale people. When prices are rising, all the persons between the importer and consumer are anxious to hold; when they are falling, these persons keep out of the market. The speculators stood still; the merchants lost their customers, and had the whole weight of the imports thrown upon their shoulders. Foreign buyers were naturally lost with the home ones. Consumption was greatly reduced; very little ready money was taken in the shops; the small traders were behind in their payments, and the scarcity of money became extreme amidst the large ones.

Meantime, production went on as

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usual. The merchants had cargoes, which they had previously ordered, and consignments, daily arriving. The manufacturers had heavy stocks of the raw article, and machinery and workmen sufficient to satisfy the preceding great demand; they therefore continued manufacturing to the very last moment.

The distress necessarily began amidst the merchants; they were left without buyers; goods continued to pour in upon them, and they were bound to the day of payment by acceptances. Credit began to suffer, and then many of the smaller ones had their bills refused; this operated seriously against the larger ones. The banks had from necessity the balances of their customers withdrawn; they lost, partly from need, and partly from fear, many sums that they held at interest; their ability to accommodate was greatly reduced, and they were alarmed. While everything conspired to overload the merchant with goods on the one hand, everything conspired to deprive him of money on the other.

All this took place before what was called the panic commenced. For some weeks before, the funds fell almost daily, and the papers represented the pressure for money to be extreme. It, the export of gold, and the cry that cash-payments would be suspended, produced the panic; and this panic caused incalculable mischief. Before the latter began, the pressure was in a great degree confined to London, Liverpool, and Manchester—it spread it through the three kingdoms. Everywhere, people who had money in the banks, withdrew it to hoard; a general run commenced upon the banks; these were compelled to refuse accommodation, and to recall that which they had already extended; and, from this, and the failure of some of them, the whole community was plunged more or less into suffering.

If, at the first stage of the pressure, when it was chiefly confined to the merchants and some of the leading manufacturers, the government had stood forward with a loan of Exchequer bills, we are persuaded that the greater part of the ruin and distress would have been prevented. The market was broken down, not so much by the large quantity of goods, as by the abstraction of a large portion of the capital which had previously supported it. People speak of the contraction of

the issues of bank notes,—the truth is, it was the contraction, not of these, but of the capitals of the bankers, which operated so mischievously. A large part of the available capital of every bank consisted of deposits of solid money; and these were almost instantaneously withdrawn; millions, not of paper-money, but of sterling property, although it might be represented by paper, which had previously been regularly employed in supporting the merchants and other trades, and which comprehended a large portion of the loose capital of the different banks, were suddenly locked up in the coffers of their owners, and the banks had not on the instant any substitute. If the sums deposited in the country banks were not called for, these banks found it necessary to keep by them as much gold as was necessary for paying them and taking up their notes, so that the capital was still taken from its wonted occupation to be hoarded. The Exchequer Bills might have replaced the capital thus locked up, and have drawn it back again.

After what has been said by all sides in favour of the Bank of England, it would be idle in us now to praise it; we will therefore content ourselves with saying, that its conduct was above all praise. But, unfortunately, it had to assist all the banks in the kingdom as well as the London merchants, and a vast portion of the money that it advanced on different securities was in effect advanced to be hoarded. The various banks obtained from it immense sums, not to be employed in assisting the merchants and manufacturers generally, but to be kept in their coffers, or to be paid to those who only wanted the money to lock it up.

Government, however, thought good to stand aloof; ruin and distress spread frightfully—powerful appeals were made to it in Parliament,—the merchants and manufacturers entreated it—and still it refused to render any assistance. It, of course, refused on “principle;” Political Economy forbade that it should advance money to the traders, except in certain specified cases, of which this was not one—therefore it resisted all importunity.

We humbly conceive that the “principle” on which Ministers acted is a false one: we imagine, that the effects to be produced by mercantile distress are to be looked at as well as the cause;

we think that is very simple "philosophy" which says, "The merchants have erred, they will many of them be ruined,—their ruin will ruin many manufacturers, throw multitudes of labourers out of employment, and injure seriously the whole community. The terrible evils which their ruin will bring upon the nation, can only be prevented by lending them money; but, nevertheless, as they have brought the ruin upon themselves, they must not be assisted. Rather let the nation be plunged into distress, than lend them money which they do not deserve." This, we say, is very simple "philosophy." If mercantile distress be likely to produce general suffering, it ought to be removed without any regard to the cause. It is the most sacred duty of the government to protect the community as far as possible from calamity; and if a great public calamity can only be averted by a loan to the merchants, it is monstrous to say, that this loan ought not to be made, because the merchants themselves will profit from it undeservedly.

As to the doctrine, that a loan to the merchants tends to lead them again into the same error, it is below contempt. If they composed a corporation, then the directors might say—We will speculate deeply in this, or that, and if we get beyond our depth, government will assist us.—But unconnected as they are, it is absurd to imagine that any one of them would ever speculate under the idea, that if his speculation should fail, the whole body would be distressed, and he should obtain assistance from the Exchequer.

The truth is, Ministers had so bewildered themselves with their new system, that they seemed to imagine, that distress could never visit the land again. They could not be persuaded that distress existed to any great extent; and they showed by their conduct that they thought it incapable of increase. They did not content themselves with standing with their arms across, saying, "No!" to the solicitations of the merchants; well would it have been for the country if they had!—but they did that which was calculated to increase in a tenfold degree the ruin. They praised, in the most extravagant manner, the Bank of England, and for what? For being so profuse in lending and discounting, for putting eight millions of additional paper into circulation. In the same

instant, *without law*, they prohibited the country banks from issuing a single additional note, they stabbed their character—they brought forward a scheme for changing the currency,—they did what must have ruined every one of these banks, if they had been what Ministers themselves insinuated them to be.

It must be remembered, that ten millions of the people of England drew their circulating medium almost exclusively from, and had their property and bread deeply connected with, the country banks—that the pressure for money was tremendous, and the merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen, comprehended in these ten millions, could look to no quarter for assistance save these banks—and that the failure of a single bank produces a vast portion of suffering. It must be remembered, too, that the Bank of England had just, by its gigantic efforts, carried its country brethren through the storm, that confidence was beginning to revive, and that if the country banks could have increased their accommodation, it would have yielded the most signal benefits to the community.

Our readers know what followed—they know that the run upon these banks recommenced—that instead of being enabled to render assistance to the suffering traders, they were brought to need it themselves—that some of them failed—that their notes were forced out of circulation—that whole districts were almost deprived of currency, and compelled to resort to barter. They know, too, that Ministers professed themselves to be guided by the new theories—by that "philosophy" which Mr Canning lauds so unmercifully, and which stinks in the nostrils of the whole nation. It was a glorious moment for another mighty experiment—for another sweeping change affecting the fortunes and bread of the community in the aggregate, and it was not to be lost.

Ministers in these days, as we have said, blow their own trumpet in a most deafening manner. They prevail upon Parliament to adopt their new principles and systems, and then they pat its cheeks, and beg it to defend the "wise and enlightened principles," and "profound and admirable systems," which it has adopted. Mr Canning has declared to it, that those who differ from them, "cannot com-

prehend the greatness and expansion of other men's views, on account of the inferiority of their own abilities and understandings;" and that those who dissent from Mr Huskisson's schemes, are prevented by their incapacity from "soaring to the heights that enable men to look down correctly on great questions," and from perceiving the vast and superhuman powers of the said Mr Huskisson. The very Mr Grant, whose exploits in Ireland are not forgotten, although he admits that Political Economy is still in its infancy, sneers in the most valorous fashion at the "imbecility" of those who cannot deign to go to him for opinion. It seems that we have got another "ALL THE TALENTS" Ministry; and we imagine that in the upshot, ALL THE TALENTS THE SECOND will cut a worse figure in point of talent than was cut by ALL THE TALENTS THE FIRST. Is there a single English stomach that has not been turned by this nauseous arrogance, bombast, and swagger? In so far as we are concerned, we honestly avow that we have seen *that* in the world which has taken away our passion for "soaring," and that we are exceedingly well content to cleave to our mother earth. If our humble powers will not suffer us so to "soar," as to be able to "look down" upon the measures of public men, we trust we may be permitted to *look up* at them as we crawl upon the sod; and people may sometimes see an object as well when they are below, as when they are above it. Men may chance to "soar" too high for seeing things accurately. The air-balloon "soarers" tell us that when they get into the clouds they cannot see the world so well as he whose feet never "soar" from the King's high-road—they even cannot see it at all! We shrewdly suspect, and we will declare it, even if it give huge offence to the Right Honourable George Canning, that the talented secretary and his talented colleagues, by means of their prodigious abilities and stupendous *philosophical* wings, have "soared" until they have lost sight of this country altogether. We suspect that they are at this moment far above the clouds, and much nearer the moon than Old England. It is difficult to arrive at any other conclusion, when we look at the astonishing ignorance—the incredible ignorance, as Mr Atwood termed it—which they have re-

cently manifested touching the condition, feelings, and opinions of the nation. The conceit and boasting cut but a silly appearance when contrasted with the planning and acting; those who have conducted the affairs of this empire for the last two months, ought, we think, to be extremely silent touching the incapacity of other people. We never knew the Ministry possess so little of public confidence as it possesses at present—we never knew public opinion so decidedly opposed to the Government and Parliament, as it has been since the Session opened; yet, forsooth, we are to think exactly as Mr Canning and his colleagues think, if it be only for "uniformity's sake."

We will now say a word touching the proposed changes.

The panic, as it was called, produced a tremendous run upon the town and country banks, and many of them stopped payment. In proportion, quite as many London banks failed as country ones. Of such of the latter as the storm overpowered, some have opened again; the chief portion will pay in full, or nearly in full, and there are very few that will not pay a good dividend. It must be recollected, that the London banks could communicate with the Bank of England in a few moments, and that the country ones required some days for such communication.

What followed? Many of the leading traders of the metropolis held a public meeting, at which they declared that it was scarcely possible for any bank, whatever its resources might be, to stand against such a run as had occurred. In the truth of this, the people of London and their press acquiesced, in so far as the London banks were concerned. It was thought to be natural enough for the latter to be overthrown by such a run, and nothing was said against them. The country banks fared differently—for them no excuse could be discovered. A stunning outcry was raised against them—which would only have excited laughter by the stupid absurdities which it put forth, had it not been for its destructive tendency—and they were covered with execrations. A body of men, who were second to none in respectability, integrity, and claims upon the gratitude of the nation, whose interests were so interwoven with those of the community, that they could not

have been ruined without involving the community in ruin—these men were held up to scorn at such a moment as beggars and swindlers, and nothing was left unsaid that was calculated to blast their credit, and sink both them and the community into bankruptcy.

Now, who raised this outcry? Doubtlessly it was raised by the inhabitants of those parts in which the obnoxious banks were established—by those who were well-acquainted with the operations of these banks, and the property, character, and conduct of the country bankers? No such thing. The ten millions of English people, amidst whom these bankers dwelt, who were supplied by them with notes, and who were the only losers from their failure, made no complaint. They asked for no change, they called not for sovereigns and Bank of England notes; they were willing to intrust their property with these pennyless swindlers, and to stand forward as their defenders. The outcry was raised exclusively by the people and newspapers of London, and such other places as were not visited by the notes of the country bankers. It was raised solely by those who were strangers to these bankers,—who took not their notes,—who suffered not from them,—and who raised it, merely because, in a run which operated more severely against the country banks than the London ones, as many in proportion of the former failed as of the latter.

The admirable Malachi Malagrowther, Esq. has protested against the affairs of Scotland being managed by the people of London, and we, in like manner, protest against the affairs of the country parts of England being managed by the people of London. The sages of Cockaigne are intermeddling with the affairs of other people in a way that is not to be endured, and in a way that is very likely to bring their own into grievous disorder. If they would only have “looked at home,” they would have seen that amidst their own banks, which ought to have kept them silent touching the country ones. It is the curse of the age that everything is to be managed by Political Economy and Philosophy, and that local knowledge is to be utterly disregarded in the management of local interests. The local interests of Scotland are to be managed by Eng-

lishmen, and the local interests of England are to be managed by Scotsmen and Irishmen. No one could read the speeches of Ministers regarding the country banks without perceiving that they were almost every syllable taken from certain London newspapers; and all who were acquainted with country matters knew that these newspapers were thoroughly ignorant touching the question. The people of the country who were principally interested in the business were not consulted; their opinion was not asked; their wishes were of no moment; the sages of Cockaigne commanded, and the sages of the Cabinet, as in duty bound, obeyed.

It cannot be necessary for us to speak to the general respectability of the country banks. They have just been *twice* put to the most severe ordeal, and seven-eighths of them have given the most decisive proofs of their solidity. The chief part of those that have failed, notwithstanding the sacrifices they made to support themselves, and the waste of property that must take place in the winding up of their affairs, will pay twenty shillings, or nearly twenty shillings, in the pound. To speak of a banker's beginning business in the country without capital is ridiculous. Who would take his notes, or open an account with him? With respect to system, a man without capital could more easily open a bank in London than in the country; and in regard to public sentiment, he could as easily do it in the one as in the other. People in the country are not so totally destitute of common sense as the omniscient Cockneys imagine.

We do not, however, say, that the system of our country banks cannot be improved; but we do say, that it will not be so easily improved as many people imagine. We highly approve of the establishment of joint stock banks; the great practical defect of the existing ones is, some of the bankers are too much addicted to speculation, and the affairs of joint stock ones must be conducted in such a way as will, to a great extent, preclude speculation. If, however, all our banks were like those of Scotland, we imagine that there would still be failures among them. It is very idle to argue that the same things must of necessity produce the same fruits in both coun-

tries, when there is so much difference in extent, population, &c. between one country and the other.

Nothing more, in our poor judgment, ought to have been done *at present*, beyond granting permission for the establishment of these joint-stock banks. To the branch ones of the Bank we have many strong objections; they will give much additional power to a corporation that has quite sufficient already, they will operate very mischievously against their rivals, and we think that, instead of preventing, they will multiply failures.

To the change in the currency we are decidedly opposed, in common with almost every man in the nation. A more wild and destructive measure was never devised in such a moment.

No reasons have been assigned for this change, save the most simple and unsatisfactory ones. It is said that it will prevent frequent and violent fluctuations in prices. In reply to this, we have already shown that prices fluctuated as frequently and violently when the currency was gold, as they have done since it became paper. Once in every three or four years commerce and manufactures will have a fit of suffering, let the currency be what it may, so long as this country shall be reasonably wealthy. Production and consumption cannot possibly be kept together; the powers of the former have been rendered gigantic by capital, machinery, and knowledge, and the market must be very frequently overloaded with merchandise and manufactures. If the trade in corn be made free, agriculture will be rarely free from distress arising from superabundance. To prevent convulsions like that from which the country is now suffering, excessive supply must be prevented; and this, with regard to commerce and manufactures, is impossible. We can prevent it in respect of agriculture, but, like fools, we are determined to cast away the ability.

That a paper currency should of necessity keep prices constantly very high, is a doctrine that we can never subscribe to. If the banks should give away their notes, or sell them at half price, to be expended solely in consumption, we would then readily believe in the doctrine. But they do no such thing. The loans that their notes enable them to make are em-

ployed, not in consumption but production. We will never believe that the high prices of the war were occasioned solely, or principally, by the paper currency; we are convinced that if any miracle had added a few millions of rich land to our island, wheat would have been sent down to thirty shillings the quarter in spite of the war, the taxes, and the bank-notes. Every one knows that the farmers employed the aid which they received from the banks in carrying production to the highest point possible; the old land was forced with extra manure—waste land was cultivated—a vast quantity of corn and number of cattle were brought to market, that never would have seen it but for the bank-notes. Still there was no superabundance, and why? Because Father Ocean would not suffer us to ruin ourselves by forming too many new farms. Perhaps had the currency been gold, prices would not have been regularly so high, but then we believe they would sometimes have been much higher—we believe that, at times, there would have been very great scarcity. At the peace, when foreign corn was suffered to come, prices fell almost fifty per cent, in spite of the paper currency. Again, the means of obtaining articles of commerce, and raw produce for manufacturing, were very precarious, and the supply was often scanty; yet the merchants and manufacturers frequently suffered greatly from losing prices. Colonial produce was often at ruinous ones.

For some years before the sovereigns were issued, bank-notes strove in vain to raise prices, even to their proper level. The Bank called in its small notes and circulated the gold, and behold prices rose throughout the country! When we look at the price of corn in America, nothing can persuade us that a paper currency must of necessity keep it high in England. Open the ports only for foreign corn, and all the notes that the banks can force into circulation will not keep our farmers from ruin.

We believe the circulating medium, and the solid, unborrowed capital of individuals, to be distinct things—Philosophers confound them with each other. That such capital may be superabundant, is sufficiently proved by the history of the last two years; but we are not sure that the circula-

ting medium, separating it from such capital, can be superabundant. Granting, however, that the issues of bank-notes, considered separately, can be excessive, they must operate as an excess of trading capital; and we deny that there can be such an excess of such capital, for a term of years, as will keep prices constantly high. An excess of such capital must always, in the nature of things, resolve itself at once into an excess of goods, dissipate itself, and create a scarcity of money and low prices.

At any rate, high prices are a certain indication of prosperity; they cannot possibly exist in a poor and distressed nation. If bank-notes raise them at all, they can do it in no other way than by increasing trade and employment for labour. If gold reduce them, it must inevitably do it by diminishing trade, and depriving labour of employment. Low prices can only be found in a poor and suffering country; a rich and thriving one they cannot enter. That a metallic currency will greatly reduce prices for a time is certain. At a period when a vast number of trading capitals have been wholly lost—when the capital of almost every trader has been seriously reduced—when every bank has had its capital greatly diminished by the withdrawal of deposits, or other causes—at such a time, an immense sum must be taken from the capitals of the banks, and the use and profits of it lost to the community. The change itself will force prices down, and then their lowness will prevent the accumulation of balances of account and deposits, which form so large a part of the trading capital of every banker. The banking capital of the nation will be less reduced by the withdrawal of the notes, than by the loss of such balances of accounts and deposits. Prices, however, will still fluctuate—they will be at times very high—but then they will be raised, not generally by the beneficial effects of prosperity, but partially by the injurious consequences of scarcity.

Every Member of Parliament, whatever his creed may be, protests that he is the enemy of high prices. If this country, with its tremendous debt, which is kept so carefully from diminution, can prosper with low prices, in Heaven's name let us have them! But we say that it cannot—we

say that, if prices be not reasonably high, this nation cannot employ its labour, reduce its debt, and pay its taxes. We say further, that high prices cannot outlive public prosperity—that low ones cannot outlive national poverty and suffering—that, in so far as a paper currency raises prices, it raises them by promoting trade and creating employment for labour, and that it never can raise them *permanently* above what public prosperity calls for. We maintain, that, if the banks contributed to produce the present distress by making advances to the merchants, &c. they were enabled to make these advances chiefly by the solid capital which was placed in their hands by their connexions. We maintain that this distress was mainly produced, not by excessive issues of notes by the bankers, but by a superabundance of real unborrowed capital possessed by other members of the community.

It is said that a paper currency, instead of expanding, contracts itself in times of trading suffering, and that a gold one does the reverse. This is sad drivelling. How does a paper currency contract itself? The market becomes heavy—prices fall—the traders are all rendered poor—confidence is shaken—the bankers hear unfavourable reports, and dare not continue to discount and lend as they have done. Would the case be different with a gold currency? Would the bankers lend to suspected houses, and discount doubtful bills, merely because their money would consist of sovereigns instead of bank-notes? We think not. A run upon a country bank throws in its paper, but then it takes out gold instead; it takes away a large portion of the Bank's capital in the shape of deposits, &c. but then it would do just the same if the Bank had no notes. Low prices and distress throw a large part of the currency out of employment, whether it consist of gold or paper. The fall of the market price of gold does not make it more cheap and plentiful to those who want to borrow it.

Our conviction is, that a sufficiency of gold cannot be kept in the country. The balance of trade is only in our favour with those countries that cannot send us any gold, and that pay their debts to us with goods. With France and those countries that really

have gold, the balance of trade, from the new system, will be almost always against us, and we shall have to pay them with gold. What has been the case recently? The Bank called in its small notes and issued sovereigns: almost immediately, the latter began to go abroad, and their export increased, until it excited the most serious alarm. This was the case when only two millions of the population were supplied with gold. If the nation enjoy a few months of prosperity, the sovereigns will fly abroad for the purchase of foreign manufactures; the bankers will set to work to bring down prices, and produce bankruptcy and distress, in order to disable the community from buying outlandish silks and other foolery. If the nation cannot possess gold without keeping itself continually in penury, and suffering, we think it would be better without it; we think it would act wisely in cleaving to its paper. Our notions are eminently unphilosophical. We would at any time prefer roast beef and plum-pudding with bank-notes, to salt and potatoes with sovereigns. We wish for that circulating medium, without giving ourselves any concern touching its description, that will give to our country the greatest measure of prosperity and happiness.

The Philosophers of Parliament are prodigiously puzzled to account for the fact, that country bank-notes force sovereigns out of circulation. They charge it, with their usual ignorance, upon the country bankers. The truth is, that excepting Philosophers, all men, and especially men in business, prefer that circulating medium which is the most convenient. The notes of country bankers are scarcely ever counterfeited—there is no trouble in weighing them—they are more portable—and the risk is very trifling, for it is only two or three times in a man's life that one bank, amidst several, fails in a particular district. Notes are almost universally preferred to gold, and that is the reason why they keep it out of circulation. Let the circulating medium of the country be Bank of England notes—let forged ones be pretty plentiful—let sovereigns be of full weight and free from counterfeits, and then gold will drive paper out of circulation.

With regard to Scotland, here is a country in which Bank failures are

unknown, which for a very long period has drawn the most signal advantages from a paper currency, which is in circumstances very different from those of England, and of which the inhabitants, almost to a man, protest against the change. Now, why is a positive, long-tried, and highly-valued good, to be thus wrenched from Scotland, not only without necessity, but without anything whatever to excuse it? Why is Scotland to be thus crammed by main force into the crucible of experiment, when it cannot even be alleged that she will derive the least benefit from it? With regard to Ireland, the want of banks and capital in it has been long lamented. Yet now a measure is resorted to that must prevent the spread of banks in it, and the introduction of that capital which they would circulate. Who can contemplate without shuddering, the effects that low prices must produce in Ireland?

We are an unaccountable people. Banks have long been cried up as things of inestimable public value; and the banker who has been liberal in his advances, has been always praised as a benefactor to his country. All things must now be made new, and therefore banks are spoken of as though they were public evils, and the banker, who is generous in making loans, is thought to be little better than a traitor. We have boasted of our capital until we are weary, and now we are execrating it, and sighing for the benefits that the loss of it will yield us. We shall soon be somewhat wiser than we are. We shall soon find, that if we have banks at all, we must have the evils that are inseparable from them; and that a crash cannot take place amidst merchants and manufacturers, without its producing a crash amidst bankers. We shall soon find that if we have riches, we must have with them the evils that are inseparable from riches. We shall soon discover that the want of capital is even a more grievous thing than the excess of it—that occasional paroxysms of gout are to be preferred to the never-ceasing effects of atrophy—and that the pains produced by high living are more endurable than the gnawings of eternal hunger. We shall soon be heartily sick of experiments—Would to God that we could as soon get rid of their consequences!

RUSSIA.

FROM the middle of the 18th century, the characteristic of Europe was War. All the great changes were made by violence. In the earlier portion of this ardent and sanguinary period, all the leading states were successively broken into the discipline and sufferings of war, as if to prepare them for that more tremendous hostility, which, before its close, was to involve all in one common conflict. Till then the political hemisphere was but partially darkened; the flash struck a solitary throne from time to time, and dismantled it of some of its more aspiring and useless ornaments; but the French Revolution brought down the whole storm. It was the consummation of the Age of the Sword.

When a historian worthy of this splendid and fearful period shall arise, we shall have a history such as the world has not yet equalled; a singular and majestic developement of the noblest powers exhausted in the most disastrous struggle against public misfortune, of the most desperate passions let loose and triumphing, of whole nations flung into combat with each other, of slaughter and sufferings to which all the ancient trials of empire were tame, of magnificent heroism overpowered, of established strength, the constitutions of a thousand years scattered like dust under the charge of a licentious and uncontrollable force, of the fall of thrones and religions, and of the finishing of this gigantic, moral, and public battle in a state of knowledge, progressive freedom, and general tranquillity, beyond all hope and all example.

Whether this illustrious prospect is to go on extending and brightening, or whether the casual heavings that still shake it, are to be deepened into ruin, must be left to Time. We have attained one great wisdom, the consciousness that all war, for the sake of domineering, brings with it its own scourge. The experiment of ambition has been made before our age on the grandest scale, with the most unequalled qualities for success, and with the most resistless progress. No nation will ever make an universal war with faculties equal to those of the nation which we have just seen tram-

pled down in its own blood by the feet of the whole continent. No man will, perhaps, ever stand forth as the leading figure of war, superior in energy, subtlety, knowledge of man, and military renown, to the man whom we have just sent to his grave with our fetters on his hands. There may be greater generals, more sagacious statesmen, more heroic defiers of personal danger; but the world has never seen a chieftain so fitted for the mastery of his peculiar nation and his peculiar time. No empire will, perhaps, ever see at the head of its strength, a being so formed by nature and circumstance, to excite all its hidden means, to strain the national sinews to their utmost energy, to lead his people against the world with the enthusiasm of individual passion, and the solid weight of disciplined and matchless combination. Napoleon was an *Evil*, and human nature may well rejoice at the extinction of its disturber. He was a portentous light in the horizon; but for his hour he threw all its other illumination into eclipse. If it had been the declared will of Heaven, to show us the fruitlessness of human ambition, by an evidence on the most unanswerable scale, we can imagine no more complete conviction than of that tremendous throne which has scarcely yet disappeared from before our eyes; no more appalling power than that which France threw out from her torn entrails like a stream of fire upon the earth; no more potent, presiding spirit of the ruin, than her Emperor. France and Napoleon were made for each other—we shall see nothing like them meet together again.

But this crisis was still more remarkable in the change which it has wrought on the locality of Dominion. Half a century ago, the strength of Europe was in its centre. France was the heart of the continent; the manners, language, literature of Europe, even down to the trivial matters of dress and the things of common life, were modelled on those of this supreme and brilliant teacher. The politics of France were the guide or the fear of every nation; and the ministers of half a hundred courts laid

their heads on their pillows in quiet, or wasted their lamps, as the dispatches from Versailles bore the stamp of its resistless will.

But this has passed away. In the seat of the conflagration the strength of the soil has been burnt out. Two great empires, on the western and eastern borders of civilization, now hold the supremacy over all between. England and Russia, ordained to present the most total contrast to each other. The one at the height of constitutional freedom, the other at the height of despotism; the one the most cultivated and opulent of all nations, the other the poorest and most barbarous; the one strong in the strength of its people, the other peopled with slaves; the one irresistible by sea, the other scarcely venturing to dip the sole of its feet in that uncertain element, but mighty by land. They agree in but the one feature, of an *extensibility* of power all but boundless. Russia has before her a sweep of territory in which the whole population would be lost; and from Lapland to the Chinese wall, her flag may yet wave over cities and tribes innumerable. England has before her the alliance, or the conquest of every state washed by the ocean. Of all sceptres the trident is the most imperial. From the Poles to the Line, and from America to India, all is but one superb field for her activity, her genius, and her glory.

What shall be the final result of these immense concentrations of power is yet beyond human conjecture. Whether they have been raised by Providence in the foresight of some overwhelming catastrophe of the intermediate nations, to be made, still more strikingly than before, the refuge to the crushed and perishing interests of humanity—whether they have been elevated, like Mount Ararat, for the rest and forthcoming of the new cultivators of the deluged and subverted soil, or are themselves to evince the tremendous spectacle of the utmost power of human hostility in their collision, is still covered with clouds impenetrable. But the rise and growth of Russia is a phenomenon to which the world has afforded no parallel. The empire of Peter the Great is but

a century old.* The savage boldness and wild wisdom of that first of barbarians even then caught the gaze of the philosophers of Europe. He gave Russia a place among kingdoms. He laid the colossal foundations of a colossal empire. But he died among the foundations.

His plan survived him. His successors in all the vices of an Asiatic court, and the fantasies of female reigns, still added to his great design. Catherine the Second, a woman with the ambition, the intellect, and the crimes of the sterner sex, struck down all resistance within sight of her borders—with one hand held the Ottoman like a tiger in a chain, and with the other crushed out the life of Poland. It was a minor work to subdue the Tartar invasions, and break down the insurrections of the pretenders and turbulent nobles. Catherine made Russia, like its own winter, terrible. Yet these terrors were, like it, restricted; they were lost as it passed the limits of the soil. The appearance of the Russian armies in the "Seven Years War" was but of a moment; they came like Arabs from the desert, as if only to show the fierceness and untemperable strength of their source, and then passed away. The true intercourse of Russia with the system of Europe began with the accession of the late Emperor. Before the time of Alexander, the throne was Oriental in its ambition, its polity, and its feelings; it was Russia in Asia. From the commencement of his reign, it became Russia in Europe.

The increase of population during this period was unexampled, or only to be equalled by that of North America. By the register of the births and deaths of the Greek Church, its population was about thirty millions. But the Greek Church contains but three-fourths of the whole; and the true census would have been forty. At his death, the population was estimated at fifty-four millions! The Empire now contains nearly seven millions of square leagues, of which a fourth is extremely fertile. The Ural mountains are the great natural division of the population. Seven-eighths live on the western side of the range. The eastern side is wandered over by five mil-

* St Petersburg was founded in 1703.

lions of men of various habits and languages. Yet those presumed Tartarian deserts may yet be reckoned among the treasuries of the imperial strength. Unreclaimed as they are, they present a vast surface in general fit for supporting life, some tracts of remarkable luxuriance, large rivers, and a climate which, though chiefly rigorous, is healthy. Those plains were once the "*Officina gentium*," the inexhaustible magazine of the hosts which covered alternately the East and West of the world. The Scythian was the mightiest of conquerors. He recruited his multitudes in a wilderness where he was as inaccessible as its storms. When the power of devastation was swelled to its height in the desert, it rushed forth, and India and Italy were overwhelmed before it returned to its ancient pool among the mountains of the Ural.

Alexander died on the first of December, 1825; he was born on the 23d of the same month, 1777, the son of Paul the First and Maria, daughter of Eugene, Duke of Wirtemberg. His grandmother, the celebrated Catherine the Second, distrusting the capacity of her capricious son, was said to have looked to Alexander for the hope of Russia. Suspicious in everything, she chose a wife, Louisa Maria of Baden, for him at the age of sixteen, and thus precipitated an union which was productive of happiness to neither, and, what was of more consideration to the fierce old woman that forced it, productive of no issue.

Alexander ascended the throne on the 24th of March, 1801. He began his reign by the most popular of all acts,—a peace with England. The famous "*Armed Neutrality*" was from that moment dissolved. Lord St Helens was sent to the imperial court. The embargo on the British ships was taken off on the 18th of May. A maritime convention between England and Russia was established on the 17th of June, thus distinctly abolishing the convention agreed on between Sweden, Denmark, and Russia, but a year before, (December 16, 1800,) and for maintenance of which the Danish fleet had been attacked and all but ruined by Nelson. The peace between England and France immediately followed, (October 1.)

Russia first entered as a component part into German politics in 1802. The ambition of Napoleon, inflamed by triumph, had now commenced those projects, which made peace but a more treacherous mode of conquest. The indemnifications of the German sovereignties, gave him the opportunity for which he thirsted; and Prussia, conscious that the first blow would be at her supremacy of Northern Germany, called Russia to her councils. The result of this intercourse was known only in the significant measure of a levy of two men in the five hundred through the Russian empire, and the completion of the army to half-a-million.

The time of the most signal struggle of the modern world was now at hand. Napoleon, in sight of the crown, and feeling that peace was the season in which alone he could be forgotten or overpowered by the factions of France, determined to throw the whole West into war. By a series of aggressions on the treaty, by positive seizures of territory, and direct insults to England, he aroused that greatest and most fatal of all his antagonists into hostility. The war began in the commencement of 1803. The extraordinary scheme, which was afterwards urged to its completion, in her Berlin and Milan Decrees, now began with the seizure of Hanover, and the exclusion of English commerce from the coasts of the North Sea. Alexander, connected by family ties with Oldenburg, and probably feeling some personal pity for the helpless sufferings of Hanover, interceded. His intercession was rejected, and the offended monarch still went on disciplining his armies. In 1804, Napoleon was crowned Emperor of France. His first act was to dip his sceptre in blood. The murder of the Duke d'Enghien was his savage pledge to the Jacobinism that had raised him to the height on which he stood, that he was always the same. It has been long since acknowledged, that this was a gratuitous act of murder, unpalliated by even the miserable excuses of state necessity. It was the mere sealing of a bond of guilt and barbarism with the regicides of the Revolution. As the Republic had begun with the bloodshed of a Bourbon, so should the Empire. Children of the same godless faith, they

were baptized in the same font of wanton cruelty, and instinctive scorn of the laws of God and man.

Alexander might have felt as a man the atrocity of this inhuman murder ; but as a sovereign, he was entitled to remonstrate against its invasion of public right. His envoy at the Diet of Ratisbon instantly presented a note, (May 7,) expressing his high regret and displeasure at the infringement of the peaceful territory of Baden. This was followed by a similar declaration from M. Oubril in Paris. But the Baden note found the German States too much awed by the power of France, to touch upon a subject of such peril. The note delivered to Napoleon was the signal of war. The ambassadors of France and Russia were both withdrawn.

England, still warring with her old intrepidity and sincere vigour against France, was the natural ally of all the injured ; and a treaty was signed at St Petersburg by Lord Gower and M. Von Novosiltzoff, (April 11, 1805,) on the ground for an offensive and defensive alliance with Austria and Sweden.

The assumption of power in Italy, the protectorate of the Swiss cantons, and the public, ostentatious insults of Napoleon, had roused the British government to declare war against France. But the maritime power of England offered no hope of triumph to Napoleon. From the heights of Boulogne, his army had the hourly mortification of seeing the measureless superiority of the British navy ; the straits of Dover became an impassable barrier ; and their camps, perpetually insulted by our cruisers, grew contemptuous of the man who had promised them the plunder of London.

Posterity will, for many an age to come, look with noble and justified exultation on the spirit of Great Britain at that eventful period. The nation rose as one man. Party was extinguished in the loftier impulses of national honour. Men of all professions and habits of life crowded into the ranks, and a national volunteer army was formed, greater than the greatest that France could raise with her conscription, her violent invasion of personal right, and her breaking up of the whole frame of civilized society. In a few months the troops under arms in England amounted to the im-

mense number of nearly eight hundred thousand men ! A number that would have been quadrupled the moment a French foot had been planted on their shore. From this stupendous strength even the audacity of Napoleon shrunk. Unused as he was to the opposition of the people, and despising, with the habitual arrogance of a professional soldier, the rude discipline of volunteers, he yet felt that a country peopled by such men was unconquerable. Perhaps on those heights he had the first ominous impression of the fate which was yet to strike him from the hand of this mighty nation, and to make his name a by-word and a scorn for ever.

Invasion was now hopeless. He might as well have plunged his army into the ocean, as thought to resist the millions that, wave on wave, would have rolled over him on the British shore. But it was essential to the system by which he had blinded France, that his retreat should not have the air of discomfiture. He turned round, and threw his whole power on Austria.

The campaign of 1805, was among the most rapid of Napoleon's triumphs. He found Austria altogether unprepared. Her perfect consciousness of the hostile spirit of France, had stimulated her into fear and hatred ; but the native tardiness of a German council, was not yet to be awakened into activity. The most extraordinary circumstance in the history of all these continental wars, is the utter inability of the Germans to profit by experience. They had been now warring for ten years, almost incessantly, with France. Yet the French were always the earliest in the field. The first half of the campaign was always a series of rapid successes over the Allies, which the latter half was wasted in struggling to retard. In the campaign of 1805, the Aulic Council calculated the march of the advancing French army at ten miles a-day. The French threw their muskets and knapsacks into carts, and came rushing on them at the rate of thirty. They found the Austrian armies moving tranquilly by detachments to their points of union. The French burst upon them like hunters, and netted them in easy succession. Six thousand grenadiers were the first capture. The army of Mack, surprised in Ulm, was the next ; the fruit of six hours manœuvring, with

scarcely a shot fired, was thus the capture of thirty thousand of the *elite* of the Austrian army, with their general and all his officers.

The rapidity of the French had anticipated the whole combination of the allied campaign. The Russian army under Kutusoff and Buxhovden, was to have joined the Austrian. It reached Silesia, only when Napoleon had already made himself master of Vienna. Prussia had secretly bound herself to the great league; but Napoleon was already on her flanks, trampling over the Austrian battalions on his route to their capital. In an evil hour for her fame and for her supremacy, she drew back. But her intentions had not escaped the knowledge of France, and they were soon and bloodily revenged.

Alexander now became the last hope of the continent. With a new activity, like that of his vivid and resistless antagonist, he flew from north to south of Germany, rousing up the last flame of German freedom. He flew to Berlin, to urge Prussia to make an attack, by which Napoleon might be compelled to turn back from the pursuit of the Austrian army. In a feeling, bearing some resemblance to the old and solemn superstitions of the North, he went at midnight to the tomb of Frederick the Great, with the King and Queen, and touching the coffin of the hero of the monarchy, pledged himself to the general cause. In a fortnight after, in the midst of a German winter, he was at the head of his army in Moravia. On the 2d of December, a day fatally memorable in the Austrian annals, was fought the battle of Austerlitz; and the resistance of Austria was at an end.

But the honour of the Russian arms, though tarnished, was not lost. An armistice was agreed on between France and Austria. To this armistice Alexander refused to accede; politically declaring, "that he had from the beginning no personal interest in the war, but that his only object had been to assist his ally, and avert the dangers of the empire." He now left the field, when Austria could be no longer saved. In six days after the battle, the Russian army marched from Moravia. But it was to march to Silesia, where a declaration was made that it was at the service of Prussia. It remained in Silesia until the following spring.

The ruin of Prussia was now decreed in the councils of one who never forgot or forgave. But the politics of Napoleon, at all times formed a remarkable contrast to his military system. In the field, headlong even to rashness; contemptuous of the chances of war, he grasped at victory; he made no calculations for defeat, for the elements, for the natural turns of human fortune. It was the tactique of a splendid barbarian. But in the cabinet all was subtlety. He proceeded step by step, couching till the moment when his prey was stripped of all help, and alone.

His habitual process, was first to deprive the country which he meant to attack of all her allies. Before he applied himself to drain the great stream of the national strength, he diligently cut off all the subsidiary fountains. He found Prussia sustained by two powerful allies. Russia in the field,—England waiting only for the moment of his attack to thunder in his rear. He had tried the strength of Alexander's armies, and felt that it could be kept at bay. But the might of England was not to be tempted. From the beginning to the close of his career, Napoleon's sagacity seemed to have felt the quarter from which the final blow was to come; and in the midst of the public gasconading, and ignorant private contempt, lavished by the whole French nation, his whole political life acknowledged the paramount grandeur of England. His first work now was to detach her from Prussia. But this was not to be attempted by the seduction of the great ally, whose principles had so long resisted all foreign seduction. Prussia was to be corrupted, till she was cast off by England.

The genius of the founder of a monarchy leaves a powerful and lasting impression on his work. The countenance and mind of the original parent are to be traced through a long posterity. The spirit of Frederick the Second, the true founder of the Prussian throne, was a singular compound of craft and courage. It was said of him, that he never fired a shot that he could have spared by the pen, nor ever spared anything that he could get by either. Winning Silesia by battle, and his Polish dominions by policy, he would have alike fought or intrigued for each. But he never engaged in a war without finally accomplishing his

object; and if the Greek philosopher was justified in declaring the test of statesmanship to be,—“The making a great state of a small one,” Frederick was the first statesman of his century.

His mantle fell on the shoulders of his successors; and the Prussian discipline was not more characteristic of his memory than the Prussian intrigue.

The ruin of the first coalition, in 1793, against France, was attributed to the wily selfishness of the immediate follower of Frederick. We have seen the efforts of Austria, in 1805, paralysed by the fatal indecision of the Prussian cabinet, waiting for the hour when it might turn the scale, and be aggrandised through the rival bribes of the candidates for its favour.

The ruin of Prussia now approached in the shape of a bribe. Napoleon offered her Hanover.

England, disgusted by this treachery and plunder, cast her loose. Hanover was accepted by Haugwitz, on the 15th of December, 1805, by convention at Vienna. Prussia was from that hour naked. An object of scorn to the only power that could have sustained her, she received the first knowledge of her impending ruin from the march of Napoleon. On the 9th of October, 1806, the first French cannon was fired. It was the knell of the Prussian monarchy. The battle of Jena immediately followed; and within a month from the commencement of the war, Prussia was utterly undone, without a soldier, a fortress, or a throne, like a place of desolation. There is no instance, even in the overwhelming catastrophes of Eastern empires, of such a sudden and sweeping overthrow. A gigantic, and certainly a noble figure, armed to the teeth, and practised in all the arts of consummate soldiery, the Prussian monarchy fell at once. Its sinews were withered up at the sight of the enemy, and it lay upon the ground for their easy scoff and fearless plunder. Its fall was without the last generous consolation of ill fortune. It was *retribution*; and France was for once the minister of a providential example.

But this disgrace has since been nobly atoned; and Prussia again wears the crown, not without the laurels of Frederick.

In the immediate terror of the war,

she had with a vain repentance turned to her ancient allies. A negotiation had been commenced with England, and a Russian army was in march. But Napoleon had chosen his time, and he burst on his victim the moment it was come. All was ruined before the allies could reach the place of struggle. The Russians saw the first signs of battle in the fugitive army, and the broken court escaping to the Vistula.

But they had now the weight of war to sustain upon their own arms. The French power, after laying waste Prussia, rolled like a conflagration over its borders. In the desperate winter of 1807, on the 8th of February, the battle of Eylau was fought. This was the first time when the Russians came single-handed with the French. If their honour had been stained, it was now largely cleared. All the characteristics of the famous Russian soldiery of Catherine were brought out nobly. The season was memorably severe. Famine, frost, want of camp-equipage, the fatigue and privations of a long retreat, were combined to shake their intrepidity. Yet the naked Russian line fought a superior force of French, posted under cover of heights and woods—from six in the morning till eight at night, stood the tremendous fire of the French artillery without a retrograde step, repulsed every attack on their exposed position, and, baffling Napoleon in the height of his military fame, kept the field, till the absolute want of food compelled them to retire. This battle paralysed the force of the French, and they immediately went into winter-quarters.

Russia was now a principal in the war. All the barriers that military power and established thrones had placed between her and the French empire, had been trampled down; and the Russian frontier was to feel the weight of that storm, which had been but a few years before contemplated with Europe between. But Alexander was perplexed by the hope of peace, and the national hatred of the insolent and ferocious enemy. Even the partial success of Eylau contributed to enfeeble his preparations. A decided defeat might have roused the Russian energies, and, as in the final campaign of 1812, poured the whole nation on the invader.

But Napoleon did not hesitate. He had now come within reach of the last rampart of the Continent, and he determined that it should not stand, if it could be broken down by overwhelming force. During the winter he strained every resource to recruit his army. This year cost France the unparalleled sacrifice of *three* conscriptions, each of 80,000 men! France now began to feel the scourge of ambition. Of those troops, numbers perished on their march through the inclement north of Germany; numbers died of the miseries of a life in a winter camp; but the remainder composed a force of irresistible superiority. On the first return of spring, Napoleon was in the field. The Russians were circumvented by his habitual science, even before the battle that decided the campaign. The armies met at Friedland on the 14th of June 1807; and after a contest in which native bravery struggled in vain with the practised skill and confident intrepidity of the French, the Russians were totally defeated, and driven behind the Niemen.

Napoleon now saw the mighty expanse of the Russian empire open before him; and the sight was not forgotten. But a revolution was at hand, in which he was to fulfil a fearful part; and he was checked in his career. He had already determined on the seizure of the Spanish crown; and to leave his power unembarrassed by northern war, he made the league of Tilsit, on the 7th of July, with Russia and Prussia. The singular moderation of this treaty between a victor and his conquered adversary, were to be accounted for only by the necessity of withdrawing the French army to more tempting hostilities. Prussia was suffered to receive its King again, though with the loss of nearly half its territory, and with all its fortresses retained in French hands. But when Napoleon could concede with less hazard to his own dominion, he was all concession. He gave up to Alexander the province of Byalistack with 184,000 inhabitants, belonging to Prussian Poland. He laboured to make a peace between Russia and Turkey; he left Alexander all his rights untouched on the Baltic and the Black Sea; and, more important and more unexpected than all, he gave up Poland, bound as France was to its

independence by the old policy of the court, by the public promises of the conqueror, and by what he had never before neglected, its infinite importance as a check upon the advance of his enemy. The whole campaign, less a war than a massacre, was absolutely thrown away.

For all those sacrifices, the only return was the fruitless "secret article," by which Russia agreed to make common cause with France against English commerce, to maintain the independence of the neutral flags, and to contribute her efforts to bring Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal, into the neutral system. A day's firing of the British cannon afterwards dissolved the whole feeble and unnatural conspiracy.

The "secret article" had rapidly transpired. A British envoy, Jackson, was sent to Copenhagen to demand the surrender of the Danish navy, until a limited period after a peace with England. The demand was rejected by Bernstorff. Copenhagen was instantly taken by bombardment, the fleet seized, and the neutral league virtually annihilated from that hour. The merit of this brilliant and necessary exploit was attributed to the councils of the Marquis Wellesley. It is still more memorable as the first European service in which the illustrious Wellington displayed those talents which were yet to place him at the head of European generalship. The expedition was commanded by Lord Cathcart.

Napoleon now played the same dexterous game that had been so often successful. He dreaded to leave Russia to recover from her disasters. He still more dreaded to leave England at leisure to fall upon him in his anticipated conquest of the Peninsula. He now compelled the Russian cabinet to issue the manifesto of the 16th of October 1807. In the front of this memorial, the attack on Copenhagen was placed, and Alexander declared that he would never make peace until Denmark was indemnified. To involve Russia still more deeply, she was urged to a war with Sweden, under the pretext that the latter power had broken faith in declining to join the neutral league. The secret bribe to Russia was the incorporation of Finland. The Swedish King was unfortunately but ill qualified to resist the

artifice of France, and the military strength of his neighbour. His Quixotism rushed into the field before he could be assisted by his ally. Finland was lost in a campaign. Popular discontents thickened round his throne, and Gustavus the Fourth was in the following year (1809), forced to abdicate in favour of his uncle the Duke of Sudermania.

But the sleepless eye of Napoleon was still turned with keen suspicion to the north. The war with England was grinding down the finances of Russia. Her fleets were blocked up; her commerce was hourly going to ruin. Of four thousand merchant ships that had entered her ports in the year of the treaty of Tilsit, but one thousand entered in the year after; and of these, but three hundred ventured to the Baltic. Her naval honour also received a severe blow by the capture of her fleet of ten ships, of which seven were of the line, in the Tagus; by the British squadron.

The Spanish war was now fiercely trying the strength of Napoleon. He had rushed with the security of long success into the heart of the strongest country of Europe—a country of six mountain chains, and of a population whose ancient fortitude the French invasion was to rouse into unmitigable hostility. The pomps and splendours of war perished here; enterprize lost its brilliancy; and the high blood of French courage grew thick and stagnant under the burning sun, and in the listless yet desperate warfare of the Peninsula. The armies that had gone on from triumph to triumph through the rich plains and populous capitals of Germany, pined away in the obscure and uncheered conquest, over barrenness and solitude. The desert and the dagger were the ministers of this deadly vengeance; and the haughty and dazzling Legions of the great Military Empire saw their strength and their fame perishing together in the ignominious encounter with priests and peasants. Napoleon had seen the colossal grandeur of the Continent break down, one massive fragment after another, under the blows of his sword. He here saw rising before him a mighty apparition, growing in hourly magnitude and terror, yet through which his sword passed as through the air.

It was not yet too late to have with-

drawn from this disastrous contest, but a fate was upon him; the hand that avenges nations on the man of blood, was already stretched out to grasp him, and he determined to pursue the Spanish war. The whole power of France was now to be flung upon the Peninsula; and, to secure the still dubious fidelity of the North, Napoleon summoned the Congress of Erfurth. He entered it (27th of September) at the head of a crowd of vassal sovereigns. He had now reached the summit of his fortunes, and stood the mightiest master of sovereignty since the days of Rome. From that hour he was to fall, until he was nothing!

Napoleon had scarcely turned again to Spain, when Austria, harassed by perpetual insults, and stimulated by the hope of surprising her oppressor, rose in sudden war. But Napoleon was not to be overmatched by the heavy energy of a German cabinet. He instantly suspended his pursuit of the broken Spanish levies, and with the choice of his troops, rushed back upon Austria. The battles of Eckmühl and Ratisbon threw open Vienna to him. The still more memorable battles of Essling and Wagram, in which the genius of the Archduke Charles almost vindicated the ancient glories of the Black Eagle, compelled a peace; and on the 14th of October, 1809, the Treaty of Vienna again gave over Austria to the chain.

The Spanish war still continued, at once draining the resources and degrading the military fame of France. The Continent, stung with a sense of defeat, looked on this heroic struggle with intense anxiety, and waited but the first striking reverse to declare against Napoleon.

It is a noble and cheering contemplation for the lover of England and freedom, that this magnificent deliverance was first committed to our country. England had swept France from the seas, but a new and not less splendid success was now to honour her persevering fidelity and her magnanimous courage. The flashings of the British sword threw light to the extremities of Europe—the victories of Wellington revived the heart and kindled the emulation of the fallen empires.

Napoleon again saw rebellion rising against his supremacy; and in the

mingled pride and frenzy of his fierce and feverish spirit, proclaimed, more in the language of an angry providence than of a man, the downfall of Russia. The seizure of Oldenburg, in 1811, for the more complete extension of the continental blockade, was the subject of the Russian remonstrance; but the true war was between slavery and tyranny.

Russia now rapidly prepared for a contest which was to leave her free, or a waste of blood and ashes. Her efforts were proportioned to her cause. Early in 1812, Alexander had the immense multitude of 899,000 men under arms. He applied himself instantly to revive the alliances with Sweden and England, and Bernadotte was engaged to march with an auxiliary army. Thus secured on his right flank, and on the sea, his next step was the security of his left by the peace of Bucharest (28th of May) with the Ottoman Porte. The Moldavian army was thus released, and it marched on Lithuania, to form the advanced guard of the empire.

The preparations of France were on a still more overwhelming scale. Napoleon was the despot of a territory of eighty millions of men; and he commanded the whole disposable force of the West to move. On the 25th of June 1812, he entered the Russian territory, and proclaimed, in the lofty tone of an arbiter of nations, "Fatality hurries on the Russians—let the destinies be accomplished."

The events of this stupendous campaign are still too strongly before the general recollection to be detailed. But it is to the honour of Alexander, that his resolution was taken with manly wisdom, and sustained with unshaken firmness. His words, in even the most disastrous hour of the war, were, "Should St Petersburg be taken, I will retire into Siberia, and I will there resume our ancient customs; and, like our long-bearded ancestors, will return anew to conquer the Empire."

The Russian system was, to draw Napoleon into the heart of Russia, and there crush him. The whole Russian line slowly retired as the enemy advanced, partially fighting, but still penetrating deeper into the fatal centre of the land. On Napoleon's arrival at Witepsk, his first intention was to have halted for the winter, and reuniting his army, and settling Poland, to

have advanced in the spring. But his native rashness, and it is said the advice of Ney, the most headlong of his generals, urged him forward. Every step now led him nearer to his ruin. Napoleon first came in sight of the whole Russian force, commanded by Bagration and Barclay de Tolly, on the 16th of August, in front of Smolensko. The French were eager for the battle which was to relieve them from the fatigues of a campaign already striking them with ominous awe. But the Russians had halted only to give time to the inhabitants to retire. The whole army was put suddenly in march, and the conquest of the French was the smoking ruins of a decayed frontier town.

Now was perhaps the crisis of the expedition. From Smolensko the road divided to Moscow and to St Petersburg. The distance and the difficulties of both were nearly equal. If the latter had been chosen, the great catastrophe which left the French army naked at the moment when they felt themselves secure of winter quarters, could not have been accomplished. St Petersburg could not have been burned like Moscow; and the fates of the war might have been changed. But if there ever was a destiny hanging over the progress of ambition, to confound the wisdom of the wise, and disclose to the world the sure judgement that falls upon national crime, it was that which clouded the French councils at Smolensko. In contradiction to his old tactic, almost his established maxim of invasion, to strike at the seat of government, Napoleon gave the word for Moscow.

The Russian bravery, offended by perpetual retreat, insisted on battle. Kutusoff took the command, and the battle of Borodino, or the Moskwa, was fought on the 7th of September. This great conflict answered no purpose but the conviction, that the Russians had retained their original valour, and that the French were still their masters in manœuvre. The loss on both sides was equal. The enormous number of nearly 100,000 men, killed or wounded, covered the wilderness, among those the French had forty-three generals. The Russians lost the noble and gallant prince Bagration. The result of this memorable encounter was singular. The Russians had the honour of keeping the field, but it was

to retreat in the night, and abandon Moscow; the French retreated, but it was to return, and make themselves masters of the great prize, the ancient city of the Czars. On the 14th of September, the advanced guard entered Moscow. But Napoleon had scarcely reached the Kremlin, when he saw the city in a blaze. There is no instance in history of so complete a voluntary destruction. Of 3000 stone houses, there remained only 525. Of 6900 wooden houses, there remained but 1797. The loss of property by the Russian nobles was immense; but they were the first to make this noble sacrifice, and it saved their country. The infatuation of Napoleon seemed now complete. It is even attempted to be explained by disease. During thirty-five days he lingered among the ruins, in the vain prospect of negotiation. But he found Alexander firm. The wiliness that had baffled all the diplomacy of the West, was now overcome by the boldness and energy of men whom he had despised as barbarians. It was at length declared to him, that Alexander had sworn, "as a sovereign and as a man, never to make peace while his empire was stained by the presence of a French soldier." Napoleon, in his desperation, again tried to negotiate, but his envoy, Lauriston, found before him, the true frontier of Russia, the iron line of its army, and was sent back to tell his master, "That the campaign was but beginning."

It began in terror. The first retrograde step of the French was the signal for the pursuit of their avenging enemy. On the 24th of October, the French rear-guard left Moscow, a day since suitably and piously commemorated, by the Emperor's laying the first stone of a magnificent church dedicated to the "Redeemer." From this hour they had to struggle under miseries that task all description. Storm, famine, disease, frenzy, mortal fatigue, followed them through the tremendous length of almost a thousand miles. The cold sunk twenty-three degrees below zero! The horrors of this warfare of nature against them were so dreadful, that human warfare became a comparative relief. The fierce hostility of the Russian soldier, even the wild and desperate pursuit of the Tartar and the Cossack, were often welcomed as an escape from

the wrath of the desert. From Moscow to the Beresina, 150,000 men had fallen. In the Beresina 20,000 perished; and 18,000 were taken prisoners, with all the plunder of Russia on its edge. Of 450,000 troops, in the highest condition of discipline and equipment, that had passed the Niemen, scarcely half a year before, not quite forty thousand, loaded with disease, in rags, disgraced and broken-hearted, now reached that boundary of the Russian pursuit. In the three provinces of Moscow, Witepsk, and Smolensko, the peasantry burned 225,000 corpses!

The ruin of the French army was total, and with it must fall the military dominion. Napoleon fled to Paris, to drain the final strength of France, a country which was still to be punished by the last terrible infliction of war, fed out of its own bowels. Her continental supremacy was gone. On the 30th of December, General Yorck, commanding the Prussian army, entered into a convention with the Russian General, Diebitsch. This precipitated Murat behind the Vistula; Poland was rapidly cleared, and the Russian armies, triumphant in the most glorious cause that can sanctify war, and now the elected champions of the continent, looked from the frontiers of Germany over that magnificent field, on which the liberties of Western Europe were to be fought for and won.

Alexander, with a defiance of personal fatigue and peril, honourable to the soldier and the sovereign, henceforth shared the fortunes of his troops. Prussia, tortured and stung into resistance by the tyranny of the French, had risen in arms, and made a treaty with Russia on the 13th of March 1813. A negotiation with Austria was commenced by the English government, and while France seemed still paralysed by the ruin of the campaign, Germany saw with surprise and gratitude the magnificent phenomenon of a great allied army traversing the very heart of Napoleon's conquests. In March, 80,000 Russians and 60,000 Prussians crossed the Elbe between Wittenburg and Dresden.

Yet this campaign, beginning in depression, and closing in fatal disaster, gave the most signal evidences of Napoleon's splendid talents for war. In the twenty years that had seen

him in command of the French armies, he had always stood upon the vantage ground. When he first poured down from the Alps, like one of their own avalanches, upon the Austrians in Italy, he had for his support the whole resistless and frenzied strength of the French Revolution; to resist him he had but the harassed and scattered armies of a foreign power in the midst of a discontented and revolutionary people. Under the foot of the Austrian soldier the ground was a morass, every step was insecurity, until at last the whole successive armaments of Austria gradually sank and were absorbed. When he assailed Germany, he plunged with fierce and characteristic confidence into the midst of powers long incapable of sincere combination. He found jealousy, where nothing but mutual and generous reliance could have saved the Continent, coldness for zeal, and secret, dishonourable cupidity, in place of manly self-dénial, and royal sacrifice. He was at the head of a force against which the armies of any single power must be dissolved, like clouds against a mountain range, and he found them all single, or united but by a nominal bond. He penetrated between those unwieldy and ill-connected bodies with fearless facility. He overwhelmed them with a tide of military power that cut off all refuge. He tore his way through those ancient and crumbling governments, like a cannon-ball.

But in all this, he had behind him France, full of fiery enthusiasm, elated with secure triumph, revelling in sudden plunder, and mad with ambition of universal conquest. The whole country one immense magazine of the materials of hostility: Every man a soldier, and every foot of the soil teeming with combustion. At the head of such a nation, he went forward to battle as to victory, the presiding genius of war.

But all was now changed. France was exhausted. Her renowned legions had perished in the desert; and what was more ominous, her fiery spirit was laid. The enthusiasm of the Revolution had hitherto borne up even her despot, like Milton's Satan, on its sulphurous and burning blast, but it had sunk, and he sank with it. His whole art, and the fearful exigency of this empire, could raise but 225,000

men, of whom one-fourth were the dubious contingent of the vassal States, and the remainder chiefly recruits drained from the workshop and the cottage. The French finances, long sustained by foreign spoliation, were now forced to contribute out of their decaying funds the expenses of this final preparation; and Napoleon was at length to hazard his crown and his glory with a bankrupt treasury, and an army that had never seen a shot fired. All was now to be dependant on the man himself; and he showed powers equal to this terrible yet magnificent responsibility.

His activity, the great talent of all who are to shape the fates of nations, was in this crisis put forth with pre-eminent vigour. He had left his defeated army at Smorgonie on the 5th of December 1812. On the 5th of April 1813, he was on his road to Saxony, where he had already mustered the last army of France. Before the Allies could have known this, he was in the field—he was in order of battle. On the 2d of May, he attacked them at Lutzen, and forced them to retire after a long and dubious struggle, in which the Prussians fought with the desperation of national vengeance. He gave no time to pause; and on the 21st of the same month, he renewed his attack at Bautzen, and, though with immense waste of life, pushed the allies into Silesia. Germany was now open once more, and he grasped the whole, he seized at once Hamburg, Breslau, and Dresden. Then, according to his custom, in the height of victory, he proposed an armistice in Silesia, preparatory to a congress at Prague, by which, as of old, he was to secure less what he had won, than a dominant point from which more extended conquest was to lie before his eye.

But here his fortunes turned. Austria was the grand point of negotiation. Her armies being withdrawn from the war, had resumed their ancient strength, and on whichever side they fought, they must turn the scale. Large concessions were offered to Napoleon as the son-in-law of the Emperor. But his eyes were dazzled by recent victory, and he was to be undone. He rejected them with disdain. On the 10th of July, Austria signed the treaty with the Allies. The news was received by the Austrian armies

with a general acclamation. The time was come to wipe off the disgrace of Ulm and Austerlitz. The war now assumed a shape of vastness and grandeur unexampled in the annals of hostility. It was no longer army against army, but a great conflux of nations, roused by the loftiest and the most universal impulses of our nature against the power of tyranny. The philosopher came from his study, the student from his college, the peasant followed his lord, and all poured into the field to fight the great battle of civilization. The splendour of this illustrious armament of Europe was as unrivalled as its spirit. Its Kings came at the head of their people. Every sovereign of the Continent was in the field. Russia, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, the princes of all the minor States, led on their troops, sword in hand. At the head of all was Alexander.

Napoleon was now on the eve of ruin. He was suddenly encircled with a circle of fire, that hourly drew closer round him. Defeat came first rolling back on him from Silesia, where Macdonald had been crushed by Blücher and his Prussians. A brilliant march of the allies on Dresden forced him to its defence, and the manœuvre, though repelled, and costing the life of Moreau, wounded in the battle of the 27th of August by Alexander's side, broke up all Napoleon's plan of the campaign. To take advantage of the positions of the north of Germany was now hopeless. He must retreat, and retreat by the route all but dictated by the enemy. He retreated on Leipzig, and in its front fought a battle worthy, from its obstinacy, its magnitude, and its slaughter, to be the final battle of French supremacy. It lasted three days. Napoleon was driven into Leipzig, and even condescended to negotiate for his retreat. This was haughtily refused. The city was taken by storm, the French rear-guard cut off, and Napoleon driven with the remnants of his broken power headlong over the Rhine. The 19th of October, the final day of this deliverance, is kept, and will long be kept, as a day of religious festival in Germany. On the 30th of October, the last Frenchman had cleared the land; and France, already thunderstruck with remote defeat, was henceforth to feel the storm ravaging her bosom.

During this extended trial of men and kingdoms, the Russian Emperor

laid the first foundations of that honour which belongs to the memory of great public services. He was unwearied in the general cause. He exposed himself to the common casualties of soldiership with manly gallantry. He even submitted to the severer trial of humbling his pride as a monarch, and at the head of a conquering army, to the capricious punctilios of the allied sovereigns. He suffered his troops to be commanded by the Prussian, Swedish, and Austrian generals. He put the command in chief of the whole allied force into the hands of Schwarzenberg, the Austrian Field-Marshal, and deigned to follow him as scarcely more than a spectator. But even in this temporary submission, his presence was of the most indispensable importance. His high authority, which relieved the generals of all indecision; his presence with the troops, cheered by his sharing their chances, and by the consciousness that their gallantry would be seen by the great distributor of praise and honours; his readiness of application as a settler of accidental discontents, and his generous and unquestionable zeal acting with a noble contagion on the multitude of sovereigns and chieftains of whom he was the mightiest, made Alexander the true leader of this most superb and colossal of all wars.

He is now where no flattery can reach him; and tributes like this are but justice. Let it be inscribed on his tomb, THAT HE WAS A KING WHO HAD A GRAND DUTY TO DO, AND BY WHOM IT WAS GRANDLY DONE! This is but truth; yet what can panegyric say more?

The war now hurried to a close. In January 1814, Schwarzenberg, with 120,000 men, crossed the Rhine between Bale and Schoffhausen. Blücher led over the Silesian army between Mannheim and Coblenz. They found the country desolate. Their troops spread loosely over Champagne, and captured city after city with easy success. A treaty between England, Russia, and Prussia, by which they agreed to keep up a combined army until a peace, was signed at Chaumont on the 14th of February. Terms were once more offered to Napoleon at Chatillon. A fortunate repulse of an allied detachment elated Napoleon into the frenzy of rejecting his last chance of sovereignty. The allies suddenly turned from him, and marched upon

Paris. On the memorable 30th of March, 150,000 men attacked the suburbs, and in the evening the capitulation was signed by Marmont. Napoleon, recovered from his delirium of success, was at that moment upon their heels. At seven o'clock he had reached the heights of Villejuif; but the cannonade had ceased. An officer reached him with the appalling intelligence that Paris had surrendered but an hour and a half before! After a moment of astonishment and inward struggle, he gave the word "for Fontainebleau."

On the 31st of March, Alexander, at the head of the allied armies, made his triumphal entry into Paris. On the 3d of May, Louis was restored; and the seal was set upon the hopes of Napoleon.

All that follows is still before the

public eye. The return of Napoleon from Elba—the war with the Allies—and that most glorious and decisive battle in which England snatched the unshared laurel from the brow of France, and at a single blow cleft the crown of the revolutionary empire finally and for ever.

The Congress of Vienna had been opened on the 3d of the preceding November; and by it Alexander was recognized King of Poland. But the most remarkable transaction of this period, was the formation of the Holy Alliance. The document on which this extraordinary league was founded is but little known; and as it has been the subject of much dispute, and may long influence the polity of the greater States, it is here given entire:—

"In the name of the most holy and indivisible Trinity.—Their Majesties the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, having, in consequence of the great events which have marked the course of the last three years in Europe, and especially of the blessings it hath pleased Divine Providence to shower down upon those states, which place their confidence and their hope on it alone, solemnly declare that the present act has no other object than to publish in the face of the whole world their fixed resolution, both in the administration of their respective states, and in their political relations with every other government, to take for their sole guide the precepts of that holy religion,—namely, the precepts of justice, Christian charity, and peace, which, far from being applicable only to private concerns, must have an immediate influence on the councils of princes, and guide all their steps, as being the only means of consolidating human institutions, and remedying their imperfections. In consequence, their Majesties have agreed to the following articles:—

"ARTICLE I.—Conformably to the words of the Holy Scriptures, which command all men to consider each other as brethren, the three contracting monarchs will remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity; and considering each other as fellow-countrymen, they will on all occasions, and in all places, lend each other aid and assistance; and regarding themselves towards their subjects and armies as fathers of families, they will lead them in the same spirit of fraternity with which they are animated, to protect religion, peace, and justice.

"ART. II.—In consequence, the sole principle in force, whether between the said Governments or between their subjects, shall be that of doing each other reciprocal service, and of testifying by unalterable good-will, the mutual affection with which they ought to be animated; to consider themselves as members of one and the same Christian nation. The three allied Princes, looking on themselves as merely delegated by Providence to govern three branches of one family, namely, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, thus confessing that the Christian nation, of which they and their people form a part, has in reality no other sovereign than Him, to whom alone all power really belongs, because in Him alone are found all the treasures of love, knowledge, and infinite wisdom,—that is to say God, our Divine Saviour, the Word of the Most High,—the Word of Life!

"Their Majesties consequently recommend to their people, with the most tender solicitude, as the sole means of enjoying that peace which arises from a good conscience, and which alone is durable, to strengthen themselves every day more and more in the principles and exercises of the duties which our Divine Saviour has taught to mankind.

"ART. III.—All the princes, who shall choose solemnly to avow the sacred principles which have dictated the present act, and shall acknowledge how important it is for the happiness of nations, that those truths should henceforth exercise over the destinies of mankind all the influence which belongs to them, will be received with equal ardour and affection into this HOLY ALLIANCE.

"Done in triplicate, and signed at Paris, the year of Grace, 1815. Sept. 14th.

(L. S.) FRANCIS.

(L. S.) FREDERICK WILLIAM.

(L. S.) ALEXANDER.

The recent death of this distinguished sovereign is at length, after a crowd of conjectures of poison and conspiracy, attributed to its right cause. He had spent the autumn in travelling about the sea-shore of the Crimea, a region of romantic beauty, and then in its loveliest season. In November, riding with General Worónzoff, the Governor of the Crimea, in the neighbourhood of his country-seat, the Emperor, always a lover of nature, was so much struck with the landscape, as to utter these words: "If I should one day retire from the cares of government, I should wish to pass my old age in this spot." Filled with feelings to which this thought probably gave rise, he rode up to a monastery within view, and alone entered the church to pray. He remained upwards of an hour in this sacred offering. This hour was the signal of his death. The chill of the damp church had struck into him. On his return, he complained of cold and exhaustion; but, in his habitual dependence on the strength of his constitution, he refused medical assistance. A low fever hung upon him for a fortnight. It now became hazardous. Medicine

was administered; but, after five days of struggle, this mild, generous, and high-minded man was no more! He died on the morning of the first of December. His last words were characteristic at once of the quiet of his mind and his susceptibility to nature. He had ordered the curtains to be drawn aside that he might have a last look of the sun. It was a fine morning. He threw up his eyes, and exclaiming, "*Ah, le beau jour!*" dropped back on his pillow, and expired!

Whatever may be the destinies of Russia, whether she is to be torn by intestine feuds, or to retain her rank at the head of the Continent, it will not be denied that it was Alexander who placed her in that supremacy. The policy of her former sovereigns, the casualties of the neighbour states, the natural progress of a young nation suddenly come to its inheritance of civilization, might have prepared Russia for the eminence to which she has risen. But to the fortune or the merit of the late Emperor was consigned the honour of fixing her in her European throne. Whoever had put the sword into the hands of Russia, she owes her sceptre to Alexander.

TO A WOOD-PIGEON.

HAVE I scared thee from thy bough,
 Tenant of the lonely wild,
 Where, from human face exiled,
 'Tis thine the sky to plough;
 Hearing but the wailing breeze,
 Or the cataract's sullen roaring,
 Where, 'mid clumps of ancient trees,
 O'er its rocks the stream is pouring?—
 Up on ready wing thou rushest
 To the gloom of woods profound,
 And through silent ether brushest
 With a whirring sound:

Ring-dove beauteous! is the face
 Of man so hateful, that his sight
 Startles thee in wild affright,
 From beachen resting-place?—
 Time was once, when sacrifice,
 Served by blue-eyed Druids hoary,
 Smoked beneath the woodland skies
 O'er their human victims gory;
 And time hath been, when veiled Religion
 Bade the calm-brow'd Hermit roam,
 Seeking, with the lark and pigeon,
 Guilt-untroubled home.

Truly 'twas an erring choice—
 If (as Reason says) be given
 Earth, preparative for Heaven,
 And calm, unclouded joys.

Nobler far 'tis sure to brave
 Every barrier which retards us,
 Than, to craven fear a slave,
 Flee the path that Fate awards us :
 He, from duty never altering,
 Who, with Faith's heroic ken,
 Forward treads with step unfaltering,
 Is the man of men !

Surely pleasant life is thine,
 Underneath the shining day ;
 Thus, from sorrow far away,
 'Mid bowering groves to pine—
 To pine with wild, luxurious love,
 While coos thy timid partner near thee ;
 Flowers below, and boughs above ;
 And nought around to fear thee ;
 While thy bill so gently carries
 To thy young, from field or wood,
 Seeds, or fruits, or purple berries,
 For their slender food.

In sequester'd haunts like thine,
 Where, in solitude, the trees
 Blossom to the sun and breeze,
 Worth has loved to shine ;
 And ardent Genius structured high
 Her magic piles of bright invention,
 Achieving immortality,
 And sharing not in Time's declension
 Glorious task, that nobly smothers
 Earthward cravings, power and pelf,
 Scorning, in proud zeal for others,
 Every thought of self.

Time was once, when Man, like thee
 In the forest made his home,
 Near the river's yellow foam,
 Beneath the spreading tree.
 Cities then were not ;—he dwelt
 In the cavern's twilight chamber ;
 And in adoration knelt,
 When the morn with clouds of amber,
 Or the wild birds singing round him,
 Bade him to the chase arise ;
 Then, with quiver'd shafts he bound him
 'Neath the opal skies.

Rapidly thou wing'st away—
 I saw thee now, a tiny spot—
 Again—and now I see thee not—
 Nought save the skies of day.—
 The Psalmist once his prayer address'd—
 " Dove, could I thy pinions borrow,
 My soul would flee, and be at rest,
 Far from Earth's oppressing sorrow !"—
 Alas ! we turn to brave the billows
 Of the world's tempestuous sway,
 Where Life's stream, beneath Care's willows,
 Murmurs night and day !

LETTER FROM LONDON.

WE are all in a great bustle, in town here still. Foreign and domestic, fresh novelties are coming out every day. There's a new plot from Russia, for the "*Chronicle*," arrives regularly every morning; and a story of another Jew cutting his throat on the Stock Exchange, gives interest to the "*Traveller*" every afternoon. Then the bankers have been failing; and the elephant is dead; and the silk-weavers are all going to the work-house; and Mr Cobbett is going to save the nation by coming into Parliament. People are altogether so busy, that there were two men hanged at the Old-Bailey last Friday morning, and not above half the usual number of seats were let by the shopkeepers opposite, to witness the execution.

Parliamentary affairs, since the opening of the session, important, but something dull. Hume's joke—the calculation how long the half-pay officers would live, and limiting those of sixty to two years—was rather pleasant. People said abroad, that he counted as if he were still their physician. The other idea, of easing the burthens of the country by taking fifty per cent off ministers' salaries, was laughable, though not new; but Mr Hastings Davies, on the economy of disbanding the regular troops, and raising new battalions of militia instead, was clever and soldierlike—I understand this gentleman was once in the army; it seems a pity that he did not continue.

Chiefly busy, however, in both houses, on the subject of the currency—a question of which I know nothing, in common, I suspect, with nineteen out of twenty who discuss it. I cannot discover, nor ever could—so there's no use in mincing the matter—what principles should fix the quantity of circulating medium (paper or gold) which a given country, for its advantage, ought to possess—nor, precisely, where the line should be drawn between the use of a metallic currency, and a trading upon credit. For the "*national distress*," however—which, by the way, is not quite "*national*"—because Tom gains what Jack loses—and a great many people sit very snug and quiet in the midst of the tumults—the

"*distress*," or the greater part of it, is a far more intelligible question; and nothing strikes me as more ridiculous than to hear men blaming the measures of Government, for that ruin which is the legitimate result of their own extravagance or blind cupidity! If people will insist upon making great fortunes in less time than their fathers took to lay the foundations of small ones—those who are established in trade undertake business to fifty times the amount of their capital—and those who should still be agents, start up as principals, and speculate to vast extents without any capital at all—if people will act in this way, they are not traders—they are gamesters; and even gamesters constantly of the least creditable description!—gamesters without money—who have nothing for it but "*the Basket*" in case of loss. What right have I to enter upon a hazardous commercial undertaking, without some power to pay the damage, in case that undertaking fails, more than a man has to set me a hundred pounds upon a game at billiards, or a horse race, who has not fifty shillings in his pocket to pay me if he loses? If I take this course and win, how have I grown richer than my neighbours?—Only by taking a contraband risk, which would have been fraud if I had failed—occupying ground which was open—why?—because, for the common advantage, it had been agreed that all should abstain from occupying it. But that I should win at such a game, in the long run, is impossible; because my game is *known*; and, the moment it appears to be successful, others fall into it as well as myself. Excess of competition then produces an excess of supply. People who *will* sell, may always find buyers and consumers; so that for a time the market seems to do more business than ever. By and by comes the day for payment; there is no payment, and one man's deficiency absolutely becomes an excuse for the stoppage of another. People who intended to make millions, have been *consuming* as if they had made millions; forced sales bring the prices of commodities below the cost of production; and this general flight at enormous

profits, ends in the cutting up, *pro tempore*, of profit altogether. Here is the secret of two-thirds of our "national distress."

Turn from our own woes, to weep for those of others—the Saints see sweetness in the selling of East India sugar, and the "Anti-slavery" people are upon us, tooth and nail. Petitions to Parliament hang up for signature at every chandler's shop door, praying that the negroes in the West Indies may have advantages such as the signers themselves, about one in six, possess; and ladies are gathered together at county meetings—to the most sinful and indecent interruption of the making of pigeon-pies—to consider of the fitness of chattering Colonial Assemblies into reason, or, with the crack of a fan, repealing you some sixteen or twenty of the Island statutes. Denman's motion, upon the trial of the insurgent slaves, you knew of?—Fowell Buxton let off a murderous harangue upon it! besides two or three more upon petitions. Brougham's general proposition has been put off; and will not come on, I understand, in the shape originally intended. But the Jamaica question was discussed. Denman's vote of censure of course rejected; but the main question was discussed, on the part of ministers generally, with equal temperance and liberality.

Looked over the papers printed before the House in the affair, with considerable interest, which fully show the necessity of the executions; and, moreover, a state of things generally in the islands which it will be a matter of very puzzling nicety to deal with. Nothing can be more certain than that the whole system of slave trial, as it now stands, is monstrous; and yet, looking merely to these proceedings, it seems almost impossible to devise any form of trial that could at once be safe and satisfactory.

You have a black population to deal with, which you count by thousands, in a state of ignorance and ferocity scarcely imaginable; and this is to be controlled by a handful of whites, whose comparative numbers, against the thousands, scarcely amount to twice as many dozens. These desperate creatures, who have every interest in destroying their masters, and, in point of physical strength, are able to do it twenty times over—all their con-

versation is about "killing buckra!" and "Wilberforce for ever!"—are circumstances under which Mr Buxton, whose throat lives on this side of the water, may feel no uneasiness; but which may well drive a colonist sometimes to desperation, who lies down with his family round him every night, and has no such protection against them.

Then the quantity of perception possessed by these people—no one who reads these insurrection papers can doubt it,—as compared with their disposition to do mischief, is at present very limited. We may teach them—and we must do so; but we shall not teach them in a moment; and, while we hold the book in one hand, it would be more than madness to let go the sword from the other. The whole detail of these trials, as taken from the Judges' notes—upon which Mr Denman desires of Parliament to censure the verdict given—is such as would bewilder an English jury completely; they must find a verdict unsatisfactory to themselves, if they found a verdict at all. Almost all the witnesses are approvers. The whole of them are slaves. Many are declared, by their own masters, to be thieves and liars—quite unworthy of belief. In one case, a boy gives evidence to hang his own father. There is no counsel to cross-examine for the accused, as the Attorney-general observes very justly; and yet it is impossible not to see that the very commonest cross-examination by counsel would have put such witnesses (from their sheer want of intellect) out of court in a moment. As the trial stands, you see that it is insufficient. You scarcely know whether the jargon of the prisoners or the witnesses is the most monstrous. You feel that an English jury would be inclined to say—"It is impossible to put men to death upon such evidence." And yet you see clearly that the culprits intended mischief, and that it is impossible to suffer them to escape.

Men argue as though we were in Jamaica as we are in England—where, set a whole Old Bailey calendar of prisoners at liberty, and the consequence would be a flea-bite, even to the metropolis. But look at the purpose of these savages in electing each other "Kings"—"Governors"—and

"Majors;" and this is no business of forging a note, or stealing a pocket handkerchief—see the consequence of their once finding that they have force to execute it? Look at their blind ferocity, and still blinder superstition! Their drink, composed of human blood, and rum, and gunpowder. Their Obeahs, which are to make them invulnerable and invisible. The images of augury—the salvo for perjury, by holding silver in the mouth—the wizard that catches musket balls in his hand—the magic coffin which contains the white man's hair! These things arise out of a state of ignorance and degradation? Granted! Out of a condition which must be altered? Granted again! But, unless the West Indian islands, and the lives of the white inhabitants of them, are to be presented—served up as an offering to the negroes, we must know that their state and their feelings *are* changed, before we relax those bonds which, under this system, form our only safety.—And it is the very perpetual interference of such people as the Saints that compels the planter, in his own defence, far from slackening the cord which he holds, to strain it constantly the tighter. What would be the immediate result, as regarded the mere personal comfort and advantage of a regiment of soldiers, if every private in it could be persuaded to-morrow that he was a very oppressed and ill-treated person? How can any man wonder that the colonists should throw missionaries into the sea, when those missionaries are the recognized and appointed agents of a party, which is striking every hour against their properties and their lives? There must be a change; but it must be gradual, and it must have regard to vested rights and interests. Every minister in the country stands pledged to safe and steady amelioration; and the less those persons whom the colonists dislike and distrust exhibit themselves in the affair, the better. But I am sick of cant and coxcombry. If Mr Buxton and his friends are in such haste, why do they not buy all the land in a single island, and missionize and philanthrophize at their own expense, instead of meddling with the properties of other people? The excellence of their colonial system being demonstrated in *this* way, they would not only have all the planters break-

ing each other's necks to be foremost in the race of imitation, but would probably realize considerable pecuniary profit (which is almost as pleasing a consideration as helping our fellow-creatures) into the bargain.

Talking of colonial enterprises, a very odd one is meditated here—almost too extraordinary, you will say, for belief; but I can pledge myself for the existence of the project.

An Italian physician, whose speculations upon the body corporal tally singularly well with some of those which have lately been struck out as to the body politic, has discovered, that *all* ailments and decays to which the human frame is subject, arise only from one cause, and may be removed by one remedy. The foundation of all disease he takes to lie in a vitiation of the chyle, during the process of its concoction, occasioned by the gradual accumulation of masses of morbid matter in the stomach and *duodenum*; and the cure is to consist in the expulsion of this offending material by a course of purgatives, to be administered for forty days without interruption; and in a proportion, as well as a continuity, not deemed within the endurance of mortal bowels by any former practitioner.

Now, the physis thus given not only cures, but renovates. At the expiration of his forty days, the patient arises, not merely cured of his particular complaint—but absolutely ground young again—with a system wholly regenerated. But then, out of good sometimes cometh evil. Being so "cleaned out," he ails no more—or, at least, never again for twenty years; and then, in the meantime, what is to become of the doctor? It is a kind of practice, you see, that won't pay; five guineas are got, and then you get no more. To meet this difficulty, the doctor sails straight for the West Indies; in fact, I believe he is already gone, where there are always, as everybody knows, a great number of old negroes in the market—worn out, and past their work—who are to be disposed of at a cheap rate. As the masters of these people cannot manumit them without providing for their maintenance, they may be had almost for nothing, and my Italian purchases all that come, at a cost—say the market should rise upon him a little—of not more than three or four pounds per

head. Having thus then secured a *property* in those people, our projector makes them his patients without fear. He administers his purgatives, right and left—Congo or Eboe, Sambo or Quashee—*slick* on, as they would say at New York, for forty days. I don't know the precise quantity of the doses; but it is to be at the rate, I understand, of from fifty to seventy results per day, according to the capabilities, or previous repletion of the individual. And, at the conclusion of this course, each negro being absolutely a new negro—smooth as an elephant's tooth, slippery as an otter, and bright as though he had been just polished all over with that favourite African cosmetic, "Warren's Blacking"—he absolutely re-sells the jumping creature in this state to his original owner, for a price of at least not less than fifty or sixty pounds, and from that up to a hundred; being a gain upon his original investment of from three to four thousand per cent, independent of the invaluable service rendered to the causes both of science and humanity!

Courses of depletion put me in mind to tell you—Mr Hayne's gim-cracks—Miss Foote's Mr Hayne—are selling, or sold, by auction at Phillips's. What a blessing it is, in the economy of human affairs, that money should have a natural instinct to gravitate from the hands of those who don't know how to use it, into the hands of those who do. There is the "dressing-case," with the gold shaving-pot, and the penknife set with emeralds and rubies, that disencumbered the happy purchaser—as we hear—of seven thousand pounds; and the carriage, by "Adams of the Haymarket," which an old woman said she supposed was "made to carry it." The general show is common-place enough. Furniture gaudy—toys trifling—and pictures good for nothing. But, among the books, there was one point that rather redeems the owner's character—a set, from the very first number, of Blackwood's Magazine. They are so much worn with constant reading, that they could hardly fetch a great deal; and as it must have been a cruel cut to the poor fellow to part with them, I hope some friend will buy them in.

And really—this instance of correct taste warms me on Hayne's behalf—one hears a great deal said about "dis-

sipation" and "extravagance"—I protest that I can scarcely conceive a greater instance of disinterestedness and public spirit, than a gentleman's defeating himself of a couple of hundred thousand pounds—his whole earthly means!—in the course of five or six years. Talk of making speeches in Parliament, or at public meetings—I say, if a man is a patriot, let him show it by giving up what he has got. And really I think it rather a disgrace to the retail tradesmen of London, that they have not long since founded some specific charity for the relief of such persons as could show that they had possessed, say L.4000 a-year, and beggared themselves (under thirty) without speculating in, or attempting any useful or profitable pursuit.

I am quite sure, that a peculiar alms-house for this purpose—under some more imposing title—ought to be established in England; and that, if it were so, the example would be followed instantly in every other country of Europe.

A bit of ground might be granted—government, in these *liberal* times, no doubt would assist—somewhere by Westminster—looking out upon the Park; and a neat row of little places run up, in the modern style, with white-washed fronts and French windows. Mr Calcraft, perhaps, might draw the plan; and Mr Maberly would furnish a hint, or occasionally superintend. A couple of wings might be appointed for the reception of decayed footmen, who would thus have an opportunity, many of them, of waiting upon their old masters over again; and an hospital added behind for bankrupt tailors—if, in these times, any such persons should be found.

I protest I cannot imagine any prospect more delightful to humanity than the little court-yard or garden in front of such an establishment as this would present in summer,—with all the coat-horses, and wig-blocks, and curling-irons, and boot-trees, and such other appendages to spruceness, as the inmates, to their very last hours, no doubt, would retain—set out to freshen all, and take the air, and glory in the sunshine. And then, to observe the inmates themselves—each the personification of some peculiar, though now bygone fashion—what a volume of reference upon costume and decoration such an institution would always

be ! One brother would die as the representative of a particular shoe-tie—another be eminent as the original inventor of a peculiar rise in the sleeve—a third would go on from year to year marking some nice regulation as to the length of the boot-top—a fourth exhibit to the curious of 1842 the precise arrangement of hair and whiskers, which carried all in 1821. As no foreigner, according to my plan, should be admissible, this school of *virtu* would be purely English ; and it would be worth ten times its cost—as a new museum of study—to the hatters, *friseurs*, and shoemakers of future ages.

To any man who knows what lavender water is, I repeat, I can't conceive a more gratifying spectacle, than it must be to see a party of grey-headed, but not yet quite withered, old gentlemen, hovering about the doors, or peering from the windows, of such an asylum as I am speaking of—a sort of “Refuge for the Dandified,” as we now have it for the Destitute—dressed in lavender trowsers, pea-green coats, hats of an hundred humours, and waistcoats and cravats of more colours than ever the flower-garden boasted, let alone the rainbow—quavering remnants of opera tunes, ambling about their little inclosure in a dancing air, or holding fierce council whether the plaited or the folded shirt frill were the most becoming ; and obviously fearing no visitation on earth, of all the evils flesh is heir to, beyond a tooth-ache, an empty snuff-box, or a rainy day before dinner !

Do as you like in mentioning this ; but something ought to be done (in mere policy) that those who devote their lives and fortunes to the public advantage, should not be left quite unprovided for. To prevent the abuse of the charity, no one should be admitted whose proofs of beggary were not quite distinct. I think that a certificate from half the waiters in Bond-Street, that they had lent the applicant money, which they had no hope of being repaid ; and from the other half that they had refused to lend him any, would be sufficient. As a light and pleasant employment, added to a provision of this kind, would not be at all objectionable, it strikes me that the “Fellows” would be excellently well calculated—and their titles would certainly recommend them—to act as

box-keepers at the theatres. They are a shocking sort of people—quite unfit for such an office—who “keep the places” at present. But, let the general principle be once recognized ; and I engage myself to attend to the details.

Talking of box-keepers, naturally leads one to think about theatres—where there has been nothing even worth abusing with us of late. Colman's turn-up with the managers of Covent-Garden, turns out, contrary to expectation, to be a hit. Nothing worse in the world, in point of judgement, than *proving* a fact, when you have got the benefit of it already upon suspicion. People thought really that Colman had been priggish about “Richelieu,” till Charles Kemble brought it out. And then—even purified—such a five nights' abomination of nasty, stupid stuff ! The licensor may do all the wrong he likes for the next five years—this exposition has perfectly made him.

At Drury-Lane, “Count Benyowsky” is advertised—a play which is regularly damned in a different shape every ten years ; and yet there are dramatic properties about it.

Mathews begins his entertainment to-morrow night. Your old favourite Terry has been doing some clever things—some, very clever—and getting money—at his little place in the Strand. And—oh, the blessing of Cockney impudence and gullibility ! three actors—Mr Sapio, and Mr Pearman, and Mr Wallack—have been made bankrupts—“national distress !”—for forty thousand pounds !

In the literary world, not a great deal that is valuable. And complaints of a stagnation in the book trade, which seem to me to be all nonsense. I am always rather glad myself, of any call which carries trash to the trunk-makers ; and first-rate books, like first-rate horses, will always fetch their price.

Read Brambletye House ; I thought it a curious example of the peculiar talent of the author. You would say that the writer has taken up half-a-dozen of the Waverley novels—one or two volumes of Washington Irving—Pepys and Evelyn's Memoirs—Defoe's History—and Wilson's City of the Plague—and pillaged and imitated away, right and left, without ever dreaming to add a fancy of his own.

There is not an original thought from the beginning of the book to the end ; and yet it is not dull. The characters are all imitated—and servilely. The incidents are those of an harlequinade. The situations are weak and ineffective ; the wit below par ; the common dialogue often feeble to vulgarity ; and the description—except one point—the approach to a castle in the Low Countries—always failing. And yet, in spite of all this, the variety of topic makes the work light and entertaining. It could not have been written by a clumsy man ; it is the best imitation of Sir Walter Scott that I have seen ; and I believe that it will be popular.

Two new pictures brought to the Diorama ; and a town view of “ Cobbett trying for a subscription,” in the course of the last month. The subscription won’t do ; it is not in London that Cobbett’s popularity lies. The “ true believers” in his politics are the people of the provinces, who know very little (generally) of the subjects which he discusses ; and who naturally like that bold, broad, positive, easily-comprehended statement of a question, which, taking notice only of one side of the matter in dispute, spares them any perplexity which might arise from a consideration of the other. But, with a London populace, Cobbett will never do anything. He has too much pretence, and too much ill-temper, for an orator ; Hunt, without a tithe of his talent, would beat him out of the field—in fact, as a speaker, Hunt is very greatly his superior. But people of this order are always great—until they get into Parliament. Two or three individuals may buy our friend a borough—he will never get two hundred pounds towards it from the public—but, if he comes in, he will be very noisy for a fortnight, and then—like the rest of his kind—silent for ever after. No man—whatever his talent may be—unless he has *some* character or connexion, can *force* his way in Parliament. Cobbett will make violent harangues, to which no one will reply. Give notices of motions—but it takes forty members to make a House. If he is answered, it will be civilly, and in a few words ; but those words will be listened to—which will be inconvenient. Then comes a division—and

this upon all occasions—of 76 to 4. Meantime, he will have *failed* in Parliament, which will shake the hold he has upon the heads of the lower classes. He will print his own speeches in the Register ; which will then be exceedingly dull—which it is not now. If Cobbett seriously desires to show his face in the House of Commons, his vanity misleads him most egregiously.

The Diorama pictures, opened only about a week since, are interesting. One of them—a view of the interior of Roslin Chapel, by Daqueue—decidedly the best that has been exhibited. Independent, indeed, of any aid from mechanical contrivance, it is a most finished and extraordinary painting. The effect of the trees, seen through the windows on the right hand of the chapel, sparkling when the sun bursts out upon them, is absolutely magical. And yet, perhaps, this is inferior as a work of art—as everything I ever recollect to have seen is in execution—except Rembrandt—to the side opposite, where the building is in shade ; the eye absolutely, upon deliberation, seems to penetrate into the darkness ; and to discover objects, after a time, which at first were not visible. The view, altogether, is decidedly better even than the first picture of Canterbury Cathedral. From your acquaintance with the reality, I am sure you will be delighted when you see it.

Bouton’s picture this time—a view of Rouen from Mont St Catherine’s—I don’t like so well as some things that he has done before. It is not very judiciously designed, nor very happily executed ; not at all equal to the Valley of Sarnen.

A new exhibition, called the Poecilorama—a sort of compound of the arrangements of the Diorama and the Cosmorama—has opened. The paintings are by Stanfield ; and there are bits of merit—mixed with a good deal of what is tawdry—about them.

Weber, the Freischutz composer, has arrived in England, and presided at the Oratorio at Covent Garden last Wednesday night. He is one of the gravest-looking men—and one of the saddest—I ever saw ; but extremely modest and inobtrusive in his demeanour.

A French giant, and two Lapland

dwarfs, have been brought over ; but I hate monsters, and have not been to trouble myself with either.

And, over and above all monsters, better than the newest news—better than the madman who has been found with a beard five feet long somewhere locked up in a garret in Staffordshire ! Surpassing the hackney coach and horses which walked into the Thames last Thursday night, at Milbank ; and swam up to Vauxhall bridge, with the coachman crying “ Murder ! ” before it was drowned—effacing all recollection of the burning down of the patent-shot manufactory, and all thought even of Mr Hayne’s seven thousand pound shaving-box—all dread from bankruptcies, past or to come, in town or country, and almost all delight that we are to have French silks to wear, instead of English ones, in July—it is the death of the Elephant—the great Elephant—beyond all this, which occupies the attention of the town !

The editor of the Monthly Obituary enters his name with deep regret :—“ At his lodgings, over Exeter Change, in his 24th year, Chuny ! ”—The Cockney poets write both elegies and epitaphs on his death ; and all the three-penny publications will live for these six months upon his acts and his biography.

The “ Globe and Traveller ” newspaper, first announcing his decease, which was brought on partly by a sudden amorousness, and partly from irritation excited by long captivity, speaks of the medicines given to repress this heat of temperament, and relates that a hundred weight of Epsom salts was administered as an ordinary dose. As a pound of these salts will not dissolve in less than about two pounds and a half or three pounds of water, it follows that the patient must have been in the habit of swallowing never less than fifty gallons of water at a draught—a circumstance which accounts now for (but does not justify) the emptiness of the fire “ mains ” in the neighbourhood of the Strand, so much complained of at several of the late conflagrations. The fifty-two gallons of salts producing no effect, it was proposed, I understand, to try what could be done by a remedy of entirely an opposite character ; but this was abandoned, from an apprehension of what the consequences

might be—looking to the prodigious extent of the necessary application—in so confined an area as that of Exeter Change.

So, help for poor Chuny there was none—although the fire-engine of the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Company had been borrowed to carry this last project into execution. And he died—to the inexpressible delight of all the ballad-singers, and “ flying intelligence ” newspaper men. The “ Herald,” all the while he lay dead, inserted comparative notices of the deaths of all the elephants who had distinguished themselves since the time of Noah. The “ Chronicle ” sent a gentleman, “ exclusively,” to attend the dissection, and had an idea, it is said, (only the thing could not be done in time,) to have given a woodcut of the ceremony. Pictures—of “ The shooting of the Elephant,”—taken at different moments, and exhibiting different details of the process, are still crowding the shop windows, for the benefit (of the pick-pockets, and) of the curious. The proprietor is a gainer by the affair every way ; for he will have two elephants out of one—the skeleton, and the stuffed skin—without counting the show of the den in which the deceased *did live*—which people are actually paying their money to go and see. The Sunday Pulpit Thumper, and many of the other saintly publications, contained warnings to youth, generally, against the fault that led to Chuny’s death. One weekly paper, the name I don’t recollect, devoted a whole column—when everybody fancied the business was over—to the smell that he made four days after his dissection. And, if a living elephant could pop up at this moment, his fortune would be secure, and he might buy a house in Portland Place to-morrow, out of the excitement produced upon the subject of elephants generally, by all this discussion about the dead one.

I think myself there was a little mismanagement in poor Chuny’s case ; if the thing were to happen over again, I doubt whether something would not be done for him. One radical error, certainly, was the ever having carried him, when he was little, into a room up two pair of stairs ; and there let him go on growing larger and larger, without recollecting that he might possibly

some day or other want to come down again. As he stood, it was not merely to be apprehended that he might break loose, and being loose, liberate—which he would no doubt have done instantly—the lions and tigers in all the adjoining apartments; but the truth is, that the very first step he took from his den—which had been from time to time propped up to bear his weight, and otherwise secured—would have been—through the floor—like a mountain tumbling out of the moon—into Exeter Change, all among the Jews who were selling shoe-strings and pocket-books beneath! Imagine only the skippings and hoppings of these infidels—the exclamations of—“Oh Chrisht, mo!”—And the tumbling about of the braces and knee-buckles, in such a scene!

So, to prevent such a consummation, they were compelled to dispatch him; and it took a hundred and fifty bullets, as all accounts agreed, to do the work. For an animal who swallowed a hundred weight of salts at a dose, a hundred and fifty bullets was not indeed very much; and I recollect seeing an ox fired at, under circumstances of necessity, who received nineteen before he fell. Coming through Spain in the beginning of the retreat with Sir John Moore, a baggage mule that I had knocked up, and, as mules on a retreat are not to be had when you please, an Irish sergeant hit upon the idea of transferring the load, pack-saddle and all, to the back of a bullock, taken extemporally from the fields by the road-side. The novelty of this proceeding probably astonished the animal at first into submission, and he walked excellently well, tied to the tail of a cart, with the rest of the train, for about an hour; but at length, coming over a heath—either he had been used to feed in that quarter, and had associations, or on a sudden he questioned the legality of his detention, for he hung back, broke his halter, and was off (with my property) on the road to the mountains, as nimble as a deer. The packsaddle, which had been put on firmly, to meet any casual kicking, held as if by miracle—but this only made the matter worse. The last shirt I had was entering a pine forest of about twenty miles' extent. The half dozen dollars in my portmanteau

—I heard them distinctly ringing out “Farewell!” as the portmanteau bumped along, at the fugitive's full gallop, up and down. Through the brush-wood my horse had no chance in point of speed; and I was compelled to cry out to some light infantry men to fire. But though the balls rattled out from half a dozen muskets, we had a chase of more than two miles; and my poor deserter, who might have gone free if he could have shaken off his burthen, had nineteen shots in him before he fell.

My surprise was rather, about Chuny, that, after the first fire (which affected him very little), he did not break out of his den, and run up Fleet Street. If he had done this, the sight (to have seen from a two pair of stairs window) would certainly have been one of the finest in the world. His immense weight, which was very nearly equal to that of a loaded coal-waggon, the least it could have done, would have been to overthrow and bear down every object it came near. He would have switched all the shop windows in, about the narrow part of the Strand, with a lash of his tail on one side of the way; and overturned the whole stand of hackney-coaches in the broad part, with a flying kick out as he passed, on the other. And against such an enemy, too, there was no casual weapon which could have been laid hold of with any chance of success! All the spits of the London tavern charged in flank at once, would only have tickled him; and to have tried to knock him down with anything lighter than the Monument, would have been a waste of labour.

An affair of this kind, by the way, was very near actually happening, some years since, at Geneva. An elephant who was exhibited there, and who was in the habit of performing his journeys about the country on foot, was carried away very quietly, after having been shown for some three weeks; and, two days after, at a distance of about twelve miles from the city, he became furious, broke loose from his keepers, and ran back to Geneva. Fortunately for the inhabitants, he reached the town at night, when the gates were shut, so that the rushing in was prevented. And, before morning, they contrived to get him secured among the fortifi-

cations, where he did not afterwards meet with quite fair play; for the town council had long been desirous to have the skeleton of an elephant in their museum. So, as a living elephant was obviously capable of being converted into the skeleton of an elephant, and the proprietors of the show, who probably were astray as to the course the beast had taken, did not arrive, it was resolved that an elephant in the fortifications was very dangerous; and sentence was passed, that he should be destroyed. The physicians of the place, then, desiring to make the most of a godsend, requested to be allowed to poison the intruder in the way of experiment; and, the quantity of poisons that he swallowed without mischief—I can't venture upon that part of the story—they surpass the hundred weight doses of salts given by my friend of the "Globe and Traveller!" In two days dosing, however, they were unable to kill him; and the council apprehending, probably, the arrival of the keepers, then called in a couple of six-pounders, which did the business.

I rather suspect that, like our unhappy Chuny, this Genevese elephant omitted to swallow the poisons which were served up to him. But the shooting business answered our Exeter Change man's purpose much better; for it is inconceivable what a fuss the firing—a hundred and fifty shots—close to the public street, and the fact afterwards of the poor fellow's destruction—one part of the affair and the other—made. Like all eminent characters—we never know a blessing

until we lose it—hundreds who never thought about him while he was alive, as soon as he was dead, came breaking their necks to see him. The day after the death was a sad rainy day—heavy and gloomy; but the doors of Exeter Change were blockaded with dripping hackney coaches, and some carriages, and a great many cabriolets, in waiting. A great mob of common people, too, were collected about the building; not at all meaning to go in themselves, but anxious, as the rabble always is, to choke up the passage for those who did mean to do so. Presently the crowd gave way for an immense lady in deep black, who came down the menagerie stairs. She got into a carriage, but I don't know who she was; some said that it was Mrs Coutts—others, that it was the elephant's widow. While this was argued, there came a cry that the monkeys had broken loose; and then I went away, for I thought I felt one of them with his fingers in my pocket.

But enough of Chuny—and of all other subjects—for this letter has run to an intolerable length. Farewell! The Chancellor of the Exchequer opens his "Budget" on Monday—Heaven grant it be not very terribly *liberal*! Farewell—great "Chuny" of politics and literature! The Magazine—men call it now the Elephant Periodical—seems to delight people more and more here every day. Adieu, Christopher! for I am tired of writing; and, until our great festival at Easter, believe me, yours,

TITUS.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

I HAVE been looking occasionally, and rather carelessly, now and then, over Campbell's Magazine, ever since its commencement; sometimes amused by light playful humour, though even that is local, transitory, and merely suited to the atmosphere of fashion; sometimes pleased with poetry, at most graceful and elegant; often wearied with frivolity, which is revolting to a sound masculine taste; but always dissatisfied with the prevalent tone of sentiment and opinion that runs through the whole work.

This was at first slightly touched upon,—insinuated rather than obtru-

ded. The public endured it, and the party whom it was meant to conciliate approved. How the public have so long endured this growing evil, which increases by toleration, I can best understand by analysing my own feelings. A profound admiration of the works of the poet, (his early works be it understood,) so much personal acquaintance as was sufficient to strengthen the partiality created by his genius; and, perhaps, more than all, by the sympathy excited by his struggles with adversity in early life, made me very reluctant to impute to him the delinquencies of his inferior

agents. The spirits who, under the command of Prospero,

—“Set roaring war,
Between the green sea and the azure vault,”

seem never to have exceeded their commission; and, in a case of this kind, it might and ought to be the ruling Spirit,—the Great Enchanter,—who should direct the path and set limits to the flight of these “extravagant and erring spirits,” whom he finds it necessary to employ to do his bidding, monthly, in the depths of that metaphysical sea over which they flutter, scarce dipping beneath the surface; or in the aerial regions of fancy, in which they soar and sink by turns. But, in this instance, the spirits,—Charity bids us hope,—are too excursive and erroneous to be kept within the bounds assigned to them by their master; if, indeed, he does not approve their daily increasing encroachments on public morals, and, in some late instances, on those decencies of life and delicacies of feeling which it is the chief honour of our highly favoured country to have cherished and preserved with jealous care. Of this I am about to give the most glaring instances, *undeniable, irrecoverable, indelible.*

I felt what Madame Sevigné calls a “holy horror,” when I heard of Campbell’s engaging in an undertaking, which he, of all men, is least fit for; being, in the first place, too indolent and too liable to the variations of spirits which genius, lodged in a very sensitive frame, is liable to, for regular drudgery; and, in the next place, among the fine qualities with which his very fine mind is enriched, neither wit nor humour are included. Neither that peculiar power of associating or contrasting ideas that sparkles and delights; nor that quick sense of the ludicrous that throws its own ever-varying hues over the most discordant objects,—that happy sport of fancy which often, like Shakespeare’s clowns in a tragedy,—intrudes, even amidst the pathetic, without destroying its effect. This sprinkling of attic salt is absolutely necessary to the longevity of a Periodical, which the perfection of learning and good sense would never keep alive for a year without it. By the influence of great names included among the suspected writers, or by blind devotion to a

party, it may linger out a kind of galvanic existence. But where amusement is the main thing expected, whenever the readers leave off smiling, they begin to yawn; and that is a fatal symptom soon followed by the death of the hapless Magazine. Though the amiable and sensitive poet could not himself furnish the required article, he was so well aware of the necessity of it, that he procured the aid of those who could supply it, at all hazards,—even that of having corrosivesublimatemingled with the wholesome ingredient.

All this might have been easily foreseen; as also the necessary consequence, that his servants, “weak ministers though they be,” should become his masters. The Magazine once taken up must not be laid down; that would be an acknowledgment of defeat and deficiency. There are no sources of information open to the editor that are not equally accessible to others who waste the midnight oil to gratify the public thirst for novelty. How much, how very much, must be sacrificed to the self-created necessity of gratifying the vitiated appetites of those who delight in a sly stroke, or half-concealed innuendo against the bigots, the hypocrites, or, to use what in our sister-country is a phrase of undefined, but general application—the Methodists.

In the Magazine for January is contained one of the grossest insults to the taste, as well as the morality, of the public, that has appeared since the days of Peter Pindar, of abhorred memory. It is thrown partly into an account of, with extracts from, the *Life of the Margravine of Anspach*, and partly into the *Notices of New Books*, at the end of the Magazine. The account of the *Memoirs* begins thus:—

“This Lady is the most amiable of blue stockings, and the most profound of princesses,” &c. &c.

Then follows a long catalogue of her merits and accomplishments, and a voluptuous description of her long since withered and haggard person, such as it was when she went, with shameless effrontery, to display it in all the courts of Europe, without either the protection or introduction that women of character require when travelling in foreign countries.

This “profound” princess, among the many merits ascribed to whom, ve-

racity is not even in their own estimate included, begins her story at the hour of her birth : how veritably, the reader will judge. Madame Genlis, who stands far higher in moral estimation than her Highness, relates a circumstance that occurred immediately after her entrance on that existence, during which she had so much to do, to see, and to suffer. She was wrapped in flannel, and laid on a great chair by the fire. The President, Hainault (I think), came in, and was about, almost unconsciously, to place himself upon the seat where the infant lay, but was prevented just in time to save its life. This, if it really was the case, was a happy opening of the story. The lucky escape was like a good prologue, producing effect, and preparing us to give all our attention to the drama, which opened in so interesting a manner. The "profound" princess was aware of the effect, and determined, at a cheap rate, to enter on the scene with the same eclat. Can any mortal, who has heard of this Lady, withhold from her the credit of this happy theft, which has done good to her, without in the least impairing the credit of the Countess ? The Margravine has well chosen the heroine of her tale. Lady Albemarle was very short-sighted, and very unwilling to be thought so. About half a century since, the writer of this article was intimately known to a gentleman much connected with the Kettel family, who told many amusing stories of this lady's blunders, but never alluded to a circumstance which would have been numbered among them had it really happened. The apologist of her Highness goes on to say, "The Margravine, whose life has been the subject of so much discussion, and of so much calumny," &c. The *discussion* was every where, for why should not a shameless woman, who, trusting to her beauty, her assurance, and her title, braved public opinion, have her conduct discussed ? The *calumny* was nowhere, for nothing was imputed to her but what was too notorious to be refuted by her friends—if such persons have friends—and what she herself never ventured to deny or defend, till she had outlived most of those to whom the habits of her early life were best known. The defender of her no faith makes use of a modest periphrasis when speaking of the manner in which his princess lived in the court

of the Margrave—"She lived with him as his friend !" The French Actress Clairon, who preceded her in that immaculate court, could have told by what means she was expelled from the place of honour.

After fairly admitting the previous un-platonic connexion, the apologist tells us triumphantly of her marriage at Lisbon, in the presence of a hundred people,—as if its publicity shed purity over this ill-starred union. This "most amiable of blue stockings," impudent in her mendacity, makes so many assertions that can easily be disproved, relative to facts, as happening publicly within the last thirty years, that it requires no small credulity to believe all her self-praise applied to an earlier period, and all the obloquy she has poured out on the father of her children, and on her own mother. Most children, daughters particularly, whatever may have been the faults of their parents, allow them to rest quietly in their graves till that "day of dread decision, and despair," when the thoughts of all hearts shall be made known. This lady, however, having no longer youth, beauty, or a *Theatre* to attract the disciples of loose morality, unable to exist without being seen or heard of, sits down in extreme old age to entertain the public with a revival of the faults and vices of her nearest connexions, and much of her own history, which it would be better for herself and others to have buried in oblivion. The editor seems to take for granted, her assertion as to her living happily with the hapless expatriated Landgrave. In the first place, any one who will take the trouble of looking into the Annual Registers of the time, will see that, in little more than a year after their arrival in England, the Landgrave was sued in a court of justice for the cost of an expensive supper, which, it appeared, the Princess had ordered without his approbation. He stoutly resisted payment; but whether successfully I do not remember. This, however, was very unlike family union. The writer of this article happened to reside in the neighbourhood of Brandenburg House not long before the death of this prince, always contemptible, but then most pitiable. So insignificant, so neglected—Germany had lost him, and England had not found him. There he was to be seen, forlorn and

solitary, riding on the London road, without even the attendance of a servant, and on a horse very different from that which won the Derby. Pity that the Margravine, in giving the last words of her lord, had nothing more sublime or pathetic to record, than his death-bed anxiety for his horse winning the Derby. Happy Margrave! Not only to look forward to such a consolation in the last decline of enfeebled nature, but to find in the wife of his bosom a chronicler as faithful as Griffith! Conscience, that makes cowards of us all, has whispered to the Eulogist of the "most amiable of blue stockings," that it would be as well, to tell with some soft apologies for continental manners, &c. that his Princess uses some liberties of language which he could not properly transfer to his pages. The same troublesome monitor had suggested to him, that it were as well to confess what we shall all know by and by, namely, that the purpose of this palliative publication was to anticipate one which was hostile to the authoress.

All this was revolting, and if such indulgence towards those deserters from their own corps be continued, the *New Monthly Magazine* will, ere long, sink to the degraded level of what was once called the *Town and Country*, each number of which was adorned with the head of some demirep and her gallant, with private history to suit. But though this had its day, it was but a brief one. The scandal which at first excited curiosity soon produced disgust. The work sunk into merited contempt, and was utterly banished from all decent places.

Yet in the short Notices of the new publications in the end of the *Magazine*, there is a more outrageous insult on all decency and good feeling. It is, in the first place, very broadly hinted, that public opinion has undergone a change with regard to the reciprocal duties between the sexes. In short, there is an attempt to establish a doctrine which was, in a paroxysm of political frenzy, brought forward on a late occasion; namely, that men's neglect sets their wives free from ties hitherto deemed sacred. Then, after a while, the editor, the very editor himself, in his notice of the *Margravine's Biography*, says, to gloss over the disgrace of his heroine being refused admittance at court, that the over-stretched etiquette of a

"snuffy old Queen" was not a sufficient reason for the exclusion, &c. &c. Honoured shade of the best of wives, the most spotless of females, and the most exemplary of Queens! How poor is the malice, so industrious to cast a reflection on departed worth and excellence, that has no greater stigma to throw on thy grave than the use of a snuff-box, and the exclusion of public infamy from the precincts of a court ever memorable for being the most decorous in Europe! Did this Queen, whom the grave cannot shelter from the threefold reproach of being old, and snuffy, and decorous, stand alone in this feeling? The rancorous spite against everything connected with royalty, which gives its tincture to every subject discussed in the *New Monthly Magazine*, would, like the hyænas, who delight in preying on the dead, have poured forth more reflections on the memory of the royal and venerable Charlotte, had there been any pretext for so doing. Again, I ask, was she the sole culprit so punishing this outlaw from decent society? Did all the theatrical parade—all the tricks exhibited to attract visitors, ever draw one female of respectable character into the tainted atmosphere of *Brandenburgh-House*? In vain the "profound princess" and finished actress raged, ranted, and recited. None could she attract but birds of her own feather. A bright gleam, however, is gilding the evening of a life that for fifty years past has been covered with clouds of deserved opprobrium. She has found an eulogist equally correct and delicate in what he condemns and what he approves. Yet though abhorring devotion—under the compendious term of *Methodism*—next to royalty, he seems best to illustrate scripture and fulfil a prophecy, even that ancient and authentic one which foretells of those who shall call good evil, and evil good: Let him remember, however, who says,

"All, all but truth drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address."

Time presses; but I have not poured forth half my honest indignation. Much is reserved for the Parisian articles. The lash now suspended shall fall with double force on a future occasion. I have much more to say of this same Falstaff.

MR HUSKISSON'S SPEECH IN DEFENCE OF FREE TRADE.*

WE have several reasons for bestowing some notice on the Speech of Mr Huskisson. The first is, it is a defence of what we have on certain occasions attacked; the second is, it has been called in some quarters an eloquent, powerful, and even unanswerable speech; and the third is, the Ministerial Leader of the House of Commons thought good, after its delivery, to assure the House, that Mr Huskisson's abilities were almost superhuman; and that all who dissented from his opinions and schemes, were utterly devoid of understanding, and exceedingly factious.

Of Mr Huskisson we have no wish to speak with undue severity. Judging merely from his speeches and measures, we believe him to be a clever, active, ingenious, and, to a certain extent, able man; if he could only be cured of his itch for change and experiments, he might be a valuable public servant. But we think that he possesses little depth—that his judgment is unsound—that he is very rash—that his powers of vision are of a very humble order—and that he is by no means qualified for changing the laws and systems of this empire. Men like him are to be met with in every class of society. Their quickness, ingenuity, and cleverness, raise them above common men, only to make them act more foolishly than common men. They are always passionately fond of change and novelty, and exceedingly addicted to improving, inventing, and projecting. If one of them have any influence in a parish, he turns it topsy-turvy with improvements; if he have the control of a house, he fills it with all manner of useless gim-crack perfection;—if he have a smattering of science, he embroils himself with some wonderful discovery that ruins him. In our youth, the tailor of the village in which we dwelt, was one of these clever ingenious people. He read every book that he could pick up—he was infinitely more knowing than his neighbours—he could do almost anything;

and, among other things, he had, without instruction, enabled himself to make the fiddle squeak “Jolly Sailor,” and divers other tunes, very audibly. In an unlucky moment he took it into his head that he could make a fiddle; he made one, and then he made another, and then another. These fiddles were certainly wonderful ones, when looked at as the work of a man who had never been taught the art of fiddle-making; but, when looked at with regard to music, they were the most execrable fiddles that ever came into being. Fiddle-making and garment-making could not prosper together; and the former threw the ingenious tailor and his family upon the parish. How many ingenious men are at present starving themselves and their families by toiling at balloon-navigation, steam-carriages, and other projects, without having sufficient capacity to discover, either that they are attempting impossibilities, or that they are proceeding upon false principles and erroneous calculations!

We deem Mr Huskisson to be one of these clever, ingenious, intermeddling, inventing people; and we think Mr Canning did him the most cruel piece of disservice imaginable, when he brought him into comparison with Burke, Pitt, and Fox, by puffing him so outrageously. When we read the speeches of these men, and then read the speeches of Mr Huskisson, we can only account for the description given of the latter by Mr Canning, by supposing that the excitement of the Right Honourable Secretary rendered him incapable of perceiving that he was firing at the enemy through the breast of the friend whom he defended. We speak thus plainly of Mr Huskisson with pain, but we speak it in the exercise of a right, and the discharge of a duty. He has done, and is doing, that which renders it the sacred and imperious duty of every man in the empire to subject his character, powers, and principles to the most rigorous and unsparing scrutiny. He is chin-deep in marvellous experiments and

* Free Trade. Speech of the Right Honourable W. Huskisson in the House of Commons, Thursday the 23d of February 1826, on Mr Ellice's Motion, &c. &c. London. Hatchard and Son. 1826.

projects; and he is operating upon, and carrying on his operations with, the fortunes, bread, and other possessions of the community. The changes that he is making affect most seriously every one—the highest as well as the lowest, and the lowest as well as the highest; they moreover affect most seriously the trade, wealth, foreign possessions, power, and greatness of the nation in its collective capacity. Who, at this moment, from these changes, would venture to buy an estate, or take a farm on lease? What man, having a large capital embarked in business, can say that these changes will not to-morrow reduce him to beggary? Where is the workman who can feel assured that they will not strip him of bread and calling? How many masters have they not already brought to bankruptcy, and how many of the labouring orders have they not already reduced to starvation!—These changes destroy all security of property—they convert everything into a hazardous lottery—they render individual calculation, foresight, and ability, perfectly useless—they cause the learning of the most common trade, the beginning of the most common business, the making of the most common bargain, to be a desperate speculation. In so far as they have hitherto operated, they have only produced grievous evils.

Assuming that Mr Huskisson and his colleagues may possibly be acting on sound principles, and that their projects may at some future time—for the present is out of the question—produce some benefit, still when we look at all this—when we see that these changes are thus sweeping in their character—when we remember that they were wholly uncalled-for by public necessity, and were merely an attempt to increase a very abundant share of prosperity—and when we reflect that they involve the alteration or destruction of various laws and systems which every Englishman has been taught from his cradle to worship, and under which England has become the first of nations—when all this is taken into consideration, it cannot surely be very surprising that men are found who look with a jealous eye upon these changes, and who conceive them to be of a very ruinous character. If such men are found, it cannot surely be very unpardonable if they

treat Mr Huskisson with great plainness, and protest against his schemes in strong language. Granting that Mr Canning and Mr Huskisson possess the gigantic abilities which they represent themselves to possess, we are not aware that they possess any right to alter the laws and systems of this empire without opposition. Granting that those who differ from them in opinion, are then as destitute of intellect as they state us to be, we cannot see that it is criminal in the poorest and most erring Englishman to raise his voice against measures, which he believes to be fraught with injury to his country. We cannot be convinced that we offend against the laws of England, when we labour to preserve them unchanged.

We cannot think that Mr Canning does well to libel any of his Majesty's subjects whatever, but especially those who can have no other object than to guard from change the constitution, laws, and religion of their country. Attachment to these has always hitherto been taught us by our rulers. It is a feeling which every statesman, save a philosophical one, will ever cherish, which every statesman, save a philosophical one, will deal tenderly with in its errors, and which no statesman, save an *ultra* philosophical one, will ever hold up to public scorn and indignation. IF THIS FEELING HAVE BEEN PROSCRIBED IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS BY A LEADING MINISTER OF THE CROWN—IF THIS MINISTER HAVE DECLARED TO THIS HOUSE, THAT THOSE WHO FOLLOW ITS DICTATES ARE A FACTION—IT SHALL STILL BE OURS TO RETAIN AND OBEY IT.

The *liberal* people—the *exclusively liberal* people—are a very singular race of beings. Mr Canning publicly proclaims, that one and all who differ from him are a faction, having not a vestige of understanding. The blackguardly part of his worshippers—for his worshippers in these days form a very motley assortment—even outdo him, and call their opponents, we perceive, pestilent knaves; and the best of them insinuate, that all such are barely above the condition to require the paternal care, which in this land of liberty has been vouchsafed to poor Mr Gourlay. While they do this, they protest directly, or by implication, that

they are themselves omniscient—infallible—the most finished specimens of intellect, knowledge, and wisdom, that the world ever yielded. When we remember that this was precisely the conduct of the philosophers of the French Revolution—that a very few years ago it was precisely the conduct of Mr Carlile, Henry Hunt, Esquire, and the other philosophers of Radicalism—it causes us the less uneasiness and astonishment; but still we cannot help thinking, that the philosophers of the day, when they are so excessively liberal to themselves, might extend to others a somewhat greater portion of liberality. We suspect that this holding, that no creed can possibly be true but their own, savours greatly of bigotry; and that this wholesale abuse of the intellects and character of those who differ from them, is not the most liberal way of dealing with opponents. From us, who belong to the old school, such conduct might be looked for; in them it is unpardonably inconsistent. We think they might content themselves with stigmatising people as fools, and spare the charges of sedition and knavery until they could substantiate them. Is not Mr Canning acquainted with a work called the *Antijacobin*, which once had great celebrity, and which the Whigs called a very scurrilous one? If the talented *Antijacobin* of former times have seen cause to repent him of his errors, and to adore what he once hated, he might still show some forbearance to men who hold opinions that in his less liberal years were his own, and whose only fault is, that they do not think good to abandon them.

It was not wise—it was not even decent—for the *Antijacobin* of the days of Pitt, to attack men in his place in Parliament, merely for being *Antijacobins* in the days of Canning. Can nothing satisfy the Right Honourable Secretary's passion for popularity? Is he not praised by all parties in Parliament? Is not his trumpet sounded even by Sir R. Wilson, Mr Hobhouse, and Mr Denman? Do not the Ministerial prints, the Whig prints, the Benthamite prints, and the prints of all sides, blow the horn before him? Does he not see that the very worst of the Radical writers always reserve a place amidst their revolting impieties and disgusting slanders for panegyrics on Mr Canning? Why, then, is he

not contented?—Why has he made this desperate effort to gain another shout, by casting his ban upon loyalty and affection for the laws? A word of censure amidst all this puffery might even be pleasant—a drop of vinegar amidst all this sugar might even be palatable. He has all the Treasury men and the Whig men—his nod is obeyed by all the thorough-bred thorough people of both sides—he has Parliamentary majorities that are almost countless—and surely he might find for these somewhat more profitable and honourable employment than the putting down of persons, whom he declares to be alike brainless and impotent.

Ye powers! what a land has this become! It has been nearly purged, even in the judgment of such a man as Mr Canning, of fools and dunces; and it actually groans under an excess of intellect and knowledge. The man who yesterday could not number his own toes, has been magically transmuted by Political Economy and Philosophy into a statesman of the first order. Ministers have confessed themselves to be very giants in respect of talent; and it is scarcely possible to take up a newspaper, or periodical, without finding the same confession put forth by its writers. It is no easy matter to find a man who is unwilling to own that he is a perfect master of the science of government. Yet it is amazing—surpassingly amazing—that when Ministers possess such gigantic talents—when the country is deluged with talent—when almost every petty town contains an editor of a newspaper, who, in his own judgment, is composed of the finest brains, from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head, and is capable of managing the affairs of the whole world with his little finger—when infallible rules for keeping a nation constantly at the highest point of wealth and prosperity have been printed, crammed down every one's throat, and got by heart even by tailors and cobblers—and when ALL THE TALENTS have everything their own way—it is, we say, surpassingly amazing, that when this is the case, our poor country should be in its present distresses. It is wonderful, that when public suffering has endured so long, and has been so terrible in its character, ALL THE TALENTS in Parliament, and out of it,

have not done a single thing of their own accord to mitigate it ; but, on the contrary, have increased it an hundred fold. It is an incomprehensible matter that the only thing which has been done to alleviate this suffering, originated with the simple and factious, who actually compelled ALL THE TALENTS to do it in direct opposition to their own wishes and opinions, and to the commands of Political Economy and Philosophy. If these stupendous talents, in conjunction with Political Economy and Philosophy, can neither preserve a nation from bitter distress, nor do anything when such distress visits it, except what will greatly aggravate its sufferings, we really think that the splendid character which they give themselves, ought to be listened to by Old England with much incredulity.

The Speech before us contains about all the argument that the mighty abilities of Ministers could put forth in defence of the new system. Of Mr Grant's oration, we need only say, that THE TALENTS out of Parliament have thought good to be silent respecting it ; and in regard to that of Mr Canning, it did not even attempt anything in the way of calculation and reasoning ; it was a piece of declamation and vituperation, which left Free Trade exactly as it found it. The Right Honourable Secretary would, we imagine, have better employed his great powers if he had defended the principles of Free Trade by fair calculation and manly argument, instead of attacking absent opponents, who, in integrity, consistency, independence, and patriotism, are no way inferior to himself or colleagues.

We have already spoken of the liberality of these liberal monopolists of talent towards all those who differ from them in opinion. Mr Canning is not content with denying them understanding, but he must blacken their motives—he must blast their character, not only for capacity, but for honesty. The liberal Mr Huskisson begins his speech in the same liberal spirit. He ascribes the sound and manly speech of Mr J. Williams—to what ? Conscientious conviction—a sense of duty ? Oh no ! How could any man possibly oppose the unerring Mr Huskisson and Mr Canning from honest motives ? He ascribes it to electioneering intentions ! We bigots must

not go to these liberal people for lessons of liberality.

Mr Williams's quotation from Burke told tremendously ; it stuck to Mr Huskisson and his colleagues ; and in spite of all their efforts to shake it off, it sticks to them still. Each carries it on his forehead. Certainly those who a short time since employed the public money in maintaining the runaway revolutionists of other countries, might have been thought tender-hearted in excess ; but no claim to humanity must be set up by those who have brought the silk-manufacturers into their present situation, and who obstinately refuse to do anything to relieve them. The facts are before the eyes of all, that the change of law was the chief cause of ruining many of the masters, and reducing tens of thousands of the workmen to starvation—that this change was called for by no public necessity—that the re-enactment of the old law would have given a large portion of immediate relief to the trade—and that this re-enactment has been positively refused. Granting that a law may be a wise one that brings hundreds of thousands to want, and that he may be a skilful general who intentionally sacrifices ten thousand of his men to win a battle ; still, neither the parents of the law, nor the general, must boast of humanity. If Ministers will carry measures, whether wise or unwise in principle, which prove on the face of them that they must plunge multitudes into ruin and distress, let them swagger as they please touching their talents, but, in Heaven's name ! let them be silent touching their feeling for their fellow-creatures. He who reduces others to distress, and who will not remove this distress when he has the means, is an unfeeling, barbarous man, and no sophistry can prove him the contrary. It is essential for the weal of society that these efforts to change the definition of the virtues should be firmly resisted.

Mr Huskisson introduces a petition which was presented to Parliament in 1820, by the Merchants of London. As he afterwards employs its reasonings in his defence, we shall have an opportunity of noticing them as we examine the defence, and we will therefore say nothing of the petition separately.

The Right Honourable Gentleman states :—" Year after year have we

been urged by the force of public opinion out of doors, and by the earnest remonstrances of honourable members within, to adopt the very measures against which a senseless clamour is now attempted to be excited."

Senseless clamour! What modesty and humility! What clamour can be other than senseless which is opposed to the measures of Mr Huskisson? How is it possible for the clamour of the thriving masters and well-fed, fully-employed workmen in the silk-trade to be other than senseless?

Let us place the new system fully before us *as a whole*, and not divide it into parts, as Ministers have done, to induce one part of the community to consent to the sacrifice of another. This system is to make trade *free in everything*—in corn as well as manufactures. It is to place the foreign farmer and manufacturer on a level with the English ones in the English market. Now, will any one say that the Agriculturists called for this system, in so far as it affects agriculture? Will any one say that the Manufacturers, as a whole, wished their respective trades to be placed under it, when Mr Huskisson and Mr Robinson again and again declared, that every manufacturing interest opposed them so far as regarded its own trade? If the nation had been polled touching this system, *as a whole*, it would almost to a man have voted against it.

What then was the public opinion which Ministers found so irresistible? Was the voice which said—"Open another trade for my benefit, no matter what injury it may do to others, but keep mine closed"—worth attending to? In truth, the mercantile interest was almost the only one that asked for a change, and it evidently did this for the sake of its own separate profit. The London petition broadly admits that particular interests might suffer from free trade. The merchants are as respectable a body of men as any in the universe, but they are contemptible in respect of numbers; and in their trading capacity they are merely the agents of the rest of the community. When they asked for a thing manifestly for the sake of personal profit, and which, according to their own confession, might injure others, we think their request ought not to have been mistaken for public opinion.

Touching the remainder of "public opinion out of doors, and the remonstrances of honourable members within"—they proceeded solely from the men who called, not only for Free Trade, but for the abandonment of our colonies—the destruction of our Church as a national one—Parliamentary Reform—the division of the great estates, &c. &c. If these men ought to be obeyed in one thing, why not in all? The Tories called not for any change. Putting out of sight the merchants, the public opinion, which operated so potently upon Ministers, was merely the opinion of the wild, theoretic, contemptible, and, in some points, wicked Minority. That the Ministry was followed by many of its prints and friends, is true; and the causes cannot need explanation. We will tell Mr Huskisson and his colleagues, that at present they look to very erring sources for information touching British opinion and feeling; that they know very little of either; and that if their ignorance continue, they will soon cease to be Ministers.

So much for public opinion, and now for public necessity. Trade was flourishing—all was prosperity and contentment—Ministers had nothing whatever to do but to rest upon their oars, and rejoice over the magnificent spectacle before them. None but wild and rash projectors would ever have dreamed of making experiments on the prosperity, happiness, and harmony of a great empire.

Mr Huskisson takes great pains to show that Mr Baring has recently changed, in a considerable degree, his opinion touching Free Trade. If this be true, it forms a very powerful argument against the new system. No one will suspect that a man of Mr Baring's high character, sound and vigorous understanding, and great practical knowledge, would ever alter his opinions, except from honest conviction and pretty just conclusions. Mr Baring, however, has not changed his sentiments in regard to the silk-trade.

The Right Honourable Gentleman quotes the following from a speech delivered by Mr Baring some years ago:—"It was really absurd to contend, that if a country, by selling any article of manufacture, could purchase the produce which it might require, at one half the expense at which that

produce could be raised, it should nevertheless be precluded from doing so." He adds—"This is unquestionably sound doctrine, and I readily admit it."

If this doctrine be sound, why are not foreign corn and manufactures admitted at once without protecting duties? Why impose such duties, when they raise foreign produce to the price of English produce? Either the doctrine is false, or protecting duties are about as pernicious as prohibitions.

If this nation were exclusively an agricultural one, and had scarcely anything to sell save agricultural produce, it would then only be able to sell its corn for the same price that corn fetches in the cheapest corn countries. If it should establish a manufacture, its manufacturers would have, for a long period, to charge far higher prices than those of other countries. Yet, if the doctrine be sound, it ought to continue in its wretched poverty, rather than attempt to enrich itself by beginning to manufacture. This doctrine is false, or England was guilty of very ruinous conduct, when she established very many of her manufactures; it is false, or this country ought immediately to buy all its corn, and very many of its manufactures, abroad, free from protecting duties.

If an agricultural nation could not begin to manufacture, unless its manufacturers should charge double the prices charged by those of other nations, our conviction is, that it ought still to begin. Cheapness and dear-ness must be determined by the means of the buyer, as well as the terms of the seller. Such a nation would have to pay double prices for its manufactures; but this would be more than counterpoised by its being enabled to sell much of its useless labour, to obtain much higher prices for, and sell much more of, its corn, &c. and to support a much larger population. Corn is dear in this country, because manufacturers abound; and manufacturers abound because corn is dear.

The Economists unfortunately can find nothing to build upon in this country but false assumptions. If we were attempting to produce bad and dear wine, sugar, &c. their doctrines might apply to us; but we are not. We only attempt to establish such manufactures, as, after due time, may be fairly expected to thrive about as

well here as in other countries. The reason why almost any manufactured article is dearer here, than it is abroad, is, our manufacturers pay higher duties, taxes, rates, and rents, pay higher for provisions, and consume much more of necessaries and luxuries than the foreign ones.

The history of this nation proves incontestably, that if a country cannot establish a manufacture, unless it raise for a period the price of this manufacture very greatly to itself, still it ought to establish it. Now, who is to fix the length of this period? Who is to say—This manufacture is this day commenced, and if the manufacturers cannot, at the end of so many years, sell at as low a rate as those of other nations, it must be abandoned? Our cotton manufacture at one period gave no hope that we should excel in it as we do; it was not in nearly so promising a condition as the silk manufacture was in, twelve months since; yet if the new doctrines had been then applied to it, in all probability it would have been destroyed. Luckily, our fathers were neither so economical, nor philosophical, as their crack-brained children. If the silk manufacture had been duly protected for five or ten years longer, it is possible enough that some unlooked-for invention might have given us as much superiority in silks as we possess in cottons. Suppose we were now for the first time to attempt to manufacture woollens, and that we could not begin without constraining ourselves to buy our woollens for an uncertain period at a much dearer rate; will any man, looking at our woollen manufacture at present, say, that we ought not to commence it? Under the new doctrines, no new manufacture must be established in this country, unless the manufacturers can, in the first moment, produce as good and cheap an article as foreign ones, and history shows this to be an impossibility. Of course, we must never have any additional manufactures; and, moreover, our old ones are all to be lost if ever foreigners can surpass us.

It is, we believe, pretty generally admitted that our manufactures are of great value to us, and we are convinced that the more we have of them the better. If we had never had any, we cannot think that England would have been the country that it is; and

if foreigners could greatly undersell us in all, we cannot be persuaded that we should profit much from buying all our manufactures abroad with wheat, at perhaps twenty shillings the quarter. What is true touching the whole, is, in our poor judgment, true touching the part. Suppose we had only three manufactures at present—the woollen, cotton, and silk ones, and that we could be greatly undersold in two of them by foreigners; we cannot believe those people who say, that by abandoning these two we should make the third larger than the whole, and better our condition. It is distinctly refuted by the history of this and all other countries. On this point we shall say more presently.

But Ministers go much beyond the doctrine that Mr Huskisson quotes. This doctrine says—buy such produce as the nation might require with an article of manufacture. The doctrine of Ministers is—the nation may buy produce and manufactures, which in reality it does not require, with raw produce.

Mr Huskisson then says, “But how is it (this doctrine) to be reconciled with the doctrine which is now maintained by great authorities out of doors, as that which ought to be the rule of our commercial policy. According to these authorities—to which we have now to add that of the honourable and learned seconder of the present motion—prohibition is the only effectual protection to trade. Duties must be unavailing for this purpose; because, the influence of soil and climate, the price of labour, the rate of taxation, and other circumstances, are constantly varying in different countries, and consequently, the scale of protection would require to be varied from month to month.”

Well, does he refute this? Does he prove that wages, provisions, taxes, &c., must always rise or fall at the same time, and in the same degree, in every country? Does he prove that the same protecting duty must always afford the same protection; or that it is a matter of no consequence whether our manufacturers can be undersold or not? He does not attempt it. His very next words—yes, his very next words—are, “But what is the legitimate inference to be drawn from this exclusive system? Can it be other than this—that all interchange of their re-

spective commodities between different countries of the world, is a source of evil to the one or the other? That each country must shut itself up within itself, making the most of its own resources, refusing all commerce with any other country, barbarously content to suffer wants which this commerce might easily supply, and to waste its own superfluous productions at home; because, to exchange them for the superfluities of that other country, instead of being an exclusive advantage to either party, would afford an equivalent benefit to both. This is the short theory of prohibitions, which these said declaimers against all theory, are so anxious to recommend to the practical merchants of this country.”

This is an exquisite morsel! Rotten—rotten to the very core—must that cause be, which has to be thus defended!

Mr Huskisson may possess the gigantic abilities which Mr Canning declares he possesses, but certainly he is the poorest hand at a “legitimate inference” that we ever met with. This attempt to retort in respect of theory, is a very miserable performance. He has invented a theory which no man living ever before heard of. If the manufacturers, when they escape from his tuition, be not better inventors and discoverers than himself, they will make a sorry piece of work of it by inventing and discovering.

We object to the importing of such things only as this country does not want—of such as it possesses in abundance; *ergo*, we object to all importing whatever; we “refuse ALL commerce with ANY other country, barbarously content to suffer wants which this commerce might easily supply.” We say to France, you shall not send us manufactured silks; *ergo*, we say to her, you shall not send us wine and brandy: we say to America, you shall not send us flour; *ergo*, we say to her; you shall not send us raw cotton and tobacco: we say to England, export all that you can, and import everything you please, with the exception ONLY of such articles as you do not need, and of which the importing would diminish your ability for both exporting and importing; *ergo*, we say to her, shut yourself up within yourself, making the most of your own resources, and refusing all commerce with any other country. Beautiful logic, Mr

Huskisson, beautiful logic ! But, alas ! not exactly calculated for the present condition of the intellect of Britain. Well may a speech that contains such inferences and reasoning, be called eloquent and unanswerable !

That no one may be bewildered by the Right Honourable Gentleman, we will say that the only question between us and him is—SHALL SUCH MANUFACTURED, AND OTHER COMMODITIES AS WE PRODUCE IN ABUNDANCE, BE ADMITTED INTO THE MARKET OF THIS COUNTRY FROM ABROAD ? This is the question. We are as friendly to the admission of timber, cotton, wine, sugar, tallow, and every other article that this country does not produce, either at all, or in sufficient quantities, as Mr Huskisson himself. He knows in his own heart, that the opinions which he has imputed to his opponents are not entertained by one of these opponents. Either let the new system be abandoned, or let it be supported in a less unfair manner.

To this question, we reply, No ! solely and simply because we conscientiously believe that the admission of such commodities will injure, not only the home, but the foreign trade ; that it will not only do great harm to certain classes of our fellow-subjects, but materially diminish the ability of the nation as a whole for both importing and exporting.

Mr Huskisson proceeds to say, that our system, to be “ wise and just in itself,” ought to “ prohibit all commercial intercourse with Ireland,—we must revive those laws which forbade the manufactures, and repelled the productions of her soil.” The newspapers made him say that this system ought to go farther ; it ought to prohibit the manufactures and other produce of one English district from entering another English district. If he really did utter such transcendent nonsense, he has wisely expunged it from the corrected copy of his speech.

Our readers know, that his opponents, one and all, limit their opposition to the produce of *foreign* countries. Is, then, Ireland a *foreign* country, or is it not that part of the united kingdom called Ireland ? He says that no country in Europe differs more from Great Britain than Ireland, in matters affecting their commercial relations. We say that this is perfectly

erroneous. Is not Ireland somewhat more under the control of Great Britain, in regard to taxation, than foreign countries ? Must not the price of corn, &c. always fluctuate at the same moment, and be about the same, in both islands ? Whatever may be the case with agricultural labour, is not manufacturing labour about as dear in Ireland as in many parts of Britain ? Must it not continue so, and must not its price fluctuate at the same moment in both Britain and Ireland ? With regard to repelling the produce of Ireland's soil, it might at one time be very wise to do it, and it may now be very wise to do the contrary ; it is now very wise to repel foreign corn, and as our island cannot be enlarged, a time may come when it will be very wise to receive it.

Mr Huskisson says,—“ I have no desire to disturb the partisans of the opposite system in the enjoyment of their favourite theory. All I ask of them is, a similar forbearance towards us. Let each system be fully and fairly tried. For the sake of freedom of trade and industry, and for the sake of England, let England be the field of trial for our system. For the sake of prohibition and monopoly, let the system of our adversaries also be fairly tried ; only let the trial be made upon some other country.”

His ingenuity is not of a very imposing character, and he will not suffer us to praise him for fair dealing. He first, by his “ legitimate inference,” as he calls it, assumes that his opponents wish to close the ports of this country against all foreign produce whatever, although he knows in his own heart that they wish no such thing ; and then he reasons upon it as an established fact. He, in substance, boldly declares to Parliament and the country, that these opponents wish to establish a *new and untried system*—that they wish to change and abolish. He does this, when he is as fully cognisant of the fact as the whole world is, that these opponents merely protest against *any new* system, or change, and only ask for the retention of that *old and tried system* under which this country has become the first in the world, and which he and his colleagues, on other occasions, boast that they are destroying. Although he is high in office, we must tell him that this is very unworthy conduct—we must

tell him that a Minister of England should defend his measures in a different manner.

Touching the conclusion of the extract, it certainly smacks far too much of monopoly for so warm a friend of Free Trade. Mr Huskisson is to have England exclusively to himself; and we are to take the *new system*, which, in his dexterity at system-making, he has fabricated for us, and clapped upon our shoulders, to the land of his ancestors, or any other foreign country, for the purpose of making experiments. Now, as we have as much English blood in our veins as he has, we cannot see why he should have this monopoly, or why our right should be less than his own, to make experiments on the fortunes and bread of the people of England.

Mr Huskisson is very desirous of being suffered to proceed without molestation. This was the desire of Mr Hunt in his days of glory, and it is the desire of every great man who wishes to make great changes in this country. There is one all-powerful reason why he should be resisted to the utmost by every one who thinks as we do, that his measures are founded on false principles.

The other changes made by Ministers affect, in only a slight degree, the fortunes and bread of individuals. The new Marriage Act caused much inconvenience and ill-blood, but this was about all; it was tried and repealed, without doing much harm. The change in weights and measures caused vast dissatisfaction, and extracted large sums from many individuals, but still it deprived none of business and employment. Changes in the bankrupt, jury, or criminal laws, are expected to work for good in the first moment; and, if they produce evil, it is not of a kind to cause ruin and distress. But the changes that it is Mr Huskisson's lot to introduce, affect, in the most serious manner, the fortunes and bread of individuals, and at the best they cannot be carried into effect without producing more or less of bankruptcy and starvation. A great portion of the latter has unquestionably been produced by the opening of the silk-trade; and when the trade in corn is made free, it will create in Britain and Ireland such a mass of ruin, want, suffering, and crime, as cannot be thought of without a shudder. If these changes

are made on right principles, they are of such a kind that they cannot yield benefit at the first moment; they must first previously strip very many people of their all. If they be made on wrong principles, they must soon fill the country with ruin and misery. This is the reason why Mr Huskisson should be resisted, "hand to hand, and foot to foot," by every one who thinks his measures are false in principle, and destructive in tendency. An experiment that is not likely to do much individual injury if it fail, may be made; but one that is likely to plunge a single trade from competence and unsullied fame into the horrors of bankruptcy, or to deprive a single industrious family of its bread, ought never to be made unless the necessity for it be matter of direct proof. But to make a change, not from the most obvious and pressing public necessity, and upon the most unassailable precedents, facts, and demonstrations, but without public necessity, in defiance of precedent, and upon the most flimsy assumptions and sophistries, that may easily reduce tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, to beggary and starvation, is, in our judgment, to do the darkest deed that could be done under the face of Heaven. When we reflect on what this country has suffered since the termination of the war, and on the condition it was in a year ago, and then look at the new system as a whole, at its consequences already, and at those which it must for some years produce, we are astonished that any English Minister could be found to adopt such a system, and that it could by any means be forced through the English Parliament.

We now give the following exceedingly choice extract.

"But can prohibition ever be tried under circumstances of greater favour than it now experiences in Spain?"—(Considering that he *corrected* the report of his speech for publication, Mr Huskisson might have given us somewhat better English.) "In that flourishing country, prohibition has been carried to the very extreme. There restriction has been added to restriction—there all the fruits of that beautiful system are to be seen, not yet, perhaps, in full maturity, but sufficiently mature to enable every one to judge of their qualities. Spain is the

best sample of the prohibitory system; the most perfect model of fallen greatness, and of internal misery, of which modern civilization affords an example—(an example of a sample and a model)—an example to be traced, not only in the annihilation of her commerce and maritime power, but in her scanty revenue, in her bankrupt resources, in the wretchedness of her population, and in her utter insignificance among the great powers of the world. The commercial policy of Spain is simply this—to admit nothing from other countries, except what the smuggler brings in!—What, nothing?—The Right Honourable Gentleman must here have straggled into a blunder.

To what sorry and unaccountable shifts does a bad cause reduce its defenders!

Here is a statesman, and one, if Mr Canning may be believed, of the very first order, who can look at Spain without being able to find anything to account for its present condition, save its prohibitory system! The war that for so many years raged in it was nothing—the loss of its immense colonies was nothing—its revolution was nothing—the French army and civil war were nothing. Oh no! how could these things affect the commerce, maritime power, and revenue of Spain! How could these things make the Spanish people poor and wretched! To charge anything upon the productions of Spain, and the character of its people, church, &c. would be idle. We are assured by so great a man as Mr Huskisson, that Spain's present ills have been produced by its prohibitory system.

This is really very marvellous. Now, will Mr Huskisson deign to cast his eyes for a moment upon another country—to wit, France—he will find that France has likewise added restriction to restriction—has followed Spain pretty closely in the path of prohibition. Yet France is the most rich and flourishing of the continental nations. Let him turn to another country—namely, England—he will find that, for a very long term of years, England has added restriction to restriction, and has been almost as great a lover of prohibition as Spain. Yet England is the first nation in the world. Let him turn to some other countries—to some of the continental ones. Not very many years

have passed away since these countries acted to a great extent upon the principles of free trade; yet it was so far from enriching them, that it kept them much in the state which, according to Mr Huskisson, Spain is in at present. They have since added restriction to restriction, and, strange to say! their condition has greatly improved.

The Right Honourable Gentleman next takes a review of the changes which he and his colleagues have made. He speaks first of wool, and exults greatly that only a small quantity of British wool has been exported. Now, if the exporting of such wool would injure us, why permit it? and if it would benefit us, why boast that though it is legal, it does not take place? If the new system is to make no practical change, why give us it? If all that can be said for it is—it has only done a *little* mischief—perhaps we should have been better without it. The experiment, however, with regard to wool, is only now commencing.

Mr Huskisson deserves high praise for condensing and simplifying the Revenue Laws; but this has nothing whatever to do with the question between him and his opponents. These opponents are as friendly as himself to the abolishing of every form and restriction that is not necessary for preventing the importation of such articles as this country produces in abundance.

The next change he notices is that in the Navigation Laws. He says that it has been “highly beneficial to the commerce of the country, and in no way injurious to our strength as a maritime power.” This is his assertion, and he does not add to it a syllable of evidence.

How this change has benefited our commerce, we cannot perceive. A change which, while it lowers certain shipping charges, compels the British ship-owner to lower his freight still more in proportion; and which merely causes a reduction in the carriage of goods; that is scarcely felt by the consumer, cannot yield much benefit to commerce. Commerce depends, not upon the carriers of goods, but the consumers of them; and certainly the throwing of the carrying trade into the hands of foreigners, must injure consumption in this country. Since this change was made, our foreign trade has been greatly increased by other causes, and still our merchant-navy has not even been able to keep itself stationary.

If this be not injurious to our strength as a maritime power, what could be thus injurious?

With regard to the next change, Mr Huskisson states—"The transit duties have been all removed; and the system of bounties and drawbacks has undergone an entire revision, and been remodelled on an improved plan." On the benefits that have resulted from this he is silent, perfectly silent. The Irish linen trade could tell him that it had drawn nothing from his improved plan, save diminution and injury.

Mr Huskisson next adverts to the treaty recently concluded with France. Here again he has no benefits to boast of. Hitherto this treaty has only yielded evils, and it is not likely to yield anything else.

With respect to the iron-trade, he only says, that the change has not yet produced evil; he has no benefits to dilate upon: The experiment here has been barely begun.

Touching cottons, woollens, linens, &c. he states, "the increased import of the whole does not exceed a few thousand pounds." Here the boast is that the change has only produced a *little* mischief. Now, the importing of foreign manufactures must either benefit, or injure, this country. If it will do the former, it certainly is a thing to be lamented, that it does not take place; if it will do the latter, it assuredly ought to be prevented to the utmost point possible. After heaping so much abuse on the *old* system, and so much puffing on the *new* one, Mr Huskisson is at last compelled to plead in his defence, that there is no practical difference between them, or that this difference is very small, and only proves his *own new system* to be but a *little* the worst of the two. Really, all this swaggering ought to have had a different ending. We ought, by this time, to have had some *solid proofs* that prohibition and restriction are baleful things. We ought to have had, by this time, other evidence of the transcendent merits of Free Trade than left-handed admissions, that it is only a *little* more injurious than prohibition and restriction.

We proceed to Mr Huskisson's remarks touching the Silk trade.

The Right Honourable Gentleman pours the most bitter diatribes on what he calls the spirit of speculation manifested by the silk manufacturers, in

the early part of 1825. Now, in the Session of that year, this spirit was at its height, and he then, instead of quarrelling with it, eulogised it, fed it, and pointed to it as a triumphant proof of the wisdom of his changes. He pushed it forward from the very first, by assuring the manufacturers that his measures would greatly benefit them, that they would gain a large export trade, and that the French ones were terrified, and expected to be undersold by them. How then can he have the assurance to treat them as he does, in their sufferings? It is for them to say to him—Your wild, fallacious predictions, and ruinous changes, have brought us to this: but it is not for him to cover them with reproach and sarcasm, because they foolishly believed and trusted him. What, in truth, was this speculative spirit? The prosperous times caused an immense additional demand for silks, and were not the manufacturers to attempt to supply it? Unemployed capital abounded—the trade flourished—Mr Huskisson declared that it would flourish infinitely more—and new manufactories were naturally established. It is silly in the extreme to inveigh against great imports, without first weighing them against consumption. The time approached for the regular admission of foreign silks; and, in consequence, both consumers and retail dealers ceased in a great measure to buy. The chief part of demand was at once lost to the manufacturers demonstrably from this cause. The silk trade was in a state of stagnation some time before other interests felt distress, and the dealers assigned as their reason for not buying, that they durst not, on account of the approaching change. The manufacturers deny that there was any improper speculation, and they assert in proof that the stock of silks in the country during the distress has been lower than usual.

To charge Mr Huskisson with inhumanity, is an offence not to be forgiven: for him to charge the silk-manufacturers with it, is another matter. He calls them cruel and inhuman in the most unsparing way possible, and why? Because the Macclesfield ones advertised for a number of hands of from seven to twenty years of age. To place a child of seven years of age in a silk-manufactory, is, in his eyes, great cruelty. We wish that this ten-

der-hearted individual could discover, that there is infinitely more cruelty in making uncalled-for changes, that are calculated to deprive immense numbers of still younger children, as well as immense numbers of men and women, of food—that are calculated to reduce numbers of heads of families, who are perhaps too old to learn any other business, and who have enjoyed through life affluence and respectability, to beggary and disgrace. There are to be seen daily in the streets of London, children not seven years of age, who are covered with rags and filth, and who spend their time in selling matches and begging. We think it would even be humanity to these children, to take them from their present calling, and place them, young as they are, in a silk-manufactory. We have no wish to see children put to work before they are nine or ten; but it often happens, that a father has small wages and a large family, and that his children can scarcely get food or clothes. They are half-starved, and they spend their time in running about the streets, begging, filching, and contracting various evil habits. We cannot think that there is any cruelty in putting such children into a manufactory, even though they be but seven years old; and we apprehend that there is little danger of children of a different description being put to work at so tender an age. Whatever may be the case with masters, parents in general may be trusted in matters that relate to their children.

Mr Huskisson states, "It is admitted on all hands, that silk is an article which can be easily smuggled; and that it is now smuggled to a very considerable extent, in spite of all the preventive measures that have from time to time been adopted." He then argues that the French silks can no longer be distinguished from English ones—that they can be openly sold in the shops without danger of seizure—and that therefore prohibition "retains no advantage over a well-regulated duty."

Has then the silk trade received this tremendous shock—is its existence to be put to hazard—have so many thousands of people been brought to ruin and misery—merely that we may have a well-regulated protecting duty, that may possibly be as advantageous as prohibition?—Has Free Trade sunk to

the level of prohibition already?—Alas, for poor England! that when it has been dragged into this loss and suffering, it cannot even have a promise that it will profit from the change.

Now every one must see that the facilities for smuggling will remain unaltered—that on this point the Frenchman will lose nothing whatever. The change, therefore, cannot diminish the imports of French silks, but it may very greatly increase them—it cannot benefit our manufacturers, but it may injure them fearfully.

Mr Huskisson himself does not deny that East India handkerchiefs will be universally worn, but then he makes it out that they are so already. This is a very odd way of arguing a matter. A certain trade will be ruined! I admit that, but the trade does not exist! If Bandanas be universally worn, how happens it that the mercers' windows in London and other places are filled with silk handkerchiefs of English manufacture? In regard to handkerchiefs, shawls, and some other articles, our manufacturers must inevitably be deprived of a large part of their trade by those of India.

It is admitted, even by the champions of Free Trade, that in several kinds of silks, particularly the more valuable and profitable kinds, our manufacturers will be undersold by the continental ones. The latter, therefore, must inevitably deprive our manufacturers of another very large part of their trade.

The foreigner will now be at liberty to open warehouses and depots throughout the country, and keep travellers. He will be able to send several kinds of his goods to this country, at such a duty as will enable him to undersell the Englishman; and he will be able to send the other kinds by smuggling, as usual. There is direct proof that our manufacturers must lose a very large part of their trade, and yet Mr Huskisson asserts that the change will do them no injury!

Now, why was not the manufacturer of handkerchiefs, brocades, or ribbons, placed on an equality with the manufacturer of sarsnets? Why was not the same measure of protection meted out to every branch of the trade? What right had Mr Huskisson to make these distinctions between his Majesty's subjects—to protect one and

ruin another? The truth is, a protecting duty cannot be made to operate equally—it must be in its effects partial and tyrannical—it must be to one a monopoly, and to another grinding competition—it must give to one abundance, and doom another to bread and water.

Here is direct proof that prohibition excludes a vast quantity of foreign silks, which a duty will admit, and that the change must do our manufacturers prodigious evil;—yet Mr Huskisson persists, and he is supported by Parliament.

He assumes that this country consumes annually fourteen millions' worth of silks; we are pretty sure that his estimate is far too low, but we will take it to reason upon. He says—"What would happen if, according to the predictions of the Honourable Member for Taunton, the British manufacture should be annihilated after next July? We should not, I take it for granted, consume a less quantity of silk goods; the only change would be, that we should have them, as it is alleged, of a better quality, and at a less price. But all the goods so consumed would, on this supposition, have paid a duty of thirty per cent on their importation; and the produce of that duty consequently would exceed four millions sterling. This large sum would be levied, without in the smallest degree abridging the comfort or enjoyment of any other class of the community. It would bring with it no increase of burthen upon the consumer of silk goods; and consequently, no diminution of his means of consuming other articles. It would simply be the premium of monopoly transferred to the Exchequer; and the capital for which this monopoly was created, would be set free, to give employment to other branches of industry."

We must say, that the individual who could first utter this in the British House of Commons, and then deliberately publish it to the world, is exceedingly unfit to hold a leading place in the British Ministry.

We must notice, in the first place, his blunder touching the duty. Doubtless, if we should pay to foreigners fourteen millions for silks, the duty upon them would exceed four millions; but then this would raise consumption to eighteen millions—just

four more than Mr Huskisson expects it to be. If consumption should be, as he assumes, the same, we should not pay to foreigners quite eleven millions, and the duty would be little more than three millions.

In the second place, would there be no smuggling? There would be a premium of twenty per cent on smuggling—there would be precisely the same premium on smuggling that there is at present, and many of the impediments would be removed. There would be a vast portion of smuggling; and it is not likely that the duty would throw more than two millions into the Treasury.

Now, if our English manufacturers contribute their share of English revenue, which can scarcely be doubted, they must contribute nearly two millions. Would they continue to contribute the same? We apprehend not. We apprehend that the Treasury would lose more on one side, than it would gain on the other.

What would become of these manufacturers? Mr Huskisson and his economic brethren cannot stir a single step without assuming, that there cannot be a limit to the employment of labour and capital in a nation. Now, the laws of nature demonstrate, that there must be such a limit, and the history of Britain and Ireland in late years place it beyond controversy.

The rest of the nation, at the best, would only pay that to foreign manufacturers which they now pay to British ones—twelve millions of capital, and half-a-million of souls, would be deprived of employment—no other trade, on the average, would receive any increase—and every other trade is glutted with capital and labour. These manufacturers and their capital, as far as calculation can go, would in effect remain constantly without employment. Their employment would be transferred to foreigners—it could not by any possibility be enjoyed by both.

Would not then the idleness of these manufacturers and their capital abridge, in some degree, the comforts and enjoyments of other classes?—Would it not impose some additional burthen upon the consumer of silk goods, and diminish his means of consuming other articles?—It assuredly would, or the poor rates are not what they are represented to be—a glut in capital is not so destructive as late

events have proved it to be, and a glut in labour is not that foe to consumption, and parent of starvation, which it has so long been proved to be by the state of Ireland. The consumption of silks would be very greatly diminished, and we are pretty sure that their price would be considerably raised.

The other classes buy of the English manufacturers with dear corn, manufactures, and labour; they could only buy of foreign ones with certain raw articles and gold. A large quantity of corn, manufactures, and labour, which is now exchanged for silks, would be left without a market, and this would have its effect on prices. Other nations could not take the whole value of their silks in raw produce; and we should have to pay a heavy balance of trade against us in gold. Every one must see, that if the whole of our silk-manufacturers were in a moment sent out of the country without being replaced by others; and if we should buy our silks abroad with raw produce and gold, a much smaller quantity of corn, shambles meat, merchandise, and manufactures, would be consumed. What the silk-manufacturers consume of these could not be exchanged for other articles to send abroad to buy silks with, for it could not be made use of. A man will only buy as much of a commodity as he needs, whatever excess of it there may be in the market. If the manufacturers remain in the country to consume the corn, &c., still if they be idle, they can give nothing in exchange, and the loss must be even greater to the producers. It cannot be denied, even by Mr Huskisson, that the foreign manufacturers—poor as they are, and limited as they would be to the taking of such goods only in exchange as leave us the smallest profits, and of some that we cannot part with without injury—would be infinitely worse customers to the other classes, than our own manufacturers; and it is demonstrable that this would greatly diminish the ability of the other classes for buying silks. It is equally demonstrable, that if the other classes should have to maintain our own manufacturers gratuitously, their ability for such buying would be diminished still farther. We are convinced, that if the Englishman should charge double the prices of the foreigner, his silks would be the cheapest to the

community as a whole, if the foreigner should take nothing in payment save raw produce or gold. If Mr Huskisson's doctrine be true, it must inevitably be true likewise, that if we should buy the whole of our manufactures of every description abroad, our manufacturers at home would still employ their capital and labour as fully and profitably as usual. If it be true touching the part, it must be true touching the whole.

The Right Honourable Gentleman says, that as the new colonial system has not been attacked in Parliament, he will say nothing in defence of it. Here again no benefit can be boasted of; on the contrary, this system is producing evil.

Mr Huskisson, to have made an efficient defence, ought to have said, "We repealed the laws against combinations, and behold how the nation has profited from it!—We altered the navigation laws, and behold how it has increased your shipping!—We gave you a new colonial system, and behold how it has increased your trade!—We admitted foreign manufactures, and behold how it has caused your manufacturers to prosper!—We opened your silk trade, and behold how this trade flourishes from it!"—The very best that he can plead is—My new system has operated much like the old one, and it has been nearly as beneficial!

We wrangle not for names and forms; but, if changes are not to benefit us, why give us any? If foreign manufactures ought to be excluded, exclude them as effectually as you can;—if they ought to be admitted, remove all restrictions. We care not for inoperative changes, although we think them somewhat worse than worthless; but we do care for those that have operation. We attach small importance to the opening of a trade that cannot be competed with, but the opening of one that can be undersold is another matter. It is not merely against the changes that Mr Huskisson has already made, but it is likewise against the additional ones that are to be made, that we protest. We look at his system as a whole, and withstand it as a whole.

The trade in corn is to be made free—the new protecting duties on manufactures are at the first opportu-

nity to be abolished—and we are, as soon as possible, to be flogged, sweated, and starved down, by Mr Huskisson and his foreign assistants, to the level of other nations in prices, manner of living, and everything. Our conviction is, that this system will soon end in the ruin and dismemberment of the empire—that it will soon make us a second-rate nation, and compress all our territory into this one island that we inhabit.

Mr Canning states, that the Tory has always been the Liberal, and the Whig the Bigot, on matters of trade. Mr Canning must know that there is some difference between our old commercial treaties and the new system. He must know that there is some difference between the Whiggism of to-day and that of past times. He must know that the principles which he and his colleagues are acting upon have been for many years advocated by the Whigs, as part and parcel of Whiggism, and opposed by the Tories.

If we have spoken with some asperity, we will point to Mr Canning's speech in our justification; we detest obligations; and our maxim is, to repay liberally all favours. We have, we trust, shown that Mr Huskisson is not the man that his colleague represents him to be; and that, although he may be able to "soar" infinitely higher than ourselves, he does not always see things as he ought when he "looks down" upon them. And now we will ask, why all this wrath, and swaggering, and blustering, on the part of Ministers? Why cannot they now, as formerly, bear a little opposition? Why cannot Englishmen at present, as in other times, defend

their laws and institutions, without being branded and called factious by their rulers? The men who are angered by a little abuse—who are thrown into hysterics by the prick of a sarcasm—are not, we think, fitted in all things for being the Ministers of England. What! is our very national character to be changed? Are we to be stripped of every good old English feeling and privilege? Are we no longer to be suffered to scatter hard words around us in our splenetic moments, and think ourselves wiser than our governors in our vain ones? Are we no longer to be permitted to grumble, and growl, and complain, and call men in office fools, and fancy that they are ruining us? Are we to be compelled to eat our roast-beef without the mustard of politics; and to discuss our home-brewed, without spicing it with sedition? Must we never more, when the fit is on us, flourish our staff, and knock a man down here and there, as has been the custom time immemorial of the less philosophical part of our countrymen? Away with this puling, sickly, canting, pettish, rickety, political dandyism, and let us return to the habits of our fathers! We *will* complain, and oppose, and attack, and kick up a squabble whenever it suits us! Let Ministers show the front of Englishmen—let them court a little sturdy opposition; it sharpens the wit, braces the understanding, and prevents both them and Parliament from doing very many foolish things. Let them essay to catch a little of the stern, high, and haughty spirit of Pitt, and not labour to sink themselves to that most contemptible of all situations—the being without enemies!

LETTER FROM THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL, A. M.
TO
THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I FEEL myself called upon by the concluding paragraph in your late review of "the Remains and Memoirs of the Rev. C. Wolfe," to give you, without delay, the evidence you request as to his claims to the authorship of the lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore, upon which you bestow such just commendation.

As I believe your Magazine was the first periodical work in which they appeared, and as another poem (by some mistake ascribed to the same author) was published in a subsequent Number, I conceive that you are fully entitled to the fullest satisfaction I can give upon the subject.

Allow me, sir, however, before I proceed, to offer you my thankful acknowledgments for the cordial and liberal spirit of criticism with which you have reviewed the Remains of my valued and lamented friend. I cannot but feel gratified that you so justly appreciate his literary and religious character, and that you also notice so kindly the manner in which I have attempted to perform the duty allotted to me, in presenting before the public a faithful sketch of his life, and select specimens of his well-directed genius.

From the general tenor of your observations, I cannot indeed mistake the spirit in which you require more explicit proof that he was the author of the popular lines to which I have given a place amongst his poems. I certainly hoped that I had so circumstantially detailed the origin of the poem, and the way by which it first got into circulation, and that I had supplied the corrections, (which I stated to be from his own manuscript,) in such a manner as plainly to intimate that I was writing from my own *actual knowledge* of the true author. As the claim which had been advanced for Lord Byron was immediately withdrawn, and all other claims had shrunk away soon after the publication of the unequivocal statements of Dr Miller, and J. S. Taylor, Esq., and the testimony of many other highly-respectable names, I thought it unnecessary to enter into any particular detail of evidence. It did not, indeed, occur to

me to state Mr Wolfe's own declaration of himself as the author, in which omission I may probably have been wrong; however, I have now, sir, the happiness to give the very proof you prescribe, by assuring you that Mr Wolfe *did actually declare to me*, that the poem on the Burial of Sir John Moore (now printed among his Remains) *was his own composition*. He wrote it out for me very soon after it was completed, *expressly avowing himself the author*. I can also testify, that he made the same declaration to many acquaintances in College, among whom I have authority, at this moment, to name the Rev. C. Dickinson, (Chaplain of the Female Orphan-House,) one of his most intimate friends. I beg leave, in conclusion, to refer to an extract of a letter from the Rev. S. O. Sullivan, (Chaplain to the R. H. Mil. School, Phoenix Park,) which appears in the last volume (No. 10) of the Annual Biography and Obituary (pages 78 and 79), in which he states (what I had heard him more than once mention) that the poem alluded to was commenced one evening in his company, by Mr Wolfe—that the occasion which gave rise to it was a passage which he had just read aloud for him from the Edinburgh Annual Register, and that the first and last stanzas were actually composed in the course of the same evening, and were recited for him by the author before he had committed them to paper. The other stanzas he completed within a very short time after. I presume it would be tedious and unnecessary to accumulate additional proofs, and that enough has been adduced to remove every remaining doubt from your mind upon the validity of Mr Wolfe's claims as the author of the poem in question. I shall not therefore, sir, trespass further upon your pages, than to thank you most sincerely for your kind offer to insert this letter in your widely-circulated and popular Magazine.

I have the honour to be, your obliged and faithful servant,

JOHN A. RUSSELL.

28, Holles Street, Dublin,

March 11, 1826.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XXV.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΔΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΛΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. ap. Ath.

[This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,

An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;

Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,

"NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;

"BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."

An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—

And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. ap. Ambr.

Blue Parlour.

NORTH—SHEPHERD—TICKLER—MULLION.

SHEPHERD.

You may keep wagging that tongue o' yours, Mr Tickler, till midsummer, but I'll no stir a foot frae my position, that the London University, if weel schemed and weel conductit, will be a blessing to the nation. It's no for me, nor the like o' me, to utter ae single syllable against edication. Take the good and the bad thegither, but let a' ranks ha'e edication.

TICKLER.

All ranks cannot have education.

MULLION.

I agree with Mr Tickler,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing.

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

SHEPHERD.

Oh, man, Mullion ! but you're a great gowk ! What the mair dangerous are ye wi' your little learning ? There's no a mair harmless creature than yourself, man, amang a' the contributors. The Pierian spring ! What ken ye about the Pierian spring ? Ye never douked your lugs intill't, I'm sure. Yet, gin it were onything like a jug o' whisky, faith, ye wad ha'e drank deep aneuch—and then, dangerous or no dangerous, ye might ha'e been lugged awa' to the Poleesh-office, wi a watchman aneath ilka oxter, kickin' and spurrin' a' the way, like a pig in a string. Haud your tongue, Mullion, about drinkin' deep, and the Pierian spring.

NORTH.

James, you are very fierce this evening. Mullion scarcely deserved such treatment.

SHEPHERD.

Fairce ? I'm nae mair fairce than the lave o' ye. A' contributors are in a manner fairce—but I canna thole to hear nonsense the nicht. Ye may just as weel tell me that a little siller's a dangerous thing. Sae, doubtless it is, in a pair hard-working chiel's pouch, in a change-house, on a Saturday night—but no sae dangerous either as mair o't. A guinea's mair dangerous than a shilling, gin you reason in that gate. It's just perfec' sophistry a' thegither. In like manner, you might say a little licht's a dangerous thing, and therefore shut up the only bit wunnock in a poor man's house, because the room was ower sma' for a Venetian ! Havers ! havers ! God's blessings are aye God's blessings, though they come in sma's and driblets. That's my creed, Mr North—and it's Mr Canning's too, I'm glad to see, and that o' a' the lave o' the enlichtened men in civilized Europe.

MULLION.

Why, as to Mr Canning—I cannot say that to his opinion on that subject I attach much—

SHEPHERD.

Haud your tongue, ye triflin' cretur—ye maun ha'e been drinkin' at some

o' your caird-clubs afore you cam to Awmrose's the nicht. You're unpleasant aneuch when ye sleep, and snore, and draw your breath through a wat crinkly cough, wi' the head o' ye nid noddin, first ower your back and syne ower your breast, then on the tae shouther, and then on the tither—but onything's mair preferable than yerkin' at everything said by a wiser man than yoursel', by me, or Mr Canning, or Mr North, when he chuses to illuminate.

MULLION.

What will Mr Canning say now about Parliamentary Reform, after that oration of his about Turgot and Galileo?

SHEPHERD.

Turkey and Galilee! What care I about such outlandish realms? Keep to the point at issue, sir,—the edication o' the people; and if Mr Canning does not vote wi' me for the edication o' the people, confoun' me gin he'll be Secretary o' State for the Hame Department anither Session o' Parliament.

MULLION.

The Foreign Department, if you please, Mr Hogg.

SHEPHERD.

O man, that's just like you. Takin' haud o' a word, as if ony rational man would draw a conclusion frae a misnomer o' a word. There's nae distinction atween Foreign and Hame Departments. Gin Mr Canning didna ken the state o' our ain kintra, how the deevil, man, could he conduct the hail range o' international policy?

TICKLER.

I confess, Mr Hogg, that—

SHEPHERD.

Nane o' your confessions, Mr Tickler, to me. I'm no a Roman priest. Howsomever—beg pardon for interrupting you. What's your wull?

TICKLER.

I confess that I like to see each order in the state keeping in its own place—following its own pursuits—practising its own virtues.

SHEPHERD.

Noo, noo, Mr Tickler, ye ken the unfeigned respec I ha'e for a' your opinions and doctrines. But ye maunna come down upon the Shepherd wi' your generaleezin'. As for orders in the State, how mony thousan' o' them are there—and wha can tell what is best, to a tittle, for ilka ane o' them a' in a free kintra? I've read in buiks, that there are but three orders in the State—the higher, the middle, and the lower orders. Siccan nonsense!

MULLION.

The best authorities—

SHEPHERD.

I'll no speak anither word the nicht, if that cretur Mullion keeps interruptin' folk wi' that nyaffing voice o' him in that gate. I say there are, at least, three thousand orders in the state—ploughmen, shepherds, ministers, squires, lords, ladies, auld women, virgins, weavers, smiths, professors, tailors, sodgers, howdies, bankers, pedlars, tinklers, poets, editors, contributors, manufacturers, annuitants, grocers, drapers, booksellers, innkeepers, advocates, writers to the W. S., greaves, bagmen, and ten hundred thousand million forbye—and wull you, Mr Tickler, presume to tell me the proper modicum o' edication for a' these Pagan and Christian folk?

TICKLER.

Why, James, you put the subject in a somewhat new point of view. Go on. Mr Mullion, if you please, let us hear James.

SHEPHERD.

I ha'e little or naething to say upon the subject, Mr North—only that it is not in the power o' ony man to say what quantum of knowledge ony other man, be his station in life what it may, ought to possess, in order to adorn that station, and discharge its duties. Besides, different degrees o' knowledge must belong to different men even in the same station; and I am sure it's no you, sir, that would haud clever chiels ignorant, that they might be on a level wi' the stupid anes o' their ain class. Raise as high as you can the clever chiels, and the stupid anes will gain a step by their elevation.

TICKLER.

Why, James, no man knows the character of our rural population better than you do, and I may be a little prejudiced, say bigotted if you please, on the subject of education—so let us hear your sentiments at greater length.

SHEPHERD.

I never like to talk lang on any subject; but the truth is, Mr Tickler, that kintra folk in Scotland hae a', or maistly a', gude education already, and I wush to see gude made better. What wull you think, whan I tell you that in Ettrick there are three debatin' societies?

TICKLER.

What the deuce do you debate about?

SHEPHERD.

I'm no a member o' ony o' them, for I'm past that time o' life. They're a' young chieils; and they debate about doctrinal points o' religion and morals, and subjects interesting to men as members and heads o' families. I believe that nae harm comes o' sic societies. They are a' Calvinistic, and no sceptical—but on the contrar, they haud to the Scriptures, and are a' Bereans in practice.

TICKLER.

They don't doubt of the authenticity, then—Tom Paine is not their Coryphæus?

SHEPHERD.

Tom Paine! Na, na. They are gude kirk-goers, and keep a sharp ee on the minister in the poopit. That's ae grand distinction, I suspect, atween kintra readers and thinkers, and town anes. Your artisans and mechanics in towns, I fear, read wi' a different intent, and are no happy except when doubtin' and makin holes in the wab o' their faith—and it's that that gars me anticipate less good frae their improvement.

NORTH.

When religion and worldly knowledge go hand in hand, then indeed will education benefit all classes; but in towns, James, they are divorced—ay, religion is left out of sight—our philanthropists tell us that it must be trusted to every man's own conscience.

SHEPHERD.

And therefore it is forgotten, neglected, droops, and dies. But it's no sae in the kintra; an unbeliever there would be despised and hated, and nobody would trust him—nay, he would be hooted down wi' hisses and laughter, and outargued by ony auld woman that would yoke till him, till the coof would be tongue-tied like a dumbie.

NORTH.

James, I love to hear your voice. An Esquimaux would feel himself getting civilized under it—for there's sense in the very sound. A man's character speaks in his voice, even more than in his words. These he may utter by rote—but his "voice is the man for a' that"—and betrays or divulges his peculiar nature.

SHEPHERD.

I've often thocht and felt that, though I dinna recollect ever coming out wi't. What a weight o' wisdom in some auld men's voices! maist as muckle's in their een, or the shake o' their hoary heads! Years speak in the laigh, quate, solemn sound—you hear experience in a verra whusper—and what a lesson in ae sich! Ay, Mr North, aften and aften hae I felt a' that, when sittin' in a corner o' the room on the same chair wi' a bit lassie, when I hae chanced to hear the gudeman near the ingle speakin' lown to the wife or weans, in advice or admonition. O! but the human voice is a mysterious instrument.

NORTH.

Do you like my voice, James? I hope you do.

SHEPHERD.

I wad ha'e kent it, Mr North, on the Tower o' Babel, on the day o' the great hubbub. I think Socrates maun ha'e had just sic a voice—ye canna weel ca't sweet—for it's ower intellectual for that—ye canna ca't saft, for even in its aigh notes there's a sort o' birr, a sort o' a dirl that betokens power—ye canna e't hairsh, for angry as ye may be at times, it's aye in tune frae the fineness o'

your ear for music—ye canna ca't sherp, for it's aye sae na'tral—and flett it cud never be, gin you were even gi'en owre by the doctors. It's maist the only voice I ever heard, that you can say is at ance persuawsive and commanding—you micht fear't, but you maun love't—and there's no a voice in all his Majesty's dominions, better framed by nature to hold communion with friend or foe. But arena ye gayen sair cauld'd the nicht? for you're hoarse and husky—yet that only gars you jirt out the words wi' additional smeddum, that gies an editorial authority to your verra monosyllables, and prophesies a gran' Number o' the Magazine for April.

NORTH.

My son, James, you know the weak points of the old man.

SHEPHERD.

Filial piety, father—filial piety. O but some voices are just perfectly detestable. There's your wee bit sma', thin, peepin', cheepin', chirpin', wunnel-strae bit o' a viecey, that'll never be at peace—mouth sma', teeth sma', tongue sma', head sma', brains sma', the cretur himself sma', sma'—yet heich as Tintock in his ain estimation, and hauding up the weel-shaved chin o' him in a maist bardy and impertinent manner, across the table in Mr Blackwood's chop.

NORTH.

That contributor, James, is dead.

SHEPHERD.

Dead, say ye? The Lord be thanked! Then there's the skraigh. The chiel wi' the skraigh makes a soun' whenever he bursts out a speakin', like a great big midden pootry fool, purshued by a ggem-cock. The pootry keeps quate wi' his came, and wattles in a hole till ggemy gies him a spur or twa on the hurdies, and then he skraighs out fire and murder, and doon the loan as fast's he can fugey, whiles rinnin', and whiles fleein', and whiles atween the twa, but a' the time skraighing till ye may hear him, on a lowh day, at every farmhouse in the parish.

NORTH.

That contributor, James, is now in Italy.

SHEPHERD.

Skraighin in Florence, and Pisa, and Rome, and Napples. But there's a hantle mair o' them besides him in particular. What the deevil sud hinner onybody frae modulating their vice, and no terrifyin' Christian people wi' sic fearfu' out-breakin' o' inhuman soun's, waur than the nutmeg-graters in Brobdinag?—Shall I go on wi' the gamut o' grievances?

NORTH.

Perge, puer.

SHEPHERD.

What think ye o' the penny trumpet?—The penny-trumpeter, ye ken, sir, is aye a Whiglet o' laigh degree—far doon the steps and stairs o' the pairty—just stannin' wi' his bare soles on the rug. But the cretur's just perfectly happy—happier than either you or me, Mr North—wi' his musical instrument held to the mouth o' him, wi' an air o' as meikle grandeur as if he were a trumpeter in the Life Guards, and had blawn at Waterloo. The cheeks o' him are puffed up, like twa red apples a wee blistered on the fire, and the watery een o' him are glowering in his head like the last twa oysters left on the board—and then he gives vent to the thochts within him through the penny trumpet! A dry, cracket, fushionless, withered, wooden, timmer, tantarara o' ae single note, that the puir, silly bit Whiglet takes for a tune!

NORTH.

I know him, James—I know him. He is Wellington's great enemy in the Edinburgh Review, and about two years ago cut up Canning. But give us some more of the squad.

SHEPHERD.

What think ye, sir, o' the lisp and the burr foregatherin' in ane and the same mouth? You wonder gin he's an even-down idiot the man you're speaking wi'—the lisp's sae bairnly; but you soon begin to suspect a whilly-wha, for the burr has a pawky expression that's no canny; so finnin' yourself no very com-

fortable between knave and fool, you tak the road, and aff to the Auld Town to denner.

NORTH.

James, the toothache, wi' his venom'd stang, has been tormenting me all this evening. Excuse my saying but little; but I am quite in the mood for listening, and I never heard you much better.

SHEPHERD.

I'm glad o't. Some folk when they speak remind me o' a callant learning to play upon the ffoot. Their tone is gayen musical, but wants vareeity, and though sweetish, is wersh, like the tone o' the ffoot. Then what puffin' and spittin' o' wind and water! Mercy on us! ye canna hear the tune for the splutter, unless you gang into anither room. What's that, sir,—you're pittin' into your mouth?

NORTH.

The depilatory of Spain, James, a sovereign remedy for the toothache.

SHEPHERD.

Take a mouthfu' o' speerit, and keep whurlin' t' aboot in your mouth—dinna spit it out—but ower wi't—then anither, and anither, and anither—and nae mair toothach in your stumps than in a fresh stab in my garden-paling.

NORTH.

James, is my cheek swelled?

SHEPHERD.

Let's tak the cawnel, and hae a right vizey. Swalled! The tae side o' your face, man, is like a haggis, and a' the colours o' the rainbow. We maun apply leeches. I daursay Mrs Awmrose has a dizen in bottles in the house—but if no, I'll rin mysel to the laboratory.

NORTH.

The paroxysm is past—proceed.

SHEPHERD.

Weel—then there's the pig-stye style o' conversation—(though my name is Hogg, I'll no blink it)—grunt, bubble, and squeak. The pig-stye-style-o'-conversation talker begins like a soo wi' his snout nuzzlin' in the dirty straw—you kenna weel what he's searchin' after. By degrees, he grows into a grunt, but no a verra muckle or lang ane—a kind o' intermittent grunt, sic like as the soo itsel maks as it pits its snout outower the door-way o' its stye, when it sees the wind or a wanderer gaun past the premises. As the chiel waxes warm in argument, then he's like the soo in full grunt, rampaging round and round the stye, like a verra lion o' the forest. Face him, and he gangs sae mad wi' anger, that the grunt in perfec' wudness breaks asunder into squeaks and squeals, as if he were treading down the wee piggies aneath his cloots. The leeterary gentlemen sitting roun' the table in the middle chop, rise in a fricht, and, laying down the newspapers, mak for the front-door.—Is that contributor dead too, sir? Oh! say that he's dead too!

NORTH.

No, James, I cannot say so. The monster is alive, and was in the shop this blessed day.

SHEPHERD.

After a', sir, I dinna ken gin he's waur to thole than the great big mad Heelan-bagpipe. You ken the Captain—and you've heard him speakin. Weel, then, just suppose a Heelan-bagpipe gane mad, and broken out o' the mad-house, pursued by a dizen keepers, every one wi' a strait waistcoat in his haun, and the Distracted Drone loupin' intil No. 17, Prince's Street, and never stoppin till he rowled awa through baith chops, richt into the Sanctum Sanctorum—a' the while yelling, and shrieking, and groaning a gathering o' a' the clans o' the Bulls o' Bashan.

NORTH.

Oh! James! James! Captain M'Turk is still alive. Apoplexy has no more power over his life than that fall he got last winter out of a fourth-flat window. Here he was in the shop this day with his broad purpled Gaelic face; and the moment he began to speak, although all the double doors between him and us were shut, we thought it was the competition of pipers. We could endure him in Glenmore—but oh! James! think of the Captain in an adja-

cent room only twenty feet by fifteen! Several large spiders plumped down in terror from the roof, with broken suspension-gear, on the Leading Article—and the mouse I have tamed, so that he will nibble a crumb out of our Troy-defending right-hand, leapt off the green table in trepidation, as if scared by a visionary grimalkin. But are you as difficult to please, James, with faces as with voices?

SHEPHERD.

Ten times waur. There's no ae man's face amang a hunder that I can thole. It's no features, though they're bad aneuch in general, but the expression that makes me skunner. There are four kinds o' expression mair especially odious—conçate, cunning, malice, and hypocrisy—and you would wonder how prevalent they are in a Christian country. First, Conçate. The cretur's face smirks, and smiles, and salutes you, and seems doing justice to your genius. You are put aff your guard, and think him agreeable. But a' at aince, the expression glowers on you, and you see it's conçate. The cauld-rifed cretur has never read a word o' the Queen's Wake in his days, and is pawtroneezin' the Shepherd. He nods when you speak, and cries Ha! ha! ha! as if you wanted the encouragement o' him, and the like o' him—and asks you, aiblins, to twa-three potawtoes and a poached egg smooored in speenage at sooper, to meet half-a-dozen auld women, a writer o' sharawds, and some misses wi' albums. That's the conçated face.

NORTH.

Ex-editors of defunct magazines and journals—briefless advocates, with some small sinecure office—authors of pamphlets about canals, rail-roads, and gas-lights, and phrenologers.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, and mony mair beside. Second, Cunning. You canna get a steady look o' his een, and only the whites o' them are visible. He's aye wink, winkin', and turning awa his face, and puing his hat ower his broos. About five minutes after you hae answered a question, he refers to your answer, as if he had taen it doon in short han', although at the time he never seemed to heed or hear't—and puts constructions upon wee bit senseless words, that served to eke out a sentence into grammar—and draws conclusions as to your political, and religious, and moral opinions, frae sic downright havers as a man generally speaks in a forenoon in the chop. As for his ain opinions—na, na—he'll no let them out—and after askin' you a hundred ill-mannered questions, he pretends to be dull o' hearin' when you spier the simplest ane at him, or else changes the discourse, or bamboozles you wi' a vocabulary o' mere words, or comes out wi' the biggest brazen-faced lee that ever crawled across a table. A' the while—oh, man! the face o' him looks cunnin', cunnin'—and I could just spit in't, when I think sic treatment possible frae man to man. That's the cunnin' face.

NORTH.

Malice?

SHEPHERD.

The corners o' the mouth drawn doon, sae that the mouth is a curve or a crescent. When he lauchs, there's nae noise, and a kind o' toss o' his head. The brow just aboon his een's wrinkled—no furrowed, for only the nobler passions plough—but swarmin' wi' beggarly wrinkles—a restless, sneerin', and red ee, a wee blude-shot, gayen' piercin', but noo and than wi' a feared look, and never happy. The nose o' him raither hyuckit, and aften a drap at the neb o't; for he's nae that weel, and subject to headaches. He shakes hauns wi' you as if you had the plague; and as for his ain haun, it's cauld and clammy as a bunch o' cawndle-dowps. The hail countenance is sickly and cadaverous; and if I'm no mista'en, his breath has a bad smell; for malice has aye a weak digestion, and the puir yellow deevil's aften sick, sick.

NORTH.

Hypocrisy, James?

SHEPHERD.

A smooth, smug, oily physiognomy, wi' lang, lank, black hair. The cheeks never muve, nae mair than gin they were broads; and there is a preceese sedateness about the mouth, that wadna be sae very ugly if you didna ken it

was a' put on for some end, and contrairy to the laws o' nature. It maun be contrairy to the laws o' nature to haud fast the lips o' your mouth like them o' a vice in a smiddy; for the mouth is formed to be aye openin' and shuttin' again, and there's a thoosand opportunities for baith in the coorse o' a day—eatin', drinkin', talkin', lauchin', smilin', yawnin', gapin', starin' wi' your mouth open at a strange-lookin' chiel, or ony ither phenomenon, waitin' for onybody gaun to speak, catchin' flees, gironin', breathin', and sleepin', waukin', or haffins and atween the twa, hearkening to a sermon; in short, I scarcely ken when your mouth sudna be either wide or a wee open, savin' and exceptin' when you gang into the dookin' and try the divin'.

NORTH.

Hark, hark, James—you have overrun the scent—the hypocrite has stole away.—Tallyho, tallyho—yonder he goes, all in black, round the corner o' the kirk.

SHEPHERD.

His een are aften a licht grey, like that o' a twa-days-pooked grozet—and afraid they may be seen through; look at him, lo, he half closes them, as if he were aye praying, or gaun to pray, and then lifts them up, wi' a slaw shake or whawmel o' the head—lifts them up audaciously to Heaven.

NORTH.

Excuse exterior, James—he is probably a pure-minded, pure-living man.

SHEPHERD.

He pure leevin'—the clarty cretur! Just soomin' in the sensuality o' ane and a' o' the appetees! O man! gin ye but saw him eatin'! The fat o' hens comes oozing through his cheeks—and the cheek-banes, or the jaw-banes, I never could mak out which, make a regular jointlike clunk every mouthfu' he devoors. He helps himself at ither folk's tables, wi' a lang airm, to the sappiest dishes—and never ca's on the lass for bread. He's nae bread-eater, nor potawtoes either—naithin' but flesh will satisfy the carnal chiel within him—and afore he's half done denner, what wi' cleanin' his han's on't, and what wi' dichtin' his creeshy gab, the towel athort his thees is a' crumpled up like a nicht-cap frae an auld gentleman's pow that wears powther and pomatum.

NORTH.

James—James—remember where you are—no coarseness.

SHEPHERD.

Then to see him sittin' a' the time beside the verra bonniest bit lassie in a' the pairty! Leanin' his great, broad, yellow, sweaty cheeks, within an inch of her innocent carnations! Sweet simple girl—she thinks him the holiest o' men—and is blind and deaf to his brutalities. O save the lintwhite frae the hoolet's nest! But the puir bonny boardin'-school lassie has siller—a hantle o' siller—thousands o' poun's, aiblins five or sax—and in twa-three years ye see her walkin' by her lane, wi' a girlish face, but white and sorrowful, leadin' a toddlin' bairn in her hand, and anither visible aneath her breast, nae husband near her, to gie her his arm in that condition—nae decent servant lass to help her wi' the wean—but quite her 'lane, no very weel dressed, and careless careless, speakin' to nane she meets, and saunterin' wi' a sair heart down the unfrequented lanes, and awa' into a field to sit down on the ditch-side weepin'; while her wee boy is chasing the butterflies among the flowers.

NORTH.

Look at Tickler and Mullion yonder—playing at backgammon!

SHEPHERD.

Safe us—sae they are! Weel, do ye ken, I never ance heard the rattlin' o' the dice the haill time we were speakin'. You was sae enterteenan, Mr North—sae eloquent—sae philosophical.

MULLION.

That's twa ggems, Mr Tickler. Hurra, hurra, hurra!

SHEPHERD.

Od, man, Mullion, to hear ye hurrain' that gate, ane wald think ye had never won onything a' your lifetime afore. When you hae been coortin', did ye never hear a saft hiegh voice saying, "Oo ay?" And did you get up, and wave your han' that way roun' your head, and cry, Hurra, hurra, hurra, like a Don Cossack?

MULLION.

Do not cut me up any more to-night, James—let us be good friends. I beg pardon for snoring yestreen—forgive me, or I must go—for your satire is terrible.

SHEPHERD.

You're a capital clever chiel, Mullion. I was just tryin' to see what effect severity o' manner and sarcasm wud hae upon you, and I'm content wi' the result o' the experiment. You see, Mr North, there's Mullion, and there's millions o' Mullions in the world, whenever he sees me frichtened for him, or modest like, which is my natural disposition, he rins in upon me like a terrier gaun to pu' a badger. That's a' I get by actin' on the defensive. Sometimes, therefore, as just noo, I change my tactics, and at him open-mouthed, tooth an' nail, down wi' him, and worry him, as if I were a grew and him a bit leveret. That keeps him quate for the rest o' the nicht, and then the Shepherd can tak his swing without let or interruption.

TICKLER.

I have not lost a game at backgammon these five years!

SHEPHERD.

What a lee! The tailor o' Yarrow Ford dang ye a' to bits, baith at gammon and the dambrod, that day I grupp'd the sawmont wi' the wee midge-flee. You were perfectly black in the face wi' anger at the boddie—but he had real scientific genius in him by the gift o' nature the tailor o' Yarrow Ford, and could rin up three columns o' feegures at a time, no wi' his finger on the slate, but just in his mind's ee, like George Bidder, or the American laddie Colburn.

NORTH.

Gaming is not a vice, then, in the country, James?

SHEPHERD.

There's little or nae sic thing as gamblin' in the kintra, sir. You'll fin' a pack o' cairds in mony o' the houses—but no in them a'—for some gude fathers o' families think them the deevil's buiks, and sure aneuch when ower muckle read they begin to smell o' sulphur and Satan.

NORTH.

Why, James, how can old people, a little dim-eyed or so, while an occasional evening away better than at an innocent and cheerful game at cards?

SHEPHERD.

Haud your haun' a wee, Mr North. I'm no saying onything to the reverse. But I was sayin' that there are heads o' families that abhor cairds, and would half-kill their sons and daughters were they to bring a pack into the house. Neither you nor me wull blame them for sic savin' prejudice. The austere Calvinistic spirit canna thole to think that the knave o' spades should be lying within twa three inches o' the Bible. The auld stern man wud as soon forgie the introduction into the house o' base ballads o' sinfu' love—and wishes that the precincts be pure o' his ain fire-side. Though I take a ggem o' whust now and then mysel, yet I boo to the principle, and I venerate the adherence till't in the high-souled patriarchs of the Covenant.

NORTH.

Perhaps such strict morality is scarcely practicable in our present condition.

SHEPHERD.

What, do you maiteen that cairds are absolutely necessary in a puir man's house? Tuts! As for auld dim-eyed people, few o' them, except they be blin' a'thegither, that canna read big prent wi' powerfu' spees, and they can aye get, at the warst, some bit wee idle Oe to read out aloud to its grannies, without expense o' oil or cawnel, by the heartsome ingle-light. You'll generally fin' thatauld folk that plays cairds, have been raither freevolous, and no muckle addicked to thoct—unless they're greedy, and play for the pool, which is fear-some in auld age; for what need they care for twa three brass penny-pieces, for ony ither purpose than to buy nails for their coffin?

NORTH.

You push the argument rather far, James.

SHEPHERD.

Na, sir. Avarice is a failing o' auld age sure aneuch—and shouldna be fed by the Lang Ten. I'm aye somewhat sad when I see folk o' eighty haudin' up the trumps to their rheumy een, and shaking their heads, whether they wull or no, ower a gude and a bad haun' alike. Then, safe on us! only think o' their cheatin'—revokin'—and marking mair than they ought wi the counters!

NORTH.

The picture is strongly coloured; but could you not paint another less revolting, nay, absolutely pleasant, nor violate the truth of nature?

SHEPHERD.

I'm no quite sure. Perhaps I micht. In anither condition o' life—in towns, and among folk o' a higher rank, I dinna deny that I hae seen auld leddies playing cards very composedly, and without appearin' to be doin' onything that's wrang. Before you judge richtly o' ony ae thing in domestic life, you maun understan' the hail constitution o' the economy. Noo, auld leddies in towns dress somewhat richly and superbly, wi' ribbons, and laces, and jewels even, and caps munted wi' flowers and feathers; and I'm no blamin' them—and then they dine out, and gang to routes, and gie dinners and routes in return, back to hunders o' their friends and acquaintance. Noo, wi' sic a style and fashion o' life as that, caird-playing seems to be somewhat accordant, if taken in moderation, and as a quiet pastime, and no made a trade o', or profession, for sake o' filthy lucre. I grant it harmless; and gin it maks the auld leddies happy, what richt hae I to mint ony objections? God bless them, man; far be it frae me to curtail the resources o' auld age. Let them play on, and all I wish is, they may never lose either their temper, their money, nor their natural rest.

NORTH.

And I say God bless you, James, for your sentiments do honour to humanity.

SHEPHERD.

As for young folks—lads and lasses, like—when the gudeman and his wife are gaen to bed, what's the harm in a ggem at cairds? It's a chearfu', noisy sicht o' comfort and confusion. Sic luckin' into ane anither's haun's! Sic fause shufflin'! Sic unfair dealin'! Sic winkin' to tell your pairtner that ye hae the king or the ace! And when that wunna do, sic kickin' o' 'shins and treadin' on taes aneath the table—aften the wrang anes! Then down wi' your haun' o' cairds in a clash on the broad, because you've ane ower few, and the coof maun lose his deal! Then what gigglin' amang the lasses! What amicable, nay, love-quarrels, between pairtners! Jokin', and jestin' and tauntin', and toozlin'—the cawnel blawn out, and the soun' o' a thousan' kisses! That's caird-playing in the kintra, Mr North; and whare's the man amang ye that wull daur to say that it's no a pleasant pastime o' a winter's nicht, when the snaw is cumin' doon the lum, or the speat's roarin amang the mirk mountains?

NORTH.

Wilkie himself, James, is no more than your equal.

SHEPHERD.

O man, Mr North, sir, my heart is wae—my soul's sick—and my spirit's wrathfu', to think o' thae places in great cities which they ca'—Hells!

NORTH.

Thank Heaven, my dear James, that I never was a gambler—nor, except once, to see the thing, ever in a Hell. But it was a stupid and passionless night—a place of mean misery—altogether unworthy of its name.

SHEPHERD.

I'm glad you never went back, and that the deevil was in the dumps; for they say that some nights in thae Hells, when Satan and Sin sit thegither on ae chair, he wi' his arm roun' the neck o' that Destruction his daughter, a horrible temptation invades men's hearts and souls, drivin' and draggin' them on to the doom o' everlasting death.

NORTH.

Strong language, James—many good and great men have shook the elbow.

SHEPHERD.

Come, come now, Mr North, and dinna allow paradox to darken or obscure

the bright licht o' your great natural and acquired understandin'. "Good and great" are lofty epithets to bestow on ony man that is born o' a woman—and if ony such there have been who delivered themselves up to sin, and shame, and sorrow, at the ggeming-table; let their biographers justify them—it will gie me pleasure to see them do't—but such examples shall never confound my judgment o' right or wrang. "Shake the elbow indeed!" What mair does a parricide do but "shake his elbow," when he cuts his father's throat? The gamester shakes his elbow, and down go the glorious oak trees planted two hundred years ago, by some ancestor who loved the fresh smell o' the woods—away go—if entail does no forbid—thousands o' bonny braid acres, ance a' ae princely estate, but now shivered down into beggarly parshels, while the Auld House seems broken-hearted, and hangs down its head, when the infatuated laird dies or shoots himself. Oh, man! is nae it a sad thocht to think that my leddy, aye sae gracious to the puir, should hae to lay down her carriage in her auld age, and disappear frae the Ha' into some far-aff town or village, perhaps no in Scotland ava', while he, that should hae been the heir, is apprenticed to a writer to the signet, and becomes a money-scrivener i' his soul, and aiblins a Whig routin' at a public meetin' about Queens, and Slavery, and Borough Reform, and Cautholic Emancipation, and—

NORTH.

No politics, James, if you love me. No politics, my dear Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

I ance dreamed I was in ane o' thae Hells. 'Wud you like to hear my dream?

NORTH.

See, Mullion and Tickler are at the dice again!—Yes, James.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, man! but they look ugly the noo, baith o' them. Only see Mullion's een—how gleg and glowrin' in perfec greed and glory—for he's evidently gotten the better just noo—and the hail being o' the cretur is made up o' avarice, and vanity, and a' freenship for Tickler dead in his heart. Sin' a game o' backgammon for half-a-crown can produce a' that upon sic a real worthy chiel as the Secretary—think o' what they ca' hawzard for thousands o' gold guineas, and bars o' solid bullion!

NORTH.

But the dream, James, the dream!

SHEPHERD.

I faund mysel suddenly, without warnin' and without wonder, (for wha wonders at changes even in the laws o' nature hersel in dreams?) in a lamp-lighted ha', furnished like a palace, and fu' o' weel-dressed company, the feck o' them sittin' round a great green central table, wi' a' the paraphernalia o' destruction, and a' the instruments o' that dreadfu' trade.

NORTH.

You did not, I hope, James, recognize any of our friends there?

SHEPHERD.

No, sir, I did not—yet although a' the faces were new to me, I didna feel as if they were new; but I joined amang them without askin' questions wha they were, and was in a manner whirl'd about in the same vortex.

NORTH.

James, you surely did not play?

SHEPHERD.

Nae questions. Some o' the company I took a likin' to—fine, young, tall, elegant chieles—some o' them wi' black stocks, like officers out o' regimentals—and, oh! sir, wad you believe it, twa three that I was sure were o' the clergy—and ane or twa mere bairns, that couldna be aboon saxteen—a' these, and ithers beside, I felt my heart warm towards, and melt too wi' a sensation maist sickenin' o' kindness and pity, for although they tried to be merry and careless, atween the chances o' the game, their een and their features betrayed the agitation o' their souls; and I couldna but wonder why the puir deluded creatures pat themsels voluntarily into sic rackin' misery.

NORTH.

These were the pigeons of your vision, James.

SHEPHERD.

Mixed among these were many middle-aged men, wi naithin' verra ken-speckle about them, but a steady dour look no to be penetrated, and a callous cruelty in their e'en, sic as I ance observed among a knot o' Englishers at an execution in Embro', who aye kept whisperin' to ane anither, when the Forger was stannin' on the scaffold, and then lookin' at him, and then rather lauchin'—though he had been ane o' their ain gang afore condemnation.

NORTH.

Greeks, James, Greeks.

SHEPHERD.

Then, oh sir! oh sir! only think on't; white silvery-haired heads belonging to men between seventy and eighty years o' age, or perhaps ayont four-score, were interposed among the sitters round that terrible table. Some o' these auld men had as reverend countenances as ony elder o' the kirk—high and intellectual noses and foreheads—some wi' gold-mounted specs—and they held the cairds in their haun's just as if they had been Bibles, wi' grave and solemn—ay, even pious expression. And ever and anon great shoals o' siller were becomin' theirs, which they scarcely pretended to look at—but still they continued and continued playin', like images.

NORTH.

No dream that, James. You must have been in a Hell.

SHEPHERD.

Whisht. But a' the scene began to break up into irregularity; for the soul in sleep is like a ship in an arm o' the sea among mountains. The wund comes a hundred opposite airts, and gin she hasna' let drap her anchor, (equivalent to the soul lying dreamless,) she has sair wark to get back to the open sea.

NORTH.

The police-officers, I presume, broke your dream.

SHEPHERD.

No, Mr North, it was finally my ain distracted spirit that kicked and spurred itsel' awake—but you shall hear. The goblins a' began to rage without ony apparent cause, and the hail pairty to toss about like trees in a storm, frae the bairns to the auld men. And a' at ance, there was the flash and the crack o' a pistol, and a bonnie fair-hair'd boy fell aff his chair a' in a low, for the discharge had set him on fire—and bluidy, bluidy was his pale face, as his ain brither lifted his shattered head frae the floor.

NORTH.

My God, James, did you not awake then?

SHEPHERD.

Awake! I didna' ken I was sleepin'. I wush I had, for it was a dismal hour. Nane o' the auld grey-headed men moved a muscle—but they buttoned up their pouches—and tuk their great-coats aff pegs on the wa', and without speakin' disappeared. Sae did the lave, only wi' fear and fright—and nane but me and the twa brithers was left—brithers, I saw, they were, for like were they as twa flowers, the ane o' which has had its stalk broken, and its head withered, while the ither, although unhurt, seems to droop and mourn, and to hae lost maist o' its beauty.

NORTH.

[There is truth—sad truth in dreams.

SHEPHERD.

I heard him ravin' about his father and his mother, and the name o' the place the auld folk lived in—and ane he ca'd Caroline! His dead brither's sweetheart! We were on our knees beside the corpse, and he tore open the waistcoat and shirt, and put his hand to his brither's breast, in mad desperation o' hope to feel the heart beatin'. But the last sob was sobbed—and then he looked up in my face, and glowered at me like ane dimented, and asked me wha I was, and if it was me that had killed William. A' the time our knees were dabbled in the bluid—and a thousan' ghaistly lights, and shapes, and faces, wavered afore my een, and I was sick as death.

TICKLER.

What the deuce are you two talking about there, and what's the matter with the Shepherd, his face is as white as a sheet?

SHEPHERD.

I cried out to the pair fellow that I was the Ettrick Shepherd, and wud tak him to Eltrive, awa' fra a' the horrors o' Hell and Satan. And then I thoct, "Oh, dear!—oh, dear!—what wud I gie if this were but a bluidy dream!"—And thank God, a dream it was, for I brake through the trammels o' sleep wi' a groan, and a shriek, and a shiver, and a shudder, and a yell—and a happy man was I to see the sweet calm moon in the midnight lift, and to hear the murmur o' the Yarrow glidin' awa' through the silent beauty o' reposin' Nature.

NORTH.

James, you have affected me—But let us think no more about it.—Have you heard Master Aspull, James?

SHEPHERD.

Weel, as sure's ony thing, Mr North, yon's a maist extraordinary prodigy. He's music personified. His entire soul is in his ear, and yon wee bit inspired han's o' his mysteriously execute the bidding o' the genius within, and at aince delight and astonish.

NORTH.

Why don't young ladies perform on the piano better than they usually do, think ye, James? Do you generally admire their singing?

SHEPHERD.

Me admire the singing o' the Edinburgh leddies? They hae neither taste nor feeling—all taucht singers, after some parteclar moddle for ilk parteclar tune, which they stick to like grim death, without e'er askin' questions, like a parcel o' mockin' birds. Nae bursts o' native feeling, inspired at the moment by some turn in the strain—nae sudden pawthos to bring the tear into your ee—nae lively liltin' awa like a rising laverock, when the hymn should brighten in the sunshine o' the soul's expanding joy—nae plaintive pause, maist like a faint, and then a dying away o' the life o' soun' into a happy and a holy death—but everlastingly the same see-saw—the same stap at the foot o' the hill, and the same scamper up—the same helter-skelter across the flat, and the same cautious ridin' down the stony declivities. In short, their singing's perfectly tiresome, and gin it werena that I ken them itherwise, I should believe that they had nane o' them ony souls!

TICKLER.

Of all the staring troopers on the street I ever beheld in any metropolis, the Edinburgh ladies (old, young, and middle-aged) are the most bare-faced and shameless. Is there anything remarkable in my appearance?

SHEPHERD.

Naething ava, except your hicht and handsomeness, your fine ruddy cheeks and silvery locks—a star seen through a snow-cloud.

TICKLER.

All their eyes, black, blue, grey, and green, from the small blear to the great goggle, are thrust into my face. Some ladies look as they threatened to bite me—others are only hindered, by the power of a good early education, from falling on my neck and kissing me—some, with open mouths, are lost in astonishment, and, forgetting all the world but me, capsize the dandies—others go mincing by with suppressed titter or leering laugh—but not one of them all (and I mention the fact not in spite, but the deepest humility) passes by without making me the sole object of her ken. I wish to have the cause of all this explained—what have I said?—what have I done?—or am I, in good truth, the most extraordinary-looking man that has yet appeared in the world, and doomed to universal wonder all the days of my life?

SHEPHERD.

Baith pairties are to blame. You see, Mr Tickler, you haud your head, as I observed, ower heigh—nane better entitled to do sae—and I've seen you mysel, wi' a lang hat-crape hanging down your back, when you wasna in murnins—that surtout is very yelephant, but no common on a man o' sixty—you never walk slower than sax miles an hour, and that stick or cane o' yours is kenspele in a crowd, and would gie a clour on a man's head aneuch to produce a phrenological faculty. A' thae things pitten thegither, and ither bewsides, justifies the leddies, to a certain extent, o' their glowerin'; but still

they're muckle to blame, for naething can justify impudence and immodesty, and a man canna help haeing curious thochts about a woman whom he never saw atween the een afore, when she comes glowerin' up to his very nose, wi' her handkerchief in her hand, just like a hizzie gaun to hang up a clout on a peg; and you hae to jump backwards to save yourselves frae rinnin' foul o' ane anither, like twa cutters o' Leith smacks in the Roads.

NORTH.

I am so seldom on the streets, that I am no judge of the charges you bring against my fair towns-women. I love them with such a fatherly affection, that they may stare at me without offence; for I shall put it all down to the credit of my crutches.

MULLION.

I should like to have been t'other day at the shooting of the elephant.

TICKLER.

Well, I should not. The murder read hideously. His death was necessary—but it was bunglingly inflicted.

NORTH.

I could not but be amused with my friend Brookes' letter in the newspapers, assuring the public that he had not eat soup made of part of the putrid elephant. A surgeon may do anything of that sort with impunity—and Brookes is a first-rate surgeon.

TICKLER.

I had no idea he was so sensitive. Elephant-feet are excellent.—*Experto crede Roberto.*

SHEPHERD.

Tidbits! How are they dressed, Mr Tickler? Like sheep's-head and trotters, I presume. A capital dish for a Sabbath dinner, elephant-head and trotters. How mony could dine aff't?

TICKLER.

What a prime MART, James?

SHEPHERD

What black puddins! and oh! man, what tripe! Only think o' the ledly's hood and monyplies!—Then the marrow-banes! A' fu', it seems, o' a sort o' fluid, doubtless strang, and sappy, and esculent, and to be eaten wi' bread and a spoon. I'm gettin hungry—I've a great likin for wild beasts. Oh man! gin we had but wolves in Scotland!

TICKLER.

Why, they would make you shepherds attend a little better to your own business. How could you visit Edinburgh and Ambrose, if there were wolves in the Forest?

SHEPHERD.

I wadna grudge a score o' lambs in the year—for the wolves wou'd only raise the price o' butcher's meat—they wou'd do nae harm to the kintra. What grand sport, houndin' the wolves in singles, or pairs, or flocks, up yonder about Loch Skene!

TICKLER.

What think you of a few tigers, James?

SHEPHERD.

The royal Bengal Teegger is no indigenous in Scotland, as the wolves was in ancient times; and that's ae reason against wushin' to hae him amang us. Let the Alien Act be held in operation against him, and may he never be naturalized!

TICKLER.

What, would you be afraid of a tiger, James?

SHEPHERD.

Would I be afraid o' a teegger, Timothy? No half as afeard as you wad be yoursel. Faith, I wadna grudge gien a jug o' toddy to see ane play spang upon you frae a distance o' twenty yards, and wi' a single pat o' his paw on that pow o' yours, that ye haud so heigh, fracture your skull, dislocate your neck, crack your spine, and gar ye play tapsalteery ower a precipice into a jungle where the teegger had his bloody den.

TICKLER.

Would you give no assistance—lend no helping hand, James?

SHEPHERD.

Oo aye, me and some mair wad come to the place, in a week or twa, when we were sure the teegger had changed his feedin' grun', and wad collec the banes for Christian burial. But wad you be afraid o' teeggers, Timothy?

NORTH.

I once did a very foolish thing in the East Indies to a tiger. I was out shooting snipes, when the biggest and brightest royal tiger I have ever faced before or since, rose up with a roar like thunder, eyeing me with fiery eyes, and tusks half a foot long, and a tail terrific to dwell upon, either in memory or imagination.

SHEPHERD.

I didna ken there had been snipes in the East Indies?

NORTH.

Yes, and sepoys likewise. The tiger seemed, after the first blush of the business, to be somewhat disconcerted at the unexpected presence of the future Editor of Blackwood's Magazine; and, in a much more temperate growl, requested a parley. I hit him right in the left eye, with number 7, and the distance being little more than five paces, it acted like ball, and must have touched the brain—for never surely did Royal Tiger demean himself with less dignity or discretion. He threw about twenty somersets, one after the other, without intermission, just as you have seen a tumbler upon a spring-board. I thought I should have died with laughing. Meanwhile, I reloaded my barrel—and a wild peacock starting from cover, I could not resist the temptation, but gave away a chance against the tiger, by firing both barrels successfully against the Bird of Juno.

SHEPHERD.

I've heard you tell that story a thousan' times, Mr North; but ye'll pardon me for sayin' noo, what I only look'd before, that it's a downright lee, without ae word o' truth in't, na' even o' exaggeration. You never killed a teegger wi' snipe-shot.

NORTH.

Never, James—but I rendered him an idiot or a madman for the rest of his life. But what do you think, James, about legislating for brute animals?

SHEPHERD.

That's out o' the range o' my abelities. I ken naething about legislation. But I do ken something about humanity—and cruelty to the dumb creation is practical blasphemy, and will not go unpunished. Perhaps, now that you ax me, it's better to teach it down, and fleech it down, and preach it down, than fine it down, or imprison it down—and ae Chalmers is worth a thousan' Martins.

TICKLER.

Habits of cruelty terminate almost of necessity in atrocious crimes. The carter who brutally flogs his horse will beat his wife.

SHEPHERD.

What can ye say to a very puir blackguard, not worth ten shillings, who has coft the leevin' skeleton o' a horse for half-a-crown, that he may get a week's wear and tear out o't? He maun thump it, or it winna gang. The chiel may be sellin' sawt or bread, or some ither lawful eatables, and tryin' to manteen a family. It's a sair sight to behold the raw and bloody skeleton, but what can ye do? Is your conscience perfectly secure, when you tak' the ragged deevil afore a magistrate, and fine him out o' his starvin' wife's and weans' support? Mind that I'm no arguin'—I'm only askin' a question—nor do I want ony answer. But when you see a weel-fed hulkin' fallow, savage for nae reason at a', against the beasts entrusted to him, knock him doon wi' a stick or a stane aff the causeway—and if you fractur' his skull, and he binna married, you've performed a good action, and by takin' the law into your ain hand, done the state some service.

NORTH.

Much evil is done the cause of humanity by indiscriminate and illogical abuse of pursuits or recreations totally dissimilar. I doubt if any person can be

really humane in heart, unless really sound in head. You hear people talk of angling as cruel.

SHEPHERD.

Fools—fools—waur than fools. It's a maist innocent, poetical, moral, and religious amusement. Gin I saw a fisher gruppin' creelfu' after creelfu' o' trouts, and then flingin' them a' awa amang the heather and the brackens on his way hame, I micht begin to suspect that the idiot was by nature rather savage. But, as for me, I send presents to my freen's, and devour dizzens on dizzens every week in the family—maistly dune in the pan, wi' plenty o' fresh-butter and roun' meal—sae that prevents the possibility o' cruelty in my fishin', and in the fishin' o' a' reasonable creatures.

NORTH.

It seems fox-hunting, too, is cruel.

SHEPHERD.

To wham? Is't cruel to dowgs, to feed fifty or sixty o' them on crackers and ither sorts o' food, in a kennel like a Christian house, wi' a clear burn flowin' through't, and to gie them twice a-week, or aftner, during the season, a bratlin' rin o' thretty miles after a fox? Is that cruelty to dowgs?

NORTH.

But the fox, James?

SHEPHERD.

We'll come to the fox by and by. Is't cruel to horses, to buy a hundred o' them for ae Hunt, rarely for less than a hundred pounds each, and aften for five hundred, to feed them on five or sax feeds o' corn per diem—and to gie them skins as sleek as satin—and to gar them nicher wi' fu'ness o' bluid, sae that every vein in their bodies starts like sinnies—and to gallop them like deevils in a hurricane, up hill and down brae, and loup or soom canals and rivers, and flee ower hedges, and dykes, and palings, like birds, and drive crashin' through woods like elephants or rhinoceroses—a' the while every coarser flingin' fire-flaughts frae his een, and whitenip' the sweat o' speed wi' the foam o' fury—I say, ca' you that cruelty tae horses, whan the Hunt charge with all their chivalry, and plain, mountain, or forest, are shook by the quadripedal thunder?

NORTH.

But the fox, James?

SHEPHERD.

We'll come to the fox by and by. Is't cruel to men to inspirit wi' a ram-pagin' happiness five score o' the flower o' England or Scotland's youth, a' wi' caps and red coats, and whups in their hauns—a troop of lauchin', tearin', tallyhoin', "wild and wayward humourists," as the Doctor ca'd them the tither Sunday?

NORTH.

I like the expression, James.

SHEPHERD.

So do I—or I would not have quoted it. But it's just as applicable to a set o' outrageous ministers, eatin' and drinkin', and guffawin', at a Presbytery dinner.

NORTH.

But the fox, James?

SHEPHERD.

We'll come to the fox by and by. Is't cruel to the lambs, and leverets, and geese, and turkeys, and dyucks, and patricks, and wee birds, and ither animal eatables, to kill the fox that devoors them, and keeps them in perpetual het water?

NORTH.

But the fox, James?

SHEPHERD.

Deevil take baith you and the fox—I said that we would come to the fox by and by. Weel, then, wha kens that the fox is na away snorin' happy afore the houn's? I hae nae doubt he is, for a fox's no sae complete a coward as to think huntin' cruel, and his hail nature is then on the alert, which in itsel is happiness. Huntin' him prevents him fa'en into languor and ennui, and growin' ower fat on how-towdies. He's no killed every time he's hunted.

NORTH.

Why, James, you might write for the Annals of Sporting.

SHEPHERD.

So I do sometimes—and mair o' ye than me, I jalouse; but I was gaun to ask ye, if ye could imagine the delight o' a fox gettin' into an undiggable earth, just when the leadin' houn' was at his hainches? Ae sic moment is aneuch to repay half an hour's draggie through the dirt, and he can lick himsel clean at his leisure, far ben in the cranny o' the rock, and come out a' tosh and tidy by the first dawn o' licht, to snuff the mornin' air, and visit the distant farm-house before Partlet has left her perch, or Count Crow lifted his head from beneath his oter on his shed-seraglio.

NORTH.

Was ye ever in at a death?—Is not that cruel?

SHEPHERD.

Do you mean in at the death o' ae fox, or the death o' 100,000 men and 60,000 horses? The takin' o' a Brush, or a Borodino?

NORTH.

My dear James, thank ye for your argument. As one Chalmers is worth a thousand Martins, so is one Hogg worth a thousand Chalmerses.

SHEPHERD.

Ane may weel lose patience, to think o' fules being sorry for the death o' a fox. When the jowlers tear him to pieces, he shows fecht, and gangs aff in a snarl. Hoo could he die mair easier?—and for a' the gude he has ever dune, or was likely to do, he surely had leaved lang aneuch.

TICKLER.

No man who can ride, and afford to keep a hunter or two, ever abused fox-hunting. The English clergy are partial to it, and sometimes partake of the pastime. Our Scottish ministers are too poor, and consequently content themselves with shooting or angling—especially the latter.

SHEPHERD.

And the unfairest o' a' fishers that ever flogged water! Rather than that you should fish a fine pool, when they are afraid you'll gang by them, gin they taigle at it themsels, ministers'll no scruple to fling in turf torn frae the bank, to mak the water ower drumlie for the flee! Isna that mean and greedy? But ministers aye fish for the pat, and the gutsy weans.

TICKLER.

I know one minister, James, over in the kingdom of Fife, who would give the devil himself fair play at a match of angling; and that, considering his cloth and calling, glorifies his character as a sportsman.

SHEPHERD.

I ken wha you mean. Gin a' ministers were like him, Satan wad never daur to show his face in Scotland, frae ae end o' the week to the ither. For he canna stand integrity and the bauld face o't, but rins aff wi' his tail atween his legs, and never keeks ower his shouther till he has got back to the mouth o' his kennel, and gets the imps to rub him wi' sulphur; for the Deevil or Dog o' Hawdes has aye the distemper.

TICKLER.

The idiots, too, tell you that pugilism is the worst of all cruelty. Tom Crib's health, if you please, Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

I hae na the least objection. I'm no a fechtin' man, and ken naething about pugilism. But twa stout young fallows daudin ane anither about for an hour wi' their neives, is no at a' like a dizzen deevils o' bill-dowgs in succession, tearin' the nose, and lips, and tongue o' a bill. The man that says that the boxing's the warst o' the twa, is just a damned idiwut—and should be tain afore a magistrate, and fined roundly, or sent to the tread-mill, for an unprincipled, irreligious, and maist unnatural leear.

TICKLER.

What, James, do the Forest-lads ever take a turn-up at a fair or wedding?

SHEPHERD.

Ower aften—peace is best. But I ne'er heard fechtin' ca'd cruel about the

Border. They do gie iither desperate paiks—baith up and down—for they're no nice that way; but gin there be ony cruelty in the business o' a black ee and a bloody nose, our folk are sae stupid that they hae never yet fand it out. It's a' cant and effeminacy.

NORTH.

There is a good deal of ignorance in it. Many people have from their youth up been unaccustomed to all athletic exercises—and to them a box on the ear is a very awful concern. But they will lie back, three in a post-chaise, with heavy luggage, and miry up-hill roads, and snore through a fifteen mile-stage of a stormy winter night, without once thinking of the spavined, and wind-galled, and foundered pair of dying hacks, that have dragged them to a fat supper, and a warming-par'd bed.

SHEPHERD.

Farmers' horses are a very happy class of people—hard workit to be sure, and at times sair galloped, when master or man has had a drap ower much; but weel fed and fodder'd, and treated like brithers. Cows, too, are very happy—and saw ye ever the like o' calves wi' their tails up, and covin wi' their buddin' foreheads, and funkin wi' their hind-legs, till they're breathless on the knowe? The rural brute-population are happy. We farmers and shepherds mak them sae—or rather we help—for nature pours happiness into the hearts o' a' creturs, and they a' enjoy life till the inevitable but unapprehended day.

NORTH.

How much pleasanter, James, this our little *partie quarrè*, than yesterday's lumbering dinner-throng? There could not have been fewer than twenty?

SHEPHERD.

I agree wi' you, sir. It's just the maist difficult thing in a' this world to ken hoo to keep up a conversation in a mixed pairty. Out o' ony dizen there's aye three or four sure to poishon the evening. Ae cretur begins upon paintin', perhaps—no the Director-general, for I like to hear him—and keeps deavin' ye wi' his buttery touches, and the Exhibition, frae the time o' the cheese and speerits, a' the way on, without interruption, to that o' the porter and red herrings. No anither topic the hail nicht but paintin'. A' the lave o' us clean lose the power o' utterance, and sit fillin' up tumbler after tumbler maist disconsolately, the toddy having lost' a' taste, and a' power o' fuddlin', except mere stupefication o' the head.

TICKLER.

Or some infernal idiot begins upon Political Economy, and to his own refutation, without any demand, gives you a supply of raw material that fills the whole room with the smell of hides, blubber, and barilla. You might think him one of the "Twa Stirks," that, in absence of the Stot, mislead the Scotsman. The dolt drivels his way between truism and paradox, feeble and fumbling, and with the intellect of a sticket man-milliner.

NORTH.

With the exception of about half-a-dozen, one or two of whom are of doubtful claims, all these gentry are the most vulgar and most vapid of praters and scribblers. Incapable of comprehending any ordinary and every-day subject, and knowing that they would expose themselves to detection and ridicule the moment they presumptuously opened mouth in company on such topics as gentlemen of education usually converse about, they think to shroud their imbecility and ignorance in—Science, the science of Political Economy!

TICKLER.

O the hideous jabber of the foolish knaves! But be you strong of stomach, and, as the Shepherd would say, dinna scunner—keep down your rising gorge—scrutinize the paltry prate of the pretenders—and you find them ignorant even of the common rules of arithmetic. They would fain fling flour in your eyes—or knock you down with a bar of bullion—but strip their tongues of this jargon, translate the gabble into English, and the would-be Malthus, or Ricardo, or Tooke, or Mushet, or Buchanan, stares round the company with his vacant and nonplussed eyes, and then vainly tries to recover the balance of power by an undue absorption of the circulating medium.

NORTH.

In short, you laugh the man of Science into a sulky drunkard, and he and his Principles and Elements of Political Economy lie snoring together below the mahogany, till getting offensive, mine host calls in the chairman from the corner, and bundling him into the vehicle, the room is ventilated,—export being in this case infinitely more advantageous than import, and society benefitted by getting suddenly off hand so much native produce and raw material—to say nothing of Dugald and the carrying trade.

SHEPHERD.

Ha, ha, ha!—I canna help lauchin', it souns sae comical. I ken naithin' about Political Economy—but I hae observed ae thing in the kintra, and especially at the Farmer's Club at Selkirk, that the greatest gawpus's are aye speakin' about it, that can speak about naething else—and perhaps it would be fully as weel for them gin they were to read Hogg upon Sheep, and Dr Findlater. They're a' hard drinkers, too, the maist o' them—bad managers—and break,

NORTH.

James, only think of an infuriated dunce in the Scotsman declaring, that Sir Walter Scott is not entitled to offer his opinion to the public on the Currency!

SHEPHERD.

De'el tak the idiwut—what for no?

NORTH.

The subject is above and beyond his powers! The obscure and insolent lout claims the subject as his own;—he, forsooth, has read all the authors, “from Smith to Ricardo,” and calls upon the world to hold its mouth wide open, that he may administer a dose of doctrine.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo does the fule ken what Sir Walter has read or no read? And oh! sir! can ony cretur in the Scotsman be really sae weak or wicket as to think himself capable o' understandin' ony ae thing whatsomever that's ayont the grasp o' the author o' Waverley's haun'?

TICKLER.

About a thousand editors of pelting journals, and three times that number of understrappers “upon the establishment,” think themselves able to correct the errors of Adam Smith. “We cannot help being surprised that Adam Smith,” &c. and then the dunce, shutting his eyes, and clenching his fists, without the slightest provocation, runs his numscull bang against the illustrious sage.

NORTH.

Adam never so much as inclines from the centre of gravity—while the periodical meal-monger, leaving only some white on the sleeve of the old gentleman's coat, which is easily brushed off by the hand, reels off into the ditch, as if he had been repelled from the wall of a house, and is extricated by some good-natured friend, who holds him up, dirty and dripping, to the derision of all beholders.

SHEPHERD.

It's perfectly true, that a' the newspaper chiefs speak out bauldly upon the principles and yelements o' the science—and though I'm wullin to alloo that there's some verra clever fallows amang them, yet oh! man, it's mair than laughable, for it's loathsome, to hear them ca'in that ower kittle for Sir Walter that's sae easy to themselves, wha write, in my opinion, a sair splutterin style, as to langage,—and, as to thocht, they gang roun' and roun', and across and re-across, backards and forruts, out o' ae yett and in at anither, now loupin' ower the hedges, and now bringin' doun the stane-wa's,—sometimes playin' plouter into a wat place up to the oxters, and sometimes stumblin' amang stanes,—noo rinnin' fast fast, like a jowler on the scent, and then sittin' doun on a knowe, and yowlin' like a colly at the moon,—in short, like a fou' fallow that hast lost his way in a darkish nicht, and after sax hours sair and unavailing travel, is discovered snoring sound asleep on the road-side by decent folk ridin' in to the market.

NORTH.

I shall probably have two pretty stiffish articles about public men and things

in this Number ; and therefore fear that I must delay the Currency Question for another month. I shall then, in my usual way, settle it for ever.

TICKLER.

Malachi Malagrowther is in the wrong, and the Courier scribe has done him.

NORTH.

Malachi Malagrowther is in the right, and the Courier prig has done himself. I have a twenty-page article in my head ; and it will spring forth, full-grown, and armed like Minerva, from the brain of Jove.

SHEPHERD.

Ma faith ! you and Malachi 'll skelp their douns for them, and gar them skirl.

NORTH.

O Lord, James ! but the Chancellor of the Exchequer is a heavy joker ! If his taxes were as heavy as his wit, the country would indeed be sorely burthened. There is a grace and brilliancy about all Canning says, and he never makes a pass without a palpable hit. Robinson should stick to his own figures—arithmetical ones, I mean—yet there was “ Hear, hear ! ” And the Chancellor cackled, flapped his wings, and crowed after the fashion of an unwieldy barn-door fowl, who sees that a game-cock, who would kill him at a single blow, is at a safe distance in another croft, attending to his own pursuits.

TICKLER.

I disagree entirely——

SHEPHERD.

Haud your tongue, Mr Tickler. I'm quite convinced by Mr North's twenty-page article, that's to loup out like Minerva. Besides, eh ! man, a' the Englishers, like gowks, canna see that Malachi has a way o' expressin' himsel peculiar to the Malagrowthers ; and they set about answering him wi' grave faces the length o' my arm.

NORTH.

Very silly indeed, James—but there's a brow time comin'. Tickler, have you been at the Exhibition ?

TICKLER.

John Watson Gordon is great. His Dr Hunter is equal to anything of Raeburn's.

NORTH.

I doubt that.

TICKLER.

Well then—next to Raeburn—John stands among our Scottish modern portrait painters. ;

SHEPHERD.

What for does every person cry out, “ Ower many portraits, ower many portraits ? ” Can anything be mair pleasant than just a' at ance, when your freend is a thousand miles aff, or perhaps dead, to see the very cretur himsel on canvas, lookin' at you wi' a smile or a frown ?

TICKLER.

If people would not be so excessively ugly, James ! Portraits are in general very unpardonable. Mr Colvin Smith forces upon you strong and striking likenesses, and I augur well of the young man when he shall have learned to draw and colour ; but why represent all his gentlemen as half-seas over, and all his ladies as little better than they should be ?

NORTH.

Vile taste and feeling indeed ! His pictures are clever and coarse ; and woe betide the wight who passes through his hands, for he instantly loses all appearance of a gentleman.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, I just think his pictures capital. It's a' nonsense you're talkin' about leddies and gentlemen. Painters are owre fond o' flattery ; and if his portraits are vulgar, as you ca't, how can Mr Smith help that, gin he wishes to be true to his original ?

NORTH.

Simpson, in landscape, is delightful this year. He has an exquisite sense of the beautiful in scenery—and is a master of the principles of his art.

TICKLER.

Come, come, let us have no drivelling about pictures. There's the Shepherd himself, a much better painter than the best of the whole set.

NORTH.

Did you never use pencil or brush, James? I do not remember anything of yours, "by an amateur," in any of our Exhibitions.

SHEPHERD.

I've skarted some odds and ends wi' the keelavine on brown paper—and Mr Scroope tell't Sir Walter they showed a gran' natural genius. I fin' maist diffeeculty in the foreshortnin' and perspective. Things wunna retire and come forrit as I wush—and the back-grun will be the fore-grund whether I will or no. Sometimes, however, I dash the distance aff wi' a lucky stroke, and then I can get in the sheep or cattle in front, and the sketch, when you dinna stan' ower near, has a' the effect o' nature.

NORTH.

Do you work after Salvator Rosa, or Claude Lorraine, James?

SHEPHERD.

I'm just as original in paintin' as in poetry, and follow nae master! I'm partial to close scenes—a bit neuk, wi' a big mossy stane, aiblins a birk tree, a burnie maist dried up, a' but ae deep pool, into which slides a thread o' water down a rock—a shepherd readin'—nae ither leevin' thing—for the flock are ayont the knowes—and up amang the green hills—ay, anither leevin' thing, and just ane, his colley, rowed up half-asleep, wi' a pair o' lugs that still seem listenin', and his closin' een towards his maister. That's a simple matter, sir, but, properly disposed, it makes a bonny pictur.

NORTH.

I should have thought it easier to "dash off" a wide open country with the keelavine.

SHEPHERD.

So it is—I've dun a moor—gin you saw't you would doubt the earth being roun', there's sic an extent o' flat—and then, though there's nae mountain-taps, you feel you're on table-land. I contrive that by means o' the cluds. You never beheld stronger bent, some o' the stalks thick as your arm—and places wi' naething but stanes. Here and there earth-chasms, cut by the far-off folk for their peats—and on the foreground something like water, black and sullen, as if it quaked. Nae birds, but some whawps—ane fleein', and ane walkin' by itsel, and ane just showin' its lang neck amang some rushes. You think, at first, it may be the head o' a serpent—but there's nane amang our mosses, only asks, which is a sort o' lizards, or wee alligators, green, and glidin' awa without noise or rustle intil the heather. Time—evening, or rather late on in the afternoon, when Nature shows a solemn—maist an awfu' stillness—and solitude, as I hae aften thoct, is deeper than at midnight.

NORTH.

James, I will give you twenty guineas for that keelavine sketch.

SHEPHERD.

Ye'se ha't for naithin, sir, and welcome—if you'll only fastent against the wa wi' a prin, aboon the brace-piece o' your Leebrary-room. Let it be in the middle, and you sall hae Twa Briggs to hing at either side on't. The ane, a' the time I was drawin't, I could hardly persuade mysel wasna a rainbow. You see it's flung across a torrent gayen far up a hillside, and I was sittin' sketchin't a gude piece down below, on a cairn. The spray o' the torrent had wat a' the mosses, and flowers, and weeds, and sic like, on the arch, and the sun smote it wi' sudden glory, till in an instant it burst into a variegated low, and I could hae ta'en my Bible-oath it was the rainbow. Oh! man, that I had had a pallet o' colours! I'm sure I could ha'e mixed them up prismatically aneuch—yet wi' the verra mere, naked, unassisted keelavine (that day fortunately it was a red ane,) I caught the character o' the apparition, and keepin' my een for about a minute on the paper, shadin' aff and aff, you ken,

as fine as I could,—when I luckit up again, naething but a bare stane and lime Brigg, wi' an auld man sittin' on a powney, wi' his knees up to his chin, for he happened to be a cadger, and he had his creels. I felt as if it had been a' glamour. Sae muckle for ane o' the Twa Briggs.

TICKLER.

Now, James, if you please, we shall adjourn to supper. It is now exactly ten o'clock, and I smell the turkey. From seven o'clock, to this blessed moment, your tongue has never ceased wagging. I must now have my turn.

SHEPHERD.

Tak your turn, and welcome. As for me, I never speak nane during supper. But you may e'en give us a soliloquy.

NORTH.

Ten o'clock! Now, James, eye the folding-doors—for Ambrose is true to a second. Lo, and behold!

(*The doors are thrown open.*)

SHEPHERD.

Stop, Mullion, stop. What! will ye daur to walk before Mr North?—Tak my arm, sir.

NORTH.

My dear James, you are indeed my right-hand man. You are as firm as a rock. Thou art indeed the “Gentle Shepherd——”

SHEPHERD.

Gentle is that gentle does—and I hope, on the whole, nane o' my freens hae ony reason to be ashamed o' me, though I hae my failins.

NORTH.

I know not what they are, James. There—there—on the right hand—ay, say the grace, James.—Thank ye, James—we have been joking away, but now it behoves us to sit down to serious eating, while Timothy regales our ears with a monologue.

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VOL. XIX.

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS. BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

CHAPTER I.

A SLIGHT shudder came over me as I was entering the inner-court of the College of Gottingen. It was, however, but momentary ; and on recovering from it, I felt both taller, and heavier, and altogether more vigorous than the instant before. Being rather nervous, I did not much mind these feelings, imputing them to some sudden determination to the brain, or some unusual beating about the heart, which had assailed me suddenly, and as suddenly left me. On proceeding, I met a student coming in the opposite direction. I had never seen him before, but as he passed me by, he nodded familiarly—"There is a fine day, Wolstang."—"What does this fellow mean?" said I to myself. "He speaks to me with as much ease as if I had been his intimate acquaintance. And he calls me Wolstang—a person to whom I bear no more resemblance than to the man in the moon." I looked after him for some time, pondering whether I should call him back and demand an explanation ; but before I could form any resolution, he was out of my sight.

Thinking it needless to take any further notice of the circumstance, I went on. Another student, whom I did not know, now passed me.—"Charming weather, Wolstang."—"Wolstang again !" said I ; "this is insufferable. Hollo, I say ! what do you mean ?" But at this very moment he entered the library, and either did not hear my voice, or paid no attention to it.

VOL. XIX.

As I was standing in a mood between rage and vexation, a batch of Collegians came up, talking loud and laughing. Three, with whom I was intimately acquainted, took no notice of me ; while two, to whom I was totally unknown, saluted me with "Good morning, Wolstang." One of these latter, after having passed me a few yards, turned round and cried out, "Wolstang, your cap is awry."

I did not know what to make of this preposterous conduct. Could it be premeditated ? It was hardly possible, or I must have discovered the trick in the countenances of those who addressed me. Could it be that they really mistook me for Wolstang ? This was still more incredible, for Wolstang was fully six inches taller, four stones heavier, and ten years older than I. I found myself in a maze of bewilderment in endeavouring to discover the cause of all this. I reflected upon it in vain, summoning to my assistance the aids of Logic and Metaphysics to unravel the mystery. Nay, Euclid was not forgotten. I called to mind the intricate problems of science which a rigid study of this Prince of Mathematicians had enabled me to solve ; but on the present occasion, my thoughts, though screwed to the utmost pitch of philosophical acumen, completely failed in their aim.

While meditating as in a reverie on these events, I was aroused by approaching steps. On looking up, I beheld the most learned Doctor Deditimus Dunderhead, Provost, and Pro-

fessor of Moral Philosophy to the College. He was a man about five feet high; but so far as rotundity of corporation went, noways deficient. On the contrary, he was uncommonly fat, and his long-waisted velvet coat of office, buttoning over a capacious belly, showed underneath a pair of thick stumpy legs, cased in short small-clothes and silk stockings, and bedizened at the knees with large buckles of silver. The Doctor had on, as usual, his cocked-hat, below whose rim at each side descended the copious curls of an immense bob-wig. His large carbuncle nose was adorned with a pair of spectacles, through which he looked pompously from side to side, holding back his head in grenadier fashion, and knocking his long silver-headed baton to the earth, as he walked with all the formal precision of a drum-major.

Now be it known that it is binding on every student who attends the University of Gottingen, to doff his cap on meeting this illustrious personage. This is not an optional ceremony; it is a compulsory one; and never on any occasion has it been known to be neglected, except once by a Dutchman, who, in consequence thereof, was expelled the College. It may be guessed then what was my degree of stupefaction when I saw Doctor Dunderhead approach—when I heard his baton striking upon the ground, responsive to his steps—when I saw his large eyes, reflected through the spectacles, looking intently upon me—I say my stupefaction may be guessed, when, even on this occasion, my hand did not make one single motion upward towards my cap. The latter still stuck to my head, and I stood folded in my college gown, my mouth half open, and my eyes fixed upon the Doctor in empty abstraction. I could see that he was angry at my tardy recognition of his presence; and as he came nearer me, he slackened his pace a little, as if to give me an opportunity of amending my neglect. However, I was so drowned in reflection, that I did not take the hint. At last he made a sudden stop directly in front of me, folded his arms in the same manner as mine, and looked upwards in my face with a fixed glance, as much as to say, “Well, master, what now?” I never thought the Doctor so little, or myself so tall, as at this moment.

Having continued some time in the above attitude, he took off his hat, and made me a profound bow. “Mr Wolstang, I am your most humble servant.” Then rising up, he lifted his baton towards my cap, and knocked it off. “Your cap is awry,” continued he. “Excuse me, Mr Wolstang, it is really awry upon your head.” Another bow of mockery, as profound as the first, followed this action; and he marched away, striking his baton on the ground, holding back his head, and walking with slow pompous step down the College court.

“What the devil is the meaning of this?” said I. “Wolstang again! Confusion, this is no trick! The Provost of the College engage in a deception upon me—impossible! They are all mad, or I am mad!—Wolstang from one—Wolstang from another—Wolstang from Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead! I will see to the bottom of this—I will go to Wolstang’s house immediately.” So saying, I snatched up my cap, put it on my head, and walked smartly down the court to gain the street where he lived. Before I got far, a young man met me. “By the by, Wolstang, I wish you could let me have the ten gilders I lent you. I require them immediately.”—“Ten gilders!” said I; “I don’t owe you a farthing. I never saw your face before, and my name is not Wolstang; it is Frederick Stadt.”

“Psha!—But, Wolstang, laying jesting aside,” continued he, “I must positively have them.”

“Have what?”

“My dear fellow, the ten gilders.”

“Ten devils!—I tell you, I don’t owe you a farthing.”

“Really, Wolstang, this joke is very silly. We know you are an odd fellow, but this is the most foolish prank I ever saw you play.”

“Wolstang again!” said I, my heart boiling with indignation. “I tell you, sir—I tell you, sir, that—that—” I could not get out another word, to such a degree had indignation confounded me. Without finishing my sentence, I rushed into the street, but not without hearing the person say, “By Heaven, he is either mad or drunk!”

In a moment I was at Wolstang’s lodgings, and set the knocker a-going with violence. The door was opened by his servant girl Louise, a buxom wench of some eighteen or twenty.

"Is Mr Wolstang in?" I demanded quickly.

"Mr who, sir?"

"Mr Wolstang, my dear."

"Mr Wol——Mr who, sir?—I did not hear you."

"Mr Wolstang."

"Mr Wolstang!" re-echoed the girl, with some surprise.

"Assuredly, I ask you if Mr Wolstang is within."

"Mr Wolstang!" reiterated she.

"Ha, ha, ha! how droll you are to-day, master!"

"Damnation! what do you mean?" cried I in a fury, which I now found it impossible to suppress. "Tell me this instant if Mr Wolstang, your master, is at home, or by the beard of So-crates, I—I——"

"Ha, ha! this is the queerest thing I ever heard of," said the little jade, retreating into the house, and holding her sides with laughter. "Come here, Barnabas, and hear our master asking for himself."

I now thought that the rage into which I had thrown myself had excited the laughter of the wench, whom I knew very well to be of a frolicsome disposition, and much disposed to turn people into ridicule. I therefore put on as grave a face as I could. I even threw a smile into it, and said with all the composure and good-humour I could muster,—“Come now, my dear—conduct me to your master—I am sure he is within.” This only set her a-laughing more than ever; not a word could I get out of her. At last Barnabas made his appearance from the kitchen, and to him I addressed myself. “Barnabas,” said I, laying my hand upon his arm, “I conjure you, as you value my happiness, to tell me if Mr Wolstang is at home?”

“Sir!” said Barnabas, with a long stare.

I repeated my question.

“Did you ask,” replied he, “if Mr Wolstang was at home? If that gentleman is yourself, he is at home. O yes, I warrant you, my master is at home.”

“In what place is he then?” I inquired.

“Wherever you are he is not far off, I warrant you, master.”

“Can I find him in his study?”

“O yes,” continued Barnabas, “if you go to his study, I warrant you he’ll be there. Will you please to walk in, sir?” and I could see the fellow

put his finger to his nose and wink to the girl, who kept tittering away in a corner. As soon as I was in the study she burst into a loud laugh, which ended by her declaring that I must be mad—“Or drunk,” quoth the sapient Barnabas, in his usual dry manner.

On entering the room, no person was to be seen; but from behind a large screen, which stood fronting the fire, I heard a sneeze. “This must be Wolstang,” thought I; “but it is not his sneeze either; it is too sharp and finical for him; however, let us see.” So on I went behind the screen, and there beheld, not the person I expected, but one very different—to wit, a little meagre, brown-faced, elderly gentleman, with hooked nose and chin, a long well-powdered *queue*, and a wooden leg. He was dressed in a snuff-coloured surtout, a scarlet waistcoat, and black small-clothes, buckled at the knee; and on his nose was stuck a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, the glasses of which were of most unusual dimensions. A dapper-looking cocked-hat lay upon the table, together with a large open snuff-box full of rich rappee. Behind his right ear a pen was stuck, after the manner of the counting-house, and he seemed busily poring over a book in manuscript.

I looked a few seconds at this oddity, equally astonished and vexed at being put into, what I naturally supposed, the wrong room. “I am afraid, sir,” said I, as he turned his eyes towards me, “that I have intruded upon your privacy. I beg leave to apologize for the mistake. The servant led me to believe that Mr Wolstang, with whom I wished to speak, was in this chamber.”

“Don’t talk of apology, my dear sir,” said the little gentleman, rising up and bowing with the utmost politeness. “Be seated, sir—be seated. Indeed I am just here on the same errand—to see Mr Wolstang—eh, (*a sneeze*,) that rappee is certainly very strong. Do me the honour to occupy the seat opposite. I understand from the servants that he is expected soon.” (*Another sneeze*.)

For the first five minutes I did not form a very high opinion of this new acquaintance. He seemed to have all the fidgetty politeness, and intolerable chit-chat, of a French *petit maître* of the old school. He bored me with questions and apologies, hoped I felt myself comfortable; and every inter-

val of his speech was filled up by intolerable giggling and sneezing. In order, as it were, to increase the latter, he kept snuffing away at a preposterous rate; and when he addressed me, his mouth was drawn up into a most complacent smile, and his long nose and chin, which threatened each other like nut-crackers, thrown forward to within a foot of my face. However, in the next five minutes he improved upon me, from some very judicious observations, as I thought, which he made, and in five more I became convinced, that notwithstanding his outward frivolity and sneezing, he was far from being an ordinary man. This impression gained such strength, that in a short time I entirely forgot all my previous irritation, and even the reasons which brought me there. I found that he had a complete knowledge of the different philosophical systems of the day; among others, that of my favourite Kant: And on the merits of the school in the North of Germany, founded by this great metaphysician, his opinions and mine tallied to a point. He also seemed deeply conversant with the mathematics. This was a subject on which I flattered myself I had few equals; but he shot far ahead of me, displaying a knowledge, which scarcely any man in Europe could have matched. He traced the science downwards, in all its historical bearings, from Thales, Archimedes, and Euclid, to Newton, Euler, Leibnitz, and Laplace. In algebra, geometry, and astronomy, his information was equally extensive. From several hints which he threw out, I learned that he was no stranger to the science of geomancy; and he gave me to understand, that he had cast the nativities of several individuals belonging to noble families; and that as their horoscopes portended, such invariably was their fate in after-life. Nor was his knowledge confined to these abstruser branches of science. It embraced the whole circle of literature and the fine arts. Poetry, criticism, philology, painting, and sculpture, seemed to be equally within his range. He descanted upon them, illuminating his positions from such a vast source of illustration, that I gazed upon him with a feeling akin to amazement.

Let it not be supposed that all this was done with the formal pomp of a philosopher. On the contrary, he preserved throughout his frivolousness of

manner, apologised for everything he advanced, hoped I was not offended if he differed in opinion from me, and concluded every position with a sneeze.

"By the by," said I, "talking of Gall and Spurzheim, what do you think of their doctrine? I am inclined to believe there must be some truth in it; at least I have seen it verified in a number of heads, and among others in that of Cicero, which I saw a few years ago in the sculpture-gallery of the Louvre. It was a beautiful head."

"You are right there, my dear friend," replied he. "The head, phrenologically considered, is extremely beautiful. I believe I have got it in my pocket."—(*A sneeze.*)

"You got the head of Cicero in your pocket!" cried I with surprise.

"O no! not absolutely the head of Cicero," said he, smiling. "Mark Antony disposed of that—but only his bust—the bust that you saw."

"You mean a miniature of that bust?"

"No—not a miniature, but the real bust. Here it comes—how heavy it is!"—And, to my amazement, I saw him take out of his pocket the identical bust, as large as life, of the Roman orator, and place it on the table before me.

"Have you any more heads of this description about you?" said I, not a little marvelling how he was able to stuff such a block of marble into his pocket.

"I have a few others at your service, my dear friend. Name any one you would wish to see, and I shall be most happy to produce it."

"Let me see then the head of Copernicus." I had scarcely spoken the word when he brought out the philosopher, and put him beside Cicero. I named successively Socrates, Thales, Galileo, Confucius, Zoroaster, Tycho Braché, Roger Bacon, and Paracelsus, and straightway they stood upon the table as fresh as if they had just received the last touch of the sculptor's chisel. I must confess that such a number of large heads emanating from the pockets of the little meagre man in the snuff-coloured surtout and scarlet waistcoat, would have occasioned me incredible wonder, had my stock of astonishment not been exhausted by the previous display of his abilities. I had little more to throw away upon any new subject, and looked upon these

fresh exhibitions without experiencing anything beyond a slight surprise.

"And do you," I demanded, as the last named was brought forth, "always carry those heads about with you?"

"I generally do so for the amusement of my friends," answered he. "But do not think that my stock is exhausted; I have still a few more that I can show you—for instance, Pythagoras."

"Pythagoras!" exclaimed I; "no, don't produce him. He is the last of all the philosophers I would wish to see. The Stoics, the Epicureans, ay, even the Cynics, with Diogenes or Menippus at their head, were sages compared with Pythagoras, the founder of the most preposterous system of philosophy that ever existed."

"My dear friend," said the little man, with unusual gravity, "you do not say so?"

"I do say so. Pythagoras was a fool, a madman, an impostor."

"You don't speak thus of the divine Pythagoras?" returned he, putting his bust upon the table.

"No, not of the divine Pythagoras, for such a person never existed. I speak of Pythagoras the Samian—him of the golden thigh, the founder of what is called the Pythagorean philosophy."

"And the most rational system of philosophy that ever existed. Begging your pardon, I think it goes far beyond that of Plato or the Stagyrte."

"If you mean that it goes beyond them in being as full of absurdity as they are of wisdom, I readily agree with you," said I, my anger rising at hearing the divine doctrines of Aristotle, and the disciple of Socrates, so irreverently spoken of.

"Pray, what were its absurdities?" asked he with the most imperturbable good-nature.

"Did not Pythagoras enjoin silence to his disciples for a period of five years,—absolute silence, muteness, dumbness?"

"And a very good injunction it was. No man can be a philosopher unless he knows how to keep his tongue under restraint."

"I am afraid then *you* will never be one," I remarked, forcing a smile, although I was at bottom considerably nettled. He did not seem to take my observation ill, but passed it off with

one of his characteristic giggles of laughter.

"You were talking of his absurdities, my dear friend."

"Ah, well, did he not forbid the use of animal food to his followers? and, to crown all, did he not teach the monstrous doctrine of transmigration of souls—sending the spirits of men, after death, to inhabit the bodies of dogs, and cats, and frogs, and geese, and even insects?"

"And call you this a monstrous doctrine?"

"Monstrous!" I exclaimed with surprise—"It is the *ne plus ultra*, the climax of fatuity, the raving of a disordered imagination."

"So you do not believe in Metempsychosis?" asked he, with a smile.

"I would as soon believe in demonology, or magic. There is nothing I would not rather credit. Kenelm Digby's sympathetic powder, the philosopher's stone, the elixir vitæ, animal magnetism, metallic tractors, judicial astrology; anything, in fact, would more readily find a place in my belief than this nonsensical jargon, which is credited by nobody but the superstitious Brahmins of India. But perhaps you are a believer?" He shrugged up his shoulders at this last remark, stroked his chin, and giving me a sarcastic look, said, with a familiar nod and smile—"Yes, *I am* a believer."

"What!" said I, "you—you with your immense learning, can you put faith in such doctrines?"

"If I put faith in them," said he, "it is my learning which has taught me to do so. If I were less learned, I might perhaps spurn at them as erroneous. Doubt is as often the offspring of ignorance as of credulity. Your great doubters are generally as ill-informed as your great believers, and much more self-conceited."

"And do you really go all the lengths of Pythagoras?" I demanded.

"I not only go all his lengths, but I go much farther. For instance, he believed that the soul never left the body until the latter was dead. Now, my belief is, that two living bodies may exchange souls with each other. For instance, your soul may take possession of my body, and my soul of yours, and both our bodies may be alive."

"In that case," said I, laughing heartily, "you would be me, and I would be you."

"Precisely so, my dear friend," replied the little gentleman, laughing in his turn, and concluding with a sneeze.

"Faith, my good sir," my reverence for his abilities somewhat lessened by this declaration, "I am afraid you have lost your senses."

"I am afraid you have lost something of more importance," returned he, with a smile, in which I thought I recognized a tinge of derision. I did not like it, so, eyeing him with some sternness, I said hastily, "And pray, what have I lost?" Instead of answering me, he burst into a loud fit of laughter, holding his sides while the tears ran down his cheeks, and he seemed half stifled with a flood of irresistible merriment. My passion at this rose to such a pitch, that, had he been a man of any appearance, I should have knocked him down; but I could not think of resorting to such an extremity with a meagre, little, elderly fellow, who had moreover a wooden leg. I could, therefore, only wait till his mirth subsided, when I demanded, with as much calmness as I could assume, what I had lost.

"Are you sure you have not lost your body?" said he.

"My body!" answered I, with some surprise; "what do you mean?"

"Now, my dear friend, tell me plainly, are you sure that this is your own body?"

"My own body—who the devil's can it be?"

"Are you sure you are yourself?"

"Myself—who, in Heaven's name, could I be but myself?"

"Ay, that is the rub," continued he; "are you perfectly satisfied that you are yourself, and nobody but yourself?" I could not help smiling at the apparent stupidity of this question; but before I was able to compose myself, he had resumed his query.—"Are you sure you are—that you are—"

"That I am who?" said I, hurriedly.

"That you are Frederick Stadt?"

"Perfectly."

"And not Albert Wolstang?" concluded he.

A pang shot through my whole body at this last part of his question. I recalled in an instant all my previous vexation. I remembered the insults I had met with, not only from the students of Gottingen, and Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, but from the

domestics of Wolstang; and lastly, I recollected the business which had brought me to the house of the latter. Everything came as a flash of lightning through my brain, and I was more perplexed than ever. My first impression was, that the little man, in spite of his vast learning, was insane, or, perhaps, as Festus said of Paul, his madness was the consequence of too much learning; but then, if he was insane, the Gottingen students must be insane, Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead must be insane, and Wolstang's domestics must be insane. "I am perhaps insane myself," thought I, for an instant; but this idea, I was soon satisfied, was incorrect. I sat for several minutes pondering deeply upon the matter, and endeavouring to extricate myself from this vexatious dilemma, while my companion opposite kept eyeing me through his immense glasses, stroking his chin, and smiling with the most lugubrious self-complacency. At length, arousing myself from my stupor, I put the following question to him.

"Did you ask me if I was sure that I am not Wolstang?"

"I did, sir," answered he with a bow.

"Then, sir, I must tell you that I am not that person, but Frederick Stadt, student of philosophy in the University of Gottingen."—He looked incredulous.

"What, sir," said I, "do you not believe me?"—He shrugged up his shoulders.

"Confusion, sir! this is not to be borne. I tell you, sir, that my name is Stadt."—This I said in my loudest and most impassioned manner, but it did not affect him in the least degree. He continued his eternal smile, and had even the politeness or audacity, (I know not which to call it,) to offer me his snuff-box. I was so enraged at this piece of coolness, that I gave the box a knock, spilling its contents upon his scarlet waistcoat. Even this did not ruffle him. He commenced, in the most composed manner imaginable, to collect the particles, remarking with a smile, "You do not like snuff, sir," and finishing, according to custom, by one of his everlasting sneezes.

"It is impossible, sir," said I, "that you can mistake me for Wolstang—seeing that, on my entry, you told me you expected that gentleman in a short

time, and desired me to be seated till he came in."—At this he seemed a little disconcerted, and was beginning to mutter something in explanation, when I interrupted him.—"Besides, sir, Wolstang is a man at least six inches taller, four stones heavier, and ten years older than I."

"What an immense fellow he must be, my dear friend! At that rate, he ought to stand six feet eight inches, and weigh twenty stones."

"I could hardly retain my gravity at this calculation.—"Pray, what do you take my stature and weight to be?"

"I should take you," replied he, "to be about six feet two inches high, and to weigh some sixteen stones."

This admeasurement raised my merriment to its *acme*, and I laughed aloud.—"Know, then, my good little man, that all your geometry has availed you nothing, for I only stand five feet eight, and never weighed more than twelve stones."—He shrugged up his shoulders once more, and put on another of his incredulous looks.

"Eh—eh—I may be mistaken—but I—I—"

"Mistaken!" exclaimed I; "zounds, you were never more egregiously mistaken, even when you advocated the Pythagorean doctrine of Metempsychosis!"

"I may be wrong, but I could lay five gilders that I am right. I never bet high—just a trifle, just a trifle occasionally."

"You had better keep your gilders in your pocket," said I, "and not risk them so foolishly."

"With your permission, however, I shall back my pieces against yours," and he drew five from a little green-silk purse, and put them on the table. I deposited an equal number.

"Now," said I, "how is this dispute to be settled? where can I get myself weighed?"

"I believe," answered he, "there is a pair of scales in the room hard by, and weights too, if I mistake not." He accordingly got up and opened the door of the adjoining chamber, where, to my surprise, I beheld a pair of immense scales hanging from the roof, and hundred and half hundred weights, &c. lying around. I seated myself in one of the scales, chuckling very heartily at the scrape into which the little fellow had brought himself. He lift-

ed up weight after weight, placing them upon the opposite scale. Eleven stones had been put in, and he was lifting the twelfth;—"Now," says I, eyeing him waggishly, "for your five gilders."—He dropped the weight, but the beam never moved, and I still sat on the lowest scale. Thirteen were put on, but my weight yet triumphed. With amazement I saw fourteen and fifteen successively added to the number, without effect. At last on putting down the sixteenth, the scale on which I sat was gently raised from the ground. I turned my eyes upwards towards the needle, which I saw quivering as if uncertain where to stop—at last it paused exactly in the centre, and stood erect; the beam lay perfectly horizontal, and I sat motionless, poised in middle air.

"You will observe, sir, that my calculation was correct," observed my companion, taking a fresh pinch of snuff. "You are just sixteen stones. Nothing now remains but to measure your height."

"There is no occasion for that," I replied, rising slowly from the scale. "If you can contrive to make me weigh sixteen stones, you can readily make me measure six feet two inches."—I now threw myself down on a seat in the study which both of us had re-entered, placed my elbows on the table, and buried my face in my hands, absorbed in deep reflection. I thought and thought again, upon every event which had befallen me since the morning. The students of Gottingen—Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead—the domestics of Wolstang, the little man with the snuff-coloured surtout, scarlet waistcoat, and wooden leg, passed like a whirlwind through my brain. Then the bust of Cicero, which I had seen in the Louvre, the busts of the others which he drew from his pockets—geometry—geomancy—transmigration of souls, and the affair of the scales—the whole formed a combination which I found myself utterly unable to comprehend. In a few minutes I looked up, exhausted with vain thought. All the heads were gone except that of Pythagoras, which he left lying in its place. He now took up his snuff-box and deposited it in his waistcoat pocket—drew an old-fashioned watch out of his fob, and looked at the hour—and, lastly, laying his hand upon the ten gilders, he

dropped them one by one into his green purse. "I believe," said he, with a smile, "the money is mine." So saying, he snatched up his little

cocked hat, made me half a dozen of bows, and bade me adieu—after promising to see me at the same time and place two days after.

CHAPTER II.

AGAIN did I bury my face in my hands; again did my fit of meditation come on; I felt my bosom glowing with perplexity. It was now the scales which occupied my thoughts, to the exclusion of everything else. "Sixteen stones! impossible, I cannot believe it. This old rascal has cheated me. The weights he has put on must be defective—they must be hollow. I will see to it in a moment, and if there has been any deception, I shall break his bones the first time I set my eyes upon him, maugre his wooden leg; I will at least smash his spectacles, trip up his heels, and pull his hook nose." Full of these resolutions, I proceeded to the adjoining room. Guess of my amazement, when, instead of the great machines in which I had been weighed but ten minutes before, I beheld nothing but a small pair of apothecary's scales, and a few drachm, scruple, and grain weights scattered upon the floor.

Not knowing what to make of this, I returned to the study, when happening to look into a mirror placed behind the chair on which I had been sitting, I beheld (joyous sight) the reflection of Wolstang. "Ah, you have come?" said I, turning round to receive him, but nobody was to be seen. I looked again through every part of the room; no Wolstang was there. This was passing strange; where could the man have gone in such a hurry? I was now in a greater funk than ever, when casting my eyes a second time upon the mirror, he again made his appearance. I instantly looked round—no one was present; in another instant I turned to the glass, and there stood the reflection as before. Not knowing what this phenomenon could be, and thinking perhaps that my eyes were dazzled by some phantom, I raised my hands, and rubbed them; Wolstang did the same. I struck my forehead, bit my lip with vexation, and started back, when, marvellous to relate, the figure in the glass repeated all my gestures." I now got alarmed, and

shrinking away from the apparition, threw myself upon the chair. In a few minutes, my courage being somewhat revived, I ventured to face the mirror, but without any better success—the same object presented itself. I desisted, and renewed the trial three several times with the like result. In vain was my philosophy exerted to unfold this mystery. The doctrines of Aristotle—the dreams of alchemy—and the wonders of the Cabala—presented themselves in succession to my disordered fancy. I bethought me of magic, necromancy, the witch of Endor, Simon Magus, the brazen head of Friar Bacon, and a multitude of other phantasies. All was in vain; nothing could account for the present occurrence; nothing in mystical or scientific lore bore any analogy to it.

In this perturbed state of mind my eye caught the bust of Pythagoras. This was a flood of light to my understanding. I instantly remembered what the old fellow had hinted about transmigration of souls: I remembered what he said about me being myself, or another person. Then connecting this with the previous events of the day, with the Gottingen students, with Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, with Wolstang's domestics, and lastly, with the reflection in the looking-glass—I say, coupling all these things together, I came to the horrible conclusion that I was not myself. "There must be some truth in the Pythagorean doctrine, and I am labouring under a Metempsychosis."

To put the matter beyond a doubt, I went once more to the mirror, where I beheld the same figure which had first startled me. I then looked at my hands; they were larger and stronger than formerly. The dress I had on was also not my own, but evidently that of Wolstang. Every circumstance contributed to confirm me that I was no longer myself.

It would be a vain attempt for me to describe the horror I endured at this dreadful transmogrification. After

the first burst of dismay was over, I wept bitterly, bewailing the loss of my dear body, which I now felt convinced was gone from me for ever. "And poor Wolstang," cried I lamentably, "you are no longer yourself. You are me and I am you, and doubtless you are deploring your misfortune as bitterly as your unhappy friend Stadt."

Night was now coming on, and it became necessary that I should resolve upon what ought to be done in my present state. I soon perceived that it would serve no purpose to say that I was myself; no one would have believed me, and I would run the risk of being put in a strait-jacket as a lunatic. To avoid these evils, there was no resource but to pass myself off upon the community as Wolstang. Even here there was considerable risk of being regarded mad; for how could I at once adapt myself to his circumstances, get a knowledge of them, think as he thought, and act as he acted? It was plain, that although I was Wolstang in body, I was only Stadt in mind; and I knew that in disposition I was as different as possible from Wolstang. "There is no help," said I, weeping grievously; "it must be done."

In order to cool my heated brain, I went out into the open air, and wandered about the streets. I was addressed by a number of persons whom I did not know; and several of my acquaintances, to whom I inadvertently spoke, did not know me. With the former I was very short, answering their questions at random, and getting off as soon as possible. To the latter I could only apologize, assuring them that they had been mistaken by me for other persons. I felt my situation most unpleasant; for, besides the consciousness of no longer being myself, I was constantly running into the most perplexing blunders. For instance, after strolling about for a considerable period, I came, as it were, by a sort of instinct, to my own lodgings. For a time I forgot my situation, and knocked at the door. It was opened by my domestic, from whom I took the candle which he held in his hand, and, according to wont, walked into the study. "Mr Stadt is not in, sir," said the man, following me, "perhaps you will sit till he

comes: I expect him soon." This aroused me from my reverie, confirming too truly the fact that I was changed. I started up from the seat into which I had dropped, rushed past him with dismay, and gained the street. Here I made up my mind to return to Wolstang's lodgings, which I accordingly did, in a mood which a condemned criminal would hardly envy.

I kept the house for the whole of next day, employing myself in writing, in order that the servants might at least see some cause for my confinement. Notwithstanding this, it was easy to observe that they perceived something unusual about me; and several remarks which escaped them, convinced me that they considered my head touched in no slight degree. Although I did all that I was able to compose myself, it was impossible that I could think like Wolstang, and still less that I could know a hundred private and household matters, on which the pert Louise and sapient Barnabas made a point of consulting me. Whenever I was spoken to concerning things that I knew, my answers were kind and condescending; but on any point about which I was ignorant, I utterly lost temper, and peremptorily forbade them to repeat it. Both shook their heads at such inconsistent behaviour; and it was soon bruited among the neighbours, that Mr Albert Wolstang had parted with his senses.

The second day arrived, and found me in the same state of mind. The amazement which succeeded the discovery of my metamorphosis had indeed given way; and I could look at my reflection in the mirror with less pain than at first; but my feelings were still as embittered as ever, and I ardently longed for death to put an end to such intolerable misery. While brooding over these matters, the door of the study opened. Thinking it was one of the domestics, I paid no attention to it; but in a moment I heard a sneeze, which made my flesh to creep, and in another, the little man with the snuff-coloured surtout, the scarlet waistcoat, and the wooden leg, made his appearance. Since I last saw this old fellow, I had conceived a mortal hatred against him. I thought, although the idea was wild enough, that he had some hand in my Metempsy-

chosis—and the affair of the scales and the marble busts, together with his Pythagorean opinions, his vast learning, his geomancy and astrology, gave to my idea a strong confirmation. On the present occasion, his politeness was excessive; he bowed almost to the ground, made fifty apologies for intruding, and inquired with the most *outré* affectation of tenderness into the state of my health. He then seated himself opposite to me, laid his cocked hat upon the table, took a pinch of snuff, and commenced his intolerable system of sneezing. I was never less in a humour to relish anything like foppery. So throwing myself back upon the chair, putting on as commanding a look as I could, and looking at him fiercely, I said, “So, sir, you are back again; I suppose you know me?”

“Know you, my dear friend—eh—yes, I derived great pleasure in being made acquainted with you the day before yesterday. You are Mr Frederick Stadt—that is to say, you are Mr Albert Wolstang.”—(*A sneeze.*)

“Then you know that I am not myself?”

“My dear friend,” replied he, with a smile, “I hinted as much the last time I saw you.”

“And pray how did you ascertain that?”

“You don’t ask me such a question,” said he, with an air of surprise; “I knew it by your own signature.”

“My own signature! I know not what you mean by my signature.”

“Eh—eh—the signature, you know—that is, the compact you made with Wolstang.”

“I know of no compact,” cried I, in a passion; “nor did I ever make one with any man living. I defy either you or Wolstang to produce any such instrument.”

“I believe it is in my pocket at this very moment. Look here, my dear sir.” And he brought out a small manuscript book, and, turning up the leaves, pointed to view the following words:—

“I hereby, in consideration of the sum of fifty gilders, give to Albert Wolstang the use of my body, at any time he is disposed, provided that, for the time being, he gives me the use of his. FREDERICK STADT.”

“It is a damnable forgery,” said I, starting up with fury; “a *deceptio*

visûs, at least—something like your scales.”

“What about the scales, my dear friend?” said he, with a whining voice.

“Go,” replied I, “into that room, and you shall see.” He accordingly went, but returned immediately, saying that he observed nothing remarkable. “No!” said I, rising up; “then I shall take the trouble to point it out to you.” My astonishment may be better conceived than described, when, instead of the small apothecary’s scales, I beheld the immense ones in which I had been weighed two days before. I felt confounded and mortified, and returned with him to the study, muttering something about *deceptio visûs*, necromancy, and demonology.

“Well,” continued I, after recovering a little, “what about this compact—when and where was it made?”

“It was made some three days ago, at the Devil’s-hoof Tavern. You may remember that you and Wolstang were drinking there at that time.”

“Yes, I remember it well enough; but I understood that I was putting my name to a receipt for fifty gilders which he paid me. I never read the writing; I merely subscribed it.”

“That was a pity; for really you have bound yourself as firmly as signing with a person’s own blood can do.”

“Did I sign it with my own blood?” said I, alarmed.

“Exactly so. You may recollect of cutting your finger. I had the pleasure of stanching the blood, a sufficient quantity of which was nevertheless collected to write this document.”

“Then you were present,” said I; “yes, I have a recollection of your face, now that you mention the circumstance. You were then dressed as a clergyman, if I mistake not.”

“Precisely.”

“And what,” continued I, “are the conditions on which I hold this strange existence? Suppose Wolstang dies?”

“Then you keep his body till the natural period of your own death.”

“Suppose I die?”

“He then keeps your body.”

“Then if he dies, my body is buried and goes to decay, while I am clogged up in his body, till relieved from it by death?”

“Precisely.”

This announcement struck me with terror. “And shall I never,” said I, weeping, “see my dear body again?”

"You may see it, if ever Wolstang comes in your way."

"But shall I never possess it—shall I never be myself again?"

"Not unless he pleases."

"The villain!" exclaimed I, in an agony of grief: "I am then undone—the tool of a heartless unprincipled miscreant. Is my case hopeless?"

"O no, my dear friend," said the little man, "not at all hopeless: there is nothing simpler than the remedy. Only put your name here, and you will be yourself in a minute. The fellow will then lose all power over your body." I seized with avidity the pen which he presented to me, dipped it in a vial of red ink, and was proceeding to do as he directed, when the writing above caught my eye. It ran thus:—

"I hereby engage, after my natural decease, to give over my soul to the owner of this book."

"Zounds!" said I, "what is this?"

"It is nothing at all; just a form—a mere form of business, of no intrinsic meaning. If you would just write your name:—it is very easily done."

"Has any other person signed such deeds?" demanded I.

"Many a one. Here, for example, is Wolstang's name attached to a similar contract. It is, in fact, by virtue

of this that he has the power over your body. The deed which you have signed would have availed him nothing without this one."

"Then," said I, "if you relieve me from my present condition, you break faith with Wolstang, seeing that you deprive him of his stipulated power."

"I deprive him of his power over you, but I give him in return a similar power over some other person, which will answer his purpose equally well. I think you had better sign."

"No, you old villain!" said I, wrought up to a pitch of fury at the infernal plan which I saw he was meditating, "I will never sign your damnable compact. I have religion enough to know the value of my soul, and sufficient philosophy to bear with any wretchedness I may endure under my present form. You may play the Devil if you choose, but you shall never get me to act the part of Dr Faustus." I pronounced these words in a voice of thunder; but, so far from being angry, he used every endeavour to soothe me—made a thousand apologies for having been the unwilling cause of such a commotion—then snatching up his hat, and making a profound bow, he left the room.

CHAPTER III.

A GLOW of conscious virtue passed over me on his departure. I found that I had resisted evil, and gloried in the thought; but this triumphant feeling gave way to one of revenge against the author of my calamity. After reflecting for a short time, it occurred to me that the best way to punish him would be to commit some outrage which might stamp him with infamy, and render him miserable if ever he thought of resuming his body. "I shall at least have him expelled from the university. This shall be the first blow directed against his comfort. He will in time become weary of my body, and will find very little satisfaction in his own when he takes it into his head to make an exchange." Full of these ideas, I entered the College-court, where the first object that met my eyes was Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead coming towards me—the baton in his hand, the spectacles on his carbuncle nose, and his head thrown back as he

strutted along *à la militaire*. Without a moment's hesitation, I advanced up to him, and knocked off his cocked hat; nor did I stop to see how he looked at this extraordinary salutation, but walked deliberately on. I heard him distinctly call after me, "You shall hear of this, sir, by to-morrow." "When you please, doctor," was my answer. "Now, Master Wolstang," said I to myself, "I have driven you from Gottingen College, and wish you much joy of your expulsion." Such were my thoughts, and the morrow verified them; for a meeting of the Senatus Academicus being summoned by the provost, that learned body declared Albert Wolstang unfit to be a member of the university, and he was accordingly placarded upon the gate and expelled, *in terrorem*.

This circumstance being just what I wanted, gave me no uneasiness; but a few days thereafter an event arose out of it, which subjected me to much

inconvenience. Having unwittingly strolled into the College, I was rudely collared by one of the officers, which so enraged me that I knocked down the fellow with a blow of my fist. For this I was apprehended the same day by three gendarmes, and carried before the Syndic, who condemned me to suffer two weeks' close confinement, and to be fed on bread and water. This punishment, though perhaps not disproportioned to the offence, was, in my estimation, horribly severe; and now, for the first time, did I feel regret for the absurdity of my conduct. I found that in endeavouring to punish Wolstang I was in truth only punishing myself, and that it was a matter of doubt whether he would ever submit to a corporeal change, seeing that my fortune was much more considerable than his own, and that he would come at it in the course of six months. This I had no doubt was the chief consideration which could have induced the fellow to bring about such a metamorphosis.

On getting out of prison I was the most miserable wretch on earth. The fierce desire of vengeance had formerly kept up my spirits; but this was now gone, and they sunk to the lowest pitch. I found that I was spurned by those very persons who were before most anxious to cultivate my friendship. Barnabas and Louise had left me, resolving no longer to serve one who had undergone the punishment of a malefactor. In order to clear up matters, I frequently called at my own house to inquire if I myself was at home—for so was I obliged to speak of the miscreant who had possession of my body, but on every occasion I was answered in the negative. "I had gone out to see a friend in town." "I had gone to the country." "I was expected soon." Never by any possibility could I get a sight of myself. All this convinced me that the case was hopeless, and that I must make the best of my deplorable situation. Wolstang had evidently played my part much better than I did his, for he had an interest in doing so, and was (thanks to my simplicity) intimately acquainted with the state of my affairs. If anything could add to this irritation, it was to notice the improvements, or rather changes, which the fellow was making in my house. Everything was turned up-

side-down. Many of the most valuable books in my library were brought to the hammer, and replaced by more modern works. Some antique MSS. found among the ruins of Pompeii, and on which I set a high value, were disposed of in the same manner; together with my porphyry snuff-box, my mother's diamond ring, my illuminated missal, and Arabic autograph of the Koran. The money produced by these valuable relics was laid out in new-painting my study, and in fitting it up with Chinese Mandarins, silken pagodas, and other pieces of eastern trumpery.

In consequence of the peculiar opportunities which I enjoyed, I soon discovered that Wolstang, whom I had long thought rather highly of, was in reality a very bad character. Some persons of the worst description in Gottingen appeared to have been his associates. Times without number I was accosted as an acquaintance by gamblers, pickpockets, usurers, and prostitutes; and through their means I unravelled a train of imposture, profligacy, and dissipation, in which he had been long deeply involved. I discovered that he had two mistresses in keeping; that he had seduced the daughters of several of the most respectable citizens, and was the father of no less than seven natural children whom he had by those unfortunate women. I found out even worse than this—at least what I dreaded much more. This was a forgery to an immense amount, which he, in concert with another person, had committed on an extensive mercantile house. The accomplice, in a high state of trepidation, came to tell me that the whole was in a fair way of being blown, and that if we wished to save our necks, an instantaneous departure from the city was indispensable. Such a piece of intelligence threw me into great alarm. If I remained, my apprehension would be inevitable; and how would it be possible for me to persuade any one that I was not Wolstang? My conviction and execution must follow; and though I was now so regardless of life that I would gladly have been in my grave, yet there was something revolting in the idea of dying for a villain, merely because I could not show that I was not myself. These reflections had their due weight, and I resolved to leave Gottingen next

day, and escape from the country altogether.

While meditating upon this scheme I walked about three miles out of town for the purpose of maturing my plans, undisturbed by the noise and bustle of the streets. As I was going slowly along, I perceived a man walking about a furlong before me. His gait and dress arrested my attention particularly, and after a few glances I was convinced that he must be myself. The joy that pervaded my mind at this sight no language can describe: it was as a glimpse of heaven, and filled me with perfect ecstasy. Prudence, however, did not forsake me, and I resolved to steal slowly upon him, collar him, and demand an explanation. With this view I approached him, concealing myself as well as I could, and was so successful that I had actually got within ten yards of my prey without being discovered. At this instant, hearing footsteps, he turned round, looked alarmed, and took to his heels. I was after him in a moment, and the flight on one side, and pursuit on the other, were keenly contested. Thanks to Wolstang's long legs, they were better than the short ones with which my antagonist was furnished, and I caught him by the collar as he was about to enter a wood. I grasped my body with Herculean gripe, so terrified was I to lose it. "And now, you villain," said I, as soon as I could recover breath, "tell me the meaning of this. Restore me my body, or by heaven I will——"

"You will do what?" asked he, with the most insolent coolness. This question was a dagger to my soul, for I knew that any punishment I inflicted upon him must be inflicted upon myself. I stood mute for a few seconds, still holding him strongly in my grasp. At last throwing pity aside, by one vast effort, I cried out, "I declare solemnly, Wolstang, that if you do not give me back my body I shall kill you on the spot."

"Kill me on the spot!" replied he. "Do you mean to say that you will kill your own body?"

"I do say so," was my answer, "I will rather destroy my dear body, than it should be disgraced by a scoundrel like you."

"You are jesting," said Wolstang, endeavouring to extricate himself.

"I shall show you the contrary,"

rejoined I, giving him a violent blow on the nose, and another on the ribs. These strokes almost drew tears from my eyes: and when I saw my precious blood flowing, I certainly would have wept aloud, but for the terrible energy which rage had given me. The punishment had its evident effect, however, upon Wolstang, for he became agitated and alarmed, grew pale, and entreated me to let him go. "Never, you villain, till you return me back my body. Let me be myself again, and then you are free."

"That is impossible," said he, "and cannot be done without the agency of another person, who is absent; but I hereby solemnly swear, that five days after my death your body shall be your own."

"If better terms cannot be had, I must take even these, but better I shall have; so prepare to part with what is not your own. Take yourself back again, or I will beat you to mummy." So saying, I laid on him most unmercifully,—flattened his nose (or rather my own), and laid him sprawling on the earth without ceremony. While engaged in this business, I heard a sneeze, and looking to the quarter from which it proceeded, who did I see emerging from the wood but my old acquaintance, with the snuff-coloured surtout, the scarlet waistcoat, and wooden leg. He saluted me as usual with a smile, and was beginning to regret the length of time which had elapsed since he last had the pleasure of seeing me, when I interrupted him. "Come," said I, "this is not a time for ridiculous grimace; you know all about it, so help me to get my body back from this scoundrel here."

"Certainly, my dear friend. Heaven forbid that you should be robbed of so unalienable a property. Wolstang, you must give it up. 'Tis the height of injustice to deprive him of it."

"Shall I surrender it, then?" said Wolstang with a pitiable voice.

"By all means: let Mr Stadt have his body."

In an instant I felt great pains shoot through me, and I lay on the ground, breathless and exhausted as if from some dreadful punishment. I also saw the little gentleman, and the tall, stout figure of Wolstang, walk away arm in arm, and enter the wood. I was now myself again, but had at first little cause of congratulation on the change,

for I was one heap of bruises, while the unprincipled author of my calamities was moving off in his own body without a single scratch. If my frame was in bad case, however, my mind

felt relieved beyond conception. A load was taken from it, and it felt the consciousness of being incased in that earthly tenement destined by heaven for its habitation.

CHAPTER IV.

ALAS, how transient is human happiness! Scarcely had an hour elapsed when a shudder came over me, precisely similar to that which occurred some weeks before on entering the College of Gottingen. I also perceived that I was stronger, taller, and more vigorous, and, as if by magic, totally free of pain. At this change a horrid sentiment came across me, and, on looking at my shadow in a well, I observed that I was no longer myself, but Wolstang: the diabolical miscreant had again effected a metempsychosis. Full of distracting ideas, I wandered about the fields till night-fall, when I returned into the city, and threw myself into bed, overpowered with fatigue and grief.

Next day I made a point of calling at my own house, and inquiring for myself. The servant said that I could not be seen, being confined to bed in consequence of several bruises received in an encounter with two highwaymen. I called next day, and was still confined. On the third I did the same, but I had gone out with a friend. On the fourth I learnt that I was dead.

It will readily be believed that this last intelligence was far from being unwelcome. On hearing of my own death I felt the most lively pleasure, anticipating the period when I would be myself again. That period, according to Wolstang's solemn vow, would arrive in five days. Three of these I had spent in the house, carefully secluding myself from observation, when I heard a sneeze at the outside of the door. It opened, and in stepped the little man with the snuff-coloured surtout, the scarlet waistcoat, and the wooden leg. I had conceived a dislike approaching to horror at this old rascal, whom I naturally concluded to be at the bottom of these diabolical transformations; I, however, contained my wrath till I should hear what he had to say.

"I wish you much joy, my dear friend, that you are going to resume

your own body. There is, however, one circumstance, which perhaps you have overlooked. Are you aware that you are to be buried to-day?"

"I never thought of it," answered I calmly, "nor is it of any consequence, I presume. In two days I shall be myself again. I shall then leave this body behind me, and take possession of my own."

"And where will your own body be then?"

"In the grave," said I with a shudder, as the thought came across me.

"Precisely so, and you will enjoy the pleasure of being buried alive: that, I suppose, you have not calculated upon."

This remark struck me with blank dismay, and I fell back on my chair, uttering a deep groan. "Is there then no hope? cannot this dreadful doom be averted? must I be buried alive?"

"The case is rather a hard one, Mr Stadt, but, perhaps, not without a remedy."

"Yes, there is a remedy," cried I, starting up and striking my forehead. "I shall hie me to my own house, and entreat them to suspend the funeral for two days."

"I saw the undertaker's men enter the house, as I passed by, for the purpose, I should think, of screwing down the coffin-lid. The company also, I find, are beginning to collect, so that there is little hope of your succeeding. However," continued he, taking a pinch of snuff, "you may try, and if you fail I have a scheme in view which will perhaps suit your purpose. I shall await your return."

In a moment my hat was on my head—in another I was out of the room—and in a third at my own house. What he had stated was substantially true. Some of the mourners had arrived, and the undertaker's men were waiting below, till they should be summoned up stairs to screw down the lid. Without an in-

stant of delay I rushed to the chamber where my dear body was lying in its shell. Some of my friends were there, and I entreated them, in imploring accents, to stop for two days and they would see that the corpse which lay before them would revive. "I am not dead," cried I, forgetting myself, "I assure you I am not dead."

"Poor fellow, he has lost his senses," said one.

"Ah, poor Wolstang," observed another: "he ran deranged some weeks ago, and has been going about asking for himself ever since."

"I assure you I am not dead," said I, throwing myself upon my knees before my cousin, who was present.

"I know that, my good fellow," was his answer, "but poor Stadt, you see, is gone for ever."

"That is not Stadt—it is I—it is I. Will you not believe me! I am Stadt—this is not me—I am not myself. For heaven's sake, suspend this funeral." Such were my exclamations, but they produced no other effect but that of pity among the by-standers.

"Poor unfortunate fellow, he is crazed. Get a porter and let him be taken home."

This order, which was given by my cousin himself, stung me to madness, and, changing my piteous tones for those of fierce resistance, I swore that "I would not turn out for any man living. I would not be buried alive to please them." To this nobody made any reply, but in the course of a minute four stout porters made their appearance, and I was forced from the house.

Returning to Wolstang's lodgings, the old man was there in waiting, as he promised. "What," said I with trepidation, "what is the scheme you were to propose? Tell me, and avert the horrible doom which will await me, for they have refused to suspend the funeral."

"My dear friend," said he in the most soothing manner, "your case is far from being so bad as you apprehend. You have just to write your name in this book, and you will be yourself again in an instant. Instead of coming alive in the grave, you will be alive before the coffin-lid is put on. Only think of the difference of the two situations."

"A confounded difference indeed," thought I, taking hold of the pen.

But, at the very moment when I was going to write, I observed above the following words:

"I hereby engage, after my natural decease, to give over my soul to the owner of this book."

"What!" said I, "this is the old compact; the one you wished me to sign before?"

"The same, my dear friend."

"Then I'll be d——d if I sign it."

"Only think of the consequences," said he.

"I will abide the consequences rather than sell my soul."

"Buried alive, my dear sir—only think."

"I will not sign the compact."

"Only think of being buried alive," continued he,—*"stified to death—pent up on all sides—earth above, earth below—no hope—no room to move in—suffocated, stupified, horror-struck—utter despair. Is not the idea dreadful? Only think what your feelings will be, when you come to life in that narrow charnel-house, and know your situation."*

I gave a shudder at this picture, which was drawn with horrible truth; but the energies of religion, and the hopes of futurity, rushed upon my soul, and sustained it in the dreadful trial. "Away, away," said I, pushing him back. "I have made up my mind to the sacrifice, since better may not be. Whatever happens to my body, I am resolved not to risk my eternal soul for its sake."

"Think again," said he, "and make up your mind. If I leave you your fate is irrevocable. Are you decided?"

"I am."

"Only reflect once more—Consider how, by putting your name in this book, you will save yourself from a miserable death. Are you decided?"

"I am," replied I firmly.

"Then, fool," said he, while a frown perfectly unnatural to him corrugated his brow, and his eyes shot forth vivid glances of fire—"then, fool, I leave you to your fate. You shall never see me again." So saying, he walked out of the room, dispensing with his usual bows and grimaces, and dashing the door fiercely after him, while I threw myself upon a couch in an agony of despair.

My doom was now sealed beyond all hope; for, going to the windows a few

minutes thereafter, I beheld my own funeral, with my cousin at the head of the procession, acting as chief mourner. In a short time, I saw the company returning from the interment.—“All is over then,” said I, wringing my hands at this deplorable sight. “I am the victim of some infernal agency, and must prepare for the dreadful sacrifice.” That night I was supremely wretched, tossing incessantly in bed, while sleep was denied to my wearied eyelids. Next morning my haggard look was remarked by my servant, who proposed sending for a physician; but this I would not allow, knowing that woe like mine was beyond the reach of medicine. The greater part of that day was spent in religious exercises, from which I felt considerable relief. The day after was the last I was to behold upon earth. It came, and I endeavoured by every means to subdue the terror which it brought along with it. On arising from bed, I sent for my servant, an elderly woman, whom I had got to supply the place of Barnabas and Louise, and gave her one hundred gilders, being all the money I could find in Wolstang’s bureau,—“Now, Philippa,” said I, “as soon as

the clock of the study has struck three, come in, and you will find me dead. Retire, and do not enter till then.” She went away, promising to do all that I had ordered her.

During the interval, I sat opposite the clock, marking the hours pass rapidly by. Every tick was as a death-knell to my ear—every movement of the hands, as the motion of a scimitar levelled to cut me in pieces. I heard all, and I saw all in horrid silence. Two o’clock at length struck. “Now,” said I, “there is but one hour for me on earth—then the dreadful struggle begins—then I must live again in the tomb only to perish miserably.” Half an hour passed, then forty minutes, then fifty, then fifty-five. I saw with utter despair the minute hand go by the latter, and approach the meridian number of the dial. As it swept on, a stupor fell over my spirit, a mist swam before my eyes, and I almost lost the power of consciousness. At last I heard *one* strike aloud; my flesh crept with dread,—then *two*; I gave an universal shudder,—then *three*, and I gasped convulsively, and saw and heard nothing further.

CHAPTER V.

At this moment I was sensible of an insufferable coldness. My heart fluttered, then it beat strong, and the blood passing as it were over my chilled frame, gave it warmth and animation. I also began by slow degrees to breathe. But though my bodily feelings were thus torpid, my mental ones were very different. They were on the rack; for I knew that I was now buried alive, and that the dreadful struggle was about to commence. Instead of rejoicing as I recovered the genial glow of life, I felt appalled with blank despair. I was terrified to move, because I knew I would feel the horrid walls of my narrow prison-house. I was terrified to breathe, because the pent air within it would be exhausted, and the suffocation of struggling humanity would seize upon me. I was even terrified to open my eyes, and gaze upon the eternal darkness by which I was surrounded. Could I resist? the idea was madness. What would my strength avail against the closed coffin, and the pressure above,

below, and on every side? “No, I must abide the struggle, which a few seconds more will bring on: I must perish deplorably in it. Then the Epicurean worm will feast upon my remains, and I shall no longer hear any sound, or see any sight, till the last trumpet shall awaken me from slumber, and gather me together from the jaws of the tomb.”

Meanwhile, I felt the necessity of breathing, and I did breath fully; and the air was neither so close nor scanty as might have been supposed. “This, however,” thought I, “is but the first of my respirations: a few more, and the vital air will be exhausted; then will the agony of death truly commence.” I nevertheless breathed again, and again, and again; but nothing like stifling seized upon me—nothing of the kind, even when I had made fifty good respirations. On the contrary, I respired with the most perfect freedom. This struck me as very singular; and being naturally of an inquisitive disposition, I felt an irresistible

wish, even in my dreadful situation, to investigate if possible the cause of it. "The coffin must be unconscionably large." This was my first idea; and to ascertain it, I slightly raised my hands, shuddering at the same time at the thought of their coming in contact with the lid above me. However, they encountered no lid. Up, up, up, I elevated them, and met with nothing. I then groped to the sides, but the coffin laterally seemed equally capacious; no sides were to be found. "This is certainly a most extraordinary shell to bury a man of my size in. I shall try if possible to ascertain its limits before I die—Suppose I endeavour to stand upright." The thought no sooner came across my mind than I carried it into execution. I got up, raising myself by slow degrees, in case of knocking my head against the lid. Nothing, however, impeded my extension, and I stood straight. I even raised my hands on high, to feel if it were possible to reach the top—no such thing; the coffin was apparently without bounds. Altogether, I felt more comfortable than a buried man could expect to be. One thing struck me, and it was this—I had no grave-clothes upon me. "But," thought I, "this is easily accounted for: my cousin comes to my property, and the scoundrel has adopted the most economical means of getting rid of me." I had not as yet opened my eyes, being daunted at the idea of encountering the dreary darkness of the grave. But my courage being somewhat augmented by the foregoing events, I endeavoured to open them. This was impossible; and, on examination, I found that they were bandaged, my head being encircled with a fillet. On endeavouring to loosen it, I lost my balance, and tumbled down with a hideous noise. I did not merely fall upon the bottom of the coffin, as might be expected; on the contrary, I seemed to roll off it, and fell lower, as it were, into some vault underneath. In endeavouring to arrest this strange descent, I caught hold of the coffin, and pulled it on the top of me. Nor was this all; for, before I could account for such a train of extraordinary accidents below ground, and while yet stupified and bewildered, I heard a door open, and, in an instant after, human voices. "What, in Heaven's name, can be the meaning

of this?" ejaculated I involuntarily. "Is it a dream? am I asleep, or am I awake? Am I dead or alive?" While meditating thus, and struggling to extricate myself from the coffin, I heard some one say distinctly, "Good God, he is come alive!" My brain was distracted by a whirlwind of vain conjectures; but before it could arrange one idea, I felt myself seized upon by both arms, and raised up with irresistible force. At the same instant, the fillet was drawn from my eyes. I opened them with amazement—instead of the gloom of death, the glorious light of heaven burst upon them! I was confounded; and, to add to my surprise, I saw supporting me two men, with whose faces I was familiar. I gazed at the one, then at the other, with looks of fixed astonishment. "What is this?" said I; "where am I?"

"You must remain quiet," said the eldest, with a smile. "We must have you put to bed, and afterwards dressed."

"What is this?" continued I; "am I not dead—was I not buried?"

"Hush, my dear friend—let me throw this great-coat over you."

"But I must speak," said I, my senses still wandering—"Where am I?—who are you?"

"Do you not know me?"

"Yes," replied I, gazing at him intently—"My friend Doctor Wunderdudt. Good God, how do you happen to be here? Did I not come alive in the grave?"

"You may thank us that you did not," said he—"Look around, and say if you know where you are."

I looked, as he directed, and found myself in a large room fitted up with benches, and having half-a-dozen skeletons dangling from the roof. While doing this, he and his friend smiled at each other, and seemed anxiously awaiting my reply, and enjoying my wonder. At last I satisfied myself that I was in the anatomical theatre of the University.

"But," said I, "there is something in all this I cannot comprehend. What—where is the coffin?"

"What coffin, my dear fellow?" said Wunderdudt.

"The coffin that I was in."

"The coffin," said he, smiling, "I suppose it remains where it was put the day before yesterday."

I rubbed my eyes with vexation, not

knowing what to make of these perplexing circumstances. "I mean," said I, "the coffin—that is the coffin I drew over upon me when I fell."

"I do not know of any coffin," answered he, laughing heartily; "but I know very well that you have pulled upon yourself my good mahogany table; there it lies." And, on looking, I observed the large table which stood in the middle of the hall, overturned upon the floor. Doctor Wunderdutt (he was professor of anatomy to the college) now made me retire, and had me put in bed till clothing could be procured. But I would not allow him to depart till he had unravelled the strange web of perplexity in which I still found myself involved. Nothing would satisfy me but a philosophical solution of the problem, "Why was I not buried alive as I had reason to expect?" The doctor expounded this intricate point in the following manner:—

"The day before yesterday," said he, "I informed the resurrectionists in the service of the university, that I was in want of a subject, desiring them at the same time to set to work with all speed. That very night they returned, assuring me that they had fished up one which would answer to a hair, being both young and vigorous. In order to inform myself of the quality of what they brought me, I examined the body, when, to my indignation and grief, I found that they had disinterred my excellent friend, Mr Frederick Stadt, who had been buried the same day."

"What!" said I, starting up from the bed, "did they disinter me?—the scoundrels."

"You may well call them scoundrels," said the professor, "for preventing a gentleman from enjoying the pleasure of being buried alive. The deed was certainly most felonious; and, if you are at all anxious, I shall have them reported to the Syndic, and tried for their impertinent interference. But to proceed. No sooner did I observe that they had fallen upon you than I said, 'My good men, this will never do. You have brought me here my worthy friend, Mr Stadt. I cannot feel in my heart to anatomize him, so just carry him quietly back to his old quarters, and I shall pay you his price, and something over and above.'"

"What!" said I, again interrupting the doctor, "is it possible you could

be so inhuman as to make the scoundrels bury me again?"

"Now, Stadt," rejoined he, with a smile, "you are a strange fellow. You were angry at the *men* for raising you, and now you are angry at *me* for endeavouring to repair their error by re-interring you."

"But you forget that I was to come alive?"

"How the deuce was I to know that, my dear boy?"

"Very true. Go on, doctor, and excuse me for interrupting you so often."

"Well," continued he, "the men carried you last night to deposit you in your long home, when, as fate would have it, they were prevented by a ridiculous fellow of a tailor, who, for a trifling wager, had engaged to sit up alone, during the whole night, in the church-yard, exactly at the spot where your grave lay. So they brought you back to the College, resolving to inter you to-night, if the tailor, or the devil himself, should stand in their way. Your timely resuscitation will save them this trouble. At the same time, if you are still offended at them, they will be very happy to take you back, and you may yet enjoy the felicity of being buried alive."

Such was a simple statement of the fact, delivered in the Professor's good-humoured and satirical style; and from it the reader may guess what a narrow escape I had from the most dreadful of deaths, and how much I am indebted, in the first instance, to the stupid blundering of the resurrectionists, and, in the second, to the tailor. I returned to my own house as soon as possible, to the no small mortification of my cousin, who was proceeding to invest himself with all that belonged to me. I made him refund without ceremony, and altered my will, which had been made in his favour; not forgetting in so doing his refusal to let my body remain two days longer unburied. A day or two afterwards I saw a funeral pass by, which, on inquiry, I learned to be Wolstang's. He died suddenly, as I was informed, and some persons remarked it as a curious event that his death happened at precisely the same moment as my return to life. This was merely mentioned as a passing observation, but no inference was deduced from it. The old domestic in Wolstang's house gave a wonderful account of his death, mentioning the hour at which he said he was to die,

and how it was verified by the event. She said nothing, however, about the hundred gilders. Many considered her story as a piece of mere trumpery. She had nevertheless a number of believers.

With respect to myself, I excited a great talk, receiving invitations to dine with almost all the respectable families in Gottingen. I had the honour of being waited on by Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, who, after shaking me by the hand in the kindest manner, made me give a long account of my feelings at the instant of coming alive. Of course, I concealed everything connected with the Metempsychosis, and kept out many circumstances, which at the time I did not wish to be known. He was nevertheless highly delighted, and gave it as his opinion (which, being oracular, was instantly acted upon), that a description of the whole should be inserted in the *Annals of the University*. I had the farther honour of being invited to dinner at his house—an honour which I duly appreciated, knowing that it is almost never conferred except on the syndics, burgomasters, and deacons of the town, and a few of the professors.

These events which are here related at

full, I can only attest by my own word, except indeed the affair of the coming alive, which everybody in Gottingen knows of. If any doubt the more unlikely parts of the detail, I cannot help it. I have not written this with the view of empty fame, and still less of profit. Philosophy has taught me to despise the former, and my income renders the latter an object of no importance. I merely do it to put my fellow-citizens on their guard against the machinations of the old fellow with the snuff-coloured surtout, the scarlet waistcoat, and the wooden leg. Above all, they should carefully abstain from signing any paper he may present to them, however plausible his offers may be. By mere thoughtlessness in this respect, I brought myself into a multitude of dangers and difficulties, from which every one in the same predicament may not escape so easily as I have done. I shall conclude with acknowledging that a strong change has been wrought in my opinions; and that from ridiculing the doctrines of the sage of Samos, I am now one of their firmest supporters. In a word, I am what I have designated myself,

“A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.”

THE COUNTRY CURATE.

CHAPTER VI.

The Smugglers.

AMONG all the youths that attended Divine service at the church of St Alphege, there was none, at least in my day, to be compared, either in point of manly beauty or rustic accomplishments, with Will Brockman. Will was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. His father, who, to use the colloquial phraseology of this coast, had followed the sea from his childhood, perished one stormy night, in a vain though gallant attempt to bring assistance to a vessel in distress; and Will, who was then an infant, formed from that hour the only solace of a kind-hearted and amiable mother. The elder Brockman had, it appeared, been successful in his speculations. Whether these were always such as to defy scrutiny, or whether,

in common with the rest of his townsmen, he deemed it no act of dishonesty to defraud the revenue as often as circumstances would allow, I cannot tell. All that I know is, that at his death he left his widow in possession of a comfortable dwelling, situated on the extreme edge of my parish—of a sum in ready money, the amount of which no one accurately knew—of the whole and sole property in a barge and a pinnace—together with a couple of shares in a neat lugger, famous for its fast sailing, and called the *Dreadnought*. Possessed of this fortune, Mrs Brockman naturally became an object of desire to such of her late husband's companions as were bachelors. The father of her boy had not been in his grave a year, before she was im-

portuned on all hands to change her condition ; but to such proposals she turned a deaf ear, and transferring to her son all the love she ever felt for her husband, she continued in her widowed state up to the hour of her decease.

At the period of which I now write, Will had attained his three-and-twentieth year ; in height, he measured rather more than six feet. His form, though apparently slender, was well knit and put together ; his step was light and free, and gave notice of a surpassing degree of agility and vigour ; no man along the coast could pull a better oar, or more skilfully manage a rudder or a sail, when the wind was high and the sea rough. Will's hair was of a raven blackness, and hung about his temples and forehead in thick short curls ; his eye was of the hue of the sloe when it is fully ripe ; his complexion was a clear olive, slightly tinged with vermilion ; and his skin, notwithstanding a frequent exposure to the elements, as well in summer as in winter, still retained the purity and delicacy of its texture. Yet he was not critically beautiful. His was a countenance which pleased more because of its general expression of good humour and high courage, than that the features were strictly regular ; for his nose was perhaps too long, and his mouth rather too wide. But then his teeth were pieces of the brightest and most polished ivory, and there was a beam in his eye, and a lightening up of every feature when he smiled, which few maidens could watch with indifference. Such was Will Brockman when first I saw him, about four years after my arrival in the parish ; and I must say, that when he stood in the church-yard, in his jacket and trowsers of fine blue cloth, his white stockings and well-cleaned shoes, I could not wonder at the degree of honest pride with which his widowed mother regarded him.

The events of his short life, previous to the commencement of our acquaintance, may be related in few words.

Like other youths brought up by the sea-side, Will early exhibited a predilection for a maritime life ; and as Mrs Brockman appeared to consider the coasting trade, and the business of a dredger, as of all others the most perilous, she determined to send her son into the service of a company of mer-

chants, whose ships navigated between London and the Baltic. At the age of thirteen he accordingly entered upon his apprenticeship. This expiring in four years, he was taken, when seventeen years old, as an able seaman on board the Neptune, where his attention to his duties, and his general activity and intelligence, soon recommended him for favour and promotion. He had hardly reached his twentieth year, when he received the appointment of second mate—his preferment to the rank of first mate occurred the year after—and when he and I met for the first time, he was on leave of absence of an indefinite extent, waiting till the brig Britannia should be fitted out for service, of which he was to be put in command. Right joyous had the widow's heart been many days before he made his appearance, at the prospect of once more having her boy under her roof, safe and sound from the perils of the deep. No fewer than five years had elapsed since her arms last embraced him ; and now he was to return to them loaded with honours, and what was of far more weight in her eyes, worthy to be honoured by all good men. Happy woman was she, when, at a late hour on Saturday night, her brave and handsome son burst into her parlour ; and proud was her bearing when she entered the house of God, leaning upon his stalwart arm, on the morning after.

There dwelt in the parish at this time a family of the name of Petley, of whom, from the father down to the youngest child, no one thought well. The old man was by trade a market-gardener, but he paid so little attention to the cultivation of his land, that it would have been matter of surprise how he contrived to live, had not his neighbours been pretty well assured, that he looked to it but little for a subsistence. He was a widower. His domestic circle consisted of three sons and a daughter, the eldest about thirty, the youngest, Harriet, hardly nineteen. The boys professed to be fishermen. They owned a boat among them, with which they made frequent voyages, no one cared to inquire whither ; but if these voyages were made in search of fish, they were generally far from being successful. The fact, indeed, was, that fishing constituted a mere excuse for the prosecution of another, and a more perilous vocation.

They were smugglers, daring, intrepid, unprincipled smugglers — men who were known to carry arms about their persons whenever they set out upon an adventure, and who professed, and professed truly, not to set their own lives, or the lives of others, at a pin's value. They were men of violence from their youth up, dissolute in their habits, proud and bold in their deportment, and what, in the eyes of their neighbours at least, was worst of all, they were men without one particle of honour. No one herded with them, no one dared to trust them. They stood perfectly alone, for they had on various occasions betrayed a companion in illicit transactions, and were universally shunned in consequence.

Of the daughter Harriet, it grieves me to speak in the terms which truth requires. Never have my eyes rested upon a female face or form more perfectly beautiful. Her brown hair hung in glossy ringlets over her neck, and parted upon a forehead purer and whiter than the purest alabaster, in which every blue vein could be distinctly traced, like streaks in the polished marble. Her eye of dark hazel could languish or laugh, as suited the humour of the moment, with equal effect; her little mouth spoke volumes, as the smile or the sneer curled it; her figure, neither tall nor short, was a piece of the most exquisite symmetry. Yet, with all these outward charms, Harriet was a bad girl; and she was not the less bad, that she was absolutely chaste. Cold, calculating, and hypocritical, she had been taught from her childhood to square every action, and to fashion every look, according to the dictates of interest. All the lads in the parish admired her, and almost all had, for a time, dangled after her. But they gradually ceased to court one, who favoured their addresses only so far as she found them pliable; and who made no other use of her power over them, than to entangle them into a ruinous connexion with her brothers.

Young Brockman had been so long absent, that of the character of this family he knew nothing. The sons had all been his school-fellows; one was about his own age; and when they last parted, no such stigma was known to attach to them. It was therefore but natural that he should meet their

advances with the cordiality of other days, and freely accept their invitation to come and partake of the produce of the farm. This was given after divine service, on the very first Sunday which he spent amongst us; and coming as it did, from the ruby lips of Harriet, no one could feel surprise that it was not declined; for with the precipitancy of his years, Will's admiration grew at once into passion, and before he had exchanged two sentences with his old acquaintance, he became her devoted slave.

From that unlucky hour, Will became a constant visitor at the house of John Petley. His mother, from whom the state of his feelings could not long remain a secret, did her best to break off the connexion. She took, I believe, the injudicious course which most mothers take, when their sons or daughters chance to form an improper attachment; that is to say, she never neglected any legitimate opportunity of speaking slightly of Harriet, nor greatly scrupled to invent one, when it occurred not of its own accord. But her plans proved as fruitless as such plans generally prove, and the more she railed at the object of his attentions, the more devotedly and warmly attached to that object he became. Matters went, indeed, so far at last, that she absolutely longed for the arrival of the communication which was again to separate her from the only being upon earth whom she truly loved; so firmly was she convinced, that her son's intercourse with the Petleys could end in no good, and would probably lead to his ruin.

Nor had much time elapsed before the consequences of his misplaced attachment began to appear in the habits and behaviour of young Brockman. Whole days were now spent at Petley's house, and some of the lowest and worst characters along the coast were his companions. Many a time his mother sat up, in expectation of his return, till long past midnight; and when he did return, was shocked to find him in a state of outrageous inebriety. His money, too, began to run short; cards, of which the good woman entertained a grievous horror, became his favourite diversion; and a rumour gradually gained ground that much of it was lost at play. When Sunday morning came round, he had always some excuse ready, why he should

not accompany her to church; his head ached, or he had received a communication from his employers, which must be answered by that day's post; in a word, Will Brockman was an altered man. The very expression of his countenance was changed, and even his style of dress was no longer what it used to be. The effect of all this was, to cause the widow's heart, of late so light, to sink within her; her days were accordingly devoted to useless complaining, and her nights to watchfulness and terror.

In the meanwhile, a thousand stories were abroad respecting her son. His letter of appointment, it was reported, had arrived; but he had rejected the situation, at the suggestion of Harriet and her brothers. He had been frequently seen, of late, at the dead of night, on the beach; and more than once he was known to have been absent from home for twenty-four hours successively. The Dreadnought, which had hitherto been navigated by a stranger, was called in, and who was to command her, or in what service she was hereafter to be employed, no one knew. Men whispered and smiled, women looked grave, and lamented,—and all felt persuaded, that Will Brockman was entangled in a net from which he would never free himself. Not that the good folks on the coast of Kent look with an evil eye upon an ordinary smuggler—very far from it; I believe that not a few of the leading families in that part of the kingdom, owe their rise entirely to what is called *free trade*; but the party with which Will had connected himself, or was supposed to have connected himself, were so notoriously bad, that their very brother smugglers dared not trust them. Even of the little honour which belongs to thieves, they were known to be devoid; and hence Brockman's ruin was predicted, not so much on account of the danger necessarily attendant upon his pursuits, as because it was surmised, that his new associates would deliver him over to the officers of go-

vernment, on the very first opportunity which should promise to make it worth their while.

Of all this his poor mother was duly informed. Her fears were accordingly excited beyond endurance, and the more, that she knew not how to proceed in order to save him. The effect of her personal remonstrances had been to drive him almost entirely from his home. The spell of the syren was over him, and to her he fled for comfort and support when the reproaches and tears of a kind parent stung too deeply. This the latter saw, and, determined to risk everything for his preservation, she fell upon a remedy so desperate as only to be justified by the desperate state of his circumstances. She resolved to become herself an informer—she made up her mind to instruct the Excise officers when and where they might arrest the Petleys in their illicit proceedings, and she delayed it from day to day, only in the hope, the remote and uncertain hope, of finding an opportunity to do so when Will might be absent from their meetings; but that opportunity came not—Day and night they were together, and the poor woman, worked up to a pitch of frenzy, at last gave information of an intended landing of smuggled goods, in which she had somehow discovered that Will was to take part. The goods were, indeed, to be brought over in the Dreadnought, which her son was to steer; yet, such was her horror of the proceedings in which he had embarked, and such the conviction, that if she did not extricate him by a desperate chance like the present, he would undoubtedly fall a victim to the interests of his more crafty comrades, that without hesitation she dispatched an anonymous letter to the Custom-house, in which the plans of the smugglers were, as far as she knew them, communicated. The letter was not cast aside because it bore no signature, and what the consequences of it were, it shall be the business of the following chapter to detail.

CHAPTER VII.

It was now the month of August; I had retired to bed one night at my usual hour, but, partly from the effect of delicate health, and partly because my thoughts were still too apt to wander back into past scenes, I felt no inclination to sleep. After vainly toss-

ing about for some time, I rose, and, opening the window, looked out. The air was soft and mild, and the moon, in her third quarter, shed a faint and silvery light over external objects. My little church, with its neat churchyard and white fences, appeared to

peculiar advantage beneath her rays; the sides of the green hills, and the bosom of the green valley before me, glittered in the dew drops, and the sheep either lay in groups here and there, or rousing at intervals by ones and twos, sent forth a short bleating, as if in search of some strayed companions. The roar of the waves, as they broke upon the distant shingle, came upon me like notes of the sweetest music. Of the sea itself I saw nothing, for the hill on the right of the vicarage completely shuts it out; but its sound floated up upon the breeze, even more audibly and more harmoniously than was usual. In all still nights we hear that sound, the most delightful perhaps of any which inanimate nature produces; but to-night it was more constant, and more exquisitely soothing, than I had ever heard it. The consequence was, that I felt more than ordinarily affected by it. The images which had occupied my mind before I rose, were melancholy, and painfully so; they lost much of their agonizing character, after I seated myself beside the open window. "Why should I complain?" said I; "it is doubtless far better thus, than it would have been had my wishes been accomplished. She is at rest—perhaps she is a blessed spirit, inhabiting that bright planet which is sailing over head, and looking down with pity upon me because I am still tied to the earth. At all events, it was the will of Him who knows what is best for us to remove her, and to that will I submit."

Such was the train of my thoughts, and such the calm and holy state into which I was fast falling, when a considerable commotion at the base of the hill on the right hand attracted my attention. A deep shadow was over the spot, which hindered me from seeing anything; but I heard the tread of men's feet, and the noise of sheep starting from their lairs, and the latter soon ran out, as if scared, into the moonlight. I kept my eye steadily fixed upon the obscure corner, which I knew to be the gorge of a ravine or gully in the hill side, and listened with an anxiety quite disproportionate to the apparent cause, for any other sounds which might proceed from it. Nor did I long listen in vain—the ravine was but a very short distance from the paddock fence, and as the slight air that stirred, blew inwards, I had no difficulty in catching the substance

of the following dialogue, though it was conducted with apparent caution, and in no higher tone than a whisper.

"Is it the time yet?" said one voice. "Not quite, I think," replied another. "It was one o'clock they said, was it not?" "Yes, and it cannot be far from that now—it struck twelve before we left the town."—"Hush!" whispered the first speaker, "did you not hear something?"

There was a silence of several seconds after this, but the alarm appeared to be groundless, and the conversation was renewed.

"A great pity; a fine lad, but grown devilish wild. Well, well, it will be a good haul for us—but will they fight, think you?"—"Can't say. I have got my bull-dogs though, and curse me if I don't use them. There they come, by Jove—let us mount!"

At this moment, another sound caught my ear, as of persons approaching the summit of the hill from the opposite side, and walking with difficulty. I looked up, and the figures of three men, each bearing a burthen upon his back, stood between me and the moon. They paused for a moment, and as far as I could judge from their motions, looked anxiously round, then throwing down their loads upon the ground, they seated themselves beside them. Having continued thus for about five minutes, they again resumed their burthens and began to descend. They had proceeded about half-way, when two men sprang from the shadowy ravine, by the edge of which they were walking, and made towards them. Instantly their sacks were cast from them, and the three figures fled in different directions, unpursued, however, by the assailants, who occupied themselves in gathering together the plunder. I now saw how the case stood. Without doubt the three were smugglers, and the two, officers of the revenue; and the matter being one in which I was not anxious to be involved, I gently closed my window and retired to bed.

I had dropped into a doze, but how long I had lain thus I know not, when sleep was suddenly dispelled by the report of fire-arms. A shout followed, and then a loud shriek, as if from one in pain or deadly peril. I leaped out of bed again, and looking towards the place where the seizure was effected, I saw a group of three per-

sons, one lying at length upon the ground, and two standing over him—a fourth man was farther up the hill, and was descending. Though they were too far removed for me to distinguish their words, it was evident that the last-mentioned person no sooner joined the rest, than a violent altercation began. What the subject of it might be, I could not tell; but it ended at length in their lifting the form which lay upon the ground, and casting it over the ravine. A horrible conviction now flashed across my mind. Murder had been committed, the murder, no doubt, of an exciseman, and these were the persons who had shed his blood. I felt a chill creep through my veins, and drew in my head to recover; when I looked out again, the figures had all disappeared.

It will easily be imagined that the night passed by without any refreshing sleep visiting my pillow. I lay wide awake indeed, till day-break, a prey to the most agonizing and fearful surmises. There was no positive ground for the suspicion; at least nothing had occurred capable of creating more than suspicion; yet I could not divest myself of the persuasion, that young Brockman was somehow or another implicated in the business. Connected with this idea, also, was the recollection of the measure so frequently threatened by his mother; and these combined, served to conjure up phantoms more hideous and alarming than any which had ever before taken possession of my brain. As the best and only means of dispelling them, I resolved at last to disbelieve the evidence of my own senses; and by a positive effort, succeeded in doubting whether the whole scene might not have been, after all, a mere creation of my own fancy.

Such a doubt could not, however, be permitted to continue unsolved. Day-light having at length arrived, I hastily dressed myself, and proceeded towards the spot where I had seen, or fancied that I had seen, the deed of violence done. There were abundant confirmations there of my worst fears. The grass was torn, as if by the hands and heels of men struggling, and in various places it was dyed with blood. There was a sprinkling of the same foul stream as far as the edge of the precipice, and there it ended. The gully in question measures about one hun-

dred and fifty feet in depth; it is as nearly perpendicular as can be, and a narrow foot-path, or rather a sheep-track, winds just under its ridge. At the bottom stands a ruined cottage, with a heap of loose stones, all overgrown with nettles and other rank weeds. I could perceive that they had been lately disturbed, for the weeds were trodden down, and of the stones, a more than usual quantity were laid bare, and the thought immediately occurred, that there they had deposited the body: I could not suffer the fact to continue undecided, so I descended the hill again, and made for the ruin.

I had no difficulty in reaching the parallel of the high ground from which I had looked down, for a horrible mark guided me. There were clots and dashes of blood along the entire face of the ravine, and at its base a pool had coagulated where the body had doubtless rested from its fall. I pursued a sort of track among the nettles, which conducted from this point as far as the corner of the dilapidated gable, where it ended. Here it was manifest that a number of stones had lately been removed; and on rolling back several of them again, an horrible spectacle met my eyes. A dead man lay beneath them. His throat was cut from ear to ear, and a knife, such as sailors generally carry, lay beside him. It was covered with gore, both handle and blade, and it was marked upon the former with the initials W. B. "O God," cried I, aloud, "then Will Brockman is the murderer!"

The exclamation was hardly uttered, when I found myself suddenly surrounded by a concourse of people, among whom were several peace-officers, and a magistrate. The agitation necessarily produced by being caught under circumstances so extraordinary, having passed away, I repeated to the latter all that I had heard and seen on the preceding night; and having likewise communicated my suspicions respecting the perpetrators of the deed, constables were immediately dispatched to secure the parties named. In the meanwhile, the body was removed to the vestry, to await the issue of an inquest; and the magistrate returned with me to the vicarage, where we spent the time in no very enviable state of feeling, till the officers with their prisoners should arrive.

Nearly two hours elapsed before the latter event occurred. They came, however, at last, bringing with them the three brothers and their companion; nor could the most careless spectator fail to observe the striking contrast which the appearance and manner of these unhappy persons presented.

In the demeanour of the first were exhibited hardly any symptoms of alarm, certainly none of confusion or dismay. An occasional flush would, indeed, pass over their countenances as the examination proceeded; but with this exception, theirs was the expression of men either absolutely innocent, or to a terrible degree callous and hardened. Not such was the expression of Brockman's face. Misery, the deepest and the darkest, was pictured there. He was deadly pale, his eye was wild and blood-shot, and either rested steadily upon the floor, or wandered in seeming unconsciousness round the room. Nor was the difference in their dress less remarkable. The brothers had been arrested in bed. They rose, coolly and calmly put on clean apparel, and acted in every way as if they were utterly ignorant of all cause for their arrest. Brockman had been taken upon the beach. He wore the same garments which he must have worn on the preceding night, and they, as well as his hands, were red with blood. When the officers overtook him, he was pacing backwards and forwards, more like one who meditates self-destruction than escape, and he now stood before us as manifestly stamped with the crime of which he was accused, as external appearances could stamp him. Even I could not but acknowledge to myself, that he must be the murderer.

The magistrate having seated himself in due form beside the table, proceeded to take the depositions of such as appeared in any respect acquainted with the circumstances of the case. For my own part, I could only repeat what I had previously communicated, avowing, at the same time, my ignorance of the persons of those concerned; and the next individual examined brought not the matter greatly more home to the prisoners. This witness proved to be the companion of the murdered man. He deposed to the receipt of an anonymous communica-

tion, in consequence of which he and his companion had acted, and described minutely the fact of their ambush, and consequent seizure. The goods seized were, however, too bulky to be removed without further assistance, when it became necessary for one to go in search of such assistance, whilst the other kept guard over the prize; and the former duty falling to his share, he left the deceased to discharge the latter. The only thing which at all bore upon the charge, was his assertion, that, being on his way to Folkestone, he met, on the opposite side of the hill, a man whom he recognised as the elder Petley, but who merely wished him good night, and passed on.

Witness farther deposed, that

He might have been absent from his companion about an hour, for that the inhabitants of Folkestone being asleep, he found it difficult to procure the necessary aid. Having procured it, however, he hastened back, and discovered, to his dismay, that neither his brother officer nor the smuggled goods were in the place where he had left them. He then went on to state, that, alarmed at so unexpected an occurrence, he and his party began to inspect the ground for marks of violence, which it prognosticated. In this search a pistol was found, which appeared to have been lately discharged, and which, on examination, he could not recognise as having belonged to his companion. Next, a quantity of blood was discovered, as well as the trace as if a body had been dragged along the grass to the edge of the cliff. Being now fully satisfied that a deed of violence had been committed, they agreed to give information to the nearest magistrate, and accordingly proceeded to the house of his worship, who promptly rendered them all the assistance in his power, and to whom the rest of the proceedings were known.

The testimony of the last witness being taken down, and signed, it was fully corroborated by the evidence of certain persons who accompanied him from Folkestone for the purpose of securing the captured goods. No more, therefore, was necessary to make out a case against the prisoners, than to identify the weapons found upon the spot as their property. With respect to the knife, no proof could be more distinct. Many persons swore to their

having observed it in the possession of Brockman, and the letters engraved upon the haft rendered their assertions additionally credible ; but of the connexion of the pistol with the three brothers, the proof was not, perhaps, so decisive. The four prisoners were, however, known to be on an intimate footing ; they had been seen together on the night previous to the murder, when they set sail for the coast of France, with the avowed intention of bringing over a cargo of contraband articles, and no one could testify to the time of their return. Such was the chain of evidence against them, and upon it the magistrate conceived that he was bound to detain them.

There remained yet one source of information, of which no use had been made—namely, the anonymous letter. His worship having ascertained that the officer was in possession of that letter, desired that it might be given up to him, as a probable means of throwing additional light on the mysterious affair. This was done, and on his handing it to me, under the idea that I perhaps might know something of the characters, I discovered at the first glance a perfect confirmation of all my fears. The hand-writing was that of Mrs Brockman, and the billet itself ran thus—"One who is anxious to save an infatuated youth from ruin, begs to inform the Commissioners, that about midnight on the fifteenth of this month, a boat will land below Folkestone, loaded with silks and lace. It is surmised that the boat's crew consists of four persons, and that the goods will be conveyed across the hill to the house of John Petley."

My very breath forsook me when I had finished the perusal of this note, and I looked at Brockman with even more of deep commiseration than I had previously experienced. His guilt I dared not excuse ; but he seemed at the moment like Hercules in the Trachiniae of Sophocles, about to perish by the well-intended stratagem of her who loved him above all created beings. Whether he entertained any suspicion of the fact, I know not, for he paid no regard whatever to passing events. Not even when, like the rest, he was called upon to deny or confess his crime, did he utter one word ; for whilst they were protesting their innocence, he stood speechless. A clear case was accordingly adjudged

to be made out against him, and a case little less clear against his companions, for whose committal a warrant was made out, and they were delivered over to the constables to be removed to prison.

The magistrate had just signed the deed, when the doorburst open, and the unfortunate mother of Brockman rushed into the parlour. Her scream was so shrill and so appalling, that one who stood at the far-end of the glen might have heard it. "O what have I done," cried she, "and what have you done, my unfortunate boy ? Why stand you here, my son, and what blood is that upon your face ?—He is innocent, sir," continued she wildly, turning to the magistrate, "quite innocent. He commit murder ! he whom I reared so gently, and who was ever so gentle to me, ever, ever till—O, but we will not refer to that. It is done now—it is all over—the connexion is broken off, and he will go back to be again the comfort of his widowed mother.—Will you not, William, will you not return with me, my boy ? Come, come," cried she, running up to him, and seizing him by the hand.

Brockman groaned audibly. It was the first sound which he had uttered since he was brought into the house, and it came from the very bottom of his heart. "I cannot go with you now, my mother," said he ; "I must go elsewhere—to prison, and then to death." "To prison, and to death !" shrieked she ; "to prison, say you, to prison, and to death too !—you ? No, no, it cannot be. It was not for that I did it ; it was not against you that I informed ; it was against them ; these bloody, heartless, godless monsters—these, who have betrayed you. O may a mother's curse blight and wither them !" "Hush, hush, my mother," replied the criminal ; "curse no one, or if you curse at all, curse me.—Now I am ready," added he, turning to the constable.

Both the magistrate and myself were too much affected by this scene to be able to interrupt it, nor was it without evident emotion that the very constable proceeded to put on the handcuffs. In effecting this, it was seen, for the first time, that Brockman's right hand was severely wounded. A deep gash, or stab, was upon its palm, from which blood still continued to flow. "How came that wound there ?" asked I, full

of hope that the young man's answer might give a favourable turn to his case. But he answered not. He held up his wrists for the manacles, as if no such question had been put, and seemed to surrender himself wholly to despair. It was not so with his companions. They protested vehemently that no case had been made out against them, and that they were sacrificed to the prejudices of their neighbours; but the magistrate continuing of a different persuasion, they too were compelled to submit.

"You shall not remove him!" cried the unhappy mother, wildly rushing between the party and the door. "Friends, neighbours, O help, help!

they will murder my boy, and his blood will be upon my head! Mr Williams, will you not save him? He is innocent—innocent as the child unborn—O God, I am forsaken, thou hast forsaken the widow in her afflictions!--O save him, save him!" Though exceedingly reluctant to use violence towards one whom all sincerely pitied, the officers were at length obliged to remove her forcibly from her position. In vain she struggled and shrieked to be set free. The procession moved on, and the unhappy parent, overcome by the violence of her emotions, ceased for a time to be conscious of her misery.

CHAPTER VIII.

As may readily be imagined, the events recorded in the last chapter created a powerful sensation among all classes of people in the neighbourhood. Little else, indeed, was talked of for several days after the arrest of the prisoners; and all united in sentiments of commiseration, as well for Brockman, who was universally esteemed to have fallen a victim to the wiles of his associates, as for his ill-fated mother. Nor was the latter less deserving of pity than the former. Her grief knew no bounds; and the reflection, that all had been brought about, in a great measure, through her own rashness, infused a degree of bitterness into her sorrow, not necessarily an ingredient there.

The crime having been committed beyond the jurisdiction of the Cinque Ports, no choice was left to the magistrate, except to forward the guilty associates to Maidstone. Thither they were accordingly sent, to await the arrival of the Circuit-court; and thither, at the earnest entreaty of Mrs Brockman, I repaired shortly after, with the design of offering such consolation to her son as he might be capable of receiving, and inquiring, at a moment of calmness, into the real state of the case. For though appearances were so strongly against him, a belief was everywhere prevalent, that of the more heinous crime he must be innocent; at all events, as it was pretty clear that one of the parties would be admitted to give evidence, in order

fully to convict the rest, something, at least, would be gained, could he be prevailed upon to stand forward in that capacity.

With these plans in my head, I proceeded at the hour of four one morning to take my place in the stage. It was still quite dark, consequently I could make nothing farther of my fellow-passengers, except to discover, by means of the sense of touch, that they were three in number. A female sat next me, and two men opposite. For the first five or ten minutes, no one spoke a word; but at the end of that time, a dialogue began between the two men, in which I could not but take a very lively interest. It struck me, at the time, as having reference to the business on which I was engaged, and I found afterwards that my surmises had not been ill-founded.

"We must not lose heart," said he whose knees rubbed against mine; "all will yet be well. It is a bad business, no doubt, but where is the use of being down-hearted?"

"It all comes of your infernal stupidity," was the reply. "You knew what was going to happen, and you might have hindered it. What had you to do sending such fellows about it, and sending them, too, so d—d exact to their time? Were the boys but out of the scrape, I should be right glad the fool got paid off for his meddling."

"Nay," rejoined the speaker, "it was no fault of mine. I had not the

choice of the men, nor the direction of their movements. It was rather the fault of that hot-headed fellow, Ned—he is so confounded ready with his hands.”

“Well, well—we need not quarrel about it; the thing is to get them off if we can.—We may depend upon you, I suppose?”

“Certainly, provided we succeed in muzzling the young one.”

“Never fear for that; leave that to us.”

The conversation ended here, and was not resumed; for one of the speakers happening to put a question to me, which I answered, the tone of my voice appeared to produce a strong effect upon the whole party. A private signal passed between them; and the female, as well as the more remote of the two men, wrapped themselves closely up, and were silent. When day dawned, therefore, I could not discover a feature of their faces; and those of the third person, though not so well concealed, were not sufficiently familiar to be recognized.

We reached Maidstone in such time as to allow my paying a short visit to my parishioner that day. I found him, as I had expected to find him, utterly and fearfully dejected. For his life, he protested that he had no regard; but his character was gone for ever, and the distress of his poor mother affected him not less than any part of his misfortunes. At first, indeed, his manner was that of a man thoroughly reckless. He would hardly enter upon the subject of the murder at all; and he positively refused to come forward, should such a measure be proposed, as a witness against his associates. “No, sir,” said he, “my name is black enough already, but never shall it be said that those who were my companions, suffered through my treachery.” Of course, I did my best to overcome this absurd resolution, but my efforts were fruitless, and the hour of locking up being at hand, I was compelled to desist.

In returning along the passage, I was startled by the appearance of old Petley and his daughter, as they issued from one of the cells. The whole truth now flashed upon me. The voice which had sounded so familiar in my ears during the progress of my journey hither, was that of the smuggler, and the caution with which my fellow-

travellers had concealed their features, was explained. Not that there either was or could be the slightest impropriety in their using every fair and legitimate means for the deliverance of their own relatives from trouble; but I knew them too well not to be aware, that they would not confine themselves to fair means; and I had seen too many proofs of the girl’s absolute control over Brockman, not to apprehend, that it might be so managed as to cause his destruction. I accordingly returned to my inn, more than ever alarmed for the fate of the young man.

Nor were my fears groundless. I visited him again on the day following, only to find him more than ever fixed in his unwise determination. The syren had cast her spell over him; and a resolution, grounded upon false notions of honour, received ten-fold strength from her persuasive blandishments. “All will be well,” said he. “They cannot, and I will not disclose anything; and without some declaration on our parts, what evidence is against us? And should the contrary happen, my mind is firmly made up; I will never become an informer.” It was vain to reason farther with one so completely infatuated, so I quitted the place with a heavy heart.

Of the manner in which he conducted himself during the fortnight which intervened, between my last visit and the arrival of the judges, I know nothing. His mother, I learned, who spent the interval in a lodging at Maidstone, failed, as I had failed, in inducing him to save his life by speaking what he knew; and the official offer made by the Sheriff was rejected. Not even when assured, that one of the brothers stood ready to accept the mercy which he despised, could he be persuaded to alter his mind; and hence, when I returned, as I was obliged to return, to give testimony on his trial, his prospects were not in the most remote degree ameliorated. On the contrary, though much of the fierce and desperate character which marked his former demeanour had departed, yet on the single point of becoming King’s evidence, he was still as resolute as before, praying “that Heaven would abandon him in his hour of greatest need, whenever he abandoned that determination.” This was readily accounted for. Not

a day passed by without his receiving a visit from Harriet, and not an interview occurred, during which he was not reminded of his promise, and urged to keep it.

At length the period of the assizes came round; and the Judges having gone in procession to hear divine service, opened the Court in proper form for the conduct of public business.—The first day, as usually happens, was spent chiefly in the arrangement of preliminary matters; the juries were called together, the charge delivered, and bills of indictment brought forward. On the second day, the cause of the smugglers came on. It is probably needless to observe, that a trial for murder, under any circumstances, never fails to excite a great degree of attention; but in the case to be tried to-day, there were features of more than ordinary atrocity, and the interest taken in it by the public was fully evinced by the multitudes which surrounded the Court-house from an early hour in the morning. No sooner were the doors opened, than every bench and corner was crowded to suffocation, whilst all who filled them bore upon their countenances an expression of the deepest and most painful anxiety. For a rumour of Will's behaviour had, by some means or other, got abroad, and hence all descriptions of people appeared to interest their feelings in his behalf; indeed, there were not wanting several respectable persons, who volunteered such advice and assistance as they had it in their power to offer. At the suggestion of one of these, Mrs Brockman had taken care, in addition to the lawyers employed for the prisoners generally, to engage a counsel expressly for her son, whose reputation stood high, and who certainly merited, in the present instance, all the praise which could be heaped upon him.

Such was the state of affairs, when, in obedience to a message from the Court, I entered the hall, and took my place among the gentlemen of the bar. For the first minute or two after I was seated, my brain swam round, and my eyes danced in their sockets, so that I could distinguish nothing with accuracy. A dense mass of objects floated before me,—and a hum, like that of bees on a summer's evening, rung in my ears; but I saw no separate man, nor heard any separate or articulate

sound. By and by, however, my self-command returned, and I looked towards the dock,—it was a terrible vision. There stood the widow's son, hand-cuffed, and bound with chains, between two of his ferocious comrades. Apart from the rest stood the third, not chained, however, like them; but, as it seemed, ready to step from the dock to the witness-box. I closed my eyes involuntarily, and, I fear, cursed him in my heart.

And now, silence being proclaimed, the murmur of conversation ceased, and you might have heard a pin drop to the ground, whilst the proper officer proceeded to read the indictment. It accused Zachariah Petley, Thomas Petley, Edward Petley, and William Brockman, of having, during the night of the 15th of August last past, at a certain place within the parish of St Alphage, in the county of Kent, feloniously, and with malice prepense, killed and slain Robert Sharp, an officer of his Majesty's customs, when in the performance of his duty. A second count charged the prisoners with an attempt to defraud the revenue by running and importing contraband goods. All against the peace of his Majesty the king. "Zachariah Petley," continued the officer, "are you guilty, or not guilty?"—"Not guilty, my lord."—"Thomas Petley, are you guilty, or not guilty?"—"Not guilty."—"Edward Petley, are you guilty?"—"Not guilty, my lord."—"William Brockman, are you guilty, or not guilty?"—"Guilty of the second count, but not guilty of the first."

"Not guilty of the first," shrieked a female voice from one of the galleries. "Not guilty of murder; hear ye that, my lord! My boy is not guilty,—oh let him go, let him go!"

Not a sound was in the court, save the voice of the speaker; and so perfectly electrified were all present by the tone in which these words were uttered, that no one sought to interrupt her. I looked up towards the place from whence the shriek came, and there stood the miserable widow in the very front of the gallery, with hands clasped, and arms uplifted, staring upon the spot occupied by her son. Her dress was all disordered; her cap, pushed partly off her head, permitted her hair, now slightly tinged with grey, to hang wild about her shoulders; and her large dark eyes

were motionless, as if they had no power to move, and all earthly objects, except one, were shut out from them. The Judge had, however, by this time recovered from his surprise. "My good woman," said he, "you must keep silence; and I advise you to withdraw."

"I will,—I will," cried she; "but hear ye not his declaration? And I will swear to its truth, and so will Mr Williams."

"This must not be," rejoined the Judge. "Constables, do your duty, and keep order in the Court." But even the constables were tender to her. They only besought her to be quiet; she sat down, and the business proceeded.

"By the lenity of the Court, and at the request of the Board of Excise," said the counsel for the prosecution, "Thomas Petley is permitted to give evidence in this case. We therefore withdraw our plea against him." The Judge hereupon charged the jury; and a verdict of not guilty on both counts being returned, the approver quitted the dock.

It were needless to go minutely through the several parts of the trial, and to repeat my own evidence, or that of the rest, who knew no more to-day than they had known when the prisoners were first committed. The counsel for the defence did what men could do to puzzle and confound us. He whom we had retained for Brockman, in particular, exercised a degree of ingenuity which perfectly astonished me; and he put several questions to myself with the design of eliciting from my replies that Brockman, at all events, could not be implicated in the more serious offence. "I think you mentioned, sir," said he, "that, after the shots were fired, and the shriek uttered, you saw only two men beside the body, whilst one was descending the hill towards the group—Was he who was descending a tall man, or a little man?"—"As far as I could judge, a tall man."

"Now, look at the three prisoners at the bar, and at the witness who has lately quitted it, and tell me which of them comes nearest in height to the recollection you have of that man."

I looked round. Brockman was full two inches taller than any of them; yet I dared not swear that it was he. I hesitated for a moment. "We do not

wish you to say which of these persons was really the man; for as yet, we take it for granted that he is not present; but, supposing these to be the people implicated, which should you imagine to have been that man?"

To the question thus put, an objection was raised by the counsel on the opposite side; but the objection was overruled. "As you now address me," answered I, "I should say that William Brockman's height corresponds most nearly with that of the person alluded to."

"God bless you, sir!" again exclaimed the unhappy mother; but she was immediately silenced.

The rest of the evidence being now disposed of, Thomas Petley mounted the witness-box, and was solemnly sworn. He promised to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and prayed God to help him, as he kept that promise; he gave a minute and circumstantial detail, of which the following may be taken as an accurate abbreviation.

He admitted that they were all four engaged in a smuggling expedition. He related the circumstance of the seizure as it had been described by the exciseman and myself; and of the flight of those who carried the goods. These were, his brother Edward, William Brockman, and himself. "As to Zachariah," said he, "we left him in charge of the boat, and he never joined us till all was over." When the witness uttered this, Brockman turned round in the dock, and stared him full in the face. A sort of flush passed over his cheeks, but he was no ways farther embarrassed, and went on. "Though we fled at first in different directions, we all three met in a hollow about a stone's throw to the right, and here entered into a consultation as to what was to be done. Done, cried Brockman, who had drank rather too freely, what should be done? You have pistols, I have a knife; there are three to two;—let us recover the goods. To this we objected; but he snatched a pistol from my belt, and swore if we feared to join him he would go alone. He set off accordingly; we followed, with the sole view of preventing fatal consequences; but before we could overtake him he and the deceased had exchanged shots. The deceased was wounded, and fled; but Brockman pursued him, seized

him like a tiger, threw him, and just as we reached him, had succeeded in cutting his throat. I wrested the knife from his grasp, and in the struggle wounded him. We were all about the body, uncertain how to dispose of it, when my brother arrived. He mentioned having met the other exciseman, and assured us all Folkstone would be a-foot directly; so we cast the body from the cliff, and then we thought of escaping. But it seemed better to hide it first. We accordingly descended the glen; and buried it under the stones where it was found."

Whilst this person's evidence was delivered, men seemed to hold their very breath with anxiety; now that it came to a close, a long sob or sigh ran through the court. A fearful stillness followed it, and every eye was turned upon Brockman. The unfortunate youth, up to this moment, had hung down his head, as if in shame; he now raised it proudly, and looked calmly and resolutely round. "My Lord," said he slowly, and with great firmness, "the last witness has uttered a tissue of lies. I have sworn not to betray the guilty, but I am not he."

"Prisoner, you must be silent," replied the Judge; "you are in the hands of counsel."

The cross-examination which the approver endured, was indeed enough to cause an ordinary person, even when speaking the truth, to fall into a thousand contradictions. He was asked how the knife came into the grave; but he could not tell; he was questioned as to the reason why Brockman, if so desperate a character, wore no pistols of his own? For that he could not account; but in the main points of his story no contrariety appeared; and though required to tell it again and again, he invariably told it in the same words. It was well got up; no doubt it had been well prepared before-hand. Our counsel at length sat down in despair, leaving the case to the jury.

And now the Judge summed up. He went over the chief heads of evidence with the strictest impartiality, charging the jury as that evidence required. He entreated them, if they had any doubts upon their minds, to give the prisoners the full benefit of these doubts; "but the testimony of the last witness," continued his Lordship,

"is so clear, and so decided, that, in my opinion, you have but one duty to perform. It is a painful one; but the laws of God and of your country require it. And now you may withdraw to consider the verdict."

The jury did not withdraw; but consulted together for perhaps ten minutes, in their box. During that interval, the court was as still, except when its stillness was interrupted by their whispers, as if life had departed from all within it. Once, and once only, the chain upon Brockman's legs rattled, as he resumed his former position; and the sound went to my heart like that of his death-knell. I looked at him. He was pale, pale as a corpse, but it was not the paleness of guilt; for not a nerve shook, nor did a muscle involuntarily quiver. At last the foreman addressed the Judge, and told him that they had made up their minds.

"And what is your verdict, gentlemen of the Jury?"

"That Zachariah Petley, and Edward Petley are not guilty on the first count, but guilty on the second; that William Brockman is guilty on both."

"He is not guilty!" again shrieked out his mother, as she wildly rose from her seat. "Oh, mercy, mercy, my Lord Judge! spare the life of the widow's son—her guiltless, excellent son! Oh, mercy, mercy!" She could utter no more. Her senses forsook her, and she was carried in that state from the court.

Brockman heard the verdict unmoved. He made a forward spring when his mother fainted, as if to support her, and seemed to curse the chains which kept him back; but he recovered his self-command again, as soon as she had been borne out, and calmly awaited his sentence. For myself, I started up, and heedless of forms, implored the Judge to spare him, pledging my credit that he could not be guilty, and that his bare assertion was infinitely more to be relied upon than the oath of the person on whose testimony he had been convicted. The Judge, who was a mild man, heard me out, but could not receive my testimony. "You may employ these arguments," said he, "in a petition to the throne, which I shall certainly forward, if you present it. But I must tell you plainly, that I see no grounds on which any petition can be got up;

far less can it be expected to avail in saving the life of a man convicted, as the prisoner has been convicted, of murder."

I could do no more, so I sat down in a state of utter despondency, to watch the conclusion of the scene. "Zachariah and Edward Petley," said his Lordship, addressing himself to the dock, "you have both been convicted of violating the laws of your country, by defrauding his Majesty's revenue. What makes the crime in your case more heinous is, that you appear to have carried fire-arms about your persons when engaged in your nefarious occupation; and in what way those arms were meant to be used, is hardly to be considered a question. The immediate consequence of your being armed, indeed, has been, that the life of a fellow-creature has been sacrificed; and though he died not immediately by your hands, you can hardly be acquitted by your own consciences of some share in the blame attaching to his murder. Taking all these matters into consideration, the sentence of the court is, that you, Zachariah, be transported beyond seas for the term of seven years, whilst you, Edward, be transported for the term of your natural life.—And now, William Brockman," continued the Judge, whilst at the same time he put on the black cap, "a more distressing task awaits me with respect to you. Of your character previous to this business the court knows nothing, and can know nothing officially; but it has been said of you, that the time is not very remote when you were accounted a credit to yourself and to your connexions. I would to God you had always continued such; for then the painful duty would not have been imposed upon me, of passing upon you the last dreadful sentence which the law awards. In your case, the sentence of the Court is, that you be taken from the place where you stand to the jail, and from thence to the place of execution, and that you

be hanged by the neck till you be dead, and your body given for dissection; and may God have mercy on your soul! I can hold out to you no hope of mercy from man, and therefore advise you to make your peace with Heaven. But as your friends seem anxious to petition the throne in your favour, I will appoint as distant a day for your execution as is consistent with propriety. You shall suffer on Wednesday next."

Whilst others sat as if frozen with horror, Brockman alone seemed calm and unruffled. "My Lord," said he, "I thank you for your good will, but I have no hope that it will avail me. Indeed, I hardly desire it. My character is blasted, and I have no wish to survive it; but I am innocent,—innocent of the crime laid to my charge. I have been led astray by a misplaced passion, and betrayed by false friends. The man who did the deed stands here," laying his hand upon the shoulder of Edward Petley, who absolutely shrank beneath his touch. "And there," pointing to Thomas, "is he who aided him. This wound," holding up his right hand, "I received in striving to protect the man, whom one brother had smitten down, from the fury of the other; and as to the knife found in the grave, it is thus accounted for. We exchanged knives whilst at sea; and here is that for which I bartered mine. But it matters not, I shall suffer; and as I hope to be forgiven when I stand before the throne of my Maker, so do I freely forgive my murderers."

It is impossible to describe the effect produced by this speech, and by the holding up of a seaman's knife in the hand of the prisoner, bearing the initials E. P. "He is innocent!" exclaimed the bar, one and all; "the man is sacrificed."—"Silence, gentlemen," cried the Judge; "let the prisoners be removed." They were removed accordingly, and I staid not long behind them.

CHAPTER IX.

I HURRIED back to my apartment at the inn in a state of mind little removed from insanity, and paced backwards and forwards for a while, totally unable to compose or collect my thoughts. There was a singing in my ears, as if twenty tea-kettles had been boiling round me, and an overwhelming consciousness of some dreadful event impending, weighed like a dead load upon my spirits. I had seen and heard fearful things. The widow's scream still rang through the air, and her maniac form, as she called aloud for mercy, was before me. Then came the stern, yet humane deportment, of the Judge,—his deep and sonorous voice, as he prayed God to have mercy on the young man's soul; and last of all, the image of Brockman himself crossed my mind's eye, bringing back with it a perfect consciousness of all that had occurred, and of the necessity which existed for immediate and momentous exertion.

Having regained my self-command, I dispatched a messenger for Mr Pleader, in whose judgment I could not but feel the deepest confidence, and of whose disposition to serve his client no doubt could be entertained. He obeyed the summons instantly; and taking precisely the same view of the case which had been taken by myself, he began to consider it in all its bearings, with a degree of dispassionate acumen, for which I had justly given him credit. Like myself, he saw clearly that Brockman was the victim of a conspiracy; and as soon as he had been made acquainted with the particulars of my first journey to Maidstone, he decided at once that there were other and more weighty parties to that conspiracy than the family of the Petleys. "Who is the third passenger of whom you speak?" asked he. "Do you know him? Can you tell us where to find him?"

I was on the point of answering in the negative, when, accidentally looking through the window, I beheld the very person in conversation with the constable of my own parish, on the opposite side of the way. "There he is," cried I. "And there he must not remain," exclaimed the lawyer, putting on his hat, and hurrying down stairs. I followed immediately, and as

good fortune would have it, we reached the object of our search before he had parted from his companion. "One word with you, sir," said I, addressing myself to him. "With me, sir!" replied the fellow, reddening; "I know not what business you can have with me. I am in a hurry, and cannot wait."—"But you must wait," exclaimed the barrister. "There is a serious charge against you, and from this spot you stir not, except in the custody of an officer.—Constable, do your duty, and secure that man."

"Secure me!" replied the other; "let me see the man that will secure me, without a magistrate's warrant or authority. That I will not resist, but till that be produced, lay hands on me at your peril." The fellow, as he uttered these words, thrust his hand into his bosom, and pulled out a pistol. The officer hung back, a crowd began to assemble, and in spite of the efforts of Mr Pleader and myself to hinder it, he mixed himself with the mob and disappeared. There was nothing now for it except to obtain a regular warrant; and as the constable professed to be acquainted with his place of abode, and knew his name, we had every reason to hope that he might yet be secured. He was, it appeared, a person of considerable consequence in the custom-house at Dover, "his name was Joseph Sly, and unless the world belie him," added the officer, "a greater rogue is nowhere to be met with."

A warrant was soon procured, on my making oath that I had reason to suspect the individual named in it, of nefarious practices against the revenue laws. Armed with this, the constable set off, determined, as he assured us, to overcome all resistance; and I, by way of whiling away the time which might be expected to elapse before he should return, determined to pay a visit, both to Mrs Brockman and her son. The former I found in a state of the most pitiable distress. Fit after fit had come upon her so fast, after her removal out of court, that her medical attendant altogether despaired of her recovery; and though these had happily ceased, they gave place only to a stupor, such as hardly permitted her to recognize, far less open her mind to any one. Under these cir-

cumstances, I considered it altogether needless to protract my stay beside her. From her lodgings I accordingly hastened to the jail, and though it wanted but half an hour of the ordinary time of locking up, the turnkey, aware how deeply I was interested in the fate of the prisoner, hesitated not to admit me. I repaired to the condemned cell. It was on the ground floor; a narrow recess, resembling a vault in a churchyard, more than a place of confinement for a living man. The only light admitted, was through the door—an iron grating, over which a strong wooden shutter, perforated to admit the air, could be fastened as soon as night set in. There sat the unfortunate youth upon a stone-bench—the only bed allowed him. Yet he was less cast down, far less apparently desperate, than when I found him the inhabitant of a less comfortless dungeon, in expectation of the day of trial. He held out his manacled hand to me, and eagerly inquired after his mother. “She is better,” said I, “and I trust will do well. But how are you, Brockman? How have the awful events of the day affected you?”

“As they ought to affect me, I humbly hope,” replied he. “I know that I have but few days to live, and I am fully conscious that, though no murderer, I shall deserve my fate on account of my conduct to my mother. For her, Mr Williams, I feel most deeply.”—Here his voice faltered, and the tear struggled to escape from his eye.—“Oh, who will comfort her, who will console her, who will wipe away from her memory the shame and agony of such a death as mine! You will befriend her, sir, you will be kind to her, and give her your countenance, I am aware; but she will not survive it. Mother and son will perish together, for her heart is too tender not to break.”

“I would not have you encourage false hopes,” replied I, forgetting, in the impulse of the moment, the resolution which I had formed, not to communicate aught to the prisoner till something more decisive had transpired. “I would not have you encourage false hopes, very far from it. I would, on the contrary, advise you to prepare for the worst. But your friends are actively exerting themselves in your favour; your speech in Court has made a strong impression, and the agitation of the Petleys was

remarked by all. You may yet be liberated, and I pray that you shall.”

Brockman shook his head, though the bright glance of his eye showed, that even this address had renewed the desire of life. “To say that I would not rejoice, were your exertions crowned with success,” said he, “would be to say an untruth. I am but young to die, and to die by the hands of a common executioner—ugh—it is a horrible idea. But I fear you only flatter yourselves; you excite no hope in me; for what ground have you to go upon? Was not the evidence direct and conclusive?”

“Yes, but there are other matters, of which we will not now speak. This conspiracy, whose existence you would not credit, is seen through by the world at large, and it will, I trust, be brought to light.”

“Oh, talk not of the past,” cried he; “I have indeed been played upon, bitterly, cruelly deceived. You were right, sir, Harriet is a devil. But I forgive her, as I forgive her brothers, and may they be forgiven elsewhere.”

The arrival of the turnkey here put a stop to farther conversation. I accordingly shook hands with Brockman, and having promised to call again on the morrow, I followed my conductor. On our way to the outer gate of the prison, we passed another cell, something similar to that in which my young friend was immured, but a degree less gloomy. It was inhabited, and a deep groan which came through the holes in the shutter, indicated that its tenant was ill at ease in mind or body, or both.

“Who is confined there?” said I.

“One of your friend’s associates,” replied the jailor; “he that is to be transported for life. He is in a strange taking, sir. He has not ceased to shake as if he had the ague, ever since they were brought back from Court, and the doctor who has seen him, knows not what to make of him. He says, if the fellow be not better to-morrow, he must be removed to a warmer place; but for my part, I think this too good for him.”

We had by this time reached the gate, and the locks, bolts, and chains being one by one removed, the massy portal grated harshly on its hinges, and I again found myself in the street. It is unnecessary to give a minute detail of the proceedings of the next five days, either within or without the

walls of the prison. The constable, who had promised so fair as to the arrest of Sly, found, as many others find, that it is easier to make a promise than to perform it—Joseph effectually eluded the search. For myself, I paid frequent visits both to Mrs Brockman and her son, the former of whom slowly recovered, chiefly, I believe, because we deemed it right to put the best face upon affairs, and to flatter her with hopes which we ourselves scarcely encouraged. With respect to the latter, though for the first day or two he talked much of the possible result of the petition, and said something of his own intentions in case its prayer should be attended to, yet when the third and the fourth passed on, and no intelligence reached him, his hopes gradually declined, till they may be said to have become utterly extinct. He now anxiously desired to see his mother. She was still too weak to be moved, and of this I informed him, warning him, at the same time, that we had kept the nature of his sentence a secret from her; but when now the evening of Monday had arrived, and no pardon or reprieve came with it, I deemed it incumbent on me to fulfil his wishes at all hazards. Still we resolved to conceal the truth. It was accordingly agreed between us, that she should be told of a probable commutation of the sentence of death to that of transportation for life; and having become somewhat of an adept in the art of deceiving, I agreed to convey the communication. For this purpose, I repaired to her lodging early on the Tuesday morning, and finding her so far convalescent as to be able to sit up in her chair, I entered at once upon the business of my message.

The good woman expected something, from the unusually early hour of my arrival. "What news bring you, Mr Williams?" said she; "you are the bearer of some intelligence I am certain. Oh God grant that it may be favourable!"

"Not unfavourable, my friend," replied I; "at least not so bad as we had a right to expect. You must make up your mind, I fear, to be separated from your son for a time, but the separation will not be eternal."

"Then he does not suffer!" cried she wildly yet joyfully, and clasping her hands together; "Oh thank Heaven, thank Heaven! What matters

transportation? what boots it where we live? For I will accompany him, Mr Williams. Yes, I will go in the same ship, or if that be not allowed, in the next that sails, and we will build a cottage among the woods and wilds of New South Wales, and smile when we think of England, and all the cares and troubles we endured there. They tell me it is a glorious country, and a glorious climate; and were it not so, what shall I care for climate or country as long as I am with my boy?"

It was with much difficulty that I could refrain from weeping aloud, when I beheld the unfortunate woman thus rejoicing in a lie; but I did restrain myself, and went on to propose that she should visit her son this day in prison. "Goes he so soon?" exclaimed she; "surely they will not send him off to-morrow? But no matter; I am ready, and perhaps I ought not to desire his longer stay here, since he must abide in a dungeon. Go on, I will follow you."

Mrs Brockman rose as she spoke, but her weakness was such that she almost immediately fell back upon the sofa. "I cannot walk yet," said she faintly; "you must have me carried, and glad, glad shall I be to bear the fatigue, even if it be such." I accordingly procured four stout porters, and having caused her to be well covered up, she was removed without suffering any serious inconvenience to the prison.

I shall not attempt to describe the meeting, far less the parting, although I was present at both. They were such as will not bear a delineation in words. The latter, indeed, was on Will's part so solemn, that I trembled lest his mother should surmise the truth; but it occurred not to her, so just is the observation, that we believe what we desire, even if the grounds of belief be on the contrary side of the question. She remained with him about two hours, and having promised not to come again till the day after the morrow, she was borne back to her apartment.

Whilst I and my two friends were thus employed, Mr Pleader, and the other gentlemen who took so lively an interest in our affairs, were straining every nerve to procure information, and to substantiate their claim to an exercise of the Royal mercy. As yet, however, all their efforts had failed. The Petleys, probably conscious that

public suspicion was roused, had fled the country; of Sly no tidings were procured, except that it appeared on examining his papers that he had defrauded the revenue to a large amount, and for a long series of years. No doubt his fears suggested to him that this was the ground of his arrest, for the real nature of the charge against him had never been communicated. Be that, however, as it may, no trace of him could be discovered, and hence all idea of saving Brockman was abandoned, not by me only, but by the rest. Of this I thought it my duty to inform him. He received the intelligence with fortitude, with great fortitude, but not without a pang; for there is a vast difference between the expression of an indifference to life when death appears remote, and the feeling of that indifference when it is actually near at hand. He strove, however, by every means which religion and reason could suggest, to reconcile himself to a fate apparently irremediable. I prayed with him, I administered to him the sacrament, and, at his own earnest request, I spent the entire night of Tuesday in his cell. From the moment of Mrs Brockman's departure, indeed, I shut myself up with him altogether, and painful as this duty was, there were not wanting numerous circumstances which gave to it a degree of even pleasurable interest such as I could not have anticipated. The fact I believe to be, that all violent excitement is pleasing while it lasts; in the excitement to which I was now subjected there was no want of violence, and hence, as well as from contemplating the effect of conscious innocence upon a religious mind, I cannot pronounce the night spent in a condemned cell at Maidstone the most determinately miserable which it has been my lot to spend. Tired nature, however, gave way at last. Having solemnly commended ourselves to the protection of the Deity, we lay down upon a mattress with which the jailer had humanely supplied us, and I was not less surprised than delighted to perceive, that long before my thoughts had attained any degree of composure, my companion was fast asleep. I followed his example as quickly as I could, and slept also.

How long we had lain in a state of unconsciousness I cannot tell, but the early rays of the sun were just beginning to shine through the gra-

tings of the dungeon, when the rattling of chains, and the drawing back of bolts, disturbed us. I thought Brockman's hand shook a little when he extended it towards me, and I could perceive a sort of involuntary contraction of the eyebrow, such as indicated a severe internal struggle between courage and natural weakness. His breath was suspended too, till the door creaked upon its hinges, from the expectation, no doubt, that it would open to admit the executioner. But instead of the executioner, the sheriff entered, and there was an expression in his countenance not usually exhibited by the bearer of deadly tidings. We both stared at him in silence.

"Young man," said he, stepping up to Brockman, "it gives me sincere satisfaction to inform you, that his Majesty has been pleased to order a delay in the execution of your sentence, till certain matters connected with the offence of which you stand convicted, shall have been more accurately investigated." The blood rushed all at once to Brockman's cheeks, and then receded again. He gasped for breath, and but that I held his arm, would have fallen to the ground. "How is this!" cried I, beyond measure overjoyed; "what fortunate occurrence has brought this about? Have you succeeded in apprehending the fugitive, or what has been done?" "Not so," answered the sheriff, with a smile, "we have failed on all hands; but there is a Providence which preserves the innocent, and it has wonderfully interfered in favour of this youth. As I see that he is calm, the whole story may be told at once. His innocence has been clearly proved, by the confession of one of his associates, and here is the royal pardon, with which an express has just arrived."

I will not attempt to describe the scene which followed, or repeat the many congratulatory and admonitory adages to which Will was compelled to listen, not only from the sheriff, but from the chaplain, and even from the jailer. Let me rather detail at once the means by which an event so unlooked for and joyful was brought about; and for this a few words will suffice.

I have already mentioned, that on a former occasion I was startled by the sound of a heavy groaning, which

proceeded from a cell near that of the condemned man to whom I had been paying a visit, and where, as the jailer informed me, Edward Petley was confined. The illness with which that unhappy person was afflicted seized him in the dock, and never left him after. It seemed as if the hand of his victim when laid upon his shoulder, had been filled with some deadly poison; for the shivering which came over him at the time, and to which all within the court were eye-witnesses, ceased not to agitate his frame to the last. He was supported back to prison in a violent fit of the ague, and it soon became manifest that his life was in danger.

For some days he bore his illness in stubborn silence; but as the danger increased, remorse began to rack his mind, and strange expressions to escape his lips. It was on the morning of the Tuesday, on the very day preceding the execution, that, after a severe contest, he desired to see the chaplain, and to him made a full confession of his own guilt, and a full declaration of Will's innocence. The story which Will had told was, it appeared, accurately correct. He, the dying man, shot the exciseman, whilst his brother cut his throat, having wounded Brockman in the hand when attempting to wrest the knife from him. Nor was this the only piece of intelligence which he conveyed. He exposed a series of frauds and crimes, in which Joseph Sly had taken an active part; and the whole being carefully noted down and read over to him, he signed it as his dying declaration. With grounds so clear to act upon, there was no difficulty whatever in obtaining the royal pardon, the arrival of which had been thus long delayed only by the absence from town of the Secretary of State for the home department.

Little now remains for me to add. Brockman, as a matter of course, was set at liberty, and his mental sufferings during the period of his imprisonment, especially since sentence of death was passed upon him, being considered as a sufficient punishment of his offence against the revenue, all charges from that quarter were dropped. From his mother the real peril of his case was, however, carefully concealed till many weeks after her return into the country; nor was she even then made acquainted with it, till to keep it longer a secret would

have been of no avail; for the good woman's constitution never recovered the injury which many weeks of acute agitation inflicted upon it. She lived, indeed, to see her son, not only restored to his former respectable condition in life, but put in command of the very vessel which he had all along been meant to command; and she died at last blessing God for his mercies here, and humbly trusting to be admitted as a participator in his still greater mercies hereafter.

As to the Petleys, the younger of the two breathed his last a few hours after his confession had been signed, and was buried in the churchyard of Maidstone. His bones were not removed to pollute the cemetery of his native parish, and no stone was erected to his memory. Of the others the fate is uncertain. Zachariah, it is true, underwent his sentence, and is doubtless herding, at this day, with beings as wicked as himself; but of the father, the sister, and Tom, no account has reached us. Neither is anything accurately known of the destiny of Joseph Sly. About six months after these events I read, indeed, in one of the London papers, that one Josiah Turpin, alias Joseph Sly, had suffered the punishment due to burglary under aggravated circumstances; but whether the person alluded to was my former travelling companion, I had no opportunity to learn.

Of Will Brockman I never heard anything but what was favourable, from the moment of his liberation. His good sense soon taught him to shake off the remains of an attachment so misplaced as that with which he had bound himself to Harriet Petley; nor has he, as far as I know, permitted any other to arise in its room. The direction of his trading voyages, which are effected between London and Hamburgh, do not permit him to pay frequent visits to St Alphage; but whenever he comes, he fails not to bring presents of rare and valuable articles to me and to my household. Of course, a cover is always laid for him at our table, and it not unfrequently happens, that we refer back, in our conversations over our wine, to past events. On such he always touches with becoming seriousness and solemnity, and never fails to thank God that he is no longer a slave to the habits, or exposed to the risks, which invariably accompany the career of THE SMUGGLER.

TALES OF THE WEDDING.

No. I.

AFTER passing two winters pleasantly, and I trust not unprofitably, among the literary and hospitable circles of Geneva, whither I had been sent to complete my education, and to confirm a somewhat uncertain state of health ; I found myself, towards the close of the second season, so thoroughly domesticated among the principal inhabitants of that truly agreeable city, as to be received into their *fêtes de famille*, on a footing rarely attainable by those birds of passage, who flit across the delightful banks of the Leman, or those of our too exclusively national countrymen, whom shyness, ignorance of the French language, or indiscriminate contempt for everything foreign, often so unaccountably estrange from the friendly and cultivated people among whom it is their fate or choice to reside.

From contrast probably with such unprepossessing specimens of English *sauvagerie*, I became in a peculiar manner the *enfant gâté* of the kind-hearted Genevèse ; ransacked the cabinets, and trespassed on the leisure of a Pictet or Saussure ; talked politics, "*aux choux et aux raves*," with those sapient syndics (whose once formidable trenches are, by the by, now happily devoted to the cultivation of these useful vegetables) ; read poetry, and spoke sentiment with agreeable matrons, whose slight tinge of pedantry I began to think not unbecoming ; and, above all, was a privileged member of one of those *Sociétés de Dimanche*, into which foreigners so rarely penetrate, and which, while they so curiously isolate from each other sisters even of the same family, unite young people born in the same year in ties of friendship and intimacy, seldom, if ever, dissolved,

The *Société* into which I had gained admission, (by the rule which, on the marriage of one female member, permits her husband henceforward to introduce young men of his acquaintance,) was held at the house of Madame de N—, whose twin daughters owed to the peculiarity of their birth, the rare advantage of belonging to the same coterie. The younger (by a few minutes) of these lovely girls, had been married some months before to a young Englishman, a fellow-boarder and particular friend of mine, under whose auspices I gained admittance to the delightful assemblage ; and truly, with all my regard for the intrinsic qualities of my country folks, I have often, since my return to England, when yawning at a ball, squeezed to death at a rout, or doing penance at a card-table, looked back with something akin to regret, on the rational festivity, innocent mirth, and thousand little *jeux de société*, which enlivened these reunions of young people ; where (although from the earliest period of their assembling, no parent or elderly person ever dreams of being present) all is conducted with the utmost order, decorum, and propriety ; while the absence of those swarms of dowagers, whose pursuits of card-playing and diamond displaying, nay, even (would they only believe it) whose still more serious affair of husband-hunting for their daughters, might be quite as advantageously carried on in another room ; certainly gives to a Genevèse *soirée* an air of youthful enjoyment, rarely to be detected in the formal assemblies of what, with us, is called the gay world.

Winter passed away unheeded amid these innocent recreations. The snow began to disappear from the lower ranges of the mountains, the birds to sing, and the trees to bud ; and pleasure-parties to the neighbouring *Campagnes*, superseded the more sedentary amusements of the young Genevèse. Among the other blossoms put forth at this genial season, more than one youthful partiality, which had lain folded in its little bud during the dark days of winter, began to peep out, and expand into an avowed attachment. Some of these, alas ! were nipt with chilling frosts of mutual poverty ; some withered under the frowns of parental severity ; some languished on, nourished only by distant hopes, on which any other plant would have starved ; but one, at least,

in which I felt peculiarly interested, grew and flourished as prosperously as its own healthful vigour, the smiles of fortune, and the sunshine of parental approbation, could possibly warrant.

The elder daughter of Madame de N—— had (in the well-judged absence of all ostensible endeavours to promote such an attachment) spontaneously given her affections to a young man every way worthy of her; and who possessed, in the eye of her parents, the vast additional recommendation of an estate adjoining their own, to which latter he was also, failing their own direct descendants, heir-at-law. Never did Cupid, who usually takes mischievous pleasure in playing at cross-purposes with children and parents, so complaisantly play into the hands of the latter, without in the least infringing on one article of his immemorial treaty offensive and defensive with the former. Nor did the monotony of happiness, produced by this concurrence of opinions on all sides, appear in the least tedious to those immediately concerned; although I must confess we bystanders, having exhausted our light artillery of small wit on a pair of lovers too much in earnest to laugh, and too happy to be angry, were not sorry to have, as summer advanced, the *fadeur* of courtship enlivened by the bustle of a wedding.

It was to be an old-fashioned wedding too, at M. de N——'s beautiful *chateau*, some miles from Geneva; and in addition to every accessible relation on both sides, and the female members of Emilié's *société*, a merry group of students, and other companions of the bridegroom (of whom I made one), were to share in the festivities of the day, and the concluding ball of the evening.

All went off charmingly. Though there were abundance of tears, they only served to enhance the brilliancy of the smiles which succeeded. There was no bitter parting of parent and child; no laceration of youthful friendships; no estrangement from well-known objects and familiar haunts. The bride (who did not, *à la mode Anglaise*, deem it necessary to run away from her own bridal festivities) had only, when these should be over, to adjourn half a mile to her husband's *Campagne*; in short, the old people had gained a son, without losing a daughter.

The ceremony took place early in the day, previous to a dinner, or rather collation, which, from the number of the guests, and fineness of the weather, was laid out in the garden; reserving the spacious *salons* for the ball, and its joyous concluding supper. During dinner, the solemnity was too recent for the free indulgence of a festive spirit; some hearts were too full, others beat too audibly to admit of any being quite at ease, except a few veteran wedding guests not too particularly interested, whose privileged jests, and often practised *feux de joie*, prevented the pre-occupation of the chief actors from being observed. The first sound, however, of the fiddles, which summoned us from table, dispelled all remains of gravity; and the dancing (which, according to the laudable practice of this primitive country, was to *conclude*, not *commence*, with midnight,) went on with a spirit and glee, which those only who have seen a room full of Swiss *whirling* in their favourite *Allemande*, can duly estimate.

Supper was served precisely at that happy moment, when our spirits, absolutely exhausted by genuine enjoyment, required a pause from bodily exertion; but no sooner had the flasks of Champagne and Rheinwein begun to circulate, than songs, in which mirth was more conspicuous than melody, and waggery supplied the place of wit, were heard from all quarters. Impromptus, the origin of which no one was disposed to investigate, were applauded with good-humoured indulgence; nay, we even carried it so far as to look grave when the influence of Bacchus upon certain softer spirits, gave rise to sentimental and pathetic effusions. In short, it was a truly happy party; but the fatigues of the day began at length to dispose the elder and less jovial members of the circle to seek repose; and their example was reluctantly followed by those to whom the spacious *chateau* was to afford accommodation for the night. Half a dozen young men, however, (of whom I was one,) were not included in this privileged number; and having forgotten to provide ourselves with an order for opening the city gates—on wedding occasions rarely refused—we joyfully embraced the proposal of our good host to beguile around the festive board the

few remaining hours of night. Marshalling, therefore, in one privileged corner, a few yet unopened flasks, and flanking them by a pile of walnuts as high as Mont Blanc itself, we drew in our chairs, bestowing a shrug of contempt on the recreant votaries of Morpheus. Wit and Champagne sparkled for a while with rival brilliancy, but as the latter became exhausted, the former began to flag; and we listened eagerly to a proposal made by one of the party, a droll little German Baron, that we should vary the evening's amusement, by each relating the most singular occurrence *connected with a wedding*, with which his memory should furnish him.

The proposal was carried by acclamation, as one or two of the party were quite in the humour of narrating; while the less loquacious ones flattered themselves that daylight would operate a division in their favour. The Baron, as proposer of the measure, was of course to begin. Next to him sat a young officer of the *Gardes Suisses*, lately returned from Paris on a visit to his friends; the head of the table had been taken by the primitive but interesting pastor of a Protestant parish in the mountains, who, as a relation of the family, had come to perform the ceremony, and who, on the same account, had remained with us to do the honours, though provided with a bed. On his left sat a young banker's son from a neighbouring villa, who preferred giving up a night's rest, to disturbing his family at an unseasonable hour; and myself, of whom it need only be said, that I trusted my being the youngest, and my reputation for English taciturnity, would get me out of the scrape.

All eyes now turned towards the little Baron, who, laying down the pipe, which seemed to be the source of his inspiration, and turning disconsolately upside down one bottle which had escaped previous scrutiny, twisted his droll features into an expression of ludicrous mock-solemnity, and thus began:—

A WEDDING AT COLLEGE.

Most of you are aware that I was educated at Heidelberg, and whether from the predilection usually entertained for the scene of our youthful joys and sorrows, the intrinsic merits of the place, or, more probably, a mixture of both, I continue to retain for it a partiality which I believe is common to all who have ever resided there. Its delightful situation on the banks of the Neckar—its smiling environs—and, above all, the venerable remains of its splendid electoral palace, with the charming gardens which surround it—the only ones, by the by, addressing himself to me, that I have ever seen which at all happily imitate those of England—all combine to leave a most agreeable impression on the mind even of a passing traveller. In mine, however, they are inseparably associated with ideas of a more personal and ludicrous character; with those boyish pranks and more unpardonable outrages which rendered the *Bürschen* at once the plague and terror of the peaceable inhabitants, who, depending at the same time on these very rioters for their existence and prosperity, were sometimes tempted to send us fairly to the devil, and then very fain to de-

precate our causeless displeasure, and court us back again.

Among many less justifiable pieces of "*renowning*" which occurred during my stay, there was one prank which savoured so much more of good-humour and originality than the rest, and which is moreover so apropos to our present design, that I cannot help relating it; though I grieve to say, that my youth and inexperience in love affairs, prevented my participating more than generally in the glory it reflected on the *Bürschen* of Heidelberg.

Among the various professors from whom our high mightinesses of Heidelberg condescended to imbibe the principles of science, there were, heaven knows, originals enough; such as no man who has not been at a German university can easily picture to himself. There was a long, thin, thread-paper of a Mecklenburgher, with a sallow visage, and a fiery spot on his cheek, who had lived so long, like a cameleon, upon the thin air of scepticism, that he would have scrupled to affirm his own existence, and taught us to doubt ours, had we not possessed, to counterbalance this dangerous incredulity, good round Dr Weiss from

Stuttgart, who believed everything, even the Frankfort Gazette. We had a professor of theology, who privately professed Atheism; and a lecturer on jurisprudence who was eternally in love, and waltzed till he turned topsyturvy all the heterogeneous furniture of his brain. But the most curious of all our originals, the very *beau-ideal* of an old-fashioned German professor, was to be found in Dr Müllner, the teacher of mathematics; an elderly man, who had contrived to combine the conscientious discharge of his duty to society by marrying and becoming a father, with what he looked upon as a providential escape from the plague and company of womankind.

His poor wife (whom some said he chose for being of a consumptive habit) only lived to give birth to a daughter; and as the very idea of a child's being reared under his roof threatened equal annoyance to the parent, and neglect to the hapless nursing itself; one of those calumniated maiden aunts, whose gratuitous labours in the cause of benevolence and society are shamefully under-rated, stepped forward to their mutual relief, and educated the lovely little Rose with the zeal and tenderness of a mother. During her life, and while his daughter's, like other "angel visits," were "few and far between," the father sometimes laid down Euclid, or the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, to admire the rapid growth and striking beauty of his child; and, provided she neither disturbed the sacred dust of his bookshelves, nor interrupted his afternoon nap, rather enjoyed than tolerated her innocent vivacity. When, however, on the sudden death of Rose's maternal friend, Dr Müllner became involved in the necessary evil of a young woman's constant residence under his own roof; such an infringement on his scientific leisure proved almost too much for his philosophy. Naturally upright and well-meaning, he entertained a high idea of the parental character; and forthwith set about the discharge of its supposed functions with that ludicrous sort of half importance, half distress, you have all no doubt admired in the luckless hen, whose instinctive ideas of right and wrong are totally set at fault by the aberrations of a brood of truant ducklings; or rather, considering the solitary nature of his parental

solicitudes, perhaps the more obvious illustration of a hen with one chick, may be still more appropriate.

Fortunately for the hapless doctor, his pupil was of a most gentle and docile disposition, and would, in her own person, have been but a slender tax upon his *surveillance*; but unluckily that person was of such extraordinary beauty, as to render it the general mark for the whole fire of university gallantries; and Rose could not stir out without being followed by a troop of *Bürschen*, whom not all the terrors of the doctor's wig could prevent from fluttering around his treasure. If she went to church, *billets-doux* dropped from between the leaves of her own prayer-book; if she staid at home, copies of verses flew in at the windows. They were fragrantly and classically inserted in the *bouquets* of flower-venders; and vulgarly, but ingeniously, imbedded in the very heart of the brown loaf. When the alarmed father, in a transport of parental anxiety, immured his fair charge from amusement and society, his windows were unceremoniously broken, and his barbarity celebrated under them in midnight strains of true *Bürschen* eloquence, murderous alike of sleep and algebra. If, to get rid of these serenades, and restore the smiles to Rose's lovely cheek, he permitted her again to join her companions, his fancy was haunted by images, almost alike formidable, of boyish bridegrooms or more experienced seducers. In short, the life of the poor professor was rendered an unsupportable burden; and the mathematical precision of his ideas so cruelly unhinged, as to be clearly capable of demonstrating this sole proposition, viz. that one daughter is equal to any given number of devils!

At length, one evening, after a more than usually refreshing and invigorating nap, (ushered in by the dulcet voice of poor Rose, performing her daily task of reading the Frankfort Gazette, till the nasal organs of her auditor informed her that her functions had terminated,) Dr Müllner found himself, as it were, inspired with the brilliant idea of putting an end at once to his anxieties and responsibility by one decisive step. If so many idle and pennyless youths aspired to the favour of Rose, might not such a jewel be more adequately

appreciated by, and more appropriately bestowed on, a man of sense and substance, supposing, indeed, such a person *could* be induced to submit to the inconveniences of matrimony? There lived next door a certain Dr Voss, towards whom he was attracted, no less by equality of age than congeniality of pursuits; and if, by the lure of a pretty bride, and a very tolerable German portion, he could succeed in transferring to the astronomical chair the encumbrance which had nearly upset the mathematical one, he flattered himself he should admirably discharge his duty as a parent, without losing the daily society of his daughter, or even (till engrossed by the cares of a family) her duly appreciated services in reading the newspapers; as Dr Voss neither felt nor pretended to any interest in the revolutions of our paltry planet.

Seizing, therefore, his gold-headed cane, and replacing the wig, which, during his siesta, usually reposed on its glittering pinnacle, he marched, with all the confidence of an able tactician, to invade the sanctum sanctorum of his retired and taciturn neighbour.

Dr Voss, though for some time past deeply immersed in a series of very ingenious and plausible speculations on the probable climate, productions, and inhabitants of the planet Venus, troubled himself as little as any one about her influence on affairs here below; and would have conceived an ærostatic ascent to her sphere, in search of further information, nearly as possible, and far more rational, than a voyage into this nether world in quest of a wife. The probability of such undesired honour being "thrust upon him," entered quite as little into his contemplation; and the unusual appearance of Dr Müllner, at an hour which both rigidly dedicated to abstruse studies, could only, he thought, prognosticate an interesting conference on some of the arcana of their sister sciences. This opinion was confirmed, when, after some elaborate *Alt Deutsch* compliments, and a protracted contest who should *not* occupy the equally old-fashioned arm-chair, Dr Müllner informed his host that he had come to trouble him with a proposition. No other propositions than those of Euclid ever for a moment crossed the astronomer's thoughts, and he modestly

replied, in astonishment at being consulted by one so much better qualified. Perceiving the nature of Dr Voss's scientific expectations, and a little ashamed of baulking them, Dr Müllner was driven to a new tack.—"I have a daughter, Dr Voss."—This was answered by a look, indicative at first of pure surprise; and then, apparently subsiding into suppressed satisfaction that the misfortune was not mutual.—"This Heidelberg is a sad place, Dr Voss, and its Bürschen surely more than ordinarily wild and troublesome."—"Ay, indeed!" echoed the other vehemently; "in that last outrageous business in the College, they narrowly endangered the great telescope, and there are but two men in Germany who could repair it!"—"Ah! but, Dr Voss, still it could have been repaired; but the honour and peace of families once injured, is irreparable! My daughter is terribly beautiful!"—Dr Voss, perceiving that something was expected in the way of a remark, replied by a Latin quotation on the constellation Virgo, and added, "I am not in the habit of looking at young ladies, but I have heard Fraulein Müllner toasted after supper, even by professors."—"Do you say so, Dr Voss? It is the ambition of my life to marry her to a professor, a man of understanding and probity, who will make her a good husband, and who, I am sure, in return will have a good wife: Rose, thanks to her deceased aunt, is an excellent housewife, knits stockings to admiration, and—" he was going to add, "reads the newspapers like an angel," but Voss was no politician, so he suppressed his favourite accomplishment.

Voss, in the innocence of his heart, though inly wondering a man like Müllner could suffer such a trifle to interfere with his more important pursuits, began to name over various professors unprovided with helpmates, particularly the sceptical theologian, and dancing jurisconsult already mentioned; but as at each suggestion his colleague shook his head disconsolately, he seemed quite at a stand, and incapable of further counsel. The case grew desperate, and gathering courage from despair, Dr Müllner came to the point.—"My dear Voss, your modesty surely blinds you to my parental preference. You are the man I have cast my eyes upon as the most desirable

husband for (they tell me) the prettiest girl in Germany. If such a bride, and a couple of thousand rix dollars with her, can gild the pill of matrimony, she is yours, and you will have the pleasure of obliging an old friend into the bargain."

Next to the discovery of a lunar atmosphere, or the unexpected avatar of one of the best calculated and best behaved of the comet race, nothing could have been more astounding to Dr Voss, than this abrupt proposal of involving him in the cares of sublunary housekeeping! He was not, however, so irremediably engrossed with celestial affairs as to be wholly insensible to so flattering a terrestrial prospect; and, thanking Dr Müllner for his favourable opinion, he stammered something about inclinations, disparity of age, &c. &c. It was now the father's turn to feel astonishment. That Rose should hesitate to accept so eligible a match, seemed quite beyond his comprehension, and he assured Dr Voss that he had even heard her speak of him with high respect and veneration. How far this assurance was calculated to remove the astronomer's doubts, we shall not pretend to say; suffice it that he bowed acquiescence, and left the delighted father to make the interesting discovery to its fair subject.

Rose, when her father returned, was sitting in the projecting bow-window, which, in our older cities, so charitably aids the curiosity of maidens of all ages, to see what is passing at the other end of the street. Groups of students were walking below; and among the many heads turned wistfully towards the well-known window, one alone called forth something like a sigh from its fair occupant. Rose's knitting, in the meantime, had fallen on the ground, and a kitten was making, among its ravelled meshes, much the same havoc as Cupid was trying to effect in that strange complication of threads and fibres, the female heart. The doctor's step on the stairs, aroused his daughter from her delicious reverie, and the blow which sent poor puss scampering out of the room, met its prompt retaliation in the shock which her mistress was destined to receive from the first words of her at all times awful parent.

"Rose!" said her father, with more than usual animation of tone and ges-

ture, "I have just been settling a match for you. You are too young and pretty to remain unmarried in an idle place like this, and my good neighbour, Dr Voss, has kindly consented to break through his bachelor habits, to do me a favour, and secure you a good husband."—There was no danger of an answer. Rose was as incapable of making one as the bust of Archimedes which crowned her father's bookcase; nor could all that able mechanic's boasted levers have extorted one word from her terror-sealed lips.—"Don't be cast down, my dear child," said her father gaily, "at the prospect of leaving me; it is only next door, you know, and for some time at least, you can read the Gazette as usual, for Dr Voss lectures in the evening, and besides, is no politician; it is his only fault!"

A knock at the house-door came fortunately to operate a diversion in poor Rose's favour; and as she knew it to be her friend Constance come to summon her to her usual evening walk, she stammered out her name, and ran, or rather stumbled down stairs to meet her. They left the house together, and it was not till they had climbed the steep ascent leading to the ruined chateau, and were embosomed in the deepest recess of one of its shady alleys, that Rose found breath to answer her friend's inquiries, as to the cause of her very unusual agitation. Constance's astonishment was mingled with sympathetic indignation, and private disappointment; for she had long destined the gentle Rose for the bride of her only and beloved brother, then a student at Heidelberg. This plan, she had fondly flattered herself, might one day be crowned with success; as, although her parents, rich bankers of Frankfort, would naturally prefer for their son a more brilliant alliance, yet the beauty and gentleness of Rose (whom she projected inviting to visit her) would, she doubted not, make a favourable impression on the old couple, and pave the way for a declaration of their son's sentiments. These skilful and cautious manœuvres were, however, totally disconcerted by the abrupt determination of the old Doctor, and nothing remained but to anticipate it, if possible, by a *coup de main*. This the energy of Constance's character peculiarly qualified her to counsel and conduct; and having, du-

ring their solitary walk, drawn from her disconsolate friend, indications of partiality towards her brother, sufficiently strong to justify the scheme she meditated, she left her, to seek a coadjutor, to whom she thought she might intrust the active part of the business.

A friendship, similar to that which bound her and Rose, subsisted between her brother and a youth named Freyling, who resided in the house of the same worthy Dr Schröder, (Pro-rector of the college,) under whose roof Constance was at present living, on a visit to her brother. To Freyling she communicated the astounding intelligence of Rose's approaching immolation, and entreated his assistance in stimulating her diffident and unenterprising brother, to the exploit of carrying her off, taking upon herself the responsibility of the elopement, if it could once be fairly effected. Freyling, though himself once a devoted slave to the charms of Rose, had of late begun to find more congenial attractions in the frank manners and lively conversation of her friend. Visions of a double alliance floated dimly before his eyes, as he listened to the singular proposal, and disposed him to overlook its rashness and eccentricity. The chief difficulty, of course, which presented itself to the two sapient counsellors, arose from the want of funds to carry the fair beyond the danger of immediate pursuit, until the marriage could be celebrated in a neighbouring territory. This Freyling undertook to obviate, and that without compromising the delicacy of his friend, by keeping him in ignorance of the mode of raising the supplies until after its success, of which he entertained little doubt. Recommending secrecy to his fair ally, he sought his fellow-students, at that hour usually assembled to practice gymnastic exercises in the court of the dilapidated chateau.

Having drawn some of the elder ones into a circle round him, and climbed on a fragment of the ruins, which elevated him above the astonished auditors—"My friends," said he, with an air of mock solemnity which was habitual to him, "I hereby exorcise the Demon of Selfishness, and banish him from a circle, to which I am about to propose a generous sacrifice worthy of the heroes of antiquity. You all know Rose Müllner ;

most of you love her, but without hope of success, and with the certainty that one alone among you could enjoy the prize, even were it not on the point of being for ever snatched from your grasp by a competitor to whom you would die rather than resign it. It is an insult to your understanding, as well as to your feelings, to ask whether each would not gladly yield his pretensions to the lovely Rose, rather than see her consigned to the arms of a dotard? Know, then, that her father has promised her in marriage to Professor Voss ; and if some one of our fraternity is not chivalrous enough to rescue her, the finest creature in Germany will, ere many days elapse, be lost to the world for ever! My friends, a speedy elopement must avert this slur on the university ; and as circumstances seem to point out Conrad Ranzer as the person most likely to achieve it with success, I propose, that a sum be forthwith collected among us to defray the expense of the journey, and convey the worthy couple beyond the reach of pursuit,—with this proviso, that if Ranzer declines, or fails in the enterprize, it shall be undertaken, and the funds appropriated, by the next who can prove any title to the favour of Rose." The proposal, strange as it may seem to those who do not know German students, was carried by acclamation, and the hat of Freyling filled with as many rix-dollars as would have amply sufficed for a much more distant expedition. The means of conveyance, and precise time, became the next subject of consideration.

Constance's visit at Heidelberg, and the Session of College, were alike drawing to a close ; and she had previously announced to her kind hosts her resolution to avail herself of her brother's escort to perform the journey home to Frankfort. So far, all would answer extremely well ; but to carry off those in open day, threatened more difficulty ; especially, as, in consequence of his impending nuptials, the otherwise obvious pretext of accompanying her friend on a visit to Frankfort could not be resorted to.

To surmount this obstacle, a brilliant idea presented itself to the inventive Constance. The close of the academic term was to be signalized by a gala given by the students to the inhabitants in the beautiful gardens of the castle ; and Constance, feign-

ing equal impatience to reach home, and reluctance to lose the fete, proposed to combine these objects by quitting Heidelberg late on the evening in which it was to take place, and proceeding as far as Mannheim, where she should appoint her father's carriage to be in waiting to receive her. In the dusk of evening, and amid the bustle of the fete, Rose, she flattered herself, might easily be smuggled out of town; and when, in the innocence and civility of his heart, good Dr Schröder insisted on Mademoiselle Ranzer's accepting his berlin and horses as far as Mannheim; there was something so *piquant* in eloping in the very pro-rector's carriage, that neither Freyling nor Constance could resist this ludicrous and somewhat equivocal return for his hospitality.

All went on happily, as projected. The fete was unusually brilliant; and the consciousness of the event in which it was to terminate gave even to the quondam admirers of Rose a sensation of joyful exultation, when they compared the gay youthful mien of the enamoured Ranzer, with the wrinkled visage and formal gallantries of the awkward and absent professor. Dr Müllner, seeing his daughter closely attended by the bridegroom of his choice, never doubted that all was going on exactly as it should do; nor was any surprise excited when it was discovered that Rose had withdrawn some time before the collation, to assist in the preparations for departure of so dear a friend as Constance.

Rose, who, it must be said for her, had, during the whole affair, been nearly passive in the hands of more energetic advisers, trembled violently as the moment approached for abandoning even a father who had never testified for her much ardour of affection; but when Constance assured her that his favourite object of getting rid of her, would be at least equally accomplished by her marriage with the object of her own affections, she suffered herself to be persuaded.

All the younger and gayer part of the Pro-rector's domestics having been attracted to the fete in the Schlossgarten, there only remained an old grey-headed servant, too little in the secrets of the family to feel any surprise at seeing *three*, instead of two passengers step into the berlin; nor did the message left in Rose's name, that she had yielded to her friend's entreaty to

accompany her the first stage, and return in the carriage, inspire him with the smallest doubt of its authenticity.

Off set the trio, longing many a time to exchange the sober jog-trot pace of Dr Schröder's sleek horses, and the contented whistle of his agricultural Jehu, for a rapidity of motion savouring more of a bridal, and especially a stolen one. There was here, however, no immediate danger of pursuit; so they resigned themselves to their fate, and in due time reached Mannheim, which, though a somewhat circuitous route to Frankfort, had been selected by the contrivers of the expedition, both from the facilities afforded by a large city for shaking off their simple charioteer, and as lying more directly in the way to a lonely village, the residence of an uncle of Rose's, its primitive pastor, who, they flattered themselves, might save them the trouble of a farther journey, and be induced to join the hands of the young couple, by the united eloquence of love, friendship, and necessity.

On arriving at the hotel at the entrance of Mannheim where the carriage of Constance's father was to meet them, it was of course inquired for in vain; and the apparently annoyed travellers declining to sleep at the inn, set off, ostensibly, to pass the night at a friend's house, (where Homs was duly instructed to call in the morning for his fair charge,) but in reality to procure from another inn, at the opposite extremity of the town, the chaise and horses, which were to convey her, long ere that hour, to her uncle's at Sandorf. To elude observation, as well as to baffle inquiry, should any be made, the anxious Constance and shrinking Rose ensconced themselves within a porte-cochère, until Conrad, having hired, in the character of a single traveller, the best post-waggon and horses this second-rate inn afforded, came to release them from their awkward situation, and they all gladly quitted Mannheim.

It was fortunate that a faint moon lent its glimmering aid to guide the stupid post-boy and sorry jades along the dreary sandy track which supplied the place of a road through a gloomy pine forest, where not even a sound from their own wheels broke the midnight stillness of the scene. Rose would have been in despair at the novelty and strangeness of her situation, had she not sometimes given a thought

to Dr Voss and the interminable Frankfort Gazette. Ranzer, naturally timid, and sharing her anxiety, was silent; and even Constance wished the adventure well over.

The post-boy, though he had professed perfect acquaintance with the bye road leading to the village, got evidently bewildered among the various tracks which crossed each other—now amid the tall pines, now on the desolate open heath between—and the moon having now failed them, a light in a distant window was joyfully hailed, and Conrad dispatched to procure information as to the situation of Sandorf. Chance on this occasion, as on some others, had proved the best of pilots; and the lover found himself, with no small joy, at the door of his uncle elect, who, equally studious (though in a different department) with his academic brother, was consuming the midnight oil over sundry choice *morceaux* of Hebrew lore, with which he was in the habit of occasionally edifying his parishioners. On a signal from Ranzer, the carriage drew up to the door; and an event (nearly unparalleled in the simple annals of Sandorf) threw the learned Hebraist and his primitive house-keeper into paroxysms of painful surprise. Rose, utterly incapable of appearing in the character of a fugitive before an uncle, whose learning had invested him in her eyes with a character little less awful than her father's, remained trembling in the carriage, supported by Conrad, while Constance, who saw herself reduced to carry the fortress by a *coup-de-main*, presented herself before the astounded presbyter. "Reverend sir," said she, "this is no time for apologies or explanations. You are of course interested in the welfare of your brother's daughter, the lovely and amiable Rose; and jealous of the honour of your respectable family. A youth, belonging to me, equally reputable and more wealthy, has succeeded, with the assistance of his sister, (who now addresses you,) in carrying her off from Heidelberg, where your brother was about to marry her to a man older than yourself, and not half so good-looking. The die is cast—Rose has eloped. The affair to-morrow morning will ring from Heidelberg to Frankfort, whither we are hastening; and it remains with you, whether I shall

carry my friend there, indissolubly united to a deserving young man, or whether they shall wander farther in a very unpleasant situation, and owe to the casual good offices of a stranger their mutual happiness, and the only termination of which your niece's rash step now admits."

This reasoning, though rather vulnerable on some points, was, in the main, unanswerable. The good pastor was little in the habit of arguing with young ladies, and so completely under the dominion of an old one, that when his Dame Jacintha (previously won over below stairs by the sweet words of Ranzer, and the sweet looks of Rose) joined in recommending the measure, he could no longer resist; and Rose, more dead than alive, and given away by the sexton, hastily roused from sleep to act in the double capacity of father and witness, became the wife of the transported Ranzer, and the sister of her faithful Constance.

A bumper of Rhein-wine, older than the bride, was the only refreshment the trio had leisure or inclination to partake of, being most anxious, by reaching Frankfort early, to anticipate those rumours which a few hours would put in circulation. It was now dawn, and, soon regaining the high-road, the refreshed post-boy and seemingly conscious steeds trotted nimbly towards Darmstadt, where the reported liberality of the youthful travellers failed not to place at their command its gayest wagen and choicest nags.

It was hardly noon when they reached Frankfort and the Römische Kaiser, which, in preference to any more obscure inn, the sagacious Constance had selected, that the notoriety of her arrival there, with her brother and a young lady, might operate in compelling (if necessary) her parents to make the best of an affair they could not hope to conceal. Leaving the young couple to breakfast, with what appetite they might, this indefatigable diplomatist threw herself again into the carriage, and drove to her father's door; before reaching which, the distress she intended feigning was exchanged for a real alarm and agitation, little requiring aid from art. Her heart beat violently as she ran up stairs, and when, on entering the room, she found her mother alone, and read in her face the terror in-

spired by her own pale countenance and haggard appearance, it smote her for inflicting even a momentary pang on so affectionate a parent. She had, however, gone too far to recede; and to her mother's agonized exclamation, "My son! what of Conrad?" only answered by a mournful shake of the head. Every fatal contingency of a lawless university life now flashed rapidly across Madame Ranzer's mind; and seizing, with the ingenuity of terror on the most irreparable, she almost shrieked the words, "Duel! and killed! . . ."—"Oh no, no!" cried the deeply shocked Constance, "he has not fought, he is not killed . . . only . . . he is . . ."—"Expelled!" sighed her mother, in a tone of passive resignation, only produced by previous apprehensions of a more dreadful kind.

Here the step of her husband was heard on the stairs, and Constance, in dread of his more energetic character and manly sincerity, paid the full penalty of her own system of deception, which she felt unequal to carry any further.

Her mother saved her from an ordeal too powerful for such a novice in dissimulation; and, in answer to a scrutinizing glance from her husband, immediately began, with maternal instinct, to apply palliatives to her son's unknown transgression. "Conrad, my dear Fritz," said she softly, "is very young, and his character gentle and complying; there are always sad doings at Heidelberg, and he, I fear, is implicated, at least so says Constance's face, for I have heard no particulars."—"And before we hear any, wife," interrupted the plain-spoken upright old banker, "I will tell you and that trembling girl there how I mean to act towards my only son. If he has wounded or killed a fellow-creature in one of these senseless Burschen quarrels, he must answer to God and his conscience for so irreparable a calamity; and, if I know his heart, he will stand more in need of parental consolation than severity. If he has merely joined in the idle frolics of a set of misgoverned youths, I will tell him he is a fool for his pains, and trust to time and German good sense to cure him, as they did his father before him; but if, as I think more likely, in one of his philandering turn, he has trifled with the affections or ruined the character of a pretty girl,

by Heaven! he shall never call Frederick Ranzer father till he does her justice!"

"And what if he has done it already, papa, ay, and without earning your permission by any previous injury to her peace?" whispered the delighted Constance, throwing herself into the arms of her mother, and casting a deprecating glance towards her father. "He loved the prettiest and best girl in Heidelberg; she was to have been married next week to the ugliest old scarecrow in all the college; Conrad was miserable; Rose was miserable; and miserable they must all have remained, had not your mad Constance run away with them both last night, got them married at Sandorff this morning, and lodged them at this moment in the *Römische Kaiser*, where you have only to go yourself, to see the prettiest sight in all Germany."

Her father held out one arm to his weeping wife, and another to his again smiling daughter, and exclaiming, "Ah, Constance, Constance! he will be a bold man that ventures on you for a wife!" drove to the *Römische Kaiser*, ran nimbly up stairs, pushed aside his petrified son, and giving a hearty kiss to his daughter-in-law, swore, that, rather than Dr Voss should have had her, he would have turned Mahometan and married her himself!

The grateful and interesting bride was that day presented with maternal pride by Madame Ranzer to a few privileged friends; and at the great wedding-dinner, some days after, to which both Doctor Müllners were duly invited, the delighted father, as he looked round on the happy group, and heard his rustic brother's health drank with rapturous applause, for the first time suspected, that a man might do a sensible thing without belonging to any university!

Fortunately for Dr Voss, the close of the academic term relieved him from many a Burschen joke on his disappointment; although one quaint and pleasing device (representing the professor gazing as usual through a telescope, the glass of which was prevented from doing its office, by the sly interposition of Cupid's wing) found its way, doubtless from those aerial regions in which he was chiefly conversant, into his apartment. The

professor was, in the fullest sense of the word, a philosopher. He neither tore nor burnt the harmless caricature; but its margin, curiously ornamented with diagrams and calculations by his erudite hand, is, I believe, still preserved among the academic rarities of Heidelberg.

Dr Müllner, incapacitated, at length,

by age and infirmity, from prosecuting his studies, retired to Frankfort, where Rose read the Gazette to him, with an alacrity and good will which made her wonder she should ever have thought it tiresome. But then Conrad was frequently also a listener, and she could rock the cradle perfectly all the time!

ACTED CHARADES.

[It may perhaps be necessary to premise for the benefit of the country gentlemen, that this fashionable amusement is a little drama of the nature of a French proverb, and that the first of the Charade is to be collected from one scene, the second from another, and the whole from the third. Having explained thus far, we leave the solution to the ingenuity of our readers.]

No. I.

SCENE THE FIRST. BEAUCHAMP'S House.

BEAUCHAMP at the Easel. Enter TALBOT.

Talbot. What! Beauchamp at the easel this morning? This is a fresh accè. I thought you had forsworn painting ever since we saw the masterpieces of art at Florence and the Vatican.

Beauchamp. Ha, Talbot! Pray, take a chair. Forsworn Art? Yes, as a pursuit, as an object of ambition and vanity, certainly yes. But as a record of sentiment, as certainly no. It is one thing to compete with the Titians and Rafaels in Venuses and Madonnas, and another to endeavour to transfer to canvass, however faintly, the real charms of a living beauty.

Tal. "An affair of sentiment!" Ho! ho! "A living beauty!" There is a lady in the case, then. Well! every man to his taste. I had rather follow the hounds on my good steed Bayard, over the Leicestershire country, and break my neck, if so it chance, in a fox-chase, than break my heart by pursuing the fairest nymph that ever wore petticoats. But every man to his taste. Do I know the lady?

Beau. I think not.

Tal. And may one inquire her name?

Beau. It is a name that suits her well; the sweetest name ever breathed by poet or lover—Julia.

Tal. Julia! Pooh! Her family name?

Beau. Vernon; Miss Julia Vernon.

Tal. Vernon. Oh! A daughter of the General's. One of the four Miss Vernons whom one hears of everywhere with their tall mamma?

Beau. The loveliest of that lovely family. Oh, my dear Talbot! neither painting nor poetry can give the faintest image of her charms—"So soft, so sweet, so delicate she came, youth's opening rose—"

Tal. Spare me the poetry, I beseech you. I shall see the Goddess herself to-night at her aunt Lady Dashleigh's, and then you may introduce me.

Beau. I shan't be able to go to Lady Dashleigh's—An odious man-dinner at the Clarendon; and then the House—There'll be no escaping before the division. But I'll get Harry Lescombe to introduce you; and you must come to-morrow morning and tell me what you think of her. Take care of your heart.

Tal. Yes, I'll come. I'll be sure to come. I am sorry for this love affair, very sorry; for I thought we should have got you down amongst us at Melton Mowbray next season. You were talking of forming a stud; and there are some capital hunters on sale at Tattersall's. But when once a man sets his heart on marrying—Let us look at her portrait, however—I take for granted that it is her portrait.

Beau. A faint copy of the charms of the original. There!

[Displaying the picture.

Tal. Really I did not think you had been so good an artist. A very pretty bit of colour indeed; very delicately hit off. Rather too much of the lily, though, to suit my taste. Is Miss Julia really so pale?

Beau. She has just as much colour as any woman ought to have—the maiden-rose tint. This cheek would bear a thought more—I can add it in a moment.

Talb. Yes; we all know that a little rouge is easily put on a lady's face.

Beau. (*seating himself at the easel.*) Hold thy irreverent tongue, and reach me yonder brush—not that—the farther one. Thank you. Now, you shall see in a moment—(*Painting.*) Heavens! What have I done! The whole picture is ruin'd—spoilt for ever! This is the brush with which I was adding the deepest shades to her lovely dark hair—only see—ruined for ever! Don't say a word, my dear fellow. It's entirely my fault! Irredeemably spoilt—A week's work—such a likeness—and ruined for ever! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE the SECOND.—*The same Apartment.*

Enter TALBOT to BEAUCHAMP.

Beau. How late you are! I was on the point of calling to see what detained you.

Talb. A thousand pardons! I was kept at home by the sudden lameness of Bayard—you know Bayard—finest hunter in England—cost me a cool three hundred last season—can't put his off fore-foot to the ground.

Beau. Very sorry. Were you at Lady Dashleigh's last night?

Talb. Yes. Sent for Colman. Colman thinks it's only a prick—touched in the shoeing—and advises one of his bar shoes; but my groom—

Beau. Did you see Julia?

Talb. Yes. My groom says—

Beau. Were you introduced to her?

Talb. Yes. My groom thinks, and he knows more of Bayard's action than Colman—

Beau. Hang Colman! Did you dance with Julia?

Talb. No. My groom says that Bayard—

Beau. Hang Bayard!

Talb. Hang Bayard! Really, Mr Beauchamp—

Beau. My dear friend, I do not mean the slightest offence to your horse—finest animal in England! But do talk to me of Julia! Did you converse with her? Did you see her dance? Did you hear her sing?

Talb. Ye—es.

Beau. Well! And were you not charmed, enchanted? Do you not think her exquisitely beautiful? Her figure so light and graceful? Her countenance so full of sensibility and sweetness? Is not she an angel?

Talb. A fineish girl.

Beau. And then, her singing, her dancing, her conversation!

Talb. Pretty fair.

Beau. Talbot, do you know of whom you are speaking? Pretty fair!

Talb. Why, to confess the truth, my dear Beauchamp, this Julia of yours is not altogether one of my beauties. She is too pale, too tall, too thin, too lanky, shows too much bone. I like a little flesh and blood.

Beau. Gracious heaven, what coarseness of idea!

Talb. And, moreover, I don't like the breed. I have a regard for you, Beauchamp; and I can't help giving you warning, that Mrs Vernon is the most determined husband-hunting mamma in London; we all know that the General is as poor as Job, and as proud as Lucifer; and I have it from the best authority, that Miss Julia herself is as arrant a flirt—

Beau. Be silent, Mr Talbot; be silent, sir. It was but yesterday that you were the cause of my defacing an imperfect copy of her divine features. To-day you would sully her spotless reputation. Go back to your groom and Bayard; they are your fit companions. Leave me, sir.

Talb. I take no notice of what you say, my good friend; because you are in a passion, and a lover has a madman's privilege: but I have an old regard for you, and I advise you not to be too hasty in your proceedings.

Beau. Out of my house, sir! Get out instantly.

Tal. Take time to consider. Look before you leap.

Beau. Off with you, sir!—I have a good mind to kick him down stairs. In a passion, indeed! Impertinent puppy! I never was cooler in my life. I'll go to the General, and propose for her this moment!—Insufferable coxcomb!

(*Exit.*)

SCENE THE THIRD.—*Regent Street.*

BEAUCHAMP and TALBOT, meeting.

Beau. Ha! Talbot, my dear fellow! I am delighted to see you. I thought you had been hunting in Leicestershire.

Tal. Just ran up for a day or two, whilst the frost holds; and very lucky to meet with you, and wish you joy in person. You got my letter?

Beau. Yes. Have you had good runs this season?

Tal. Capital. I saw the happy event in the papers, and took my chance of writing to your house in town, to congratulate, and apologize, and so forth.

Beau. No need of apologies on your part, God knows! You are a good fellow, Talbot—a real friend. It is I that ought to apologize. Ah! if I had but taken your advice. But a man must follow his destiny.

Tal. I hope the fair lady is well?

Beau. We won't talk of her, Talbot. How is Bayard, that noble steed? Does he sustain his reputation?

Tal. I refused four hundred pounds for him last week. Where have you been since August? Did you go a tour?

Beau. Yes—To the Lakes.

Tal. A pleasant excursion?

Beau. All the pleasure of travelling, my dear friend, depends on one's company—I found it a confounded bore. By the way, I've a great mind to run down to Melton Mowbray with you for a week or two. Could you put me in the way of buying some good horses? I shall certainly take to fox-hunting again.

Tal. I shall be delighted, of course; but what will Mrs Beauchamp say?

Beau. Say! What right has she to say anything? Don't talk of Mrs Beauchamp—there's a dear fellow. Do you think you can help me to the hunters? Eh!

Tal. Why, I know that Dick Mathews had some to dispose of yesterday. I'll go and see about them.

Beau. I shall be eternally obliged to you. And hark ye, Talbot—dine with me at seven, and we'll settle about the jaunt into Leicestershire. I have some thoughts of taking a box there—a hunting box—just to run down to. Dine with me at seven.

Tal. In Harley Street?

Beau. Oh no, no! at the old place, the Clarendon—a bachelor's dinner at the Clarendon, my boy!—a snug bachelor's dinner!—*Au revoir!*

No. II.

SCENE THE FIRST.—*St James's Park—1667.*

MR EVELYN and MR PEPYS meeting.

Mr Evelyn. My worthy Mr Pepys, how are you this morning?

Mr Pepys. The better, assuredly, for the honour of meeting my good Mr Evelyn. Will you take a turn in the walk? I am waiting the Duke's leisure, who is, as you perceive, engaged with the King and Sir John Minnes.

Mr Evel. Is there anything new in town? I am but just landed at Whitehall, having come by water from my retirement of Say Court, to dine at his new house with my Lord of Clarendon; and I address myself to Mr Pepys for news, as the most absolute courtier both in statecraft and poesy.

Mr Pepys. Oh, my good sir!—For affairs of policy, I must refer you to my Lord of Clarendon. They are too weighty for so slight a person as myself, Mr Evelyn; but men may judge by straws which way the wind sets; and you may see my Lady Castlemaine yonder neglected and in the dumps.—That star is on the wane;—but these matters are above my sphere. For the Muses, we had last night at the Duke's House a new play called the Tempest, one of Shakspeare's old drolleries revised and perfected by Dryden, wherein pretty Mrs Nelly did really excel herself. I know of nothing else new except a lam-poon which the wits give to the Duke of Buckingham, and a new song by my Lord of Dorset. How goes on the New Society, Mr Evelyn? And, above all, your own great work on Forest-trees?

Mr Evel. Slowly, my good Mr Pepys—slowly. I shall be glad to show it to you some day at Say Court, together with some other small pieces, if you can partake of my poor dinner at the old-fashioned time of twelve at noon. I hate these new-fangled hours, Mr Pepys;—these one o'clock dinners. Our fathers, my good sir, dined at eleven. But we are a degenerate race. These are signs of the times—awful signs!

Mr Pepys. They are so, indeed, Mr Evelyn. But, my good sir, I most respectfully take my leave. The Duke is beckoning to me.—I wish you a good day.

Mr Evel. A good day to you, Mr Pepys! Remember that we shall expect you at Say Court with your first leisure, and not later than noon. A good day to you, sir!

[*Exeunt severally, bowing*]

SCENE THE SECOND.—*Hyde Park*—1826.

LORD JOHN LUTTRIDGE and MR ADEANE Meeting.

A Crowd on the Serpentine.

Lord John. Ah! my dear Adeane! How long from Vienna? Are you come to show off your Austrian Spread Eagles on the Serpentine?

Mr Adeane. Why, really, my dear lord, after the Danube, one can't think of figuring on these English puddles. Besides, the crowd! And I have left my Hamburgh skaits to follow with my trunks from Dover. Is there any news in this smoky, frosty, dirty London?

L. John. Why, not much, I believe. Bankruptcies in plenty—some talk of a general election, an early opera season, and a vast number of applications to subscribe to Almack's. But I am but just arrived myself—merely passing through from Holkham to Chatsworth.

Mr Ad. Town seems quite empty.

L. John. Why, so I hear. And yet there can hardly be less than a hundred thousand persons in the Park at this moment. Really that officer skaits well.

Mr Ad. But when one says town is empty, one means that there is nobody whom one knows—nobody fit to be known.

L. John. Now it seems to me that there are a great many people whom one should like to know—I have not seen so many pretty women together these dozen years.

Mr Ad. Does your Lordship think so?

L. John. Why, don't you?

Mr Ad. Really no. English noses get so red in a frost.

L. John. (Aside.) English noses! The Lord have mercy on these travelled gentlemen!

Mr Ad. And just look at that lubber. "English awkwardness on two left legs!"

L. John. Take care of your own legs, Adeane. You are getting on a slide. This place is as slippery as glass—Take care! He'll certainly tumble—there he goes.—(*Mr Adeane falls; Lord John helps him up.*)—I hope you are not seriously hurt. No bones broke. Can you walk?

Mr Ad. Yes, yes! This sort of accident could never have happened to me abroad; but the moment a man sets foot on this wretched island—

L. John. Why, our English elements are no respecters of persons; that must be confessed.

Mr Ad. Does not your Lordship hear a cracking? We shall certainly be drowned.

L. John. There is not the slightest danger, except of your getting another tumble. That fall of yours has made you nervous. Keep hold of my arm, my good fellow, and I'll pilot you to Terra Firma; and then we'll go to Brookes's to while away two or three hours before dinner. The sun is but just set.—(*Aside.*) He'll certainly get another tumble this travelled gentleman, with his "English awkwardness on two left legs." Keep hold of me, Adeane, till we are clear of the Serpentine. Stick to me. I'll take care of you.—(*Aside.*) He'll never get off without another tumble. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE THE THIRD.—*A Study.*

Mr Frampton alone, reading a Newspaper.

Frampton (reading). "We are sorry to be compelled to state amongst the list of failures the firm of Fitzhugh, Dawson, and Co. The elegant taste and amiable qualities of the senior partner of this old-established house will render him an object of universal sympathy."—Sympathy! These newspaper writers are pretty fellows at a word! Sympathy forsooth, universal sympathy! And Fitzhugh a bankrupt! the handsome, the graceful, the witty Henry Fitzhugh, the life of every circle, the chosen of Agnes Merivale, a bankrupt! an object of universal sympathy! Go to, Mr Printer—I must feast my eyes once more on the paragraph. Ay, here he is too in the Gazette. There is no mistake in the business. Fitzhugh a bankrupt!

Enter Servant.

Did not I give orders not to be disturbed?

Ser. A gentleman, sir, requests a moment's audience.

Fram. I am engaged.

Ser. He desired me to give this card.

Fram. (after reading the card.) Show him up. [*Exit Servant.*] Fitzhugh himself! My old acquaintance Henry Fitzhugh—the bankrupt! the object, as the Morning Post assures us, of universal sympathy. It were sin and shame not to dispatch him quickly.

Enter FITZHUGH.

Now, sir!

Fitz. I have to apologize for an intrusion, which is, I fear, equally unwelcome and unexpected.

Fram. Waive apologies, sir; I hate them.

Fitz. So long a time has elapsed since we met, that my person is perhaps scarcely remembered by Mr Frampton.

Fram. If I had forgotten you, sir, this paper would have recalled you to my memory.

Fitz. The unfortunate speculations of my partner—

Fram. You all, no doubt, can tell your own story. He perhaps might talk of his partner's supineness. But that can hardly be your business with me.

Fitz. No, sir; I waited on you to request a favour, on which my welfare, and that of my wife and children, utterly depend.

Fram. And you speak of your wife to me! Do you happen to remember, sir, the transaction on which we last met, the transaction on which we parted?

Fitz. I trusted, Frampton, that you had forgotten it.

Fram. Forgotten! I loved Agnes Merivale; I told you of my love; I made you known to her; and you, my friend (for such you dared to call yourself), became my rival, my successful rival. Treachery such as that cannot be forgotten.

Fitz. At least, I trusted that an interval of ten years had swept from your mind all bitterness of recollection.

Fram. You thought me then a fool. Where is she now?

Fitz. In London.

Fram. At your house in Baker Street?

Fitz. That house, with all that it contained, is given up to the creditors. Agnes is in humble lodgings, suited to our fortunes.

Fram. You have also a house in the New Forest?

Fitz. I had.

Fram. A beautiful place, fitted up with the taste for which Agnes was famous—a fine library; a superb conservatory; prints and statues—you were a collector; pictures old and new—you ranked high amongst the patrons.

Fitz. I had these things. They are mine no longer.

Fram. Holly-grove—that I think was the name of your villa; a lovely spot: I passed it last summer. Agnes had a keen relish for the beauties of nature; she must have been fond of Holly-grove?

Fitz. Her very heart was in it—it was her home, the home of her children—Alas! they may soon have none!

Fram. Ay, this poor house of mine might have been her home, but it lacks these adornments. Here are no medals, no pictures, no coins, no busts! 'Tis an old spacious mansion-house, to be sure, and stands amidst a fair number of its own acres, but it is out of date, like its master. Frampton Hall could no more compete with Holly-grove, than plain George Frampton with Henry Fitzhugh. We should have known our station.

Fitz. Be merciful, Frampton! Be merciful!

Fram. Yes! Holly-grove was a beautiful place. I saw Agnes on the lawn one evening last summer, in the midst of her children. There was a chubby infant, and two or three delicate girls, and a couple of sturdy boys, and the mother, handsomer than ever, in her stately and regal beauty, drest and appointed like a queen, with her retinue of nursery attendants, flowers under her feet, flowering shrubs over her head, the rarest exotics perfuming the air!—Agnes must have been happy at Holly-grove.

Fitz. Alas! alas! too happy!

Fram. The eldest child was a fine boy. Was he at school?

Fitz. At Eton.

Fram. Already! And of promise?

Fitz. Of the highest.

Fram. Intended for any profession?

Fitz. For the bar.

Fram. Indeed! Parents are apt to frame such visions. The bar!—Well, sir, what is your pleasure with me?

Fitz. This letter—If you would condescend——

Fram. The letter is not addressed to me.

Fitz. No, it is to your friend Lord B. A small place for which I am every way suited is now vacant in his department; and that letter, if presented by you, and backed by your intercession, would insure it to me. I throw myself on your generosity! I implore your mercy! For the sake of the woman whom you once loved——

Fram. Hold, sir!

Fitz. For the sake of her poor children——

Fram. Those children, sir, are also yours. Have you no other channel through which to send this letter?

Fitz. None whatsoever.

Fram. No other resource? No other hope?

Fitz. None upon earth. It is the only chance that remains, to preserve us from starvation.

Fram. (tearing the letter.) Then starve!

No. III.

SCENE I.—*An old-fashioned Garden, with Terraces, Fountains, Yew-hedges, &c.—A large Mansion in the back-ground.—Time, eight in the evening.*
A. D. 1657.

MABEL GOODWIN—(alone.)

Mabel. So! Master Arthur Montresor! He promised to meet me here by eight, and the great clock in the hall wanted but five minutes full half an hour ago. It must be half an hour. I have been pacing up and down this walk, from the yew-hedge to the fountain, twenty times at least, besides going twice to the little door in the garden-wall, to be sure that it was unbolted. It can't be a minute less than half an hour. He had as well stay now in his hiding-place at the village, for I'll never speak to him again. Never! And yet, poor fellow—No! I'll never speak to him again!

Enter ARTHUR MONTRESOR.

So, Master Arthur!

Arthur. So, my pretty Mistress Mabel! Why turn away so angrily? What fault have I committed, I pray thee?

Mab. Fault? None!

Arth. Nay, nay, my little Venus of the Puritans, my princess of all Precisions, if thou be offended, tell me so.

Mab. Offended forsooth! People are never offended with people they don't care about. Offended quotha!

Arth. And is it because some people don't care for other people, that they bridle, and flounce, and toss, and put their pretty selves into such pretty tantrums—eh, Mistress Mabel? I am after time, sweet—but—

Mab. After time! I have been here this half hour!—and my father fast asleep in the hall! After time!—If thou hadst cared for me—But men are all alike. There hath not been a true lover in the world since Amadis his day, the mad Paladin that my old nurse was used to talk of—and that was but a false legend. After time!—Why, if thou hadst cared for me only as much as I care for this sprig of lavender, thou would'st have been waiting for me before the chimes had rung seven. Just think of the time thou hast lost.—Now thou may'st go thy ways.—Leave me, sir!

Arth. Nay, mine own sweet love, do not offer to snatch thy hand away. I cannot part with thee, Mabel, though thou should'st flutter like a new-caught dove. I must speak with thee. I have that to say which *must* be heard.

Mab. Well?

Arth. I have been dogged all day by a canting Puritan, a follower, as I take it, of thy godly father.

Mab. Jeer not my father, Arthur, although he be a roundhead and thou a cavalier. He is a brave man and a good.

Arth. He is *thy* father, and therefore sacred to me.—Where didst thou say he is now?

Mab. I left him in the hall, just settling quietly to an after-supper nap.—Why dost thou ask?

Arth. I have been watched all day by one whom I suspect to be a spy; and I fear me, that in spite of my disguise, my false name, and my humble lodging, I am discovered.

Mab. Discovered in thy visits here? Discovered as my — friend?

Arth. No, no, I trust not so. Therefore I delayed to come to thee till I could shake off my unwelcome follower. Not discovered as thy lover, thy *friend*, if such name better please thee—but as the cavalier and malignant (for so their phrase runs) Arthur Montresor.

Mab. But granting that were true, what harm hast thou committed? What hast thou to fear?

Arth. Small harm, dear Mabel; and yet in these bad days small harm

may cause great fear. I have borne arms for the King ; I have never acknowledged the Protector ; I am known as the friend of Ormond, perhaps suspected as his agent ; and moreover, I am the rightful owner of this same estate and mansion of Montresor Hall, its parks, manors, and dependencies, bestowed by the sequestrators on thy father, Colonel Goodwin. Seest thou no fear there, fair Mabel ?

Mab. Alas ! alas !

Arth. Then my deceased father, stout old Sir Robert, was meddled in every plot and rising in the country, from the first year of the Rebellion to this, as I well trust, the last of the usurpation, so that the very name sounds like a fire-brand. 'Twould be held a fair service to the state, Mabel, to shoot thy poor friend ; and yet I promise thee, albeit a loyal subject to King Charles, I am hardly fool enough to wage war in my own single person against Oliver, whom a mightier conqueror than himself will speedily overthrow.

Mab. A mightier conqueror !

Arth. Even the great tyrant Death—he who levels the mighty and the low—Arthur Montresor and Oliver Cromwell !

Mab. Death ! Art thou then in such peril ? And dost thou loiter here ? I beseech thee away ! away this moment ! What detains thee ?

Arth. That which brought me—thyself. Being in England, I came hither, more weeks ago than I care to think of, to look on my old birth-place, my old home. I saw thee, Mabel, and ever since I have felt that these halls are a thousand fold more precious to me as thy home, as thy inheritance, than ever they could have been as mine. I love thee, Mabel.

Mab. Oh go ! go ! go ! To talk of love whilst thou art in such danger !

Arth. I love thee, mine own Mabel.

Mab. Go !

Arth. Wilt thou go with me ? I am not rich—I have no fair mansion to take thee to ; but a soldier's sword and a soldier's arm, and a true heart, Mabel ! Wilt thou go with me, sweet one ? I'll bring horses to the little garden door. The moon will be up at twelve—Speak, dearest ! And yet this trembling hand speaks for thee. Wilt thou go with me, and be my wedded wife ?

Mab. I will.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE THE SECOND.—*The same Garden. A high Wall on one Side, with a small strong Door in it. The House in the back ground.*

Enter ARTHUR, from the side-door.

Arth. Mabel ! Not yet arrived ! Surely she cannot have changed her purpose ? No, no ! It were treason against true love but to suspect her of wavering—she lingers from maiden modesty, from maiden fear, from natural affection, from all that man worships in woman. But if she knew the cause I have to dread every delay !

Enter MABEL, from the house.

Mabel ! Sweetest, how breathless thou art ! Thou canst hardly stand ! Rest thee on this seat a moment, my Mabel ! And yet delay—Hath aught befallen to affright thee ? Sit here, dearest ! What hath startled thee ?

Mab. I know not. And yet—

Arth. How thou tremblest still ! And what— ?

Mab. As I passed the gallery—Only feel how my heart flutters, Arthur !

Arth. Blessings on that dear heart ! Calm thee, sweetest.—What of the gallery ?

Mab. As I passed, methought I heard voices.

Arth. Indeed ! And I too have missed the detected spy who hath been all day dogging my steps. Can he—but no ! All is quiet in the house. Look, Mabel ! All dark and silent. No light save the moonbeams dancing on the window panes with a cold pale brightness. No sound save the song of the nightingale—dost thou not hear it ? It seems to come from the tall shrubby sweet-briar, which sends its fragrant breath in at yonder casement.

Mab. That is my father's chamber—my dear dear father ! Oh, when he

shall wake and find his Mabel gone, little will the breath of the sweetbriar, or the song of the nightingale, comfort him then! My dear dear father! He kissed me after prayers to-night, and laid his hand on my head and blessed me. He will never bless his poor child again.

Arth. Come, sweetest! The horses wait; the hours wear on; morning will soon be here.

Mab. Oh, what a morning to my poor poor father! His Mabel, his only child, his beloved, his trusted! Oh, Arthur, my father! my father!

Arth. Maiden, if thou lovest thy father better than me, remain with him. It is not yet too late. I love thee, Mabel, as well as man may love on this side of idolatry; too well to steal thee away against thy will; too well to take thy hand without thy heart. The choice is still open to thee. Return to thy father's house, or wend with me. Weep not thus, dear one; but decide, and quickly.

Mab. Nay, I will go with thee, Arthur. Forgive these tears! I'll go with thee to the end of the world.

Arth. Now then. What noise is that?

Mab. Surely, surely the turning of a key.

Arth. Ay, the door is fastened; the horses are led off. We are discovered.

Mab. Is there no other way of escape?

Arth. None. The garden is walled round. Look at these walls, Mabel; a squirrel could scarcely climb them. Through the house is the only chance; and that—

Mab. Try the door again; I do beseech thee try. Push against it—I never knew it fastened other than by this iron bolt. Push manfully.

Arth. It is all in vain; thou thyself heard'st the key turn; and see how it resists my utmost strength. The door is surely fast. [Exeunt.]

SCENE THE THIRD.—*The same Part of the Garden with that represented in the first Scene.*

Enter ARTHUR and MABEL from the side.

Mab. See! The household is alarmed! Look at the lights! Venture not so near, dear Arthur! Conceal thee in the arbour till all is quiet. I will go meet them.

Arth. Alone?

Mab. Why, what have I to fear? Hide thee behind the yew hedge till the first search be past, and then—

Arth. Desert thee! Hide me! And I a Montresor! But be calmer, sweetest! Thy father is too good a man to meditate aught unlawful. 'Twill be but some short restraint, with thee for my warder. Calm thee, dearest!

Enter Colonel GOODWIN and a Servant, from the House.

Good. Shoot! Shoot instantly, Jonathan! Slay the robber! Why dost thou not fire? Be'st thou in league with him? What dost thou fumble at?

Jon. So please your worship, the wind hath extinguished the touch-paper.

Good. The wind hath extinguished thy wits, I trow, that thou could'st bring nought but that old harquebuss. Return for a steel weapon. [Exit JONATHAN.] Meantime my sword—I see but one man, and surely a soldier of the Cause and the Covenant, albeit aged, may well cope with a night thief. Come on, young man. Be'st thou coward as well as robber? Defend thyself.

Mab. Oh, father! father! Would'st thou do murder before thy daughter's eyes?

Good. Cling not thus around me, maiden! What makest thou with that thief, that craven thief?

Arth. Nay, tremble not, Mabel; for thy sake I will endure even this contumely.—Put up your sword, sir; it is needless. I yield myself your prisoner. At this instant, suspicions, even as degrading as those uttered by Colonel Goodwin, may, perhaps, be warranted by my equivocal position; but when I make myself known to him, I trust that he will retract an aspersion as unworthy of his character as of mine.

Good. I do know thee. Thou art the foul Malignant Arthur Montresor ; the abettor of the plotting traitor Ormond ; the outlawed son of the lawless cavalier who once owned this demesne.

Arth. And knowing me for Arthur Montresor, could'st thou take me for a garden robber ? Could'st thou grudge to the some time heir of these old Halls a parting glance of their venerable beauty ?

Good. Young man, wilt thou tell me, darest thou tell me, that it was to gaze on this old mansion that thou didst steal hither, like a thief in the night ? Arthur Montresor, can'st thou look at thy father's house and utter that falsehood ? Ye were a heathenish and blinded generation, main props of tyranny and prelacy, a worldly and a darkling race, who knew not the truth ;—but yet, from your earliest ancestor to the last possessor of those walls, ye had amongst the false gods whom ye worshipped one fair idol, called Honour. Arthur Montresor, I joy that thou hast yet enough of grace vouchsafed to thee to shrink from affirming that lie.

Arth. But a robber ! a garden thief !

Good. Ay, a robber ! I said, and I repeat, a robber, a thief, a despoiler. Hath the garden no fruit save its apricots and dewberries ? No flower save the jessamine and the rose ? Hath the house no treasure but its vessels of gold and silver ? the cabinet no jewel but its carbuncles and its rubies ? If ever thou art a father, and hast one hopeful and dutiful maiden, the joy of thine heart, and the apple of thine eye, then thou wilt hold all robbery light so that it leaves thee *her*, all robbers guiltless save him who would steal thy child. Weep not thus, Mabel. And thou, young man, away. I joy that the old and useless gun defeated my angry purpose—that I slew not mine enemy on his father's ground. Away with thee, young man ! Go study the parable that Nathan spake to David. I believe that there is warrant enough for thy detention, but I will not make thee prisoner in the house of thy fathers. Thank me not ; but go.

Mab. Father, hear me !

Good. Within ! To-morrow !

Mab. Nay, here, and now. Thou hast pardoned him ; but thou hast not pardoned me.

Good. I have forgiven thee—I do forgive thee.

Mab. Thou knowest not half my sins ! I am the prime offender, the great and unrepenting culprit. I loved him, I do love him ; we are betrothed, and I will hold faithful to my vow : Never shall another man wed Mabel Goodwin ! Oh, father, I knew not till this very now how dear thy poor child was to thy heart.—Can'st thou break hers ?

Good. Mabel, this is a vain and simple fancy.

Mab. Father, it is love.—Arthur, plead for us !

Arth. Alas ! I dare not. Thou art a rich heiress ; I am a poor exile.

Mab. Out on such distinctions ! one word from my father ; one stroke of Cromwell's pen, and thou art an exile no longer. Plead for us, Arthur !

Arth. Mabel, I dare not. Thy father is my benefactor ; he has given me life and liberty. Would'st thou have me repay these gifts by bereaving him of his child ?

Mab. We will not leave him. We will dwell together. Arthur, wilt thou not speak ?

Good. His honourable silence hath pleaded for him better than idle words, Arthur Montresor, dost thou love this maid ?

Arth. Do I love her !

Good. I believe in good truth that thou dost. Take her then from the hand of her father.—There is room enough in yonder mansion for the heir and the heiress, the old possessor and the new. Take her, and Heaven bless ye, my children !

Mab. Now, bless thee, mine own dear father ! and bless all the accidents of this happy night—Our projected elopement—and the little door that would not let us elope—and the wind that blew out Jonathan's spark of fire—and the old useless gun that, for want of that spark, would not shoot my Arthur. Blessings on them all !

TWENTY-ONE MAXIMS TO MARRY BY. ADDRESSED TO THE SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

"To be thus, is nothing;
But to be *safely* thus—!"

SHAKESPEARE.

I NEVER knew a good fellow, in all my life, that was not, some way or other, the dupe of women. One man is an ass unconsciously; another, with his eyes open; but all, that are good for anything, are saddled and bridled in some way, and at some time or other.

If a good fellow drinks—your best perhaps won't drink very much now—but, if he does drink, ten to one, it is because he is out of humour with some woman. If he writes, what can he write about, but woman? If he games, why is it, but to get money to lavish upon her? For all his courage, ardour, wit, vanity, good-temper, and all other good qualities that he possesses, woman keeps an open market, and can engross them wholly! Why, then, after we have abused women—which we all of us do—and found out that they are no more to be trusted than fresh-caught monkeys—which the best of us are very likely to do;—after all, what does it come to but this—that they are the devil's plagues of our lives—and we *must* have them?

For, if you are "five-and-twenty, or thereabouts," and good for anything, you'll certainly become *attached* to some woman; and—you'll find I'm right, so take warning in time—depend upon it, it had better be to an honest one. It's Cockney taste, lads—nasty, paltry, Bond-street stuff—to be seen driving about in a cabriolet with the mistress of half the town. And, for the attachment, never flatter yourselves that you are certain to get "tired" of any woman with whom you constantly associate. Depend upon it, you are a great deal more likely to become very inextricably fond of her. Kick it all out of doors, the stale trash, that men are naturally "indifferent" to their wives. How the deuce should a fine woman be the worse for being one's wife? And are there not five hundred good reasons—to everybody but a puppy—why she must be the better? Then, as you must all of you be martyred, suffer in respectable com-

pany. MARRY! boys—it's a danger; but, though it is a danger, it is the best. It is a danger! I always feel thankful when a man is hanged for killing his wife; because I should not choose to kill a wife of my own—and yet the crying of the "dying speech"—"for the barbarous and inhuman murder!" &c. &c.—is a sort of warning to her—as one rat, losing his tail in the rat-trap, frightens the whole granary-full that are left. But, though marriage is a danger, nevertheless, hazard it. Between evils, boys!—you know the proverb?—choose the least. Marry, I say, all and each of you!—Take wives; and take them in good time, that "your names may be long in the land." And then, seeing that you would, one and all of you, have wives—comes the question, how you should go about to get them?

Then, in the first place, I shall assume, that he who reads this paper, and marries, marries for a wife. Because, if he wants a "fortune" to boot, or a "place," or to be allied (being plebeian) to a "titled family," the case is out of my *metier*; he had better apply to an attorney at once. Don't make these things indispensable, any of you, if you can help it. For the fortune, a hundred to one—when you get it—if it does not over-ride you with "settlements," and "trusts," and whole oceans of that sort of impertinence, which every proper man should keep clear of. No woman ought to be *able* to hold property independent of her husband. And, if that is not the law, all I can say is, that it ought to be so. Then, for the "Place"—it's very well to have a place, where you can get one—but it must be the very devil to have the donor eternally, all your life afterwards, reminding you how you came by it. And, for the "Titled family," why, shut the book this minute, and don't have the impudence to read another line that I write, if you wouldn't quoit a brother-in-law that was "right honourable," with one impetus from Charing-Cross to Whitechapel, just as

soon as a kinsman that was a clerk in the Victualling-office—provided he deserved it, or you took it into your head that it was convenient to do it! Besides, a nice woman is worth all the money in the Bank. What would you do with it, after you had it, but give it all for one? Please your taste, my children; and so that you get an honest woman, and a pleasing one, to the devil send the remainder. And then, to guide your choice, take the following maxims: Those who have brains, will perceive their value at a

glance; and such as are thick-headed, can read them three or four times over. And let such not be too hastily disheartened; for it is the part of wit, (and of this Magazine,) to bear with dulness; and one comfort is, when you have at last beaten anything into a skull of density, the very devil himself can hardly ever get it out again. "We write on brass," as somebody or other observes, and somewhere, "less easily than in water; but the impression, once made, endures for ever."

MAXIM I.

Now, in making marriage, as in making love—and indeed in making most other things—the beginning it is that is the difficulty. But the French proverb about beginnings—"C'est le premier pas qui coûte"—goes more literally to the arrangement of marriage; as our English well illustrates the condition of love,—"The first step over, the rest is easy." Because, in the marrying affair, it is, particularly, the "first step" that "costs"—as to your cost you will find, if that step happens to go the wrong way. And most men, when they go about the business of wedlock, owing to some strange delusion, begin the affair at the wrong end. They take a fancy to the white arms—(sometimes only to the kid gloves)—or to the neat ancles of a peculiar school girl; and conclude, from these premises, that she is just the very woman of the world to scold a houseful of servants, and to bring up a dozen children! This is a convenient deduction, but not always a safe one. Pleasant—like Dr Maculoch's deductions in his Political Economy—but generally wrong. "Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silk, betray thy poor heart," as Shakespeare says, &c. &c. "to woman!"—Implying thereby, that red sashes and lace flounces are but as things transitory; and that she who puts ornaments of gold and silver upon her own head, may be a "crown to her husband"—and yet not exactly such a "crown" as King Solomon meant a virtuous woman should be. He that has ears to hear—(while he has nothing worse than ears)—let him hear! A word to the wise should be enough.—There are some particular qualities now and then very likely to lead a gentleman on the sudden to make a lady his wife; and, after she has become so, very likely again to make him wish that they had made her anybody else's.

MAXIM II.

White arms, and neat ancles, bring me, naturally, at once, to the very important consideration of beauty. For, don't suppose, because I caution you against all day-dishabilles, that I want to fix you with a worthy creature, whom it will make you extremely ill every time you look at. No! leave these to apothecaries—lawyers—and such, generally, as mean to leave money behind them when they die. You have health—a competence—a handy pull at a nose, or at a trigger—let them grovel. For the style of attraction, please yourselves, my friends. I should say a handsome figure—if you don't get both advantages—is better than a merely pretty face. I don't mean, by "handsome figure," forty cubits high, and as big round as the chief drayman at Meux's brew-house. But finely formed and set. Good eyes are a point never to be overlooked. Fine teeth—full, well-proportioned limbs—don't cast these away for the sake of a single touch of the small-pox; a mouth something too wide; or dimples rather deeper on one side than the other.

MAXIM III.

It may, at some time, be a matter of consideration, whether you shall marry a maid or a widow. As to the taste, I myself will give no opinion—I like both; and there are advantages and disadvantages peculiar to either. If you marry a widow, I think it should be one whom you have known in the life—

time of her husband ; because, then—*ab actu ad posse*—from the sufferings of the defunct, you may form some notion of what your own will be. If her husband is dead before you see her, you had better be off at once ; because she knows (the jade !) what you will like, though she never means to do it ; and, depend upon it, if you have only an inch of *penchant*, and trust yourself to look at her three times, you are tickled to a certainty.

MAXIM IV.

Marrying girls is a nice matter always ; for they are as cautious as crows plundering a corn-field. You may “stalk” for a week, and never get near them unperceived. You hear the caterwauling, as you go up stairs, into the drawing-room, louder than thunder ; but it stops—as if by magic ! the moment a (marriageable) man puts his ear to the keyhole. I don’t myself, I profess, upon principle, see any objection to marrying a widow. If she upbraids you at any time with the virtues of her former husband, you only reply—that you wish he had her with him, with all your soul. If a woman, however, has had more than three husbands, she poisons them ; avoid her.

MAXIM V.

In widow-wiving, it may be a question whether you should marry the widow of an honest man, or of a rascal. Against the danger, that the last may have learned ill tricks, they set the advantage—she will be more sensible (from the contrast) to the kindness of a gentleman and a man of honour. I think you should marry the honest man’s widow ; because, with women, habit is always stronger than reason.

MAXIM VI.

But the greatest point, perhaps, to be aimed at in marrying, is to know, before marriage, what it is that you have to deal with. You are quite sure to know this, fast enough, afterwards. Be sure, therefore, that you commence the necessary perquisitions before you have made up your mind, and not as people generally do, *after*. Remember there is no use in watching a woman that you *love* ; because she can’t do anything—do what she will—that will be disagreeable to you. And still less, in examining a woman that *loves you* ; because, for the time, she will be quite sure not to do anything that ought to be disagreeable to you. I have known a hundred perfect tigresses as playful as kittens—quite more obliging than need be—under such circumstances. It is not a bad way—maid or widow—when you find yourself fancying a woman, to make her believe that you have an aversion to her. If she has any concealed good qualities, they are pretty sure to come out upon such an occasion.

N.B. Take care, nevertheless, how you make use of this suggestion ; because, right or wrong, it is the very way to make the poor soul fall furiously and fatally in love with you. *Vulnus alit venis, et cæco carpitur igni !*

MAXIM VII.

In judging *where* to look for a wife—that is, for the lady who is to form the “raw material” of one—very great caution is necessary. And you can’t take anything better with you, in looking about, as a general principle, than that good mothers commonly make tolerably good daughters. Of course, therefore, you won’t go, of consideration prepense, into any house where parents are badly connected, or have been badly conducted. Nor, upon any account at all, into any house where you don’t quite feel, that if you don’t conduct yourself properly, you’ll immediately be kicked out of it. This assurance may be troublesome while you are only a visitor ; but, when you come to be one of the family, you’ll find it mighty convenient. If you can find any place where vice and folly have been used to be called by their right names, stick to that by all means—there are seldom more than two such in one parish ; and if you see any common rascal let into a house where you visit as readily as yourself, go out of it immediately.

MAXIM VIII.

Mind—but I need hardly caution you of this,—that you are not taken in with that paltry, bygone nonsense about—“ If you marry—marrying a fool.”

Recollect that the greatest fool must be sometimes out of your sight ; and that she will yet carry you (for all purposes of mischief) along with her. A shrew may want her nails kept short ; but if you keep a strait waistcoat in the house ; you may always do this yourself. And she is not, of necessity, like your "bleating innocents," a prey to the first wolf who chooses to devour her.

MAXIM IX.

At the same time, while you avoid a fool, fly—as you fly from sin and death—fly from a philosopher ! It is very dangerous to weak minds, examining (farther than is duly delivered to them) what is right or wrong.—I never found anybody yet who could distinctly explain what murder is, if put to a definition.

All who find their minds superior to common rule and received opinion ; value themselves on original thinking ; talk politics ; read Mary Wolstonecraft ; or meddle with the mathematics ; these are the unclean birds upon whom the protecting genius of honest men has set his mark that all may know ; and pray do you avoid them.

MAXIM X.

If you marry an actress, don't let her be a tragedy one. Habits of ranting, and whisking up and down with a long train before a row of "foot-lamps," are apt to cast an undue ludicrousness (when transplanted) over the serious business of life. Only imagine a castigation delivered to the cook, in "King Cambyzes' vein," upon the event of an under-done leg of mutton at dinner ; or an incarnation of Helen M'Gregor, ordering the cat to be thrown alive into the cistern, if a piece of muffin was abstracted, without leave, at breakfast !

MAXIM XI.

If you do marry an actress, the singing girls perhaps are best ; Miss Paton, I think, seems very soft, and coaxing, and desirable. I myself should prefer Kitty Stephens to any of them. Though she is a sad lazy slut—won't learn a line, and sleeps all day upon the sofa ! But I'm a teacher ; and therefore the less I parade my own practice—at least so the belief goes—the better.

MAXIM XII.

Be sure, wherever you choose, choose a proud woman. All honesty is a kind of pride ; or at least three-fourths of it. No people do wrong, but in spite of themselves they feel a certain quantity of descent and self-degradation : the more a woman has to forfeit, the less likely she is to forfeit anything at all. Take the pride, although you have the virtue ; the more indorsements you get, even on a good bill, the better.

MAXIM XIII.

I don't think the Saints—after all is said and done—are the worst people in the world to match among. Nine-tenths of the mischief that women do arise less from ill design than from idle, careless, vagabond levity. It falls out commonly among the great card-players, and play-hunters ; very little among the Methodists and Presbyterians. Of course, you won't contract for anything beyond going to church three times a-day ; and such like public professions of faith and feeling. But for the rest, I don't see why you should embarrass yourself about any system of belief, so long as it offends only against reason, and tends to the believer's temporal advantage.

MAXIM XIV.

At the same time, after the last sentence of the above exhortation, I need hardly tell you that you must not marry a Roman Catholic. Indeed I suppose it would be a little too much for any of you, who read *me*, to fancy a pleasant gentleman claiming the right to catechise your wives in private ? For my part, God help any rascal who presumed to talk of law, human or divine, in my family ; except the law, which, like Jack Cade's law, came "out of my mouth !" I know something of these matters, having once contemplated being

a monk myself—in fact, I had stolen a dress for the purpose. On the same principle—I rather think I mentioned this before,—suffer no “guardianships,” or “trusteeships,” in your family, to disturb your reign, or fret your quiet. I knew a very worthy fellow, who, having only a marriage settlement brought to him, broke the solicitor’s clerk’s neck down stairs that brought it; and it was brought in “Justifiable homicide.” If a dog dares but to hint that there is such a thing as “parchment” in your presence, plump, and rib him.

MAXIM XV.

I don’t think, by the way, that there *ought* to be any parchment, except the petitions to the House of Commons, which are cut up to supply the tailors with measures. This is useful. Messrs Shiel and O’Connell’s work takes the dimensions of my person once a-month very accurately. I mention this, because it has been said that no *measures*, in which the work of those gentlemen was concerned, ever could be taken accurately.

MAXIM XVI.

Talking of accuracy, leads me to observe:—Don’t marry any woman hastily at Brighton or Brussels, without knowing who she is, and where she lived before she came there. And whenever you get a reference upon this or any other subject, always be sure and get another reference about the person referred to.

MAXIM XVII.

Don’t marry any woman under twenty—She is not come to her wickedness before that time. Nor any woman who has a red nose at any age; because people make observations as you go along the street. A “cast of the eye,”—as the lady casts it upon you—may pass muster under some circumstances—and I have even known those who thought it desirable; but absolute squinting is a monopoly of vision which ought not to be tolerated.

MAXIM XVIII.

Talking of “vision,” reminds me of an absurd saying,—That such or such a one can “see as far through a mill-stone as those that picked it.” I don’t believe that any man ever saw through a mill-stone but Jeremy Bentham; and he looked through the hole.

MAXIM XIX.

One hears a great deal about “City taste;” I must say, I don’t think an Alderman’s daughter by any means (*qua* Cornhill merely) objectionable. A fine girl may be charming, even though her father should be a Common Councilman—Recollect this.

MAXIM XX.

On the question of getting an insight into matters before marriage, if possible, I have dropped a word already. It is a point of very great importance, and there are two or three modes in which you may take your chance for accomplishing it. If you are *up to* hiring yourself into any house as a chambermaid—it requires tact, and close shaving; but it would put you into the way of finding out a thing or two. I “took up my livery” once as a footman, and I protest I learned so much in three weeks, that I would not have married any female in the family. An old maiden aunt, or sister, if you have one, is capable of great service. She will see more of a tomboy in five minutes than you would in six months; because, having been in the oven herself, she knows the way. On the other hand, there is the danger that she may sell you to some estate that she thinks lies convenient; or even job you off to some personal favourite, without the consideration of any estate at all. The Punic faith of all agents—and especially one’s own relatives—is notorious.

MAXIM XXI.

On the subject of accomplishment, it is hardly my business to advise. I leave a great part—the chief part—upon this point, to your own fancy. Only don’t have any waltzing, nor too much determined singing of Moore’s songs; there is bad taste, to say the best of it, in all such publicities. For music, I

don't think there is a great deal gained by a woman's being able to make an alarming jangle on the piano-forte, particularly under that unmerciful scheme of "Duets," in which two tyrants are enabled to belabour the machine at the same time. Dancing, a girl ought to be able to execute well; but don't go anywhere, where a *Monsieur* has been employed to give the instruction. As dancing is an art to be acquired merely from imitation, a graceful female—being the precise thing to be imitated—must be a far more efficient teacher than even Mr Kick-the-Moon himself can be. Besides, I don't like the notion of a d—d scraper putting a girl of thirteen into attitudes. If I were to catch a ballet-master capering in my house, I'd qualify the dog to lead in the opera before he departed.

N. B.—Now we are on the subject of dancing, don't on any account marry a "lively" young lady. That is, in other words, a "romp." That is, in other words, a woman who has been hauled about by half your acquaintance.

And now, my friends, my first twenty-one rules—just beginning your instruction, each of you, how to get a wife—are spoken out. And any directions how to manage one, if they come at all, must come at some future opportunity. Just two words, however, even upon this head; for I would not leave you, upon any subject, too much unprovided.

In the first place, on the very day after your marriage, whenever you do marry, take one precaution—be cursed with no more troubles for life than you have bargained for. Call the roll of all your wife's even speaking acquaintance; and strike out every soul that you have—or fancy you ought to have—or fancy you ever shall have—a glimpse of dislike to.

Upon this point be merciless; your wife won't hesitate—a hundred to one—between a husband and a gossip; and—if she does—don't you. Be particularly sharp upon the list of women; of course, men—you would frankly kick any one from Pall-Mall to Pimlico, who presumed only to recollect ever having seen her.

And don't be manœuvred out of what you mean, by cards, or morning calls, or any notion of what people call "good breeding." Do you be content to show your ill breeding

by shutting the door, and the visitors can show their good breeding by not coming again.

One syllable more to part—if you wish to be happy yourself, be sure that you must make your wife so. Never dispute with her where the question is of no importance; nor, where it is of the least consequence, let any earthly consideration ever once induce you to give way. Be at home as much as you can; be as strict as you will, but never *speak* unkindly; and never have a friend upon such terms in your house, as to be able to enter it without ceremony. Above all, remember that these maxims are intrusted to all of you, as to persons of reason and discretion. A naked sword only cuts the fingers of a madman; and the rudder with which the pilot saves the ship, in the hands of the powder monkey, would only probably force her upon the rocks. Recollect, that your inquest as to matrimony is a matter of the greatest nicety; because, either an excess of vigilance, or a deficiency, will alike compromise its success. If you don't question far enough, the odds are ten to one that you get a wife who will disappoint you. If you question a jot too far, you will never get a wife at all.

TITUS.

THE BARLEY-FEVER—AND BEBUKE.

From Mansie Wauch's Autobiography.

Sages their solemn een may steek,
 And raise a philosophic reek,
 And, physically, causes seek
 In clime and season ;
 But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,
 I'll tell the reason.

BURNS.

ON the morning after the business of the playhouse happened, I had to take my breakfast in my bed, a thing very uncommon for me, being generally up by cock-crow, except on Sunday mornings whiles, when ilka ane, according to the bidding of the Fourth Commandment, has a license to do as he likes ; having a desperate sore head, and a squeamishness at the stomach, occasioned, I jealouse, in a great measure, from what Mr Glen and me had discussed at Widow Grassie's, in the shape of warm toddy, over our cracks concerning what is called the Agricultural and the Manufacturing interests. So our wife, puir body, pat a thimbleful of brandy, Thomas Mixem's real, into my first cup of tea, which had a wonderful virtue in putting all things to rights ; so that I was up and had shapit a pair of leddy's corsets, an article in which I sometimes dealt, before ten o'clock, though the morning being gae cauld, I didna dispense with my Kilmarnock.

At eleven in the forenoon, or thereabouts, maybe five minutes before or after, but nae matter, in comes my crony Maister Glen, rather dazed-like about the een ; and wi' a large piece of white sticking-plaister, about half a nail wide, across one of his cheeks, and over the brig o' his nose ; giving him a wauf, outlandish, and rather blackguard sort of appearance ; so that I was a thoct uneasy at what neebours might surmease concerning our intimacy ; but the honest man accounted for the thing in a very feasible manner, from the falling down on that side of his head of one of the brass candlesticks, while he was lying on his braid-side, before ane of the furs in the stramash.

His purpose of calling was to tell me, that he couldna leave the town without looking in upon me to bid me fareweel ; mair betoken, as he intend-

ed sending in his son Francie wi' the carrier for a trial, to see how the line of life pleased him, and how I thoct he wad answer—a thing which I was glad came from his side of the house, being likely to be in the upshot the best for baith parties. Yet I thoct he wad find our way of doing so canny and comfortable, that it wasna very likely he could ever start objections ; and I must confess, that I lookit forit with nae sma' degree of pride, seeing the probability of my sune having the son of a Lammermuir farmer sitting cross-leggit, cheek for jowl wi' me on the board, and bound to serve me at all lawful times, by night and day, by a regular indenture of five years. Maister Glen insisted on the laddie having a three months' trial ; and then, after a wee show of standing out, just to make him aware that I could be elsewhere fitted if I had a mind, I agreed that the request was reasonable, and that I had nae yearthly objections to conforming wi't. So, after geeing him his meridian, and a bit of shortbread, we shook hands, and parted in the understanding, that his son would arrive on the tap of limping Jamie the carrier's cart, in the course, say, of a fortnight.

Through the haill course of the forepart of the day, I remained gayan queerish, as if something was working about my inwards, and a droll pain atween my een. The wife saw the case I was in, and advised me, for the sake of the fresh air, to take a step into the bit garden, and try a hand at the spade, the smell of the fresh earth being likely to operate as a cordial ; but na—it wadna do ; and when I came in at ane o'clock to my dinner, the steam of the fresh broth, instead of making me feel as usual as hungry as a hawk, was like to turn my stomach, while the sight of the sheep's-head, ane o' the primest anes I had

seen the hail season, made me as sick as a dog; so I could do naething but take a turn out again, and swig away at the small beer, that never seemed able to slocken my drouth. At lang and last, I mindit having heard Andrew Redbeak, the excise-offisher, say, that naething ever pat him right after a deboch, except something they call a bottle of soda-water; so my wife dispatched Benjie to the place where we kent it could be found, and he returned in a jiffie with a thing like a blacking-bottle below his daidly, as he was bidden. There being a wire ower the cork, for some purpose or ither, or maybe just to look neat, we had some fight to get it torn away, but at last we succeeded. I had turned about for a jug, and the wife was rummaging for the screw, while Benjie was fiddling away wi' his fingers at the cork—Sauf us! a' at ance it gaed a thud like thunder, driving the cork ower puir Benjie's head, while it spouted up in his een like a fire-engine, and I had only just time to throw down the jug, and up with the bottle to my mouth. Luckily, for the sixpence it cost, there was a drap o't left, which tasted, by all the world, just like brisk dish-washings; but for a' that, it had a wonderful power of setting me to rights; and my noddle in a while began to clear up, like a March-day after a heavy shower.

I mind very weel too, on the afternoon of the dividual same day, that my door-neighbour, Thomas Burlings, pappit in; and, in our twa-handit crack ower the counter, after asking me in a dry, curious way, if I had come by nae skaith in the business of the play, he said, the thing had now spread far and wide, and was making a great noise in the world. I thoct the body a thoct sharp in his observes; so I pretended to take it quite lightly, proceeding in my shaping-out a pair of buckskin breeches, which I was making for ane of the Duke's huntsmen; so, seeing he was aff the scent, he said, in a mair jocose way—

“Weel, speaking about buckskins, I'll tell ye a guid story about that.”

“Let us hear't,” said I; for I was in that sort of queerish way, that I didna care muckle about being very busy.

“Ye'se get it as I heard it,” quo' Thomas; “and it's no less worth telling, that it bears a guid moral applica-

tion in its tail, after the same fashion that a blister does guid by sucking away the vicious humours of the body, thereby making the very pain it gies precious.” And here—though maybe it was just my thoct—the body strokit his chin, and gied me a kind of half glee, as muckle as saying, “take that to ye, neibour.” But I deserved it all, and couldna take it ill aff his hand, being, like mysell, ane of the elders of our kirk, and an honest enough, preceese-speaking man.

“Ye see, ye ken,” said Thomas, “that the Breadalbane Fencibles, a wheen Highland birkies, were put into camp on Fisherraw links, maybe for the benefit of their douking, on account of the fiddle”—or maybe in case the French should land at the water-mouth—or maybe to gie the regiment the benefit of the sea air—or maybe to make their bare houghs hardier, for it was the winter time, frost and snaw being as plenty as ye like, and no sae scarce as pantaloons amang the core, or for some ither reason, guid, bad, or indifferent, which disna muckle matter; but ye see the lang and the short o' the story is, that there they were encamped, man and mother's son of them, going through their dreels by day, and sleeping by night—the privates in their tents, and the offishers in their markees; living in the course of nature on their usual rations of beef, and tammies, and sae on. So, ye understand me, there was nae such smart ordering of things in the army in those days, the men not having the beef served out to them by a butcher, supplying each company or companies by a written contract, drawn up between him and the paymaster before sponsible witnesses; but ilka ane bringing what pleased him, either tripe, trotters, steaks, cows-cheek, pluck, hough, spar-rib, jigget, or so forth.”

“Od!” said I, “Thomas, ye crack like a minister. Where did ye happen to pick up all that knowledge?”

“Where should I have got it, but from an auld half-pay sergeant-major, that lived in our spare room, and had been out in the American war, having seen a pour of service, and been twice wounded, ance in the aff cuit, and the ither time in the cuff of the neck.”

“I thoct as muckle,” said I—“Weel, say on, man, it's unco entertaining.”

"Weel," continued he, "let me see where I was at when ye stoppit me; for maybe I'll hae to begin at the beginning again. For gif ye yenterrupt me, or edge in a word, or put me out by asking questions, I lose the thread of my discourse, and canna proceed."

"Ou, let me see," said I, "ye was about the contract concerning the beef."

"Preceesely," quo' Thomas, stretching out his fore-finger, "ye've said it to a hair. At that time, as I was observing, the butcher didna supply a company or companies, according to the terms of a contract, drawn up before sponisible witnesses, between him and the paymaster; but the soldiers got beef-money along with their pay; with which said money, given them, ye observe, for said purpose, they were bound and obligated, in terms of the statute, to buy, purchase, and provide the said beef, twice a-week or oftener, as it might happen; an orderly offisher making inspection of the camp-kettles regularly every forenoon at ane o'clock or thereabouts."

"So, as ye'll pay attention to observe, there was a private in Captain M'Tavish's company, the second to the left of the centre, of the name of Duncan MacAlpine, a wee, hardy, blackaviced, inknee'd creature, remarkable for naething that ever I heard tell of, except being reported to have shotten a gauger in Badenough, or thereabouts; and for having a desperate red nose, the effects, ye observe, of drinking spirituous liquors; ye observe, I daur say, the effects of drinking malt speerits."

"Weel, week after week passed ower, and better passed ower, and Duncan played aff his tricks, like anither Herman Boaz, the slight-o'-hand juggler, him that's suspectit to be in league and paction with the deil. But ye'll hear."

"Od, it's diverting, Thomas," said I to him, "gang on, man."

"Weel, ye see, as I was observing. Let me see, where was I at? Ou ay, having a paction with the deil. So, when all were watching beside the camp-kettles, some stirring them with spurtles, or parritch-sticks, or forks, or whatever was necessary, the orderly offisher made a point and practice of regularly coming bye, about the chap of ane past meriddium, as I ob-

served to ye before, to make inspection of what ilka ane had wared his pay on; and what he had got simmering in the het water for his dinner."

"So, on the day concerning which I am about to speak, it fell out, as usual, that he happened to be making his rounds, halting a moment, or twa maybe, before ilka pat; the man that had the charge thereof, by the way of stirring like, clapping down his lang fork, and bringing up the piece of meat, or whatever he happened to be making kail of, to let the Inspector see whether it was lamb, pork, beef, mutton, or veal. For, ye observe," continued Thomas, gieing me, as I took it to mysell, anither queer side look, "the purpose of the offisher making the inspection, was to see that they laid out their pay-money conform to military regulation; and no to filing their stamicks, and ruining baith sowl and body, by throwing it away on whisky, as but ower mony, that aiblins should hae kenned better, have dune but ower often."

"'Tis but too true," said I till him; "but the best will fa' intil a faut sometimes. We have a' our failings, Thomas."

"Just so," answered Thomas; "but where was I at? Ou, about the whisky. Weel, speaking about the whisky, ye see the offisher, Lovetenant Todrick, I b'lief they called him, had made an observe about Duncan's kettle; so, when he cam to him, Duncan was sitting in the lown side of a dyke, with his red nose, and a pipe in his cheek, on a big stane, glowing frae him anither way; and, as I was saying, when he cam to him he said,

"'Weel, Duncan MacAlpine, what have ye in your kettle the day, man?'

"And Duncan, rinning down his lang fork, answered in his ain Highland brogue way—'Please your honours, just my auld fav'rite, tripe.'

"'Deed, Duncan,' said Lovetenant Todrick, or whatever they caa'd him, 'it is an auld fav'rite surely, for I have never seen ye have onything else for your denner, man.'

"'Every man to his taste, please your honours,' answered Duncan MacAlpine; 'let ilka ane please her nain sell,—hauling up a screed half a yard lang. 'Ilka man to his taste, please your honour, Lovetenant Todrick—'

"Od, man," said I to him; "Od, man, ye're a deacon at telling a story. Ye're a queer hand. Weel, what cam next?"

"What think ye should come next?" quo' Thomas drily.

"I'm sure I dinna ken," answered I.

"Weel," said he, "I'll tell—but where was I at?"

"Ou, at the observe of Lovetenant Todrick, or what they caa'd him, about the tripe; and the answer of Duncan MacAlpine on that head, 'that ilka man had his ain taste.'"

"'Vera true,' said Lovetenant Todrick, 'but lift it out a'thegither on that dish, till I get my specs on; for never since I was born, did I ever see before boiled tripe with buttons and button-holes intill't.'"

At this I set up a loud laughing, which I couldna help, though it was like to split my sides; but Thomas Burlings bade me wisht till I heard him out.

"'Buttons and button-holes!' quo' Duncan MacAlpine. 'Look again, wi' yere specks; for ye're surely wrang, Lovetenant Todrick.'"

"'Buttons and button-holes! and 'deed I am surely right, Duncan,' answered the Lovetenant Todrick, taking his specs deliberately aff the brig o' his nose, and faulding them thegither, as he put them, first into his morocco case, and syne into his pocket.—'Howsomever, Duncan MacAlpine, I'll pass ye ower for this time, gif ye take my warning, and for the future, ware yere paymoney on wholesome butcher's meat, like a christian, and no be trying to delude your ain stamick, and your offisher's een, by hadding up, on a fork, such a heathenish mak-up for a dish, as the leg of a pair o' buckskin breeches!'"

"Buckskin breeches!" said I; "and did he really and actually boil siccan trash to his dinner?"

"Nae sae far south as that yet, friend," answered Thomas. "Duncan wasna sae bowed in the intellect as ye imagine, and had some spice of cleverality about his queer manœuvres.—Eat siccan trash to his dinner! Nae mair, Mansie, than ye intend to eat that iron guse ye're rinning alang that piece clait; but he wantit to make his offishers believe, that his pay gaed the right way: like the Pharisees of old that keept praying, in eil-lang faces,

about the corners of the streets, and gaed hame wi' hearts full of wickedness and a' manner of cheatrie."

"And what way did his pay gang then?" askit I; "and hoo did he live?"

"I telled ye before, frien," answered Thomas, "that he was a debouched creature; and, like ower mony in the warld, likit weel what didna do him ony good. It's a wearyfu' thing that whisky. I wish it could be banished to Botany Bay."

"It is that," said I. "Muckle and nae little sin does it breed and produce in this world."

"I'm glad," quo' Thomas, stroking down his chin in a slee way, "I'm glad the guilty should see the folly o' their ain ways: it's the first step, ye ken, till amendment;—and indeed I tell't Maister Wiggie, when he sent me here, that I could almost become guid for yere being mair warry of yere conduct for the future time to come."

This was like a thunder-clap to me, and I didna ken, for a jiffy, what to feel, think, or do, mair than perceiving that it was a piece of deevilish cruelty on their pairts, taking things on this strict. As for myself, I could freely take sacred oath on the Book, that I hadna had a dram in my head for four months before; the knowledge of which made my corruption rise like lightning, as a man is aye brave when he is innocent; so, gieing my pow a bit scart, I said briskly, "So ye're after some session business in this veesit, are ye?"

"Ye've just guessed it," answered Thomas Burlings, sleeking down his front hair with his fingers, in a sober way; "we had a meeting this forenoon; and it was resolved ye should stand a public rebuke in the meeting-house, on Sunday next."

"Hang me, if I do!" answered I, thumping my nieve down with all my might on the counter, and throwing back my coul behind me into a corner. "No, man!" added I, snapping with great pith my finger and thumb in Thomas's een, "no for all the ministers and elders that ever were cleckit. They may do their best; and ye may tell them sae, if ye like. I was born a free man; I live in a free country; I am the subject of a free king and constitution; and I'll be shot before I submit to such rank diabolical papistry."

"Hooly and fairly," quo' Thomas, staring a wee astonished like, and not a little surprised to see my birse up in this manner; for, when he thought upon shearing a lamb, he fund he had catched a tartar; so, calming down as fast as ye like, he said, "Hooly and fairly, Mansie," (or Maister Wauch, I believe, he did me the honour to ca' me,) "they'll maybe no be sae hard as they threaten. But ye ken, my friend, I'm speaking to ye as a brither; it was an unco-like business for an elder, not only to gang till a play, which is aye of the deevil's rendezvous, but to gang there in a state of liquor; making yoursell a warld's wonder—and you an elder of our kirk!! I put the question to yourself, soberly?"

His threatening I could despise, and could have fought, cuffed, and kickit wi' a' the ministers and elders of the General Assembly, to say naething of the Relief Synod, and the Burgher Union, before I wad demeaned mysell,

to yield to what my inward speerit plainly telled me to be rank cruelty and injustice; but ah! his calm, britherly, flattering way I couldna thole wi', and the tears came rapping into my een, faster than it cared my manhood to let be seen; so I said till him, "Weel, weel, Thomas, I ken I have dune wrang; and I am sorry for't: they'll never find me in siccan a scrape again."

Thomas Burlings then cam forrit in a friendly way, and shook hands wi' me; telling that he wad go back and plead afore them in my behalf. He said this ower again, as we partied, at my shop door; and, to do him justice, surely he hadna been waur than his word, for I have aye attended the kirk as usual, standing, whan it came to my rotation, at the plate, and naebody, gentle nor semple, ever spoke to me on the subject of the play-house, or minted the matter of the rebuke from that day to this.

PRODIGALITY OF WORDS.

Is it not astonishing, that among the plans, almost numberless, of retrenchment and economy, which have been carried into so many departments,—commerce, revenue, manufactures, and even private life, in this niggardly age, no project has yet been devised for correcting one of the most pernicious of all kinds of profusion, the prodigality of words? We have constructed ships to glide against wind and tide, without any apparent cause for a kind of motion, which, to our ancestors, would have seemed the work of witchcraft; and, at the bare sight of which, they would have felt as much alarm, as did the poor American Indians, when they saw the huge animals with wings, that bore in their bellies armed men across the ocean. This trouble we have taken, that we may come sooner to the end of our voyages. After many trials to economize time, by increasing the speed of our land-travelling, much to the peril and alarm of foot-passengers, and far more to the mortification of horse-flesh, we are now told by some ingenious people, that we shall one day be favoured with a method of cutting the air in stage-coaches, at the rate of a stag-hunt, without the aid of any

horses at all. This, again, will be from an earnest and laudable desire to reach the end of our journeys. But the most irksome of all kinds of travelling, that of a journey from the beginning to the end of a discourse, far from sharing in these frugal improvements, grows every day more and more tedious; a disgrace to the thrift and ingenuity of an age, in which even buttons are made without hands; in which sheets of paper that are put in, blank and unspotted, issue forth with supernatural haste from an engine, which prints wit and wisdom on them by steam.

The immense waste of words and time, perpetrated in the passage of the cheapest and poorest thoughts, from one mind to another, might be generous enough, perhaps, in those to whom such thoughts belong, and who take such trouble in conveying them to the public, if the authors only squandered their own time. But time is public property, and its waste a grievous public plunder. I do not know that I can claim a better employment of that of my reader, than by awakening his attention to this great and growing calamity.

There are, of course, two main chan-

nels through which the deluge of words has overspread the nation, the one of written, the other of spoken language. They are widely different in their nature and effects. The former, indeed, sends its various rivers of quartos and octavos, canals of pamphlets, and innumerable streams of newspapers and magazines, (not to speak of its spring, summer, autumn, and winter gushes of heavy quarterly journals,) to every town, hamlet, and even private residence in the kingdom. But all these currents flow gently and regularly, and never deposit their contents outside their ordinary channels, unless the sluices are opened by voluntary victims. No one is sprinkled by a newspaper, soused by a magazine, or half-drowned in a review, without himself contributing to his misfortune. Even when the quarterly floods, the most vehement of all, are abroad, every man has warning to stand out of harm's way, and if he be overwhelmed, he has only himself to thank for it. But it is far otherwise with the deluges of speech which infest this land, without, for the most part, leaving it even the poor comfort which accompanied the overflowings of the Nile, of fertilizing the soil which it subjected to temporary desolation. This ruthless flood is restricted to no season, confined within no boundary. It meets us in the high-ways of public business. It pours upon us unexpectedly at the most inauspicious moment, without giving us any tokens of its approach, and often without leaving us any means of escaping or avoiding it. They who have witnessed the looks and the murmurs of despair, in the great council of the nation, assembled upon some high matter of debate, when a stream, expected to run for two hours, begins pouring from some reservoir of useless words, may form some notion of the force and extent of the evil.

But the subject demands a more serious mood.—Unless some means be adopted to check the prolixity of public speaking, the business of the nation will soon stand still. The details of public business, at the most moderate computation, have doubled within the last thirty years. Some have maintained that the increase has been in a four-fold proportion, and if the facts were closely examined, I have some reason for thinking their opinion would be

found not far wide of the truth. The parliamentary reports alone, would seem nearly to establish it; for they have been more numerous during the period I have stated, than for nearly a century preceding. The accounts which have been published of the proceedings in our courts of justice, give nearly the same result. These are the two grand concerns of the nation. The first chief business of a community such as ours is the making of its laws; the next is their administration. With us, neither can be accomplished but by means of public speaking; and the nuisance to the public is intolerable, if the laws, the life-blood of the state, be impeded either at the heart, from which they issue, or in their circulation through the whole frame of the body politic, by the slovenly vice of prolixity in our public speakers.

Now, gentle reader, what is the fact? Hast thou ever been in the Court of Chancery? If not, then bide thee there at once, for great will be thy edification. Thou shalt see, at one end, a large, sober, easy-going clock, which, day after day, telleth the time with exactness, but telleth naught else. Even so is each successive sage, who rises after his precursor, to move, like the hand of that slow and faithful repeater of admonitions, over precisely the same space which has been traversed before. It often happens that three, four, or five, or more, of these repeaters follow each other in orderly succession, resembling nothing that I know so much as that useful personage, who, between six and half past six o'clock in the evening, addresses the assembled crowd at the pit door of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, crying out, in terms which never vary, "Ladies and gentlemen, take care of your pockets!"

In these cases the judge has a delicate and difficult task to perform. If he confine suitors to a limited number of counsel, the restriction is denounced as invidious and oppressive by the bar, and complained of as a hardship by the parties. Yet the practice, from the excessive diffuseness of the speakers, tends perhaps as much as any other cause, to the delays, against which some persons have recently cried so loudly. It cannot be doubted that the leaning of the Court ought to be, as it has been, to the side of indulgence; because the worst of all evils,

in the dispensing of public justice, is to dismiss the claimants with the impression, that their cause has been partially, or inadequately, heard. But a remedy may, and ought, and eventually *must*, be applied; that of obliging advocates to prune the wild and useless luxuriance of their diffuse diction, and to avoid the repeated wringing of topics, already squeezed dry. The credit of their profession, the sufferings of the judge, when doomed to the prolonged tortures of a "thrice told tale" (of law !!); the interests of the clients themselves, whose cause would be far better examined, if more briefly debated; but, above all, the paramount, pressing, inexorable interests of the public, robbed of justice during these tricklings at its fountain, conspire to demand a reformation.

To approach the great Council of the State, is to tread upon dangerous ground; yet this is a point upon which I suspect the members of it themselves feel rather sore; and I am persuaded, if the question were once fairly put, viz. "That all *sinecure* sentences, all words having *places*, without performing any duty, and all *members* of periods, representing no ideas as their *constituents*, should be at once expelled," not one voice would be raised to oppose this most necessary plan of Parliamentary Reform. The truth is, that all parties would be gainers by it. The debates of Parliament, it need hardly be stated, are not so much discussions for enlightening and persuading the members, as appeals to the people at large. But how few are there of those who read the voluminous reports of their proceedings, that can extract from such a heap of matter what is essential, and disregard what is only incidental and accessory? Yet this must be done before the neutral power without can decide to which of the two great belligerents, who wage this mighty war of words within the walls of Parliament, they shall join their forces. Better far for the opposing hosts, or at least for that party which has truth and justice at his side, if the question were stripped of the superfluous dresses cast upon it by each successive speaker, and with which it at last walks out of doors, muffled and crippled, like a sickly child from the hands of a too careful mother, so enveloped in clothing, that his friends outside can scarcely recognize him. If

the point, which is almost always stated with precision, were but briefly argued, and if nothing were said but what its proof or its refutation required, a world of trouble would be saved at public dinners and elections. Candidates would not be obliged so often to brave the maledictions and missiles of the crowd in endeavours to explain what their own speeches had contributed to render unintelligible; and quiet people at the Thatched-House Tavern, and other places, would be, at least sometimes, permitted to sip their wine in peace. Besides, it is incredible how much such a reform would add to the private comforts of our public men. The economy of the lungs would be prodigious. The occasions would be rendered much less frequent of catching cold, and there certainly would be a great amendment of manners, in the keeping of more seasonable hours.

But is all this practicable? The most delightful melody in nature to each individual is the sound of his own voice. Equal in esteem to the most favourite of his living children, and often far more cherished, are the issue of his brain. It is difficult to resign an enjoyment, or to banish a favourite voluntarily; they will never be abandoned, unless from the influence of some superior inducement,—something like the desire of applause or the fear of derision.

It requires but the effort of one or two master spirits in our public assemblies, setting the example of brief, terse, forcible, matter-of-fact argument, to infuse and to circulate a taste for this rare, but honourable, most useful, and manly accomplishment. The time is suited to such an experiment. The baneful effects of long debates is beginning to be felt and acknowledged. The constitutions of our public men are sinking under the exhausting influence of these protracted contests. The two greatest statesmen of the last age, both fell victims to them. More lately, we have seen another public man, certainly of no ordinary powers, so worried by his parliamentary duties, as that, in the opinion of his friends, the faculties of his mind were extinguished by the excessive exertions which those duties imposed. And yet, although life and reason are thus endangered, notwithstanding the repeated imprisonment of our senators for

six, eight, and even twelve hours at public business within the walls of Parliament, time is yet wanted for transacting *all* the affairs of the nation. It is now an annual complaint, made at the close of every session, that measures of great public moment are postponed for want of time. Great expense of leisure, mind, and money, is incurred; a bill goes through its preliminary stages, delayed from week to week to give place to other measures of still more pressing interest; there is no neglect in those who prepare and conduct it; there is no indolence or apathy in the House of Parliament; every moment of disposable time is occupied, and the bill having reached nearly its last period, is withdrawn or lost, because there is no time left to give it a full and final examination; or it is sent to the other House, where it is rejected for the same reason. If these things be notorious, and if they work great national mischief, should not the impossibility of brief debates in Parliament, by which the calamity would be reduced or remedied, be proved clear as the light of Heaven, before the hope be yielded that such an amendment will be made?

I am persuaded that the advantage of such an improvement would not be confined to the dispatch of public business. The taste of our speakers would share the benefit. In no country in the world has eloquence raised men to so high an eminence over their fellow-creatures as in England; and in none is it, as a subject of study, as a part of education, more shamefully neglected. The ancients had their teachers of rhetoric and schools of declamation, in which the rules of the art, instilled with anxious care, and learned by toilsome application, were wrought, by continued practice under the eyes of the master, into the very habits and constitution of the pupil. The ancients were also frugal of their public time; and upon the most momentous question the speaker's address was strictly confined to a limited period. The consequence of this discipline, both in their schools and their national assemblies, was, that their statemen entered public life practised and accomplished orators, with their habits so accommodated to the established usages of debate, that every word and moment was husbanded with penurious thrift, and nothing was spoken that did not strictly belong to the very pith and

marrow of the question. "*Uti nihil detrahi potest*," is the well-known remark of Quintilian on Demosthenes—the most splendid panegyric that was ever pronounced upon an orator; and yet still more descriptive of his capacity as a man of business, than of his powers of yet unequalled eloquence.

Far different is it with us. Our teacher of eloquence, when there is a person even assuming that name, is the reader of a dry lecture, during an hour of each day, for so many days of so many months. Our schools of declamation are a few debating societies, almost confined to the metropolis, where there is no teacher of the art, and composed chiefly, perhaps I should say entirely, of young men who were never taught its rules, and are, therefore, wholly unfit for its practice. In such places, what can be learned but what Quintilian has denounced as the pernicious fruit of practice without study; the "*verba in labris natantia*," that redundant fluency which enables its possessor to talk down the patience of any auditory, while it bereaves him of every quality of an orator except the gift of speech. If such a speaker enters Parliament, he carries into it vices of style which will be only confirmed by the prevailing habits of loose debate; if Parliament be the first theatre of his exertions, even supposing him to have made oratory the subject of his private and secluded study, he must have uncommon powers, if in his first unpractised efforts he displays brevity and compression, the most difficult of all attainments; and if he have it not *then*, he is not in a school where he will be likely to learn it by example. If ever there was a man designed by nature to excel in eloquence, it was Mr Fox. Yet this great debater, whose oratory was the very child and nursing of the House of Commons, where it was born, cradled, reared, and matured, was so little master of the art of compression, that he complained to his friends of being obliged to spend two whole days in writing his celebrated letter to the electors of Westminster, which contains in eight or nine pages the substance of two speeches that occupied, in their delivery, nearly as many hours.

Is it not a fact worth noticing, that the most effective and accomplished orations ever employed to convince or agitate mankind, were also the briefest? The longest of the political

speeches of Demosthenes could not have detained the audience much longer than forty minutes; and some of them were probably spoken, as they may now be read, with sufficient slowness and distinctness, in less than half an hour. Yet these are the effusions of that rapid and mighty genius, the effect of whose words the language of the ancients seemed exhausted in describing; of which they felt that they could give an adequate account, only by comparing it to the workings of the most sublime and powerful agents of nature—the ungovernable torrent—the resistless thunder. Pliny indeed has said, in a letter to Tacitus, that in his opinion the written orations both of Cicero and Demosthenes were mere reports, compressed and polished by the authors, of addresses which were delivered in a more expanded form. But, as to Demosthenes at least, besides the accordance of the style of his written compositions with the traditional accounts given by antiquity of his manner as a speaker, they contain internal evidence, that what modern readers peruse with an enthusiasm which forced even the cold-blooded Hume to declare that he thought, if copied, its success would be infallible over a modern assembly—was the very form of words which, among the Athenians, converted senates into armies. The picture given of Philip in the first Olynthiac; the comparison, in the second, between the Athenians of that day and their ancestors; the argument in the fourth Philippic, that Philip, under the guise of peace, was waging actual war; and a hundred other passages of equal beauty, would, if expanded, lose the far greatest proportion of their force and fervour, and consequently of their power as parts of spoken addresses. The presumption is irresistible, that the brevity of the writer was the brevity of the orator. Mr Burke is reported by Sir Philip Francis to have advanced the startling doctrine, in opposition to the opinion of Hume, that harangues such as those of Demosthenes would be, from their brevity, utterly unintelligible to a modern popular assembly. But Mr Burke was in taste and practice a determined disciple of the Asiatic or diffuse school of oratory; and his opinion on this subject is to be received with a distrust which is confirmed by his own example. His writings give some, but an inadequate notion of his

style as a speaker. He was one of the most diffuse debaters of his age. And what more? Notwithstanding his extraordinary talents and acquirements, he was, of the better order of speakers in his time, the least effective. There never was so great a disproportion between the mind of an orator and his influence over his hearers. His speeches on the American question were delivered to empty benches. It was by his writings, and not by his speeches in Parliament, that he exerted such astonishing and salutary influence in England during the French Revolution. And his retirement from public life was clearly owing, in a great measure, to the disinclination of the House of Commons to listen to his harangues.

It is a truth seldom attended to in the practice of public assemblies, but which is obvious to any one who has even casually witnessed their proceedings, that the number of topics calculated decisively to influence the mind are, in the most complicated questions, comparatively few. When all the facts are once known, it is surely unnecessary to make repeated statements of them; yet of such statements the greater part of our parliamentary debates is composed. Among the ancients, the facts, once known, were taken for granted, and the speakers gave arguments, not histories, to their audience. An extended narrative may be tolerated in an opening speech; but succeeding speakers, unless when new matter *must* be introduced, should busy themselves with reasonings only. Let any man try the following experiment upon himself: let him listen with the profoundest attention to a parliamentary debate upon the most interesting question; at the close of it, let him examine how much of it he remembers, or even how much of the contents of any one speech remains upon his mind; the result will be decisive in proof of the utter waste of time committed in our public proceedings. Nor is this the only mischief. Such lengthy discussions fatigue and distract the minds of those engaged in them; the confused impression left by a jumble of topics robs the judgment of fair play; and the uncertainty to which an ordinary understanding is reduced by such a process is no bad excuse for surrendering to authority what ought to be yielded only to conviction.

It is not to be doubted that this vice of prolixity in public speaking is chiefly owing to the practice of delivering harangues upon political subjects, with little preparation upon the particular matter declaimed on, and with no previous discipline whatever in the art of oratory. But diffuseness is not with us confined to spoken language. Redundancy seems a common and national pest with both speakers and writers. There seems to be something in the nature and structure of that copious and varied dialect, which, like a rabble army of various nations, we have drawn from so many sources, rendering it, to say the least, not quite suited for movements that shall be at once condensed and rapid. Loose and careless diction, abounding in repetitions, and usually inclined to amplification where it is found inconvenient to repeat, has been a prevailing character of English prose from the very earliest periods of our literature. Nor is this the less true because we have had from time to time such writers as Swift, Hobbes, Hume, Robertson, and Junius. They proved that the language was not incapable of condensation; but they are among a few exceptions in a mighty crowd, and some of them have at times fallen into the common habits of the tongue and the nation. There never was a greater master of the art of compression than the whimsical and paradoxical Hobbes; yet he is often as diffuse as a modern scribbler in a newspaper. Swift and Hume are more even; but in some of the philosophical compositions of the latter, and in many of the best political pieces of the former, there is, in the midst of clear and nervous simplicity, a disposition to scatter around them as they proceed a multitude of idle words, the uselessness of which a superficial reader is often hindered from perceiving by the force or beauty of their arrangement. I do not know a more curious instance of this sort of inconsistency between portions of the compositions of the same writer than is afforded in the Letters of Junius. Perhaps no writer in any language ever studied brevity more carefully or more successfully. I have, of course, nothing to do here with his falsehoods in statement, his errors in principles, or his sophistries in reasoning. As elaborate pieces of written oratory, many of his letters approach more nearly than any modern compo-

sitions to that severe economy of words, that business-like contempt of the mere appendages of language, which distinguished the perfect models of Grecian rhetoric. The letters on the Westminster election (with the exception of some passages of ferocious invective) contain, in a few pages of clear and harmonious diction, everything material that was ever urged upon the side of the question which this writer advocated, and the substance of speeches and disquisitions which it would take weeks to read. A wise man may learn even from Junius; and I really think that our public men, whether Whig or Tory, might study with advantage the following passage, with which one of his letters begins:—"A great deal of useless argument might have been saved, in the political contest which has arisen from the expulsion of Mr Wilkes, and the subsequent appointment of Mr Luttrell, *if the question had been once stated with precision*, to the satisfaction of each party, and clearly understood by them both. But in this, as in almost every other dispute, it usually happens that *much time is lost in referring to a multitude of cases and precedents, which prove nothing to the purpose, or in maintaining propositions, which are either not disputed, or, whether they be admitted or denied, are entirely indifferent as to the matter in debate; until at last, the mind, perplexed and confounded with the endless subtleties of controversy, loses sight of the main question, and never arrives at truth.* Both parties in the dispute are apt enough to practise these dishonest artifices. The man who is conscious of the weakness of his cause is interested in concealing it; and, on the other side, it is not uncommon to see a good cause mangled by advocates who do not know the real strength of it." Yet the writer who could so preach on style, and who was often able rigidly to practise his own precepts, has repeatedly furnished whole pages of declamation, in which little else is performed than the ringing of tiresome changes on one dull and trite idea.

It is a fact worth our notice, when we speak of the prevailing habits of writers, which must always have a close and intimate connexion with the public taste, that the style of some of our most popular authors, even of those

who have been allowed the rank of classics in our literature, has been remarkable for its diffuseness. On the other hand, few of those who studied brevity wrote much on popular topics, or, when they did, were ever very popular with their readers.

Before the time of Swift and Addison, most of our best prose writers were divines. The nature of the topics which they discussed was such as at once to improve and mature the language, and, while they added to its copiousness and variety, to impress upon it a character of laborious wordiness. The vernacular tongue of our Island was a sad jumble of barbarisms before the age of the Reformation. It received its strongest, if not its first impulse of improvement, from the controversies which then, and for two succeeding centuries, not only engrossed and sharpened the intellects of the greatest wits, but formed a chief topic of discourse throughout the whole of society. The scriptural translations, becoming common among the people, wonderfully increased the number of readers, and at the same time communicated copious stores of pure, simple, and nervous language. But it was of the essence of all these controversies, to beget a wordiness of style among those who engaged in them, arising partly from the necessity of expansion, in order to unfold the complex and abstract ideas, with which they had often to deal, partly from the heat and acrimony, and consequently the passionate and profuse declamations, which almost always accompany polemical disputes; partly from the haste with which their written compositions were produced; but more than all, from the habits of extemporaneous discussion and preaching, in which the disputants and teachers indulged. From the works of some of our divines, samples might be given of an eloquence seldom if ever surpassed. But the most admired and celebrated among them, Taylor and Tillotson for example, frequently indulge in a style so diffuse and discursive, as to become hardly tolerable to a reader, who considers the signs and sounds of speech as something more than mere playthings. Perhaps, notwithstanding their extraordinary powers of persuasion and reasoning, a certain degree of prolixity was, in their day essential for success. They

probably had the same excuse for repetition and amplification, that is made by the advocates of the great Roman orator, when they hear their favourite censured for the want of that condensed power which made his Grecian master almost omnipotent with an Athenian rabble. The English preachers of those days, addressed our unenlightened or half-enlightened crowd, upon topics which needed to be presented in various lights to a various audience. But whatever may have been the cause of the expansive style of composition chosen by the illustrious preachers I have named, certain it is, that they long preserved a popularity which Barrow, with all his prodigious resources, and all his bold, glowing, and rapid rhetoric, was unable to attain. It is singular enough, that this writer should be censured by some critics as an instance of faulty diffuseness. He resembled, indeed, the speakers and writers of the present day in an injudicious and useless multiplication of topics; but where among the moderns shall we find the thoughts filling so large a proportion of the language in which they are clothed? Brief and condensed he certainly was, in comparison with the other eminent writers of his time; yet though few ever bestowed more pains upon the composition of their works than he did in the preparation of his discourses, their popularity was confined to a comparatively small circle of admirers.

On subjects of miscellaneous and popular interest, our most distinguished writers have shown nearly as strong a disposition to redundancy as the champions of theology themselves. Dryden, Clarendon, Shaftsbury, Temple, Addison, Bolingbroke, and Gibbon,—some of the very highest names in English literature during more than a century,—all contributed to fix in the language that quality of diffuseness which was given to it when polemics formed the subject on which it was almost exclusively employed. But the writer who, in more modern times, had undoubtedly the chief share in confirming this tendency of the English tongue, was the ponderous Johnson. The balanced regularity of his periods, their harmonious closes, and his constant preference of abstract to concrete terms, have given to his style

the appearance of strength and condensation. We are always inclined to associate the notion of weight with that of strength; and the heavy monotony of Johnson has been supposed to indicate the presence of an unusual quantity of matter. But a large head and a hollow voice are not always evidences of wisdom in their possessor, nor are long words and well-turned periods proofs that the meaning is in extent and value proportionate to the dimensions of the vehicles which convey it. The inevitable result of endeavours to construct sentences with balanced clauses, is the crowding of the style with conjunctions and synonymes; and this is the besetting vice of Johnson's diction. With all its faults, however, it is in a very great degree marked by that character of bold and vigorous thought which its author never failed to display when he was once fairly roused to action. Far otherwise has it been with his feeble and puny imitators. Without the limbs of the giant, they are for ever making awkward attempts to wield his weapons. The redundancy which with him was atoned for by the native strength of his lofty and stern genius, is with them a frothy repetition of similar sounds with unvarying meaning, by means of which the thought is at last ushered out, like a note that has passed through a multitude of echos, leaving an indistinct and bewildering impression upon the ear.

One would be almost inclined to despair of brevity being ever generally and successfully studied by writers and speakers in our language, if examples had not been given, in some branches of learning, of a style of English which hardly yields in strength, clearness, and condensation, to the most elaborate compositions of antiquity. Of these qualities some of our philosophical writers afford perfect specimens. It is only necessary to mention the name of Newton to suggest instances of a parsimony of language which seems to have been employed without the least effort at conciseness, and to have arisen immediately and naturally, from the habit of excluding all those thoughts which were useless with reference to the subject—a habit which does not merely lead to brief and vigorous writing, but constitutes the proper training of original and invent-

ive genius—a habit which Franklin assigned as the cause of his own advancements in science, and which undoubtedly was also the source of that terse and pithy strength which he contrived to infuse into a diction in the highest degree familiar, colloquial, and idiomatic.

Will such of my readers as have not dived deep into constitutional history and legal lore, stare on being informed, that some of our writers on these musty subjects present most excellent samples of condensed and expressive language? Elegance and purity, indeed, they held in dignified contempt, as qualities that had nothing to do with the expounding of a statute, or the explanation of a maxim, or the tracing of a fact or an opinion,—any of which achievements could be performed only by the perusal of books and documents, written in the most barbarous jargon that ever was employed to scare the taste, and puzzle the plain sense of mankind. Yet the legal and constitutional writers of the age of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, gave their thoughts to the world in language which it would be well for the interests of justice at this day if their successors had continued to copy. They indulged, indeed, in the refining and distinguishing and disputatious spirit of their age; but though their topics are numerous, and their divisions and subdivisions are often as wearisome as they are needlessly and even absurdly minute, it is seldom that more words are used than suffice to convey the meaning of the reasoner. The same topic is not, as among later disputants on these knotty subjects, twisted into so many shapes, that the reader finds as much difficulty in tracing the identity of the same argument in different places, as in discovering its connexion with others.

The difference in the power of compression exhibited by the same writers, in their prose and their poetry, has been often noticed in our literature. No poet in any language ever surpassed Milton in simple brevity. Even the passionate declamations of the infernal disputants in the second book, whose speeches leave us in doubt whether most to admire them as samples of pure poetry, or of the highest order of eloquence, contain nothing that is not strictly and essentially a part of the business in debate. But as a prose writer, Milton is diffuse and para-

phrastic. Passages may undoubtedly be cited from his prose compositions of surpassing beauty. The poet still speaks, though not in his accustomed language. Yet the greater part of what he wrote when unbound from the spells of his muse, who seems to have lost her enchantment when he ceased to write in verse, is full of that circuitous and redundant phraseology which prevailed in the controversial writings of his day.

The same remark applies to Dryden. Where, even in the most laboured couplets of Pope, shall we find in English verse more concentrated vigour than in Dryden's satires? Yet his prose, with all its beauties—its lightness and grace—its varied but unlaboured harmony—its pure English idiom—its colloquial freedom, is full of diffuse and irregular sallies, where the delightful drapery in which the thoughts are decked out, but ill atones for the paucity or poverty of the thoughts themselves. Of pure and elegant diction, the whole of English literature affords no such model as the prose compositions of Dryden. They are equally free from the rigid, austere, downright plainness of Swift, and from that appearance of elaborateness and care which is found in some of the most charming effusions of Addison. Perhaps, indeed, for the light subjects on which Dryden's prose was for the most part employed, no fitter style could be chosen. His selection of words, and his simple English management of them, merit the attentive study of all who would seek to guard against the infection of *Latinism*, which Gibbon and Johnson have spread amongst us, and which seems every year to be more and more incorporated into our language; but those who desire to economise the time of their readers or hearers, must beware of being too strictly the copyists of Dryden.

I am afraid my gentle reader has long since begun to accuse me of the fault against which I am making such laudable efforts to direct his resentment. To guard against the imputation of tediousness and prolixity, in a chapter on brevity, I shall now bring the chapter to a close, not, however, before I express an humble, but earnest wish, that some of the great lights that guide education among us, may at length lead the public to view this

subject as one, not merely of literary, but of national interest. The more the structure of the English language, and the compositions of its best writers, are studied, the deeper will be the conviction, that an early and strict discipline, to teach the proper use of it, ought to be an essential part of every course of public or private instruction. The "genius of the tongue," (to use a common and awkward phrase where one can find no better,) leads to diffuseness; and it is only by close study, and much laborious practice, that this tendency can be overcome. Simple a thing as it seems to be, to speak one's mother tongue, it has been found in all ages and nations a difficult task to speak it well and briefly. For every purpose to which speech can be applied,—poetry—philosophy—the business of political assemblies—or the affairs of common life,—our language has been proved sufficient by the trials of more than two centuries. Whatever flippant little things our neighbours may choose to say of it, its rich and varied literature attests its powers. But to almost every other language it must yield in brevity; which is as much as to say, that scarcely any language requires so much of study and discipline in those who are to speak and to write it. In no other nation, whatever be the ease or the difficulties with which the study of its language may be attended, is the right use of speech of very great public importance. In no other nation are the public functionaries oppressed with a weight of public business, which the time ordinarily allotted by mankind to the toils of office is found inadequate to admit of being fully and seasonably discharged. The arrears of business in some of our courts of justice, against the judges of which even disaffection itself has never uttered a charge of wanton delay, are a grievous hardship, as well to those who dispense the laws, as to those who seek the benefit of their administration. The legislature, after months of unremitting toil, is compelled, as I have already said, every year to close its labours, leaving much undone. These are inconveniencies with which, were they remedyless, we might well be content, for they are the price of our wealth, our power, and our civilization, which are perpetually multiplying the relations between man and

man, and furnishing occupation to the judge and the legislator. But to a certain extent they *can* be remedied, simply *by the economy of time*. Let the wordy wars of parliamentary debate and forensic trials be abridged within reasonable bounds. Let us do that for the public benefit, which in other countries has been done in order to secure the suffrages of critics. Few as are the points in which England can copy France with advantage, or even with safety, this is one in which we ought not to disdain imitating our old rivals. With all the puerilities which cast disgrace and ridicule upon public discussions among them, the brevity of their harangues, from whatever cause it arises, whether from the fastidiousness of the audience, or from

being written before they are pronounced, or "from the genius of the tongue," is an example which deserves our study, and which, sooner or later, must be followed in England. We *may*, however, learn the practice without crossing the Channel for models. We possess among ourselves both the examples to imitate, and the elements which would ensure successful imitation. I wish I could safely venture to hold up here some of those models which exist among ourselves, few indeed in number, but those of rare excellence. Perhaps, when the reader shall have rested a month or two from the present lecture, I may try how far he has profited from it, by making some such exhibition for his edification and amusement.

D.

PRIVATE POETRY.

It is universally acknowledged that the criticism in *THE MAGAZINE* has ever been of the most encouraging kind—we treat mediocrity with all befitting respect, and dulness with compassion—we search for jokes where we think authors intended to be witty—and if we find anything like one, we endeavour to laugh at it—we have never, like the *Quarterly Review*, put any green and blooming poetling of a consumptive habit to death—nor, in the hypochondriacal reveries of genius, have we been as the *Edinburgh*, a blue devil with a yellow face. The effects of this benignity we are constantly enjoying—we are, like Mercy, twice blessed—blessed in the felicity of cheering modest merit, and blessed in the gifts and rewards—whether they come in the shape of eel-pies, brawn, or bacon—which we weekly receive from all parts of the country, for our "excellent hints" and "judicious animadversions." Name, indeed, an author of any note in the present day that will not acknowledge how much he owes to our partiality. The very Cockneys praise us; and in token of the sense they entertain of the justice and wisdom of our strictures, they have ceased to write—and will presently confess their malefactions.

By the *Chimera* steam-boat, lately arrived in the Clyde from Genoa, we have received "three cases of Aliatico,

and a poem* for private use." Whether it is the wine or the poetry that is to be used in private, is a question for counsel—perhaps both are meant—but availing ourselves of the legal doubt, we have consigned the flasks, in the meantime, to the safe custody of Ambrose, till they can be butlered by Hogg, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of our biboriferous articles, and after a few reflections becoming the occasion, particularly touching the growing practice of printing poetry for private use, we shall proceed to offer a slice or two of the verse for the particular solace of our readers. Let it not, however, for a moment be supposed, that in using the term slice, we mean to deal with the work according to the cutting-up system of our quarterly and quartering contemporaries.

With respect, then, to the custom of printing poetry for private use, it is but of recent origin, and was invented by the Whigs. When the blue-and-yellow luminary was lord of the ascendant in the horoscope of literature, any "person of quality" belonging to the Whig delusion, afflicted with an issue of rhyme, might have published the extent of his disease, and been assured of consolation and encouragement; but stars of other aspect having since arisen, the literary fortunes of the Whigs have changed—even the elegant and accomplished Lady Dacre,

* Visions of Irish Story, with other Visions, by Erinus.

who really merits a better fate, is fain to carry her pretty twin volumes from door to door in her muff, till she can find an *apropos* opportunity of confiding the extent of her secret misfortune to her friends. Whether the noble author of "VISIONS OF IRISH STORY" has been deterred by feelings of equal diffidence—has stood in equal awe of the new Avatar of justice in the reviewing world, we shall not undertake to determine; but we think, that, like Lady Dacre, he might have been less bashful without damaging the delicacy of his modesty. It is true, that here and there we do find reason to applaud his prudence in withholding from the public a number of very good things. Among friends, in the conclave of the dining-room, with wine, and all appliances to assist the joke, such things perform their purpose and intent, without hurt and without offence; but introduced upon the public stage, the effect is very different, and the jocularity of friendship is apt to be regarded by the uninitiated as the satire of malice and of enmity. Thus, though these kinds of private poetry may be amusing enough to those who are in the secret, and even to the subjects of the banter, they run the risk of being regarded as effusions of personality, when submitted to the profane vulgar.

The author of the "Visions of Irish Story," describes his work as "a rhapsody of words." "The plot," he says, "is somewhat misty, or mixty, with other matters; but the verses were written here, there, and everywhere; sometimes in sadness, sometimes in gladness, and sometimes on the spur of the moment;" and he further adds, generally of the performance, "These two unworthy cantos were intended as precursors to four, which would probably be worse by attempting to make them better. Not having any fame as an author, it is true, I cannot write myself down, even if I were to produce the threatened four harlequins; but the history of Ireland, after the Union, affords little aid for bringing on a work, and invention would not be safe." In short, the method pursued in the poem is the most immethodical possible. It consists of anecdotes and incidents related gaily or gravely, as they happen to be suggested by the associations which recall them to recollection; a free and playful manner is

the general character of the work—here and there a quaint and satirical vein is indulged, but the impression throughout is good-natured and gentlemanly. The author, in several passages, seems to have had the tone of Beppo and of Don Juan in his ear—nor is this surprising, for he was in daily intercourse with Lord Byron while writing, and the manuscript passed under the revision of his Lordship. It was written at Genoa.

The first canto opens with a sketching description of the Irish character, in which the following anecdote is introduced:—

"This brings to mind a story which I've heard,

About a Captain and a Lady Bird;
Not a canary nor a nightingale,
But in some thousands passing rich
withal.

He had the King's commission, and his
clothes

Made by the first of tailors, Mr Rothes.
Prince of the Snip, he gaily cut his way
Through yards of broad-cloth, Stulzer of
his day.

The Captain had a tolerable person,
Which many a pretty lass had made a
verse on;

He was besides in debt—that's nothing
new;

His debts were many, and his means
were few.

But still he hoped she loved, and love is
blind,

And so is Fortune, and the dame is kind,
When in the ceremony the priest de-
clares,

After repeating one or two short prayers,
He on his bride his worldly gifts be-
stows,

'Ah, there (said he) my old portmanteau
goes."

From his account of the Irish character, the author then proceeds to give the history of the Rebellion, and finally, of the Union; but as he passes along, all sorts of men and topics are brought upon the carpet, and, as we have said, are treated not so exactly according to their deserts, as according to the ideas with which the recollections of them happen to be associated. The following imitation of Grattan's style, in a speech supposed to have been spoken on the occasion of Lord Castlereagh's motion for the Union, has considerable merit, both on account of the resemblance, and the heaped-up, unarrayed, yet effective masses of imagery with which the orator was in the prac-

tice of overloading his subjects, and to which his abrupt and impassioned manner often gave the most impressive and awakening emphasis—

“ With fervency and truth sincere I pray,
That, ere we pass th’ accursed vote to-day,
The heaven’s thunder and its lightnings may
Destroy this House, and all who in it stand
Sweep with one dire perdition from the land ;—

Guilty and innocent, let each and all,
Amid the temple’s burning ruins fall.
The crime to compass such a deed deserves

A nation’s curse—and he who basely swerves

From duty’s line, (for, next to God, a patriot feels,

Who takes a nation’s rights, her life-blood steals,)

Deserves damnation—’Tis not the passing curse

Of one poor thing like me ;—’tis something worse

Than shame, or scorn, or banishment,
It is an everlasting punishment,
Thirsting, like Tantalus, for a draught of power,

And, buoy’d with hope, to clasp it every hour,

And every hour engulph’d in black despair,

Laugh’d at by those who should your tumults share.

Better to live for ever with the dead,*
Than see the fruits of office hanging o’er your head,

And feel, that though like him you kill’d your son

To try the gods, but half your work is done ;

To be like poor Prometheus, vulture-torn,
Cursing the hour that ever he was born.

What did Prometheus do to anger Jove,
Omnipotent in passion and in love,

That he for aye should feed upon his groans ?

Stones he transform’d to men—you change them into stones.

For what is man, bereft of freedom’s spark ?
A helpless clod, a being mute and dark

As Milton’s eyes—his glory was his mind ;
His mind was free—he felt for human kind,

Or, like Ixion, with e’er-rolling wheel,
Condemn’d the torments of the damn’d to feel :

Jove in his punishment should some difference make,

He with the shadow was content, you would the substance take ;

Or doom’d, like Sisyphus, for aye to roll,

Without one ray of hope to cheer his soul,
Against a precipice an everlasting stone,
Which, rolling o’er, leaves Sisyphus alone,
Dishearten’d, though not pitied, yet his crimes

Were light, at least considering the times.
He was a brigand, and his country robb’d ;
If he lived now, forsooth he’d call it jobb’d.
Would he, a Grecian, think you, dared to sell

His country ? No ; he loved his name too well.

Ye would to tyrants sell your native earth,
Ye would to plunder give the land which gave you birth ;

The very smell of which the prisoner blind
Would to his heart proclaim to him ’twas kind :

And if the creature had one spark of mind,
He’d cry with me, All that I have, you gave,

Land of my birth—I’ll from pollution save—”

But though this, and some of the other speeches, particularly Lord Castlereagh’s, are characteristic and spirited, the best parts of the poem consist of the anecdotes. With the following adventure of three Highland officers in a post-chaise we shall conclude.

“ The officers the chaise did nearly fill,
The boy was gaily trotting down the hill,
A gentleman was slowly driving up,
Paddy had just toss’d off his stirrup cup ;
He saw the gentleman had just two wheels,
Paddy therefore no sense of danger feels,
But whispers to himself, ‘ The corrie I’ll shave ;’

Instead of that, he just drove o’er the nave,

And o’er he went. The curriele went on,
Its driver felt some slight compassion
For the poor folk inside ; ’twas not their fault,

And so he help’d ; and being tall, like G—t,

And stronger, too, in arm, though not in head,

He dragg’d three captains out—of fright half-dead.

He ask’d them civilly what else they will’d,
Then heard their groans ; says one, ‘ The Major’s kill’d ;’

There ’ll be promotion in the regiment ;
This accident for some one’s good is meant.
Ech, Major, are you ’mongst dead or wounded ?’—

‘ No ; but I’ve got some thumps con-founded

Frae Sandy’s elbows ; and, what’s worse, my heart,

A piece of glass sticks in my hinder part.’—

‘ If that is all, you need not make a rout ;
You’ve got a kilt on, and we’ll pluck it out.’ ”

Z.

COUNT BISMARCK AND HIS WORKS.

1. Vorlesungen über die Taktik der Reuterey, von dem Grafen von Bismark Königlich Württembergischen Obersten des dritten Reuter Regiments, Brigade-Commandeur, Adjutant Seiner Majestät des Königs, Commandeur des Königl. Württembergischen Militair-Verdienst-Ordens, Inhaber des goldnen Militair-Ehren-Zeichen 1. Klasse; des Kaiserlich Russischen St Georgen 4ter, und St Annen-Orden 2ter Klasse; des K. K. Oesterreichischen Leopold-Ordens, Ritter. Offizier des Königlich Frangösischen Ordens des Ehrenlegion, &c. &c. 2d Edition. 1819.

2. Elemente der Bewegungskunst eines Reuter-Regiments, als Auhang gudern Vorlesungen über die Taktik des Reuterei, von einem Obersten der Reuterei mit 20 Planen. Carlsruhe. 1819.

3. Felddienst-Instruiution für die Kavallerie von dem General Grafen von Bismark, Ziveite Auflage. Berlin und Posen. 1821.

"Bella! Bella! horrida Bella!" One would have thought that these "piping times of peace" ought to save us from being either rode over by dragoons, or bayoneted by infantry—that instead of investigating the merits of movements by threes, or double column from the centre, we should have been enlarging upon the subject of a reduced army, and a consequently increased cornucopia—that instead of inventing cuirasses for heavy dragoons, and queer moustachios for light, we should have been stripping one, and shaving the other; but the contrary is the fact. What although

"Grim-visaged war has smoothed her wrinkled front,"

we yet have, "Essays on Cavalry Tactics," "New Regulations and Orders for the Army," "Annual Reviews at Hounslow," and "Weekly Levees at the Horse-Guards." To keep pace with which, the Military Gazette presents constantly to our view whole columns of beardless Captains and whiskered Cornets. But we must introduce Count Bismark to our reader.

Frederick William Bismark, now General Count Bismark, and the author of the above publications, is the son of a hero of the Seven Years' War, who, though not recorded as being coeval with the Great Frederick, was yet a very steady, well-conducted hussar, in the Hanoverian partisan corps of Count Luckner. The cavalry propen-

sity of Frederick William did not develop itself with the usual precocity of German genius, such as distinguished the musical boy at Berlin, who, we are credibly informed, jumped out of his cradle and played the *Schöne Minka* with one hand, long before he could speak. No; Frederick William's abilities were more progressively unfolded. True, "he had heard of battles;" for no doubt his father, the hussar, took care, after the peace of 1763, to

"Shoulder his crutch, and show how fields were won."

This, however, did not create in our hero any ambition for either a *pelisse* or moustachios; that "*feuer der Jugend*," which, as he says in his second lecture, "die Reuterie so sinnig personificirt," did not then excite him to

"Mount the barbed steed."

Perhaps he was at that time of Von Folard's opinion, "that cavalry are not a necessary part of an army," or had heard Dr Johnson's definition of a dragoon.* Be that as it may, he entered the 14th Regiment of Hanoverian Light Infantry, as a cadet, in 1796, at the age of 13.

Now Colonel Vandeleur tells us, page 69 of his work on the field duty of cavalry, that "In general the light infantry in the German service are only raised for the war; they are composed of game-keepers, and armed

* Dragoon—a soldier who fights indifferently, on foot or horseback.—JOHNSON'S Dictionary, Old Copy.

with rifles.* Perhaps, also, like the Roman *Velites*, they were taught to vault behind troopers, and to dismount with agility at a given signal; thus playing bo-peep with the enemy, and presenting them with infantry when they expected cavalry. This would have been an admirable school for a general, who, all military writers allow, should have a perfect knowledge of every branch of the service; it must also have contributed much to bodily health and activity. But we are wandering. Cadet Bismark, then, commenced his military career in this corps of game-keeper riflemen, in the year 1796.

It does not appear that the service of these *Jäger* added either to the rank or fame of the incipient general; for we hear nothing more of the cadet until the dissolution of the game-keepers in 1803, when, the Hanoverian army being disbanded, he entered the service of Nassau. Here, however, Frederick William did not long remain. Whether the Nassau game-keepers were a less military, less intellectual, or worse paid corps of riflemen than the dissolved Hanoverians, or whether the British pay and service held out temptations not to be resisted by the cadet, we shall not stop to inquire. Frederick William was certainly not content with his then situation; for we find him soon after embarking for England, and enrolling himself in the Hanoverian Legion.

With the Legion he made the useless expedition to the North of Germany, under Lord Cathcart, in 1805, and with the Legion he came back again—his talent for *single combat* was now first displayed, not that *au-feu-de-talent*, which he tells us every perfect general should possess; it was rather a melancholy illustration of the pistol at *Nothwaffe*. Near the town of Tullamore, in Ireland, he had the misfortune to kill a brother officer in a duel. Concerning the circumstances which led to this affair, we believe that Bismark cannot in any way be censured, but the natural consequence of such a catastrophe obliged him to fly the country. He accordingly transferred his infantry, cavalry, and duel-

ling ability to his mother-country, or *Father-land*, as the Germans have it, which by the way, thanks to Mr D'Israeli, is now a legitimate word in our language.

Bismark did not, as may be supposed, now rejoin the Hanoverian game-keepers; this would have been a sad degeneration after just leaving the Roman (German we mean) Legion; no, he speculated on his namesake, Frederick of Wirtemberg, and accordingly entered his service. This turned up trumps for the young hero; at the age of 24 he was made 1st Lieutenant in a regiment of Chevaux legers, and six months afterwards a Captain.

Captain Frederick William Bismark, of the Wirtembergian Chevaux legers, now began to sparkle in the military hemisphere. His conduct at Riedau, in the year 1809, is worthy of a place in Mill's History of Chivalry. With the squadron which he commanded, and which perhaps his German imagination magnified into a regiment, he attacked an *entire battalion of Chasseurs*, the natural consequence of which was, that he was dismounted in the middle of the enemy, his first lieutenant was dangerously wounded, and his second lieutenant killed.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!!"

This was almost as bad as being in the *Velites* again. The Captain's horse being killed, he was obliged to make the best of it on foot, and accordingly cut and thrust with all the energy of an Homeric hero:—

"Composed his thought, determined is his eye,

And fix'd his soul to conquer, or to die."

Now the squadron being (as all Germans are) literary men, had no doubt read Hudibras, and had a lively recollection of his sequitur to "*fighting and running away*," for seeing that the Captain had exchanged back to the infantry, and that both the lieutenants were *hors de combat*, they adopted "the better part of valour," and wheeling about, very prudently took the road home. Indeed, *small blame*

* Duty of Officers Commanding Detachments in the Field, &c. By John Ormsby Vandeleur, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 8th, or King's Royal Irish Light Dragoons. Egerton. 1801.

to them, if any, as they say in Ireland, for just at this moment they were exposed to a heavy fire of bullets, which of all fires is certainly not the pleasantest to sit before. However, as the squadron were galloping off, a conscientious corporal, who was no doubt a good Calvinist, began to think that he had very little chance of being made a serjeant if the Captain was left to be spitted on a parcel of bayonets, so screwing up "his courage to the sticking place," he pulled up his horse, and made the squadron a *speech*.

Now, whether the corporal's speech on that occasion was modelled after that of the great Frederick at the battle of Leuthen, of Buonaparte's at Marengo, or of Wellington's at Vittoria, must ever remain doubtful, as the particulars have not been handed down to us. One thing is clear, that if the Corporal had given each of the runaways a glass of *Schnapps*, it could not have had a better effect on their courage, for he had no sooner ended than on they rushed, with the Corporal at their head, like the wild Jäger and his hell-hounds, dashed into the midst of the Chasseurs, and liberated the Captain. They did not stop here,—having set to work *con amore*, they thought it would be as well to prevent the possibility of being obliged to do the same thing over again, so they coolly cut the battalion of Chasseurs in pieces.

For this exploit Napoleon gave Bismark the cross of the Legion of Honour, and the King of Wirtemberg made him a knight of the military order of Merit.

Bismark, after this hot work among the Chasseurs, went to cool himself in Russia; he accompanied Marshal Ney with the 3d corps d'armée in 1812, and was constantly employed by him on outpost duty, and in all critical situations; no doubt, the peppering at Riedau made the Captain more cautious in this campaign, for he returned to Wirtemberg safe and sound when the war in Russia was over.

The King of Wirtemberg, however, did not forget his former gallantry, for as soon as the war in Saxony began, he gave Bismark the command of the 1st regiment of Chevaux legers.

In this war he was made a complete

riddle of. At the battle of Leipsic, the Wirtemberg army changed sides, and Bismark returned home.

The dissolution of the Wirtemberg army did not, however, affect the well-earned rank and honours of Bismark; on the contrary, he now appears before us as the chief of Prince Adam's* staff, in which capacity he accompanied that prince when the King of Wirtemberg furnished his 2d contingent for 1814. He entered Paris with the allies on the 31st March, consequently saw all the big wigs who presided at Napoleon's downfall, and no doubt dined at *Very's*, took coffee at the *Milles Colannes*, and played *Rouge et Noir* at *Frescati*; perhaps also he took a cool pipe of *Canaster* at a *Palais Royal Estaminet* in remembrance of old *Deutschland*.

It was in 1815 that Bismark displayed a more than ordinary talent for commanding large masses of cavalry, of which the following account is a striking proof, and is really worthy of record. Bismark's division of cavalry, in conjunction with the Hessian and Wirtemberg infantry, was opposed to the French on the *Suffel*; it was formed up between these corps, and occupied a distance of nearly *two miles and a quarter*. The infantry attacked the villages of *Lampertshum* and *Mundolsheim* to the right, and *Suffelweirsheim* to the left. Bismark took advantage of this movement to attack the front of the French line. Under the fire of a strong battery which commanded the *Suffel*, he charged across the bridge, took the battery, routed the whole of the enemy's cavalry, which consisted of five regiments, and broke several squares of infantry: this masterly and high-spirited attack immediately decided the battle. Thus we see the versatility of talent which the General possessed, being as well able to fight against his old friends the French, as for them; however, as this was the last battle in which the army of Wirtemberg was engaged, he, no doubt, thought it would be as well to make a good *finale*; and so indeed it was, for the King of Wirtemberg rewarded him with the title of *Count*.

Having thus traced our author's history from the *Cadet* to the *Count*, it is

* Nephew to the late King of Wirtemberg.

new time to inform our readers how his sword came to be turned into a pen, and these books with hard names, placed at the head of this article, given to the world. The facts, we believe, are simply these. When old King Freddy of Wirtemberg died, A.D. 1816, his present Majesty (William), (who is, we understand, a second Frederick the Great in point of *pipe-clay*), thought it advisable to revise the Wirtemberg tactics, and accordingly appointed a committee of generals and colonels to make a new book;—something, we suppose, like Sir Henry Torrens's new regulations. Bismark was appointed to do the cavalry part of this new code, and thus was the "*Vorlesungen über die Tactik der Reuterei*" created. It was published in 1818; the next year it went through a second edition, and in 1821 was translated into French. This commencement of the Count's literary campaign was rather more encouraging than that of his military, and induced him, in 1819, to bring out "*die Elemente der Bewegungskunst*," &c., which succeeded so well, that in 1820 he favoured us with a third work, entitled, "*Feld dienst Instruction für die Kavallerie*." The Carlsruhe press was now kept going; for, up to the year 1822, we find him sending forth various publications on cavalry. But "Nichts mehr vom eisen spiel vom blitz der Waffen."

Whether owing to the Count's deeds of the sword, or of the pen, whether enchanted by his person or by his works, a fat Margravine at Stutgard fell desperately in love with him.

"Oh Zarte sehnsucht! stisses hoffen
Der erste Liebe goldne Zeit
Dasange sieht den Himmel offen,
Es schwelzt das Hertz in Seligkeit
Oh! dassie ewig grünen bliebe
Due schöne Zeit der jungen Liebe!"

How could he resist? A Margravine, and a fat one too. We shall send our excellent friend Wadd an account of this lady for the next edition of his pleasant little Essay on Corpulency. We really admire fat ladies. We remember once—the story is a comical one—Ha! ha! ha! Wadd shall have it—but it has nothing whatever to do with the Margravine, or Bismark, or his books. The Count must excuse our laughing—it is constitutional to us—indeed, it is so easily excited, that we may soon expect to be as fat as the

Margravine herself; but we are old soldiers too, and have always thought that

"A merry story's better far
Than a lampoon or witty libel."

We, however, laugh in the full conviction of Count Bismark's superior military talents, and the entire acknowledgment of the important services which his works have rendered to the army in general, and to the cavalry in particular.

We regret that our limits will only enable us to give a slight sketch of the publications before us.

The "*Vorlesungen über die Tactik der Reuterei*," or Lectures on the Tactics of Cavalry, is a neat duodecimo, containing twelve lectures on the tactics of cavalry, and embellished with lithographic plates. The arrangement is at once original and scientific; the respective divisions of the art of war, as relating to cavalry, are clearly defined, and ably investigated; and the whole is enlivened with amusing anecdotes, tending to illustrate the author's positions, which renders the book, even to an unmilitary reader, extremely entertaining. We venture a hasty translation of one as a specimen.

Speaking of the trifling circumstances which sometimes lead to the determination of a battle, he relates the following anecdote in proof, as given by Von Brettschneider:—"The great discovery, which I here communicate to the world more than fifty years after it took place, is nothing less than the cause of the battle of Collin being gained! I was on that day with the Saxon Chevaux legers; we stood in order of battle from morning to noon on a rising ground, covered by the top of a mountain, behind which we could neither see, nor be seen by the enemy. On our right the cannon roared incessantly; we, however, remained perfectly tranquil, and had nothing to do. Before me, as I stood in the ranks, was a shady tree, under which Colonel Von Benkendorf had established his dinner-table, this circumstance made a deep impression on my memory, because the ham which the Colonel devoured, and the Garde du vin which he emptied, appeared to me to be of more importance than anything else. Scarce had he finished his bottles, when, behold! the aide-de-camp of Field-Marshal Daun rode along the

front, bringing an order for all commanders of brigades and regiments to retire, naming the place where we were to re-assemble at. He had scarcely gone when Colonel Benkendorf rode up to the top of the hill, and coming back with a red face, called out, "The enemy is coming on; those that wish may retire, but let every brave fellow follow me!" So we all followed him, for we were all brave fellows. We Saxons rushed in upon the infantry and cut them to pieces; the Austrian regiment St Ignon, which was formed next us, followed our example, and so by degrees the whole of Nadasky's cavalry, and the battle was won—whereas, if we had followed the aide-de-camp's orders, it would have been lost. Now the grand problem is, whether, if Colonel Benkendorf had not finished the last bottle, he would have taken this daring step? I say *quod non*, because it always irritates me, even now, to think, that in the most extreme craving of my stomach, the fellow should eat and drink before my nose, without taking the least notice of me and my wants: thus is the victory of Collin, like many thousand other great events, to be attributed to the bottle."—P. 60, &c.

We sympathise with poor Brettschneider, and quite agree with him in thinking that Benkendorf's last bottle gained the victory of Collin.

Speaking of the different methods of elevating the moral force of a soldier, Bismark observes—

"After a *good breakfast* a man goes into battle with much greater courage."

"The battle of Ehersleng," he adds, (9th May 1809,) "would never have taken place if Massena had not previously devoured a capital breakfast, which the inhabitants of the town treated him with."—P. 81.

Again, p. 80—

"Before the battle of Hochstett in 1704, Marlborough remained quietly in his calash busied about his linen (wasche), and when the Generals told him that all was ready for the attack, and the army were impatient to begin, he replied, 'the provisions are not yet given out!'"

"Before the battle of Leuthen, 5th December 1757, Frederick tried every possible means of raising the drooping courage of the Silesian army; he appealed to the sense of honour of the officers, talked to the private soldiers, caused provisions to be distributed, and even had wine served out to cheer his spiritless troops."

Our author shows also the natural consequence of this polite attention to the wants of the stomach; for battles, he says, which take place in the *afternoon*, are generally more desperate than those which commence at *sunrise*—no doubt owing to the presupposed *breakfast or dinner*. We suspect that John Bull is a good deal of this way of thinking, for although the author of "*The Military Character of the European Armies*," tells us that "the British soldier requires neither *brandy* nor *self-conceit* to make him brave," he certainly *enjoys the thing* more after a good bellyfull.

The principal military novelties which the *Vorlesungen* contains, are a substitution of sub-division movements, for movements by *fours** or *threes*, used in our cavalry, and the addition of a skirmishing division to each squadron. It is well known to every cavalry officer what a difference of opinion has long existed, and in England does still exist, on this *division system*; the foreign cavalry, who formerly moved by *threes* and *fours*, finding that in action the *telling off* was destroyed, and the regiments weakened, constantly had recourse to manœuvring by *divisions*, this led Bismark to an attentive consideration of the subject, and the result was his substituting *divisions* and *sub-divisions* in all cases where *threes* and *fours* were formerly used.

The author supports his opinion with strong and convincing reasoning. Speaking of the causes which led to the *telling off* by *threes*, he adds—

"Die Erfahrung zeigt indessen, dass bei dem Seiten-marsh mit 3 en die Entfernungen sich sehr leicht vergrössern, oder die Pferde sich in die eisen treten."†

Again, speaking of *threes* and *fours*:

"Beides nat Nachtheile, besonders

* The French move by *fours*.

† Experience, however, shows, that in flank-marching by *threes* the distances are easily extended, or the horses get cut.

bei schnellen Entwicklungen aut geschlossener Colonne in Linie (Deployements) eigentlich der eingigen Bewegung, wo der Leiten-Marsch mit Dreien oder Vieren von Wichtigkeit ist." * Page 111.—He also shows the disadvantage of it when retiring, the column being left to the discretion of the rear-rank.

Dundas seems to have admitted this same defect in flank-marching by threes, and the advantage of moving by divisions, although he appears to doubt how far the latter was generally practicable.

In the Cavalry Regulations, 10th Section, he shows the *extension* of the squadron caused by flank-marching in *column of threes*, and the preservation of the intervals by flank-marching in *column of divisions*, thereby proving the advantage of Bismark's system.

Again, page 42.—"Flank-marches near an enemy, or changes of position in presence of an enemy, cannot be effected with precision, firmness, or certainty, on a less front than *ranks by threes*, or indeed, *when possible*, on a front of a division, or sub-division."

—*Regulations for the Formation and Movements of Cavalry*, by Sir David Dundas, 8vo. edit. 1807.

Now, Bismark shows that it is *always possible*; for in the "*Elemente der Bewegungskunst eines Reuter Regiments*," he lays down twenty practical manœuvres, (sufficient in all conscience for a service system,) all of which are performed either by *divisions* or *subdivisions*. His deployment from close column is, by the way, very beautiful.

Bismark's premises, proof, and conclusion, on this subject, certainly carry great weight with them, particularly when we have the authority of an eminent modern writer on the inconvenience of *moving by threes*.

"It may be observed," says Sir Henry Torrens, "that the *formation by threes* is liable to the repeated *derangement* which the casualties in ac-

tion cause in the telling off."—*Field Exercises and Evolutions of the Army*, as revised by Major-General Sir H. Torrens, p. 107.

The Skirmishing Division which Count Bismark proposes, is to be an additional, or fifth division, attached to each squadron. The men composing it are to be selected for their superior activity and intelligence, and to be particularly instructed in the art of skirmishing. They are to hold a rank between that of the private and corporal, and the corporals are to be chosen from them. Those fifth divisions are always to move with the squadron to which they are attached, and, when in action, to form with the other skirmishing divisions an independent corps.

The last of the works before us, "*Feld dienst Instruction für die Kavallerie*," is a small catechism on the out-post duty of cavalry, written in a clear, spirited style, and admirably adapted for the instruction of men and officers employed on that duty. This work has been lately translated into English, by Captain Ludlow Beamish, who tells us in the preface, that its extreme popularity in Poland caused it to go through two editions in the course of one month.† It is to be regretted, that Captain B.'s exertions were not applied to the "*Vorlesungen*," which is by many degrees the most able of all Count Bismark's works that we have met with; for, meritorious as the "*Feld dienst Instruction*" may be considered in *Wirtemberg* or *Warsaw*, it is certainly not equally applicable here. The English cavalry never were, and never will be good Hussars, Lancers, or Light Dragoons, (for whom this book is particularly intended;) nor, from the nature of the English constitution and military establishment, can they ever become such. The King of Prussia can march his armies out of Berlin in the autumn, and occupy miles of territory for whole weeks together; he can send his cavalry to scour the plains, his Jägers to

* Both have disadvantages, particularly in rapid deployments from close column, absolutely the only occasion where the flank-march by threes or fours is of any importance.

† "This little work caused a great sensation in Poland. It was published at Warsaw; and in the short space of one month went through two editions."

Instruction for the Field Service of Cavalry, translated from the German of Count Bismark, by Captain L. Beamish, 4th Dragoon Guards. Whittaker, London, 1825.

search the forests, and his artillery to crown the heights, and can illustrate not only

"The pomp and pageantry of glorious war,"

but the various theories of the science, by a practice almost approaching to reality; but in England (and thanks be to God for that free constitution which prevents it) this is impossible.

In a country where the cavalry practice is necessarily confined to a few regiments of dragoons galloping about a green field, as at Hounslow, the field-service, or out-post duty of ca-

valry can never be acquired. We give Captain Beamish great credit for the zeal which has induced him to attempt an improvement in this part of our service; but we fear, notwithstanding his exertions, that he will never make our Lancers or Hussars understand anything of out-post duty.

We must again repeat the satisfaction which we have experienced from the perusal of Count B.'s works. The author has evidently studied his profession *à fond*, and merits the acknowledgment of all-cavalry officers, for the pleasing manner in which he has communicated the result of that study.

THE LETTERS OF E. B. WAVERLEY, ESQ. TO M. MALAGROWTHER, ESQ.*

THE celebrated Letters of Malachi Malagrowther have produced divers effects, which we imagine must have greatly astonished their illustrious author, and which, in our eyes, are highly deserving of observation.

The measure for altering the currency originated with the Ministry, and it was sanctioned by the Whigs. All parties—all party-men amidst the great—All the Talents—all the philosophers—were in its favour, and yet this unaccountable person took the field against it. That he should thus have provoked the hostility of power and patronage—that he should thus have exposed himself to the shafts of nearly the whole of the press—that he should thus have declared himself to be neither Economist nor Philosopher, but a Practical, when such a declaration is sufficient to destroy a man's character for sanity—that he should thus have sacrificed personal interests and friendships to the good of his country and countrymen—that he should have done all this, is a thing which, in these days, cannot be sufficiently marvelled at.

Now, granting that this most improvident person may wish for nothing for himself—that he may care not for pension and advancement—that he may sigh not for authority and promotion under any party banner—that he may hold in utter contempt the philosophers and their systems—still, is it nothing to be laughed at by petty newspapers, to be scoffed at by such a

man as Mr Hume, and to be assailed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer? Fame may even be thought of when profit is disregarded.

If this perverse individual, holding in due regard both fame and profit, had stood forward as the minion of either of the great parties—which, according to what has recently been said in the House of Commons, form the Government of this Empire,—to support the change—if he had published his Letters to throw a veil over the evils which the alterations will bring upon his country, and to persuade his countrymen to submit in silence to a measure calculated to cover them with injuries—if he had played the sycophant, panegyrised the Ministry, administered soft flattery to "his Majesty's Opposition," and lied, distorted, and misrepresented against his conscience, in order to delude the Scottish people—if he had done all this, what would have followed? The pure and unerring "Press" would have overwhelmed him with dazzling puffs—the ministerial, whig, and radical prints would have vied with each other in enlogising the vastness of his powers, and the profundity of his knowledge, touching currency matters—Parliamentary praise would have dropped upon him in profusion—he would have been quoted by all sides—"as that great genius Malachi Malagrowther has said," would have been repeated by every orator, Mr Robinson and Mr Hume not excepted—and what

* Two Letters on Scottish Affairs, from Edward Bradwardine Waverley, Esq. to Malachi Malagrowther, Esq. 8vo. London. Murray. 1826.

honour would have been withheld that men in power could have offered?

Malachi must have been acquainted with all this before he set pen to paper; and yet, with folly incomprehensible, he utterly disregarded it.

He erred not more in deed than in manner of doing. He might have used soft, measured, and philosophical language—he might have praised the wisdom of government while he arraigned it—he might have dealt tenderly with theory and innovation—he might have adopted newspaper fashion and phraseology—he might have spoken well of Liberality, dilated by the yard on abstract principles—and addressed himself solely to interest and selfishness—in a word, he might have confined himself to the *patois*, which at present forms the classical tongue of politicians.

Instead of this, the misguided Malachi took the tone of dauntless independence—he attacked and condemned, without respect of persons—he fiercely denounced the new principles of government—bigot-like, he appealed to nationality, to patriotism, to old feelings and prejudices, to Scottish pride and Scottish honour. He sounded the long-forgotten trumpet of chivalry; and addressed the Scottish people, not as heartless misers, but as the descendents of the martial and high-minded. He spoke of public matters in the obsolete language of a patriot and a statesman.

That a man who could thus sacrifice his personal interest, and oppose himself to all parties, for the weal of his country alone, should be furiously attacked by the press, was a thing natural and inevitable. It was a matter of course, that he should be the most furiously attacked by those papers which represent themselves to be exclusively patriotic and independent. His patriotism was a thing the very reverse of newspaper patriotism—his philosophy was of too pure a character to be understood by the monopoly-philosophers—his political economy was too genuine to be intelligible to political economists by profession. The upright newspaper people were astounded by his appearance, and scandalized by his conduct, and they proclaimed him fool and traitor with all possible expedition. The tools of party execrated his factious doings—the dunces, who can see no difference

between resident and absentee expenditure, derided his ignorance—the patriots who have fled from their native Scotland for ever, bewailed the evils that he was inflicting on Scotland—and the pitiful creatures, who are eternally canting and declaiming in favour of the liberty of the press, and freedom of opinion, positively swore that his use of the term—claymore, was intended to get up an awful rebellion.

Although this was perfectly natural in the press, it might have been expected that the hapless Malachi would be spared in the British House of Commons. This House, however, showed him as little mercy as the newspapers. The members of both sides combined to attack him. He was charged, not only with error, but with evil motive; his head and heart were both struck at; he was held up in this House—absent as he was—as a man whose conscience was foul, whose hands were stained, who was actuated by cupidity and envy, whose opinion was unworthy of being listened to by Parliament, not more from its folly, than its dishonesty. He was thus held up by men who call themselves patriots, and swagger, touching their honour.

To say anything in his defence is what we cannot deign to do. It would be an unpardonable absurdity were we to assert, that his talents, heart, and life, will bear comparison with those of Mr Hume and his other slanderers. The nation has not now to learn that the Author of Waverley is not more distinguished by genius, than by integrity of principle and kindness of disposition.

A lesson, however, may be drawn from the treatment which Malachi received from the House of Commons, by which the British people may profit largely. Let no one henceforward ever presume to imagine that any man out of this House can be competent to discuss State questions—let no one presume to question the wisdom of its members—however sweeping and dangerous a Parliamentary measure may be, let no one dare to attack it—let no one venture to appear in print against a change that may be supported by both the Ministry and the Opposition. The laws may not perhaps punish him for doing this, but he may have a more terrible punishment inflicted on him

than any that proceeds from the laws. He may, unheard, and without appeal, have his fair fame blackened, the red-hot iron placed on his forehead, and the sentence of proscription read over him in full Parliament.

One of these redoubtable people attempted the discomfiture and annihilation of Malachi in two Letters, which he published in the London Courier; these letters he has since put forth as a pamphlet. It is because he has thought the quibbling and conceit, which, in his own words, "might be excused in the columns of a newspaper, worth preserving in the more permanent shape of a pamphlet," that we notice them. Who the author of the pamphlet is, we have not the means of ascertaining; but his feeling towards Scotland, and his want of information touching England, abundantly prove that he is neither Scotsman nor Englishman. Report states him to be an official personage; and the credit which we give to this, is one reason why we take cognizance of his literary labours. To say what office he fills, is a matter wholly beyond our knowledge. In other times it might have been imagined, from his subject, that he filled some department in the Treasury; but in these days, when every man is thought to be the master of every calling save his own—when Ministers have declared that practical knowledge of a question perfectly unfits a man for giving an opinion on it—and when public interests are scrupulously managed according to the directions of those who, from habit and avocation, are likely to be the most ignorant of them—in such days, it may be safely assumed, from his subject, that he has no connexion whatever with the department of Government to which the regulation of the currency more especially belongs. It may, we surmise, be taken for granted, that he belongs to the Foreign Office, or the Colonial Office, or the Admiralty, or perhaps the Excise. If the question be put to us—Is he one of the Eldon party, the Canning party, the Grenville party, or any other of the thousand-and-one parties which compose the Ministry; or is he a person whose frame is of so extraordinary a kind, that a portion of it is found in every party—that his foot is stuck in one, his arm in another, his nose in a third, and so on, in such a way that which-

ever of them may be tumbled out of office, he will still be found rivetted to the remainder? If such a question be put to us, we must frankly own that we cannot answer it. We are, moreover, quite unable to decide whether his pamphlet is intended to serve an official friend, or to appease an official enemy: we suspect the latter.

As this pamphlet makes it manifest that there are official men who are exceedingly anxious to devote their attention to other matters than the duties which are imposed upon them by office, we cannot refrain from here heartily wishing that some of them would look at the prospects of the navy. From various changes and innovations that have lately been made, the merchant-navy is demonstrably in a declining state, and many things render it pretty certain that it will continue to decline very rapidly. How this is to operate on our naval power, forms a problem which unquestionably ought to be solved as soon as possible. From the doctrines put forth by Ministers, and repeated by the writer of this pamphlet, it is clear that the people of the Admiralty are utterly unfitted by their *practical* knowledge for attempting the solution; and, therefore, if the writer be connected with the Admiralty, we cannot ask him to notice the problem. But if he be not so connected—if he belong to any of the other offices we have named, or to the Irish Government, the Household, the Board of Green Cloth, &c.—let him give us a solution with all expedition, now that he has settled the question touching the currency of Scotland.

The first of his Letters relates principally to local matters, and we will leave it to the notice of any of our brother-contributors who may be better acquainted with such matters than we can pretend to be. We will confine our remarks to his second Letter on the Currency.

In the second paragraph of this letter, we find the following delectable words: "I fear that we differ as to the meaning of the word *practical*; I think I can see that by a *practical* view, you really mean a view *narrowed* to the present and momentary state of things, and excluding all considerations of what has passed elsewhere, and of what may at any future moment occur in Scotland itself; and this I take to be the great error of those who

call themselves *practical* men. They confine their observations to the *local spot*, and the *present day*. He who thinks of *to-morrow* they call a *theorist*; if he looks to the next month, he is called a *speculist*; but if he attempts to legislate for a year or two in advance, he is deemed a perfect *visionary*; or perhaps—the most injurious term the wit of the *practicals* can devise—even a *philosopher*!”

This is remarkably brilliant—the inventive powers of the writer are evidently quite equal to those of Mr Huskisson. The latter gentleman's description of the “*Theory*” of the opponents of Free Trade did not in the least excel this description of *practical* views and *practical* men. We humbly propose that a column of granite be raised in the centre of the new square, which, according to report, is to displace Carlton Palace; and that the descriptions of both be engraven upon it, for the unspeakable edification of posterity. It would, we imagine, amidst other things, cause posterity to marvel greatly, that men, who could thus describe, should have been suffered to waste its patrimony.

The term *philosopher* assuredly was not devised by the “*practicals*.” Those who are at present called philosophers, selected the title for themselves, and wore it long before it was applied to them by other people. They have for years constantly called their dogmas philosophy, and honoured each other with the name of philosopher. Mr Canning very lately boasted in Parliament, that Ministers were applying philosophy to public affairs. There is no pleasing these philosophers. This saying—I am a philosopher; yes, I am a wonderful philosopher; but I will knock you down if you call me one!—is mighty foolish. Either let these persons refrain from giving themselves names, or let them deal more charitably with those who call them by the names which they give themselves.

And now we will ask, against whom has the term philosophers been used in the way of reproach? Against Ricardo, Bentham, and their disciples—against the writers of the Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews—against men who attacked the Church, Christianity in the gross, the aristocracy, and everything valuable in the empire—against the champions of infi-

delity and republicanism—against those who were for many years denounced by Ministers and their scribes as seditious visionaries—as enemies of religion and the monarchy. Ministers never incurred any derision as philosophers until they adopted certain of the principles and schemes of these men, and threw their shield over them. It is a most ominous thing to see members of the government fighting the battles of these persons against their old supporters, and crying them up as the only people in the nation, save themselves, who possess any talent and wisdom. What we are doomed to see next, we cannot conjecture. Perhaps—if human nature can descend to anything so thoroughly despicable—we shall see the old Quarterly Reviewers put forth pamphlets to refute the principles which they have so long inculcated, and to defend the fame and creed of the Edinburgh and Westminster Reviewers.

There is nothing more extraordinary in these extraordinary times than the attacks which Ministers think good to make upon *practical* men. The opinion of such men has always hitherto been highly valued by our rulers, and that of mere theorists has been valued as lightly. The line of distinction has even been carefully drawn between *practical* statesmen and theoretic ones; and the nation has been constantly taught to give its confidence exclusively to the former. It has always been the standing maxim of Parliament to regard only *practical* views, and listen only to *practical* men. One great reason why Mr Fox enjoyed so little of public confidence was, he was held to be a theoretic statesman; and one great reason why Mr Pitt enjoyed so much of such confidence was, he was held to be a *practical* statesman. For many years one of the leading distinctions between the Tories and the Whigs has been, the former have cried up *practical* opinions and measures, and the latter theoretic ones. No men have declaimed more in favour of *practical* men and things than the present Ministers; and they have long resisted the doctrines and schemes of their opponents, principally on the ground that these were not *practical* ones. Yet now these very Ministers profess to hold *practical* men in sovereign contempt. Mr Pitt was thought by some to look too much at expediency; and

certain of our present rulers who profess to idolize him, look only at abstract doctrine, and disregard expediency altogether. That the Ministry and Parliament should thus have abandoned the old and settled maxims of the country, is incomprehensible—that they should thus be eulogising the Bentham and McCullochs, and scoffing at men of experience, is a scandal to the whole community.

Suppose a man were to say to Mr Canning, “My life has been spent in my study, but I have read that in books and newspapers, and have formed opinions, which render me far better qualified than yourself to fill the Foreign Office”—what would be Mr Canning’s reply? He would hugely vituperate the stupidity of the theorist. Yet, when such a man tells Mr Canning and his colleagues that he understands agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, much better than the most experienced agriculturists, merchants, and manufacturers, they believe him. Genuine political economy consists of facts and nothing else; its reasonings, as well as data, must be naked facts. These facts must be drawn from real life; they must be taken from the actual farm yard, counting-house, bank, shop, mansion, and cottage; they must be gathered from the actual habits and opinions of all classes of society. A single falsehood would often be sufficient to vitiate the whole system. Such political economy must not only consist solely of facts, but it must comprehend ALL the facts of every question; the omission of a single one would often render its rules ruinous. Yet Ministers represent the opinions of experienced men touching their respective callings to be worthy only of derision; and they listen only to those who are utterly destitute of *practical* knowledge, who proceed on false assumptions, and who are strangers to the leading facts of most questions.

We believe that books may be found which profess to contain the most ample and infallible rules for the making of boots. If Mr Huskisson, in his passion for theory, should take it into his head that he could from these books make himself a pair of boots as well as the most experienced boot-maker, he would find, before he could set a single stitch, that the learned author had omitted to give various points of instruction essential for enabling

him to commence. If, by consulting any boot-maker’s apprentice, he could get over this difficulty, he would find at every step, not only that the writers had neglected to give divers of the most important rules of the art, but that they had written from legs and feet wholly different from those of Mr Huskisson. The Right Honourable Gentleman would discover, on the completion of his labours, that he had got a pair of most unsightly and imperfect boots, which he could not wear without laming himself. So in the efforts of himself and his colleagues to make new boots for the state from the directions of theoretic men, they will at last perceive that their teachers have been strangers to the more important mysteries of the art, that they have calculated from false data, that they have omitted to give instructions the most essential, and that by following these teachers, they have made the state a cripple for ever.

The writer of the pamphlet, from what he says touching to-morrow, and a year or two in advance, is evidently one of THE TALENTS—one of the soarers—one who imagines that he can wing his way above the clouds that hide from us futurity. We doubt not that he is a most cunning fortune-teller—that he can prophesy with as much accuracy as any card-inspired sibyl in the kingdom. As he assumes that one of the leading distinctions between the *practicals* and the *philosophers* is—the former are destitute of foresight, and the latter shine in it prodigiously, let us inquire into the truth of this assumption.

Both sides in the last two years have been somewhat profuse in putting forth predictions. The practicals looked at to-morrow—they glanced at a year or two in advance, and their predictions have been fulfilled to the letter. The philosophers did the same—Mr Huskisson and Mr Robinson predicted largely touching the brilliant prospects of the Silk Trade, the mighty increase that trade in general was on the point of receiving, and the vast benefits that were about to drop upon the nation from the new and liberal system; their predictions have been decisively refuted. Mr Huskisson, a few weeks ago, predicted, that by this time public distress would cease; this distress is at present widening and deepening; instead of showing symptoms of termi-

nation. The philosophers are just as remarkable for foresight as the Edinburgh Reviewers were during the war; the reverse of what they foretell regularly happens; if they predict that to-morrow will be a cloudless day, the rain is sure to fall in torrents.

The writer states to Malachi—"You have fallen into a mishap, one of the most unlucky that could occur to a *practical* man; namely, a complete mistake as to the *matter of fact* on which you propose to lecture." Now, what was this matter of fact? Malachi assumed, that a law was about to be passed for prohibiting the circulation of small notes in Scotland; and was he in error? No, he was led by the uncertainty and the reports which then prevailed, to expect that the law would take effect somewhat earlier than it is intended to do; and this constitutes his mighty mistake; a mistake which scarcely touched at all the "*matter of fact*" on which he proposed "to lecture." He opposed himself, not to the time at which the law was to come into operation, but to the law itself, without reference to such time; and, of course, any error in respect of the time left his reasoning unimpeached. In truth, whatever time may be fixed, the law will in reality begin to operate as soon as it is passed. This is proved by what has taken place in England.

Malachi admits the mistake, in a postscript to the letter containing it; in which postscript he says—"If it is the absolute and irrevocable determination that the bill is to be extended to us, the sooner the great penalty is inflicted the better." His assailant states—"This postscript so alters the state of the case—so answers all the charges of *hasty* resolutions, *violent* changes, and *precipitate* attempts at assimilation, that I only wonder that, instead of adding such an explanation, you did not throw the letter itself into the fire."

Malachi's charges, as the world knows, applied solely to the passing of the law. His postscript stated, that if it should pass, it would be better for it to begin to operate immediately; and that, in truth, it would begin to operate immediately. If it be passed at all, it will be passed about as soon as any one expected—that is, in the present session. In the face of all this, the writer broadly insinuates, that he ob-

jects, not to the making of the law, but to the time of its coming into operation. Almost immediately afterwards he says—"Let me observe upon your indignation, that there should be *any legislation at all* on the subject of Scottish bank-notes!"

Paltry, pettifogging quibbling, and misrepresentation of a similar character, pervade the whole of the Letters. The writer scarcely ever meets Malachi in a manly manner on the merits of the case, but his study is to gain a verdict by the discovery of petty flaws and trifling technical informalities.

He meets Malachi's "*indignation that there should be any legislation at all* on the subject of Scottish bank-notes," by observing, that the act of 1765, for putting down all bank-notes in Scotland under twenty shillings, was the first legislative interference that he can discover with the paper currency of the three parts of the United Kingdom; that Scotland, instead of being dragged at the tail of England, was the first to introduce these innovations; and that there was no *English* influence to prompt this act, but that it was introduced by the Lord Advocate Miller, and five other Scottish gentlemen of weight and consideration, at the instance, and on the recommendation, of some of the principal Scottish bankers.

And this, forsooth, is to refute the worthy Malachi! The latter maintains, that interference with the currency of Scotland is *at present* wholly uncalled for—that it will operate most mischievously—that Scotland ought not to have pernicious measures forced upon it by England against its wishes—that changes in the local concerns of Scotland ought to originate with Scotsmen, and to be sanctioned by the Scottish people;—and this is the triumphant answer!

The writer states, that the reasons adduced by Malachi against the contemplated change, would have been equally applicable to the change produced by the act of 1765. In his judgment, therefore, the exchanges have no more influence over gold than over silver; and it will be as easy to keep Scotland plentifully supplied with sovereigns as with shillings.

With regard to the Article of the Treaty of Union, on which he dilates so triumphantly, there can be no question that the proposed change con-

cerns private right quite as much as public right. It concerns the private right of Scotland as a distinct division of the empire, and it deeply affects the private and pecuniary interest of the whole Scottish people. The new law is altogether different from one against crime, or any other law of a purely public character. Whether we look at individuals or corporate bodies, it assuredly concerns most nearly private right, and it as certainly is not made "for the evident utility of the subjects within Scotland." Malachi never argued that it "does not concern public right, public policy, nor civil government," as the writer boldly asserts; he knew, that any law which concerns private right, must concern public right in some way or other likewise; he merely argued, that it concerns very nearly private right. If the construction put upon the Article by this writer is to be adopted by the government, the article is perfectly worthless, for public right and public policy could always be pleaded for every change of law whatever. If members of the government define private rights in this manner, it is high time for the British people to inquire whether they possess any private rights of any kind.

It is therefore the author of the pamphlet—maintaining, as in effect he does, that what concerns public right cannot concern private right—who has fallen into an absurdity, and not Malachi.

The author argues, that certain provisions of the Treaty of Union prove, "that the framers of the Union admitted, and established, both in law and policy, the principle of assimilation." Well, who denies this principle? Certainly not Malachi; he merely protests against its improper application. He distinctly admits that changes may be made in the laws of Scotland, and that improvements may be borrowed from England; all he contends for is, that these changes and improvements may be such as the peculiar circumstances of Scotland call for. He merely opposes himself to unnecessary assimilation—to theoretic assimilation—to such assimilation as is likely to do grievous injury to Scotland, without benefiting England.

The writer next says, he has shown, "that when, in process of time, a deviation from a similarity of currency

took place in Scotland, the Imperial Parliament of 1765 stepped in to remove the most prominent difference." In a preceding page he told us, that the Act of 1765 was not prompted by English interest, and that it was introduced by Scottish gentlemen at the instance of Scottish bankers: but now he wishes to make it appear that the "Imperial Parliament stepped in," in utter disregard of Scottish feelings and interests.

We must now look at his answers to the objections raised by Malachi to the assimilation of currency.

He admits the increased and increasing prosperity of Scotland, and that "the paper currency may have afforded the capital by which much of this good may have been operated." He admits likewise, that, "during the suspension of cash-payments in England and Ireland, advances in prosperity, similar in their nature, though different perhaps in their degree, have been made by these countries respectively."

When it is thus confessed, that a paper currency, for nearly one hundred and twenty years in Scotland, and nearly thirty years in England and Ireland, has yielded such invaluable benefits, plain, practical people may think it odd that any attempt should be made to change such a currency. At any rate, they will be sure that the attempt ought only to be made upon the most weighty and unanswerable reasons.

The writer says, "Such a system is specious, and even splendid, but is it solid? In England, we think not—nay, we think that experience has proved that it is not." He represents, that notwithstanding the great benefits which have obviously been derived from a paper currency, "it has been thought right, and with an almost universal approbation, to return—even at considerable expense and inconvenience—to a metallic currency in England." He says, farther, "We (in England) are anxious to exchange for the solidity of a metallic foundation, the airy and precarious pinnacles into which a paper currency had enabled us to raise our commercial fabric."

The unanimity in England is this—although but little public opposition has been offered to it—nine-tenths of the people of England have been constantly, and still are, decidedly oppo-

sed in opinion to the return to a metallic currency.

And now, touching the question of *solidity*. Bank-notes are practically bills payable on demand; and, in general, they have been found to be quite as solid as any bills that have circulated in the kingdom. Occasionally, the issuers of them have been unable to meet their engagements, but after very long and ample trial, nearly the whole have been found as solid as gold. They have had for their foundation, land, funded property, &c.; this foundation, upon the whole, has always been able to sustain a much heavier structure than has been raised upon it, and gold could not have formed a more solid one. To say, that to destroy a part of the bank-notes and to replace them with sovereigns, will give a metallic foundation to the paper currency, is, in our judgment, to utter great nonsense. This currency will be changed in form and reduced in amount, but its foundation, so far as regards the security of the holder, will be unaltered in its character.

No satisfactory evidence is tendered, to show that the suppression of the small notes will render the banks more stable, and experience tells strongly against it. In 1793, above one-third of the English country banks failed, and yet they then issued no small notes. The Scottish banks have issued small notes for more than a century, and yet scarcely any of them have ever failed. The London banks issue no notes, small or great, and yet in the late panic, quite as many of them in proportion failed, as of the country banks which issued small notes. The small notes of a bank constitute too trifling a portion of its engagements to effect in any important degree its stability; and it is abundantly proved by what has just happened to the London banks, that their suppression will supply scarcely any protection against runs. Our conviction is, that the banks as a whole will be much the same, in respect of stability and liability to runs, after the suppression of the small notes, as they are at present.

One thing the nation will gain from the suppression, which is, if a bank fail, no loss will be occasioned by its small notes. The worth of this will be exceedingly insignificant. We are pretty sure that Great Britain has never sustained, on the average, a dead loss

of much more than ten thousand per annum, from the small notes of bankrupt bankers.

A woeful set-off to this is formed by the uncertainty of our being able to keep a sufficiency of gold in the country, and by the constantly recurring efforts which the bankers will have to make to keep the exchanges in order. Parliament, before it consented to the change, ought to have had the most conclusive evidence before it, that it would be an easy matter to keep the country plentifully supplied with gold. Instead, it had no such evidence whatever. Mr Baring asked Mr Huskisson how the supply was to be obtained; the reply of the latter was, that the general balance of trade was in our favour, and that this would supply us. That not the least dependence can be placed upon this, is amply proved by our history of the last thirty years, and particularly by our history of the two last years. The exchanges are with us at present, but if trade recover, and we begin to buy largely of the continental nations, they will immediately turn against us. What will follow? The bankers, as our rulers say, must immediately contract their issues. And how is this to affect the exchanges? It is by refusing discounts and advances to the traders who have been taught to rely upon them, and by deranging the whole system of trade, to bring down prices. This, by plunging the country into suffering, is to disable it, for a time, for buying of its foreign neighbours; and this is to set right, for a moment, the exchanges. In the first hour of alarm, hoarding will take place on all sides, and business will be almost suspended, from the want of a circulating medium; then the banks, by suddenly refusing their wonted accommodation, will fill the country with ruin and distress. The working classes, and the nation as a whole, will lose more from this, in a single year, than they would lose in a century, from the notes of ruined bankrupts. With a metallic currency, it must be almost annually recurring. It is said that the change will keep prices from fluctuating: it will cause them to fluctuate much more frequently.

In point of real *solidity*, the nation, we imagine, will lose very greatly from its metallic currency. It will exchange a small part of its bank-notes for gold,

but still the chief part of its circulating medium, perhaps more than nine-tenths, will consist of bank-notes and bills of exchange—of paper. The change will add little or nothing to the stability of the banks, and it will diminish very greatly the stability of the issuers of bills of exchange.

It is said, the suppression of small notes will protect the working-man. It is not, we think, very wise policy to protect the working-man, by endangering the money of his employer. The best way of protecting the working-man is, to protect the ability of his master for employing him; the loss to him of a couple of pounds from the failure of a bank is nothing to the loss of many weeks' employment from the failure of his master. These things are spoken of in a very odd manner. If a manufacturer, who employs perhaps six hundred workmen, and whose debts perhaps reach two hundred thousand pounds, fail, no blame is cast upon him whatever; although these six hundred workmen are thrown out of employment for perhaps many weeks, and lose in reality by his failure ten or fifteen pounds each. But if a banker fail, he is execrated for injuring the working orders, although perhaps very few members of these orders hold so many as two of his small notes, or lose more by him than a few shillings. The bankers are the best friends that the working classes have, for they have done more than any other men in the community to multiply employment for labour and raise wages. There is, however, no contending against fashion; and it is the fashion to call the failure of a banker a crime, and that of a merchant or manufacturer a misfortune—it is the fashion to think that we ought to have all the benefits that flow from the existence of banks, without any of the hazards—it is the fashion to think that banks exist for public profit alone, and that no regard ought to be paid to the rights and interests of those who establish them—it is the fashion to think that the banker is indebted to the community for tolerating him in his calling, and that the community is indebted to him for nothing. It will be well for the country when the fashion shall be changed.

The writer of the pamphlet asks if the Scottish banks are really so solid as they are represented to be. The

long period of their existence, and the fact that they were not suspected in the late panic, form a sufficient answer to the question. He, however, boldly doubts their solidity; and his reasons for it form one of the most curious chapters that can be found in the history of argumentation.

He admits, "that the banks and the individuals which (who) compose them, are abundantly opulent, and possessed in the aggregate of property sufficient to answer all the engagements they may make." He admits further, that "such a foundation is quite solid and sufficient for the general business of trade, and for all the higher transactions of commercial intercourse:" but he asks, "what defence do they afford against an unreasonable panic, which, in matters of paper currency, is the evil most likely to occur, and most necessary to be guarded against?"

In reply to this we will ask—if abundant opulence and property sufficient to answer all engagements will not form a sufficient protection from panics, what will form such a protection? He cites the example of the London banks to prove that they will not; and we will cite it to prove, that banks which do not issue a single note are as liable to be ruined by a panic as banks that issue both large notes and small ones, and that the suppression of the small notes will afford scarcely any protection whatever.

He is compelled to admit that failure has been almost unknown amidst the Scottish banks, and he professes that he can "explain the causes, and consequently the precariousness of their exemption from accidents of that nature."

He states, "The first cause of their uninterrupted credit is, no doubt, their positive wealth, and the great stake which the partners visibly have in the country." It is wonderful that this should form one of the causes of the "precariousness of their exemption" from failing.

He takes the second cause to be, "That the Scotch banks hold together—that, conscious that not one of them could stand what is called in England a run, they help one another for the sake of what is a common cause." He represents, that, "if they met runs by paying in specie, they might well boast of their stability, but that such

a thing was never heard of, and that in a run the threatened bank pays with notes supplied it by the other banks." He then states, that this "is not a system of *credit*, but of *necessity*, on the part of the public, and of *mutual assurance* on the part of the bankers." He then triumphantly asks, "Can that be a healthy system of paper circulation which is not even *checked* by the *actual failure* of the issuers? Can that be a healthy system, when other bankers find it necessary *for their own sakes*, (I suppose such acts are never voluntary or gratuitous,) to assume, in a moment of great alarm and peril to themselves, the engagements of a neighbouring *bankrupt*?"

For the character of the ministry, we hope that this astounding nonsense has not even been written by one of the humblest of its clerks.

Banks that are "abundantly opulent" are conscious that they cannot stand a run, and therefore, "in a moment of great alarm and peril to themselves," they put out a large additional amount of notes, and take upon themselves "the engagements of a neighbouring bankrupt," to protect themselves from a run, and enable themselves to bear one! If one bank be likely to fail, the others can only protect themselves from a run and a failure by paying its debts! Then the public is compelled by necessity to take only notes in payment! Such stuff is below refutation.

The writer states, that as long as confidence exists, all may be well; but then he asks, "Who can pretend to say *when or whence* a general panic may be excited? such a panic as would cause a serious run on several of the banks at once?" He takes for granted that such a run would plunge the banks into ruin.

To have rendered this deserving of notice, he ought to have shown that such a run was likely enough to happen; and that if it should, these banks of abundant opulence could not procure gold to meet it. His assumption is flatly opposed to probability, and he makes not the least effort to establish its truth. The past history and present character of the Scottish banks cover it with derision.

He believes it to be "the duty of a wise government to take precautionary measures against such an appalling catastrophe," and he supposes that this

has led ministers to suppress the small notes; the "depositories of panic," as he calls them.

In the first place, there is not the least probability that such a run will take place upon the Scottish banks; and if it should, there is not the least probability that they would be unable to meet it with gold. To guard, therefore, against this most improbable "catastrophe," a catastrophe of which there is not the smallest present danger, and which is barely within the verge of possibility, government is resorting to a measure which is deranging the whole trading system of Scotland, which is subjecting the whole Scottish population to great losses and distresses, and which will permanently injure in a most grievous manner a large part of this population. Government is resorting to a measure which is producing about as much evil *at present* as the catastrophe itself would produce, and which will produce infinitely more *permanent* evil than would flow from the catastrophe. Here is foresight with a vengeance! Heaven deliver us from the legislation of those people who look at "to-morrow" and "a year or two in advance!"

In the second place, while the precautionary measure is thus, upon the whole, *at present*, about as destructive a thing as the catastrophe itself would be, if this should ever take place; it unfortunately happens that it will afford scarcely any protection against the catastrophe. The latter is about as likely to take place with, as without it. We deny that the small notes are solely, or principally, "the depositories of panic;" and as to the "giddy multitude," it has but few notes in its possession to get up a run with. The late panic commenced in London; the run began against banks that did not issue a note of any kind, and the giddy multitude had nothing to do with it. A run upon a country bank is not begun by the holders of the small notes, but by the holders of the large ones, and those who have sums at interest, or balances of account, in the bank. The first fatal report is almost invariably sent abroad, not by the uninformed lower orders, but by the rich and the knowing, and these head the run. We imagine that the small notes of a bank seldom exceed one-twentieth of its whole engagements, and a run to their amount would be nothing. It seems,

however, to be imagined that the small notes of a bank comprehend almost all the demands that can be made upon it. The fact is, if these notes be suppressed, the banks will still be liable for about nineteen-twentieths, or at least the chief part of their present engagements, to a run against which the precautionary measure will not afford the least protection. Again, this measure will tend in no degree to amend the proportion between the means and the engagements of the banker. If the latter lend his notes, he has a claim upon the borrower for their amount in solid money ; if he pay them in discharge of claims upon himself, he retains their amount in other property ; he may owe less in respect of notes, and more in respect of sums at interest and balances on account ; his capital may be diminished by more than the amount of his small notes. A bank may have in these notes twenty thousand pounds in circulation, and yet it may be more solid and secure than one that has not a single note out of any kind. Once more we say, that we hold it to have been decisively proved by experience, that a bank which issues no notes is as liable to a run, and to be ruined by a run, as one that issues both small notes and large ones ; of course, we believe, that in regard to protection, the precautionary measure will be nearly worthless.

In speaking of the *cash credits* of the Scottish banks, the writer says, "The Scotch bankers receive five per cent for a handful of paper, which it does not cost them a farthing to create, and for the future payments of which in specie, they need be at no expense in making provision." He says farther of these cash credits : "I appeal to every man who has any clear or just ideas of commercial credit, whether a SYSTEM OF ACCOMMODATION BILLS, (for that is the right name,) which is considered unsound and discreditable in every other country in the world, can be safe and honourable in Scotland." He then asserts, "that the most effective checks which operate to prevent the *over issue* of an English local bank are all wanting in the case of a Scotch one." "The notes are issued without value in the first instance ; they may be forced into circulation to any amount the banker pleases, for he never, I suppose, can want borrowers ; they are kept in circulation as long as possible for the sake

of the interest ; and when, finally, the fragility of the material forbids its further circulation, and it comes back to the bank, it turns out to be your *true Phœnix*, which arises again from its own ashes, and takes a new flight, as bold and as extensive as its *lately deceased self*."

He evidently imagines this to be a mortal thrust ; it is clear enough that he thinks it will stretch the hapless Scottish banks in the dust. The notes of these banks accommodation bills ! What more can be necessary for suppressing them for ever ? The ignorance and the folly which he here displays would disgrace a schoolboy.

What he says touching the receiving of interest for a handful of paper that costs nothing, is as applicable to the notes of the Bank of England, and the other English banks, as to those of the Scottish banks. The Scottish bankers are as liable to be called upon for specie as the English ones, though it is less likely to happen to them than to the latter. The idea that their notes are by the cash credits made to be practically accommodation bills, is preposterous in the extreme. The banker lends his notes to a farmer, or tradesman, or pays them to the cheque of the latter, and what then becomes of them ? The borrower pays them away almost immediately, and perhaps in a few days they are returned to the banker, from another bank, to be exchanged for what is equal to gold. The loan is made in notes, but perhaps long before it is repaid, it is made one of solid property. The writer, however, seems to imagine that the borrower keeps the notes in his hand, or at least in circulation within his reach, until he repays his debt with them.

The Bank of England lends its notes, which cost nothing, at interest by discounting bills—that is, it lends them for two months to any individual, upon the joint personal security of the drawer, acceptor, and indorsers of a bill, and as rapidly as the notes thus lent are returned to it, it keeps lending new ones. The Banks of Scotland lend notes, at interest, on the promissory note or bond of an individual and his friends ; the loan is for an indefinite period, but it is on a running account, and the money is in reality repaid and relent once per month, or perhaps once per week. Gentle reader, where is the practical difference ?

We say nothing touching the writer's assertion, that it would be impossible to prevent the circulation of Scottish notes in the North of England. No one can need convincing, that the law could very effectually prevent such circulation.

We will now say a word on the pamphlet generally.

It is, throughout, a servile imitation of the Letters of Malachi. In anecdote, wit, and humour, dramatic allusion, and classical quotation, the writer continually labours to place himself in comparison with his antagonist. At the end of almost every paragraph he seems to say—am I not a greater man than the Author of *Waverley*? The conceit of this is intolerable, and the failure is decisive. Some of the wit might even sadden the inflexible countenance of an economist. The spirit that pervades it is, however, its worst characteristic. Its tone of pert, puppyish, insolent superiority towards the illustrious individual to whom it is addressed—its paltry misrepresentations touching the question at issue—its wanton disregard of private and national rights—its sneers against national prejudices—and the insults which it casts upon Scotsmen as a people, are deserving of the most severe reprehension. The changes and innovations of the day must be defended by writings different from this pamphlet, and the one formed by Mr Huskisson's speech, or they will soon be put an end to by the country. In truth, it matters not how these changes and innovations may be defended—it matters not by whom their

defence may be undertaken—it matters not what Tories and Tory publications may toil at the filthy work of retailing the hackneyed opinions of Bentham, Ricardo, and their disciples—it matters not, if those whose duty it is to guide public feeling, reverse their path and principles—all this we say matters not, for the flame is now kindled in the nation, which will soon consume the new creeds and systems.

While we are on this point, we will observe, that circumstances have disabled us, much against our wishes, for writing a paper for this Number against the bill for repealing the usury laws. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing a hope, that, if this pernicious bill pass, as in all probability it will, the Lower House, it will be differently dealt with in the Upper one. We cannot think that it will be sanctioned by the Lord Chancellor. He is an Englishman—has been dragged through the various classes of English society—his knowledge of England has not been confined to London, and his comprehensive mind must perceive how injuriously this bill would operate, not only against the landholders, but against the great body of the small, and middling merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, and farmers, throughout the country. Why does this illustrious individual remain silent amidst the changes and innovations that are in progress? We hope that his powerful voice will be raised against these measures, which threaten the ruin of our beloved country.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr Ellis announces a Second Series of Historical Letters, selected from Manuscripts in the British Museum.

A Catalogue of Engraved British Portraits, from the earliest period, down to the present, will soon appear.

The Rev. J. Boquet is preparing for the press, a Critical Examination of the Seventeenth Article of the Church of England.

Dr Gordon Smith is preparing a Natural and Topographical History of Dorking, and its interesting vicinity.

It is stated that Mr Reynolds, the Dramatist, is employed in writing a sketch of his "Life and Times," to appear during the ensuing season.

The Tourist's Grammar; or, Rules relating to the Scenery and Antiquities incident to Travellers: including an Epitome of Gilpin's Principles of the Picturesque, by the Rev. J. D. Fosbroke, is announced as being nearly ready.

The Fugitive Pieces of the late Thomas Hindewell, Esq., Author of the History and Antiquities of Scarborough, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by John Cole, will soon appear.

There is preparing for publication, in a quarto volume, "British Ichthyology," with fine engravings of the principal Fish of Great Britain, &c. from drawings taken from nature, by Sir J. F. Leicester, and some of the first artists; with a preface, and occasional remarks, by William Jerdan.

The Lord Bishop of Bristol is preparing for the press The Ecclesiastical History of the second and third Centuries, illustrated from the writing of Tertullian.

Prayers of Men eminent for their Attainments in Theology, Philosophy, and Polite Literature; selected, arranged, and adapted to the purpose of family worship, and private devotion. By the Rev. Henry Clissold, A.M. The work will be dedicated, by permission, to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A Picturesque Tour in Spain, Portugal, and along the Coast of Africa, from Tangiers to Tetuan, by J. Taylor, Knight, and one of the authors of the "Voyage Pittoresque dans l'Ancienne France," is in the press. It is to be comprised in twenty-two parts, each containing five engravings, with letter-press descriptions.

A collection of French Poetry is announced for early publication, to be en-

titled "The Poets of the Nineteenth Century."

"Greece Vindicated," being the results of Observations made during a visit to the Mores and Hydra, in 1825. To which is added, an Examination of the Journals of Messrs Pecchio, Cinerson, and Humphreys, by Count Alerino Palmer.

Dr Lyal is engaged in writing Memoirs of the Life, and a History of the Reign, of the late Emperor Alexander I. of Russia.

The Amateur's Guide; or, the Storia Pittorica della Italia of the Abbe Lanzi. Translated from the French Abridgment of M. Francillon, by E. Arrowsmith.

Mr Singer is about to republish the History of King Richard the Third, from the original manuscript of Sir George Buck.

Dr John Mason Goode has a new Work in the press, to be entitled, "The Book of Nature;" being a succession of Lectures formerly delivered at the Surrey Institution. It will extend to three vols.

Continental Adventures, in three vols. are nearly ready. They are from the pen of a Lady, whose preceding publications have justly been very popular; and whose travels abroad have enabled her to form accurate opinions on the subjects which she paints so vividly.

Sir John Byerly announces an extensive work on the Life and Times of Napoleon Buonaparte.

Morus; or a Layman's View of the chief Objections which have been brought against Religion, as it existed in Europe during the Heroic Age of Christianity, is about to appear, in one volume.

Preparing for the press, to be published in one volume octavo, embellished with Portraits, &c. price to Subscribers, 16s. boards, (a Few Copies will be printed on Superfine Paper, with Proof Impressions of the engravings, price L. 1, 10s. boards,) Worthies of Christ's Hospital; or, Memoirs of Eminent Blues. To which will be added, an Historical Account of the Royal and Ancient Foundation of Christ's Hospital. Dedicated to Sir W. Curtis, Bart. *Ad. M.P.* By the Rev. Arthur Spencer, A. B.

Mr Henderson, Author of a Residence in Iceland, has in the press "Biblical Researches, and Travels in Russia," including a Tour through the Crimea, and the passage of the Caucasus.

A new edition of Mr Watts's Poetical Sketches, is on the eve of publication.

A Novel to be entitled "The Dwarf of Westerbourg, being a Translation from the German," is nearly ready.

Mr Perceval has in the press "The Labours of Idleness, or Seven Nights' Entertainments."

Mr Humphrys of Hencolns is about to publish Observations on the actual state of the English Laws of real Property, with the outlines of a Code.

The Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel has a volume of Sermons in the press.

A new edition of the Works of Dr Lardner, in ten vols. is now at press.

The Book of Genesis considered and illustrated, in a Series of Historical Discourses, preached in the Holy Trinity Church, Cheltenham. By the Rev. Francis Close.

A new volume of Sermons, by the late Rev. James Fordyce, is announced for publication from the Original MSS.

A Work is about to appear, entitled The Union of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, as exemplified in the residence of John Soane, Esq. in one vol. quarto.

Mr Milner has in the press, Biographical Sketches of recently living British Characters.

A Mr Bardfield is about to publish a Poem, in Five Cantos, the subject of which is Waterloo.

A volume of Lectures on the Science of Astronomy, designed principally for Schools, will soon appear.

Mrs Radcliffe's new Romance is to be entitled, Gaston de Blondville; or, the Court of Henry the Third keeping Festival in Ardennes. The Memoirs of Mrs Radcliffe will also be included in the work.

Wisdom and Happiness; containing Selections from the Bible, from Bishops Patrick, Taylor, &c. By the Rev. H. Watkins, A.M. Prebendary of York, &c.

There is announced, a Short Sketch of the Province of Upper Canada, for the Information of the Labouring Poor throughout England. To which is prefixed, Thoughts on Colonization, addressed to the Labouring Poor, the Clergy, the select Vestries, and Overseers of the Poor, and other Persons interested in

the Administration of Parish Relief in the different Parishes in England. By Henry John Boulton, Esq. his Majesty's Solicitor-General of the province of Upper Canada.

The first part of the work, some time since announced as preparing for publication, by Mr Dawson Turner, on British Autographs, will soon appear. This portion will consist of specimens of the hand-writing of the Kings and Queens of England, and of the different branches of the Royal Family, from the Reign of Richard II. until the present time. Collections of a similar nature have usually been confined to mere signatures; but Mr Turner has been enabled to bring together a great number of autograph documents, hitherto unpublished, which will afford much valuable information, both to the historian and the antiquary,

A History of the Revolution in Ireland in 1688-9; partly from materials hitherto unpublished, and with an Introductory Chapter, is announced. By John O'Driscoll, Esq.

The new edition of Mr Landor's Imaginary Conversation of Literary Men and Statesmen, with considerable Additions, is nearly ready for publication. In 2 vols. 8vo.

Proposals are issued for publishing by subscription, Lancastrenses Illustres; or Historical and Biographical Memoirs of Illustrious Natives of the Palatine County of Lancaster, with Genealogical and Heraldic Observations. By William Robert Wharton, F.A.S. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, and of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. Illustrated by Numerous Portraits and Armorial Engravings. The materials for the prosecution of this undertaking have been drawn from original records, public and private manuscripts, general and county histories, the different standard works on biography, heraldic visitations, registers, monumental inscriptions, and literal, oral, and traditional information.

The Second Volume of Mr Southey's History of the War in Spain will certainly be ready for publication in May.

Mr Hallam's Constitutional History of England will not be ready for publication before the close of the year.

EDINBURGH.

Mr Noble, Teacher of Languages, Oriental Master in the Scottish Military and Naval Academy, and Author of an Arabic Vocabulary, and Index for Richardson's Arabic Grammar, is preparing for the press, "a Grammar of the Persian Language, with copious Extracts from the works of the best Persian Authors, and a Vocabulary and Index." One vol.

A Manual of Chemistry, with its application to the Arts; intended as a Text-Book for Students attending Mechanics' Institutions. By Andrew Fyfe, M.D., F.R.S.E. Lecturer on Chemistry to the Edinburgh School of Arts.

Transactions of the Edinburgh Medico-Chirurgical Society. Volume II.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—April 12.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st, ... 35s. 6d.	1st, ... 29s. 0d.	1st, ... 23s. 0d.	1st, ... 21s. 0d.
2d, ... 35s. 0d.	2d, ... 25s. 0d.	2d, ... 22s. 0d.	2d, ... 20s. 0d.
3d, ... 34s. 6d.	3d, ... 23s. 0d.	3d, ... 20s. 0d.	3d, ... 18s. 0d.

Average of Wheat £1, 13s. 6d. 9-12ths.

Tuesday, April 11.

Beef (16 oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.
Mutton	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Potatoes (23 lb.)	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 1s. 0d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 0d. to 1s. 3d.
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	Salt ditto, per st.	10s. 0d. to 12s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	5s. 0d. to 7s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb.	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	7s. 0d. to 7s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 7d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—April 7.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 33s. 0d.	1st, ... 29s. 0d.	1st, ... 21s. 6d.	1st, ... 18s. 0d.	1st, ... 18s. 6d.
2d, ... 31s. 0d.	2d, ... 26s. 0d.	2d, ... 18s. 0d.	2d, ... 17s. 0d.	2d, ... 17s. 0d.
3d, ... 27s. 0d.	3d, ... 23s. 0d.	3d, ... 15s. 0d.	3d, ... 15s. 0d.	3d, ... 15s. 0d.

Average of Wheat £1, 11s. 4d. 4-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended April 1.

Wheat, 56s. 5d.—Barley, 30s. 11d.—Oats, 22s. 4d.—Rye, 37s. 10d.—Beans, 31s. 9d.—Pease, 35s. 6d.

Average by Imperial quarter—Wheat, 58s. 2d.—Barley, 31s. 10d.—Oats, 23s.—Rye, 39s.—Beans, 35s.—Pease, 36s. 7d.

London, Corn Exchange, April 3.

s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, red, old	— to —	White pease	38 to 40
Red, new	44 to 50	Ditto, boilers	42 to 46
Fine ditto	52 to 56	Small Beans, new	40 to 44
Superfine ditto	60 to 64	Ditto, old	— to —
White	48 to 52	Tick ditto, new	31 to 36
Fine ditto	54 to 60	Ditto, old	— to —
Superfine ditto	66 to 71	Feed oats	21 to 23
Rye	34 to 40	Fine ditto	24 to 26
Barley	24 to 28	Poland ditto	21 to 24
Fine ditto	31 to 35	Fine ditto	25 to 28
Superfine ditto	36 to 38	Potato ditto	22 to 25
Malt	48 to 54	Fine ditto	26 to 30
Fine	55 to 63	Scotch	31 to 33
Hog Pease	35 to 37	Flour, per sack	53 to 55
Maple	38 to 40	Ditto, seconds	48 to 50
Maple, fine	— to —	Bran	— to —

Seeds, &c.

s.	d.	s.	d.
Tares, per bsh.	5 to 6	Rye Grass,	24 to 35 0
Must. White,	16 to 20	Ribgrass,	38 to 45 0
— Brown, new	12 to 18	Clover, red cwt.	50 to 80 0
Turnips, bsh.	10 to 16	— White	56 to 78 0
— Red & green	0 to —	Foreign red	48 to 68 0
— White,	0 to —	— White	— to —
Caraway, cwt.	32 to 34	Coriander	21 to 26 0
Canary, per qr.	80 to 92	Trefoil	24 to 34 0
Cinque Poin	36 to 42 0		

Rape Seed, per last, £25, to £26, 10s.

Liverpool, April 4.

s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.	8 9 to 10 6	Amer. p. 196 lb.	
Eng.	8 9 to 10 6	Sweet, U.S.	25 0 to 25 0
Old	— to —	Do. in bond	— to —
Scotch	8 9 to 10 0	Sour bond	— 0 to — 0
Irish	8 6 to 9 8	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	
Bonded	4 0 to 4 6	English	27 0 to 34 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.		Scotch	26 0 to 27 0
Eng.	4 0 to 5 3	Irish	26 0 to 35 0
Scotch	4 0 to 4 6	Bran, p. 21 lb.	— to —
Irish	4 0 to 4 6		
Foreign	4 0 to 4 6		
Oats, per 15 lb.			
Eng.	5 4 to 5 6		
Irish	5 2 to 5 6		
Scotch	5 4 to 5 6		
For. in bond	— to —		
Do. dut. fr.	— to —		
Rye, per qr.	37 0 to 40 0		
Malt per b.	7 0 to 7 9		
— Middling	6 5 to 7 0		
Beans, per q.			
English	43 0 to 46 0		
Irish	42 0 to 45 0		
Rapeseed	— 0 to —		
Pease, grey	— 0 to —		
— White	— 0 to —		
Flour, English			
p. 240 lb. fine	45 0 to 55 0		
Irish, 2ds	46 0 to 52 0		

Butter, Beef, &c.

s.	d.	s.	d.
Butter, p. cwt.			
Belfast	83 0 to 86 0		
Newry	64 0 to 70 0		
Waterford	61 0 to 68 0		
Cork, pic, 2d	79 0 to 80 0		
3d dry	64 0 to 65 0		
Beef, p. tierce			
— Mess	100 0 to 110 6		
— p. barrel	— 0 to — 0		
Pork, p. bl.			
— Mess	55 0 to 64 0		
— half do.	30 0 to 35 0		
Bacon, p. cwt.			
— Short mids.	42 0 to 43 0		
Sides	38 0 to 39 0		
Hams, dry	34 0 to 45 0		
Green	51 0 to 45 0		
Lard, rd. p. c.	40 0 to 42 0		

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d March 1825.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	201 2	—	—	—
3 per cent. reduced,	77 1/2 0 8	—	—	—
3 per cent. consols,	76 1/2 77 3/8	77 1/2 8 1/2	77 3/8	77 7/8 8 1/4
3 1/2 per cent. consols,	85 1/2	86 1/2	—	—
3 1/2 per cent. reduced,	84 3/8 5 1/4	—	—	—
New 4 per cent. cons.	94 3/8 5 1/4	95 1/2 3 3/4	94 3/4 5 1/2	96 5 1/2
India stock,	226 27	—	—	—
— bonds,	3 5 dis.	2 dis.	23 pm.	35 pm.
Exchequer bills,	1 pm. par.	12 pm.	56 pm.	45 pm.
Exchequer bills, sm.	2 pm. par.	12 pm.	56 pm.	45 pm.
Consols for acc.	76 1/2 77 3/4	77 1/2 78 1/2	77 1/2 8	77 7/8 8 1/4
Long Annuities,	192 1/2	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	98f. 60c.	98f.	96f.	97 98f. 25c.

Course of Exchange, April 4.—Amsterdam, 12: 10. C. F. Ditto at sight, 12: 7. Rotterdam, 12: 11. Antwerp, 12: 11. Hamburg, 38: 0. Altona, 38: 1. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25: 80. Ditto, 26: 10. Bourdeaux, 26: 10. Frankfort on the Maine, 156½. Petersburgh, per rble. 8½ 3 U. Berlin, 7: 0. Vienna, *Eff. Fl.* 10: 23. Trieste, 10: 28. Madrid, 35½. Cadiz, 35½. Bilboa, 35½. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35. Gibraltar, 31, Leghorn, 47. Genoa, 43. Venice, 26: 0. Malta, —. Naples, 38½. Palermo, per oz. 115. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 51½. Buenos Ayres, 43. Rio Janeiro, 44½. Bahia, 47. Dublin, — per cent. Cork, — per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3: 17: 6d. per oz. New Dollar, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

PRICES CURRENT, April 8.

	LEITH.			GLASGOW.			LIVERPOOL.			LONDON.			
SUGAR, Musc.	57	to	62	54	57	6	56	60	55				
B. P. Dry Brown, . . cwt.	62		72	65		69	64	69	56			64	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	74		78	—		—	70	73	65			71	
Fine and very fine, . .	106		114	104		106	—	—	82			90	
Refined Doub. Leaves, .	—		—	—		—	—	—	92			—	
Powder ditto,	90		102	94		97	—	—	84			—	
Single ditto,	86		96	85		89	—	—	78			—	
Small Lumps,	85		87	82		84	—	—	90			104	
Large ditto,	64		76	63		78	—	—	—			—	
Crushed Lumps,	26		27	25	6	26	25	27	27s. Od.			—	
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	54		—	54		56	30	50	44			54	
COFFEE, Jamaica, . . cwt.	56		65	54		57	58	65	53			67	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	62		70	75		95	58	88	86			100	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	54		—	62		66	—	—	—			—	
Dutch Triage and very ord.	56		60	70		78	—	—	—			—	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	85		90	80		85	—	—	—			—	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—		—	—		—	—	—	—			—	
St Domingo,	—		—	—		—	52	54	—			—	
Pimento (in Bond), . .	0	8d	—	— 9½d		10d	0 9d	9½d	—			—	
SPIRITS,													
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s	3d	—	2s	6d	2s	4d	2s	8d	3s	3d	3s	4d
Brandy,	3	6	3 9	—		—	—	—	—	2	2	3	4
Geneva,	2	3	—	—		—	—	—	—	1	9	1	11
Grain Whisky,	4	3	5 0	—		—	—	—	—	—		—	—
WINES,													
Claret, 1st Growths, bhd.	—		—	—		—	—	—	—	£12		£50	
Portugal Red,	35		46	—		—	—	—	—	26		32	
Spanish White,	36		48	—		—	—	—	—	—		—	
Teneriffe,	22		24	—		—	—	—	—	22		32	
Madeira,	25		60	—		—	—	—	—	25		50	
LOGWOOD, Jam.	£7		—	5 10		15	£6 0	6 6	£6 0	5		7 0	
Honduras,	7		—	6		6	7 5	6 10	6 0	—		—	
Campeachy,	8		—	6 10		7	7 0	7 7	7 0	—		—	
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . .	8		0	7 10		8	6 0	7 10	7 0	—		8 0	
Cuba,	9		10	8 10		9	8 10	9 10	10 0	—		11 0	
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	12s		13s 0	11		—	—	—	—	10 0		—	
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1	10	2 0	—		—	—	—	—	—		—	
Ditto Oak,	3	6	4 0	—		—	—	—	—	—		—	
Christiansand (dut. paid),	2	0	2 7	—		—	—	—	—	—		—	
Honduras Mahogany, . .	1	9	2 4	1 9		1 10	1 2	1 8	1 1	—		1 4	
St Domingo, ditto, . .	2	0	5 0	2 4		2 9	2 0	2 9	1 10	—		2 5	
TAR, American,	21		22	18		19	13 6	16 0	—	—		—	
Archangel,	18		19	20		—	—	—	17 6	—		—	
PITCH, Foreign,	9	0	10 0	—		—	—	—	6	—		8 0	
TALLOW, Rus. Yol. Cand.	35		36	35		36	35	36	32	—		6	
Home melted,	45		—	—		—	—	—	29	—		—	
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton.	48		—	—		—	46	47	£45 0	46 0		—	
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	42		43	—		—	45	46	39 0	41 0		—	
FLAX,													
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	37		38	—		—	—	—	£44	—		£—	
Dutch,	—		—	—		—	—	—	42	—		56	
Irish,	—		—	—		—	—	—	—	—		—	
MATS, Archangel, . . .	—		—	—		—	—	—	—	—		—	
BRISTLES,													
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—		—	—		—	—	—	15	—		16	
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	38		—	—		—	—	—	28	—		29	
Montreal, ditto, . . .	35		—	27		28	26 6	27	32	—		—	
Pot,	32		—	25		27	25 6	26 6	31	—		—	
OIL, Whale,	30		—	24		24 10	23	25	32	—		—	
Cod,	—		—	25		—	—	—	32 10	—		—	
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7		8	7½		7½	0 8	—	0 7	—		0 8	
Middling,	6		6½	5		5½	0 3½	0 7	0 5½	—		—	
Inferior,	5		5½	4		4½	0 4½	0 4½	0 3½	—		—	
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—		—	—		—	—	—	0 6½	—		0 8½	
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—		—	—		—	—	—	—	—		—	
Stained,	—		—	—		—	—	—	—	—		—	
Middling,	—		—	—		—	—	—	—	—		—	
Demerara and Berbice, .	—		—	—		—	—	—	0 9	—		0 10	
West India,	—		—	—		—	—	—	0 8	—		0 9	
Pernambuco,	—		—	—		—	—	—	1 0½	—		11½	
Maranham,	—		—	—		—	—	—	0 10½	—		0 11	

METEOROLOGICAL TABLES, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, after-noon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

January.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Jan. 1	M.18 A.30	29.305 .336	M.31 A.35	SE.	Frost, with shwrs. snow.	Jan. 17	M.22 A.58	29.931 .812	M.34 A.36	SW.	Fine thaw, and fair.
2	M.30 A.55	.440 .660	M.35 A.36	SE.	Keen frost.	18	M.35 A.43	.754 .834	M.40 A.41	W.	Ditto.
3	M.32 A.35	.744 .850	M.36 A.36	SE.	Frost morn. rain night.	19	M.33 A.37	.794 .794	M.39 A.39	W.	Frost morn. fair day.
4	M.30 A.34	.876 .976	M.35 A.34	E.	Dull, with shwrs. snow.	20	M.34 A.38	.792 .792	M.38 A.41	W.	Frost morn. day dull.
5	M.29 A.34	.888 .888	M.34 A.34	E.	Frosty, with shwrs. snow.	21	M.31 A.45	.645 .626	M.43 A.40	W.	Frost morn. day sunsh.
6	M.30 A.54	.825 .825	M.34 A.34	E.	Heavy shwr. snow.	22	M.30 A.38	.808 .645	M.39 A.43	SW.	Frost morn. rain night.
7	M.28 A.24	.766 .794	M.34 A.33	E.	Frosty, and fair.	23	M.33 A.37	.825 .999	M.45 A.41	W.	Frost morn. day sunsh.
8	M.24 A.30	.875 .820	M.32 A.38	E.	Keen frost, shwr. snow.	24	M.32 A.37	.954 .954	M.39 A.39	S.	Ditto.
9	M.18 A.23	.807 .740	M.28 A.28	Cble.	Keen frost, with sunsh.	25	M.33 A.40	.826 .826	M.40 A.41	SW.	Ditto.
10	M.17 A.32	.564 .404	M.30 A.30	Cble.	Ditto, snow on ground.	26	M.32 A.38	.917 .920	M.40 A.39	W.	Ditto.
11	M.21 A.28	.435 .435	M.29 A.29	NW.	Ditto.	27	M.25 A.34	.765 .706	M.37 A.38	SW.	Frost morn. day dull.
12	M.21 A.28	.470 .556	M.29 A.28	NW.	Ditto.	28	M.32 A.37	.668 .675	M.33 A.40	SW.	Ditto.
13	M.18 A.23	.630 .764	M.27 A.27	NW.	Ditto.	29	M.30 A.38	.393 .394	M.38 A.41	SW.	Foren. fair, aftern. rain.
14	M.15 A.21	.715 .737	M.25 A.25	Cble.	Ditto.	30	M.32 A.42	.209 .109	M.42 A.41	SW.	Rain morn. daydull, fair.
15	M.16 A.24	.918 .920	M.25 A.25	SE.	Heavy fog, hoar frost.	31	M.33 A.43	28.894 .999	M.42 A.43	SW.	Show. morn. day fair.
16	M.10 A.22	.989 .999	M.22 A.22	Cble.	Ditto.	Average of rain, .664.					

February.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Feb. 1	M.40 A.35	29.349 .398	M.40 A.40	SW.	Fresh, fair, sunshine.	Feb. 15	M.43 A.33	29.358 .256	M.43 A.47	SW.	Dull, cold, shrs. rain.
2	M.42 A.30	.106 .116	M.42 A.45	SW.	Dull, with shrs. rain.	16	M.43 A.38	.274 .155	M.44 A.44	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
3	M.47 A.42	28.894 29.150	M.48 A.45	SW.	Rain morn. day dull.	17	M.41 A.36	28.718 .960	M.43 A.42	SW.	Ditto.
4	M.40 A.33	.241 .290	M.42 A.42	SW.	Ditto, and cold.	18	M.36 A.28	.999 .132	M.40 A.40	Cble.	Snow morn. and foren.
5	M.49 A.35	.140 .140	M.42 A.40	W.	Dull, heavy rain aftern.	19	M.36 A.29	28.492 .991	M.38 A.39	NW.	Snow morn. sleet aftern.
6	M.42 A.36	28.638 .415	M.46 A.46	S.	Dull, rain afternoon.	20	M.36 A.29	29.141 .392	M.37 A.39	NW.	Rain morn. fair day.
7	M.45 A.35	29.336 .850	M.43 A.43	NW.	Fair, with sunshine.	21	M.35 A.31	.705 .741	M.39 A.42	NW.	Ditto.
8	M.46 A.35	.664 .664	M.45 A.46	SW.	Dull, rain evening.	22	M.34 A.35	.126 28.978	M.44 A.46	SW.	Afternoon heavy rain.
9	M.46 A.40	.708 .708	M.46 A.45	SW.	Fair, mild, but dull.	23	M.47 A.35	29.275 .404	M.47 A.40	W.	Stormy, hail and sleet.
10	M.42 A.38	.783 .759	M.45 A.42	SW.	Day mode- rate, rain.	24	M.44 A.50	.550 .466	M.41 A.43	W.	Foren. fair, h.rain aftern.
11	M.34 A.30	.670 .616	M.38 A.39	SW.	Dull, slight shrs. snow.	25	M.40 A.35	.568 .486	M.46 A.42	SW.	Stormy, hail and sleet.
12	M.42 A.32	.375 .570	M.40 A.43	SW.	Morn. rain, day fair.	26	M.44 A.32	.790 .665	M.40 A.41	SW.	Frost morn. rain night.
13	M.42 A.35	.441 28.999	M.43 A.46	SW.	Day cold, rain night.	27	M.36 A.32	.425 .526	M.42 A.41	SW.	Day fair, night rain.
14	M.41 A.34	29.140 .391	M.43 A.43	SW.	Fair, mild, sunshine.	28	M.46 A.31	.581 .501	M.46 A.46	SW.	Fair, with some sunsh.
Average of rain, . . . 1.758.											

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

January.

Brevet. Maj. Barton, 2 Life Gds. Lt. Col. in the Army	26 Dec. 1825	27	2d Lt. Goodman, from 60 F. Ens. vice Freame, 77 F.	14 do.
Capt. Michell, h. p. Port. Serv. (Professor of Fortification at the R. Mil. Acad. Woolwich,) Maj.	5 Jan. 1826.	32	W. Butler, Ens. by purch. vice Durnford, prom.	15 do.
Lt. Drummond, Garr. Adj. Chatham, rank of Capt. while so employed	22 Dec. 1825	34	Capt. White, from 20 F. Capt. vice Lawrence, h. p. Unatt. rec. diff.	do.
1 Dr. G. A. Handley, Cor. by purch. vice Elwes, prom.	do.	35	Hosp. As. Bell, As. Surgeon. vice Orton, prom.	22 do.
4 Paym. Drawwater, from 64 F. Paym. vice Bloomfield, h. p. 25 Dr.	29 do.	36	Surg. Prosser, from 2 W. I. R. Surg. vice Monro, prom. Staff	5 Jan. 1826
5 Cor. Brymer, Lt. by purch. vice West- enra, prom.	31 do.	39	Ens. Eyre, from 11 F. Ens. vice Cross, 49 F.	29 Dec. 1825
C. J. Radclyffe, Cor.	do.		Lt. Reynolds, Capt. vice Carthew, dead	5 Jan. 1826
7 L. Hodges, Capt. by purch. vice Robin- son, prom.	7 Jan. 1826	45	Ens. Sleeman, Lt.	do.
Cor. Osborne, Lt	do.		A. Berkeley, Ens.	do.
T. Atkinson, Cor.	do.	47	Lt. Reid, Adj. vice Potts, res. Adj. only	10 June, 1825
4 Dr. Cor. Henderson, Lt. by purch. vice Smith, prom.	31 Dec. 1825		— Hutchison, Capt. vice Forbes, dead	2 Apr.
C. Cumberledge, Cor.	do.		Ens. Frome, Lt.	do.
6 B. Whicheote, Maj. by purchase, vice Madox, prom.	do.	48	H. Bristow, Ens.	do.
Capt. Fancourt, from 93 F. Capt.	do.	49	Hos. As. Esson, As. Surg. vice Fenton, dead	5 Jan. 1826
7 Cor. Whyte, Lt. by purch. vice Portman, prom.	22 do.	51	Ens. Cross, from 36 F. Lt. by purch. vice Pillichody, 41 F.	1 Dec. 1825
L. H. Bathurst, Cor.	29 do.		Ens. Irving, Lt. by purch. vice Timson, prom.	19 Nov.
Cor. Edwards, Lt. vice Lord A. Paget, dead	5 Jan. 1826	53	J. Auldjo, Ens.	do.
C. Tower, Cor.	do.		T. H. Western, Ens. vice Rowcroft, dis- missed	2 Jan. 1826
10 C. J. Whyte, Cor. by purch. vice Nichol- son, prom.	14 do.		Ens. Currie, Lt. by purch. vice Halcott, prom.	7 do.
11 2d Lt. Yandeleur, from 60 F. Lt. by purch. vice Harrington, prom.	5 do.	54	E. Wigley, Ens.	do.
14 C. Barton, Cor. by purch. vice Duff, prom.	10 Dec. 1825		E. W. Dixon, Ens. by purch. vice Orde, 37 F.	15 Dec. 1825
15 Cor. and Lt. Lowson, (Riding Master) rank of Lt.	15 Apr.	57	Ens. Dodd, Lt. by purch. vice Potts, prom.	31 do.
Capt. O'Donnell, Maj. by purch. vice Philips, prom.	14 Jan. 1826	59	F. W. Johnson, Ens.	do.
Lt. Phillips, Capt.	do.		Hosp. As. Hennen, As. Surg.	29 do.
3 F. G. W. C. Burton, Page of Honour to his Majesty, Ens. and Lt.	5 do.	60	Ens. Peacock, by purch. vice Chichester, prom.	24 Nov.
4 F. Capt. Champain, from 75 F. Capt. vice Belton, h. p. Unatt. (rec. diff.)	29 Dec. 1825		A. Harford, Ens.	do.
6 Ens. Curteis, Lt. by purch. vice Browne, prom.	31 do.		W. Anderson, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Goodman, 27 F.	14 Dec.
J. Lumley, Ens.	do.		J. W. Cross, do.	21 do.
11 Ens. Stuart, Lt. by purch. vice Doyle, prom.	15 do.		Lt. Greaves, Capt. by purch. vice Gearse, prom.	25 do.
J. Tobin, Ens.	do.		Lt. Tempest, do. by purch. vice Manners, prom.	do.
E. L. Woolley, Ens. vice Eyre, 36 F.	29 do.		— Campbell, do. by purch. vice Keal, ret.	26 do.
12 Ens. Adams, Lt. by purch. vice Donald, prom.	31 do.		2d Lt. Wilford, 1st Lt.	25 do.
W. Douglass, Ens.	do.		— Neynoe, do.	do.
14 Hosp. As. Stuart, As. Surg. vice Evers, h. p.	15 do.		— Mariton, do.	26 do.
15 Lt. Bannister, Capt. by purch. vice Grier- son, prom.	do.	61	J. Bell, 2d Lt.	25 do.
Ens. Tollemache, Lt. by purch. vice Drury, prom.	14 Jan. 1826.	64	C. H. Churchill, do.	26 do.
T. Rose, Ens.	do.	65	R. L. Orlebar, do.	27 do.
18 Capt. Doran, Maj. by purch. vice Carmichael, prom.	do.		2d Lt. Vandeleur, from R. Art. 2d Lt.	29 do.
19 C. W. Clarke, Ens. by purch. vice Hay, prom.	24 Dec. 1825	71	Lt. M'Leod, Capt. by purch. vice Giles, 97 F.	31 do.
20 Capt. Stuart, from h. p. Unatt. Capt. pay- ing diff. vice White, 32 F.	15 do.		Ens. Blunt, Lt.	do.
Ens. Forlong, Lt. by purch. vice Smith, 93 F.	5 Jan. 1826	74	H. Cosby, Ens.	do.
A. Boddam, Ens.	do.	75	Capt. Raiston, from h. p. 25 Dr. Paym. vice Drawwater, 4 Dr. G.	29 do.
21 — Johnston, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Spearman, prom.	7 do.		Lt. Snow, Capt. by purch. vice Maclean, prom.	15 do.
Gent. Cadet H. Brade, from R. Mill. Coll.	do.	77	Ens. Barry, Lt. by purch. vice Stewart, prom.	14 Jan. 1826
2d Lt. by purch. vice Anstruther, 83 F.	8 do.	79	J. H. Craik, Ens.	do.
24 Lt. Smyth, from R. Staff Corps, Lt. vice L'Estrange, prom.	22 Dec. 1825	83	J. Stewart, do. by purch. vice Haw- thorne, ret.	22 Dec. 1825
25 Ens. O'Connor, Lt. by purch. vice Wil- lington, prom.	do.	86	Capt. Chambre, from h. p. Capt. pay. diff. Champain, 3 F.	29 do.
Gent. Cadet E. Irving, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens.	do.		Ens. Freame, from 27 F. Lt. vice Wil- kinson, dead	14 do.
			Staff As. Surg. Grant, As. Surg.	29 do.
			Hosp. As. Johnston, do.	do.
			2d Lt. Anstruther, from 21 F. Lt. by purch. vice Baggerstone, prom.	do.
			R. Mayne, Ens. by purch. vice Trench, prom.	do.
			Hosp. As. Sinclair, As. Surg. vice Ewing, cancelled.	29 do.

57	Brev. Lt. Col. Blair, Lt. Col. vice Brown, dead	6 June
	Capt. Gully, Maj.	do.
	Lt. Waller, Capt.	do.
	Ens. Thomas, Lt.	11 Nov.
	J. Storey, Ens.	do.
89	Lt. Taylor, Capt. vice Redmond, dead	22 April
	Ens. Prendergast, Lt.	do.
	J. Graham, from Volunteer 54 F. Ens. do.	do.
91	Lt. Snodgrass, from 38 F. Capt. vice O'Doherty, dismissed,	22 Dec.
92	Hosp. As. Baillie, As. Surg.	5 Jan. 1826
93	Lt. Smith, from 20 F. by purch. vice Fancourt, 6 Dr.	31 Dec. 1825
94	— Gascoyne, do. by purch. vice Bacon, prom.	do.
	Ens. Osborne, Lt.	do.
97	Capt. Giles, from 61 F. Maj. by purch. vice Paterson, prom.	do.
	Rifle B. Hosp. As. Bramby, As. Surg.	5 Jan. 1826
	I.W.I.R. W. Edie, Ens. by purch. vice Stroud, prom.	14 do.
2	Ens. Tomkins, Lt. by purch. vice Glover, prom.	24 Dec. 1825
	C. J. Goulden, Ens.	do.
	Staff As. Surg. Richardson, Surg. vice Prosser, 35 F.	5 Jan. 1826
	Cey. R. Lt. Mainwaring, Capt. vice Campbell, dead	18 June 1825
	2d Lt. Warburton, 1st Lt.	do.
	J. F. G. Braybrooke, 2d Lt.	22 Dec.
	R.A.C.C. Ens. Hawkins, Lt. vice Oxley, dead do.	do.
	C. W. Murray, Ens.	do.

Ordnance Department.

R. Art.	Gent. Cadet W. G. C. Caffin, 2d Lt.	16 Dec. 1825
	— J. Sinclair,	do.
R. Sap. and Min.	— 2d Capt. Matson, R. Eng. Adj. vice Jones, res. Adj. only	14 Jan. 1826

Hospital Staff.

As. Surg.	J. Simpson, Surg. vice Hughes, h. p.	22 Dec. 1825
Surg.	Munro, from 35 F. do. vice Sharpe, dead,	5 Jan. 1826
As. Surg.	Sweeney, do.	do.
Hosp.	Mate J. Geddes, As. Surg. vice Teevan, dead	22 Dec. 1825
Hosp.	As. A. Gibson, do. vice Grant, 79 F.	29 do.
	— J. H. Walsh, do. vice Allan, dead	5 Jan. 1826
	— P. Campbell, do. vice Richardson,	do.
As. Surg.	Pink, Apothecary, vice Montgomery, h. p.	do.
T. Atkinson,	Hosp. As.	22 Dec. 1825
R. Battersby,	do.	do.
A. Wood,	do.	do.
C. Dick,	do.	do.
J. Crichton,	do.	27 do.
C. Brown,	do.	do.
J. Robertson,	do.	29 do.
G. Bushe,	do.	do.
J. Boag,	do.	do.
J. M'Gregor,	do.	5 Jan. 1826
J. Casement,	do.	do.

Unattached.

To be Lieutenant-Colonels of Infantry by purchase.	
Maj. Paterson, from 97 F.	51 Dec.
— Madox, from 6 Dr.	do.
— Carmichael, from 18 F.	14 Jan. 1826
— Philips, from 15 Dr.	do.
To be Majors of Infantry by purchase.	
Capt. Bacon, from 94 F.	51 Dec. 1825
— Robinson, from 7 Dr. Gds.	do.
— Lumley, from 55 F.	7 Jan. 1826
	28 do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

	51 Dec. 1825
Lieut. Smith, from 1 Dr. G.	do.
— Westenra, from 5 Dr. G.	do.
— Carr, from 44 F.	do.
— Potts, from 54 F.	do.
— Donald, from 12 F.	do.
— Smith, from 4 Dr.	do.

Lieut. Cunynghame, from 15 D.	51 Dec.
— Temple, from 60 F.	do.
— Gascoigne, from Rifle Brig.	do.
— Semple, from 35 F.	do.
— Maitland, from 68 F.	do.
— Vernon, from 75 F.	do.
— Moorsen, from 7 F.	do.
— Dundas, from 65 F.	do.
— Byng, from 85 F.	do.
— Henley, from 16 F.	do.
— Hon. G. A. Browne, from 6 F.	do.
— Haleott, from 55 F.	7 Jan. 1826
— Stewart, from 71 F.	14 do.
— Drury, from 15 F.	do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.

2d Lt. Heyland, from Ceylon R.	7 Jan. 1826
— Spearman, from 21 F.	do.
Ens. Stroud, from 1 W. I. R.	14 do.
Cor. Nicholson, from 10 Dr.	do.
2d Lt. Ainslie, from Rifle Brigade	28 do.
Ens. Champaign, from 75 F.	do.
— Delancey, from 16 F.	do.
— Gordon, from 3 F.	do.
2d Lt. Eveleigh, from 21 F.	do.
Ens. Lechmere, from 64 F.	do.
Cor. Lord A. Conyngham, from Roy. H. Gds.	do.
Ens. St. Quentin, from 22 F.	do.
To be Ensigns by purchase.	
Wm. Dawson	do.
Cha. Thompson	do.
Wm. Cooper	do.

To be Ensigns by purchase.

G. A. Malcolm	51 Dec. do.
O. Pibbs	do.
R. H. Creagh	7 Jan. 1826
Gent. Cadet W. T. Timme, from R. Mil. Coll.	14 do.
E. Noel	do.
J. Bates	do.
W. T. Daunt	21 do.

Exchanges.

Capt. Heydon, from 4 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Bishop, h. p.	
— Hendrick, from 1 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Taylor, h. p. 22 F.	
— Baker, from 35 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Goldsmid, h. p. 60 F.	
— Carpenter, from 53 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Steuart, h. p.	
— Girdlestone, from 64 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Stretton, h. p.	
— Reade, from 69 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Glover, h. p.	
— Waymouth, from 92 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Davern, h. p. 88 F.	
Lieut. Cox, from 4 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Newton, 9 F.	
— Smith, from 6 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. M ^r . Queen, h. p. 17 F.	
— Vieth, from 6 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hon. S. Hawke, h. p.	
— Kemple, from 13 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Humphrys, h. p. 99 F.	
— Champion, from 76 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Trench, h. p.	
— Grueber, from 80 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Every, h. p.	
Ens. Wybrants, from 20 F. rec. diff. with Ens. Child, 67 F.	
— de Fountain, from 66 T. rec. diff. with Ens. Nelly, h. p.	

Resignations and Retirements.

Col. Holland, h. p. 134 F.	
Lt. Col. Dashwood, h. p. 4. W. I. R.	
— de Sainberry, h. p. Canadian Vol.	
— Plenderleath, h. p. 49 F.	
Maj. Burrows, h. p. 57 F.	
— Powell, h. p. 103 F.	
Cap. Keal, 60 F.	
— Morgan, h. p. 97 F.	
— Macdonnell, h. p. 25 F.	
— Bethell, h. p. 103 F.	
— Smith, h. p. 10 F.	
— Black, h. p. 4 Ceylon R.	
— Paterson, h. p. 97 F.	
— Galbraith, h. p. Irish Art.	

Capt. Bird, h. p. 87 F.
 — Oliver, h. p. Scotch Brig.
 Lieut. Errat, h. p. 24 F.
 — Crumpe, h. p. 103 F.
 — Procter, h. p. 64 F.
 — Everett, h. p. 85 F.
 Cor. Lucas, h. p. 9 Dr.
 — Millett, h. p. 28 Dr.
 — Smith, h. p. 2 Dr.
 Ens. Hawthorne, 74 F.
 — Grant, h. p. 94 F.
 — Macdonnell, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn.
 — Robinson, h. p. 8 F.
 — Hymphreys, h. p. 15 F.

Appointment Cancelled.

As. Surg. Ewing, 86 F.

Dismissed the Service.

Ens. Howcroft, 53 F.

Superseded.

As. Surg. Renwick, 94 F.

Deaths.

Lt. Gen. Rimington, R. Inv. Art. Woolwich
 — J. Taylor, from 12 F. Ireland Dec. 25
 — Arch. Brown, E. I. Comp. Serv. London 4 May
 Maj. Gen. Sir D. Ochterlony, Bt G.C.B. E. I.
 Comp. Serv. East Indies 14 July
 — Gregory, do. Benares 7 Nov. 1824
 — Pierce, do. Belgium 2 Jan. 1825
 Col. Yorke, Dep. Lt. of the Tower
 — Freese, E. I. Comp. Serv. at Sea 25 July 1824
 — Hodgson, do. Cumberland 28 March 1825
 Lt. Col. Daly, late 4 Vet. Bn. Gov. of Galway
 — Samuel Williams, R. Mar. 15 Jan. 1826
 — Home, E. I. Comp. Serv. Isle of Wight 24 Dec. 1825
 — Vaughan, E. I. Comp. Serv. Chicaole 23 Aug.
 — Cowper, E. I. Comp. Serv. England
 Maj. Morrison, late of R. Mar. Nov. 1824
 — Cotgrave, E. I. Comp. Serv. Madras 13 April 1825
 — Cleghorn, E. I. Comp. Serv. at Sea 6 June
 — Robertson, do. 24 April
 Capt. Cox, 6 F.
 — Hardman, 38 F. Rangoon 6 Jan. 1825
 — Magill, 38 F. Canterbury 11 Jan. 1826
 — Parsons, 47 F. Promie 16 July, 1825
 — M'Arthur, late 2 R. Vet. Bn. Edinburgh 17 Oct.
 — Baxter, late 3 Vet. Bn. Heathfield 16 do.
 — Baddeley, h. p. 22 Dr. Dublin 16 Dec.
 — Macnamara, h. p. 58 F. Calais Jan. 1826
 — Blake, h. p. R. Irish Art. Dublin 28 Nov. 1824
 Lieut. Gibson, 33 F. on passage from Jamaica 11 Nov. 1825
 — Ralston, 55 F.
 — Cavendish, late 4 Vet. Bn. Apr 1 Jan. 1826
 — Wilson, late 8 do. Oct. 1825
 — Stewart, late 11 do. Lambeth 15 Nov.
 — Bacon, h. p. 11 Dr. 8 Jan. 1826
 — Crompton, h. p. 29 F.
 — White, h. p. 73 F. Jersey 27 Aug. 1825
 — Orchard, h. p. 73 F. 22 Sept.
 — A. Count Wallmoden, h. p. 1 Huss. Ger.
 Leg. Prag. Austria 3 Dec.
 — Blumenhagen, h. p. do. 1 Jan. 1826
 — Stuart, h. p. Sicilian Reg. 13 Nov. 1823
 Ens. Gore, 57 F.
 Adj. Lt. Moore, late of R. Art. Dublin 14 Sept. 1825
 — Ellis, h. p. 93 F. Prospect, near Carrickfer-
 gus 13 Oct. 1825
 Quar. Mas. Morgan, h. p. 117 F. 18 Jan. 1826

Commissariat Department.

Dep. Com. Gen. Dumaresq, h. p. Jersey 9 Sept. 1825
 — Dalzell, h. p. Clifton, near Bris-
 tol, 21 Dec.
 — Dillon, h. p. France 26 do.
 As. Com. Gen. Spry, h. p. 13 Oct.
 Dep. As. Com. Gen. Poppleton, h. p.

Medical Department.

Surg. Sandford, 1 F. East Indies

Surg. O'Flaherty, 46 F. Cannanore, Madras 2 Aug. 1825
 — O'Reilly, 55 F. Cape of Good Hope 25 Oct.
 — Crofton, h. p. 8 F. Jersey 7 Nov.
 — Mitchell, Louth Mil. Bristol 9 Jan. 1826
 As. Surg. Lloyd, h. p. 99 F. 3 Nov. 1825
 Apoth. Mackenzie, Douglas, Isle of Man 30 Sept.

Barrack Department.

Lt. Dewell
 J. Mouat, Fort Charlotte
 Cap. Oates, Pendennis Castle
 — Sheldon
 — Tregent, Chester

Additional Appointments, &c.

Cap. William Locker, 34 F. Maj. 19 July 1821
 L. Rank James Florence de Burgh, Lt. Col. on the Continent 12 Jan. 1826
 R. H. G. Ens. J. Lord Elphinstone, from 14 F. Cor. by purch. vice Lord A. Conyngham, prom. 28 do.
 As. Surg. Stair, from 43 F. Surg. vice Slow, h. p. 12 do.
 1 D.G. Cor. Teesdale, Lt. by purch. vice Smith, do.
 — Charles Serjison Smith, Cor. do.
 7 Cor. and Riding-Mast. Hickman, rank of Lt. do.
 1 Dr. Clive, from h. p. Cap. vice Reilly, exch. rec. diff. 19 do.
 6 Cor. Mackay, Lt. by purch. vice Barry, prom. 14 do.
 2 Ens. Tomkins, Lt. by purch. vice Glover, prom. 24 Dec. 1825
 10 Dr. Lt. Nicholson, from h. p. Lt. paying diff. vice Wells, exch. 19 Jan. 1820
 — Lord James Fitz Roy, Adj. vice Wells, res. Adj. only do.
 14 Cornet and Riding-Mast. Griffiths, rank of Lt. 12 do.
 William Bruce Alexander, Cor. by purch. vice Rooke, prom. do.
 15 Cor. Gill, Lt. by purch. vice Phillips, prom. 19 do.
 Aug. Blythe, Cor. do.
 16 Cor. Brown, from Cape Cav. Cor. by purch. vice Jillard, prom. do.
 1 F. Lt. Cross, Capt. by purch. vice Macdougall, retir. 12 do.
 Surg. Armstrong, from Ceylon R. Surg. vice Sandford, dead 19 do.
 12 Hosp. As. Dick, As. Surg. 12 do.
 16 Ens. Mylius, Lt. by purch. vice Henley, prom. 28 do.
 Jackson Cassidy, Ens. do.
 A. C. Sterling, do. vice Delancey, prom. 29 do.
 20 Lt. Col. Thomas, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Ogilvie, exch. rec. diff. 12 do.
 21 James Macdonald, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Eveleigh, prom. 28 do.
 25 J. J. Grove, Ens. by purch. vice Griffiths, prom. 12 do.
 27 Hosp. As. James Sidey, As. Surg. do.
 J. Nugent Fraser, Ens. vice Whalley, superseded do.
 29 Ens. Congreve, Lt. by purch. vice Deedes, prom. do.
 30 — Dixon, Lt. by purch. vice Cheape, prom. 19 do.
 31 Lt. Col. Baumgardt, from h. p. Lt. Col. paying diff. vice Fearon, 64 F. 12 do.
 33 Ens. M'Kay, from 1 Roy. Vet. Bn. Ens. Apr. 7, 1825
 Hosp. As. Murray, As. Surg. 12 Jan. 1826
 Lt. Lynam, from 54 F. Lt. vice Stoddart, exch. 19 do.
 36 — Cross, from 49 F. Lt. vice Stewart, h. p. 74 F. 12 do.
 Henry Wm. Egerton Warburton, Ens. by purch. vice Harley, 87 F. 19 do.
 38 Lt. Woodward, from 71 F. Capt. by purch. vice Matthews, ret. 12 do.
 — Davis, from 11 Dr. do. vice Magill, ret. 19 do.
 43 Hosp. As. Brown, As. Surg. vice Stair, prom. R. Horse Gds. 12 do.
 49 Lt. Grubbe, from h. p. 74 F. Lt. vice Cross, 36 F. do.

- 54 Lieut. Stoddart, from 54 F. Lt. vice Ly-
nam, exch. 19 do.
Hosp. As. Macdonald, As. Surg. vice
Leich, dead 12 do.
- 55 Lt. Brockman, Capt. by purch. vice Lum-
ley, prom. 28 do.
Ens. Higgins, Lt. vice Ralston, dead
15 Dec. 1825.
— Mills, do. by purch. vice Richardson,
prom. 12 Jan. 1826.
Ph. Richardson Peck, Ens. by purch.
vice Higgins 15 Dec. 1825.
- 57 — Caldwell Ens. vice Gore, dead
12 Jan. 1826.
- 60 Jonathan Greetham, 2d Lieut. by purch.
vice Vandeleur, from 12 Dr. 5 do.
Hosp. As. M'Credie, As. Surg. 12 do.
- 61 Capt. Darroch, from h. p. Capt. vice
Straith, exch. do.
- 63 As. Surg. Riach, from h. p. 19 Dr. vice
As. Surg. Fisher, exch. 19 do.
- 64 Lt. Col. Fearon, from 31 F. vice Lt. Col.
Battersby, h. p. rec. diff. 12 do.
- 63 Ens. Young, from 95 F. Lt. by purch.
vice Snow, prom. 28 do.
— Martin, do. vice Dundas, prom. do.
— Crompton, from 46 F. Ens. do.
— Smith, Lt. by purch. vice Maitland,
prom. do.
- 70 R. Walwyn, Ens. 12 do.
Hosp. As. Robinson, As. Surg. do.
Ens. Boyes, Lt. by purch. vice Vernon,
prom. 28 do.
F. H. A. Forth, Ens. do.
Peter Delancey, do. by purch. vice Cham-
pain, prom. 29 do.
- 80 Lt. Moore, from h. p. 17 Dr. Lt. vice
Ellis, prom. 19 do.
- 83 Hosp. As. Callander, As. Surg. vice Mac-
queen, Ceylon R. do.
- 85 Ens. Brockman, Lt. by purch. vice Byng,
prom. 28 do.
G. B. Belcher, Ens. do.
- 87 Ens. Hon. A. Harley, from 36 F. Lieut.
by purch. vice Sarjeant, ret. 19 do.
- 88 W. Knox, Ens. by purch. vice Fletcher,
prom. 12 do.
Hosp. As. Dumbreck, As. Surg. do.
- 89 Lt. Palmer, from h. p. 23 Dr. Lt. vice
Bagshaw, exch. do.
- 91 Capt. Græme, from h. p. Capt. vice
Steuart, exch. 19 do.
Lt. Ferguson, from h. p. 97 F. Qua. Mas.
vice Maclean, h. p. do.
Hosp. As. Eddie, As. Surg. 12 do.
- 93 As. Surg. Brady, from 1 W. L. R. As.
Surg. vice Raleigh, dead do.
- 95 Maj. Taylor, from h. p. Maj. vice Sir D.
St L. Hill, exch. rec. diff. 19 do.
- 97 Ens. Cheney, Lt. by purch. vice Prior-
ret. do.
- 99 Lt. Pearson, from R. Staff Corps, Lt. 12 do.
R. Bri. 2d Lt. Saumarez, 1st Lt. by purch. vice
Gascayne, prom. 28 do.
John Bythesa Williams, 2d Lt. by purch.
vice Ainslie, prom. do.
R. St. C. 2d Lt. Shearman, 1st Lt. vice Smith, 24
F. 19 do.
Gent. Cadet Wm. O'Brien, from R. Mil.
Coll. 2d Lt. vice Westmacott, prom. 18 do.
— Robert Pitcairn, from do. do. 19 do.
Shearman do.
- Cey. R. As. Surg. Macqueen, from 83 F. Surg.
vice Armstrong, 1 F. do.

Hospital Staff.

- Hosp. As. M'Math, As. Surg. vice Simpson, pro-
moted 12 Jan. 1826
Sam. Dickson, Hosp. As. vice Jemmett, 12 Dr. 22 Dec. 1825
John Robertson, do. vice Bell, 34 F. 29 do.
Mark Stewart, do. vice Johnston, 80 F. 3 Jan. 1826
Wm. Cha. Humfrey, do. vice Graves, res. 10 do.

Garrisons.

- Brev. Lt. Col. F. H. Doyle, h. p. 54 F. Dep. Lt.
of the Tower of London, Col. vice Yorke, dead
12 Jan. 1826
M. Gen. Sir J. Elley, K.C.B. Gov. of Galway, vice
Lt. Col. Daly, dead 19 do.
*The under-mentioned officers have been allowed to
dispose of their half-pay.*
Brev. Lt. Col. Mathewes, h. p. Indep. and
Unatt. 28 Jan. 1826
Capt. Dottin, do. do.
— Goldicut, 2d Ceylon R. do.
— D'Arcy, 4 Irish Brig. do.
— Hon. H. Tufton, 100 F. do.
— Ridsdale, Indep. Com. do.
— Pickering, late 8 Vet. Bn. do.
— Duff, 109 F. do.
— Sterling, 16 F. do.
— Byng, 91 F. do.
— Tobin, 127 F. do.
Lieut. Wyatt, 35 F. do.
— Lyster, 100 F. do.
— Goodwin, 103 F. do.
— Lewis, 50 F. do.
— Robinson, 25 F. do.
— Hunt, R. York Rang. do.
— Hughes, 36 F. do.
— Place, 45 F. do.
Cor. Douglas, 14 Dr. do.
Ens. Burnet, 37 F. do.
— Dillon, 47 F. do.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st of March, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

- Adam, John, sen. and Co. merchants and com-
mission-agents, Paisley.
Adam and Findlay, distillers at Luggieside, Kirk-
intulloch.
Aitken, James, and Co. merchants and coopers,
Leith.
Algie, James, baker and grain dealer, Paisley.
Allan, James, and Sons, grain-merchants in Glas-
gow.
Anderson, Patrick, of Laws, merchant in Dun-
dee.
Anderson, George Hay, ship-builder, Leith.
Andrew, Allan, and Co. cotton-yarn merchants,
Armstrong, Robert, junior, brassfounder, Edin-
burgh.
Arnot and Co. distillers, Langholm Distillery.
Arnot, Peter, grain merchant, Gorbals, Glasgow.
Kilmarnock.
Banks, James, merchant in Leith.
Black, Alexander and Co. merchants in Glasgow.
Blythe, Robert Brittain, and Co. merchants in
Edinburgh.
Bowie, George, merchant in Glasgow.
Boyd, John, and Co. manufacturers in Paisley.
Browning, Matthew, and Co. ironmongers, Edin-
burgh.
Brown, John, shoemaker, Prince's Street, Edin-
burgh.
- Calder, Joseph, and Sons, silk manufacturers and
hatters, No. 1, Richmond Street; and Calder and
Co. hatters, No. 22, North Bridge Street, Edin-
burgh.
Callam, George, tinsmith in Edinburgh.
Campbell, A. and D., and Co. merchants and
warehousemen in Glasgow.
Carson, William, oilman and tinsmith in Edin-
burgh.
Clark, William, ship-owner and stone-merchant,
Leith.
Clark, Alexander, miller in Dundee.
Cleghorn, Archibald, merchant in Leith.
Cleland, John and William, joiners, cabinet-ma-
makers, and marble-cutters, Glasgow.
Colquhoun, Thomas, printer in Edinburgh.
Connal, John, and Co. brewers, Finnieston, near
Glasgow; and Ebenezer Connal and Co. distil-
lers there.
Constable, Archibald, and Co. booksellers in
Edinburgh.
Cook, Robert, smith and wood merchant in Glas-
gow.
Cowper, William, manufacturer, Chapel-shade,
Dundee.
Craig, James, grain-merchant in Glasgow.
Craig, John, silk-warehouseman, 20, South
Bridge-street, Edinburgh.

Craig, Peter, spirit dealer, Cowgate, Edinburgh.
 Crawford, Alexander, jun. corn merchant, North Berwick.
 Crichton, Hugh, paper-maker at St Leonards, Lasswade.
 Cullen, John, merchant in Stirling.
 Dawson, J. and J. and Co., brass-founders in Glasgow.
 Deuchar and Ziegler, wholesale and retail cloth-merchants in Edinburgh.
 Dickson, Robert and James, fleshers and cattle-dealers, Dunse.
 Dougall, James, spirit-dealer and wine-merchant in Glasgow.
 Duff, Robert, merchant in Dundee.
 Duncan, James, and Co. cloth-merchants in Glasgow.
 Duncan, William, thread-manufacturer, Dundee.
 Elder, Alexander John George, baker and spirit-dealer and merchant in Perth.
 Findlay, William, wright, Glasgow.
 Findlay, Connal and Co. merchants, Glasgow.
 Fisher, Thomas and Alexander, builders in Edinburgh.
 Forrester, Duncan, bookseller and stationer, Glasgow.
 Forrester, Alexander, grain-merchants, Alloa.
 Galbraith, Robert, manufacturer in Glasgow.
 Garden, Hamilton William, builder, Glasgow.
 Giles, Alexander, upholsterer and builder in Edinburgh.
 Goold, Hugh, distiller at Wilsontown.
 Gordon, William, builder in Edinburgh.
 Gowan, William and John, ship-owners and merchants in Leith.
 Gracie, Thomas, draper and cloth-merchant, Dumfries.
 Graham, Duncan, grazier and cattle-dealer, Blarhulachan, Perthshire.
 Gray, Barclay Fife, merchant, Leith.
 Gray, Henry, merchant and manufacturer in Glasgow.
 Gray and Co. potters, Fife Pottery, by Kirkcaldy.
 Gunneith, John, builder and brick-maker, Ketalvinholm.
 Home, James, jeweller, Edinburgh.
 Howie, James, silk-warehouseman, Adam-Square, Edinburgh.
 Hunter, Thomas, and Co. manufacturers in Glasgow.
 Hutchison and Petrie, builders in Portobello.
 Imrie, James, wholesale stationer, Glasgow.
 Jamieson, Jonathan, tinsmith in Paisley.
 Jardine, John, tailor and clothier in Glasgow.
 Johnston, John, woollen-draper, South St David-street, Edinburgh.
 Kirk, David, cattle-dealer, corn-merchant, and farmer at Spittal, parish of Auchterderran, Fifeshire.
 Kirkham, John, wood-merchant and builder in Edinburgh.
 Knox, Arthur, glazier, Edinburgh.
 Landels, Adam, builder in Edinburgh.
 Law, Hugh, and Sons, lath-splitters, joiners, and wood-merchants, Leith.
 Lockhart, Adam, feshier, butcher, and dealer in cattle, Newton-upon-Ayr.
 Macalister, Alexander, and Sons, merchants and manufacturers in Paisley.
 McArthur, John, and Co. merchants and agents in Glasgow.
 McClymont, Hugh, cloth-merchant in Ayr.
 McIntyre, Peter, shoe-maker and leather-merchant in Glasgow.
 Mackay, James, merchant, Union-street, Glasgow.
 Mackenzie, Alexander, and Co. merchants, Leith.
 Mackie, George, builder in Edinburgh.
 Macphail, John, calico-printer at Long Goven, near Glasgow.
 Matthew, Robert, tanner in Dundee.
 McKean, W. and A. and Co. merchants, Leith; and McKean, Brothers, and Co. merchants, Liverpool.
 Millar, James, and Co. timber-merchants, Leith.
 Millar, James, merchant in Glasgow, some time merchant in Kingston, in the Island of St Vincent.
 Montgomery, George, confectioner in Edinburgh.
 More and Williamson, distillers at Underwood.

Muirhead, Robert, iron-monger in Glasgow.
 Murdoch, John, yarn-merchant, Kilmarnock.
 Murdoch, John, and Co. cotton-yarn merchants and agents in Paisley.
 Murray, William, slater, vintner, &c. in Glasgow.
 Nelson, William Dun, physician and merchant, or dealer in cattle and spirits, at Broompark, near Denny.
 Nicol, George, jun. grocer, Dundee.
 Ogilvie, William, spirit-merchant, Canongate, Edinburgh.
 Pickard, G. and H. merchants, Edinburgh.
 Pearson, Patrick, writer and corn-merchant, Edinburgh.
 Porter, Hugh, merchant in Aberdeen.
 Rae, William, draper in Glasgow.
 Ralston, William, merchant and auctioneer in St Mary's Wynd, Edinburgh.
 Robertson, Alexander, flax-spinner at St Clair-town.
 Rose, William, merchant in Glasgow.
 Ross, John, coach-proprietor and horse-dealer, Beith.
 Sanderson, William, and Son, tallow-chandlers and merchants, and commission agents, Leith Walk, Edinburgh.
 Sanderson, James, baker, grain-dealer, cattle-dealer, and farmer in Wick.
 Scott, Allan and James, and Co. timber and lead-merchants in Glasgow.
 Scott, Robert, leather-agent and merchant in Glasgow.
 Service, Robert, merchant and spirit-dealer in Greenock.
 Shepherd, Thomas, wine and spirit-merchant, Leith.
 Shillinglaw and Scott, builders in Edinburgh.
 Sibbald, Brothers, and Co. merchants in Leith.
 Smith, Walter, merchant and manufacturer in Stirling.
 Smith, James, merchant and clothier, High-street, Dundee.
 Souter, Andrew, iron-monger in Kirkcaldy.
 Spence, John, plumber in Edinburgh.
 Spinks, Charles, vintner in Edinburgh.
 Stark, Joseph, merchant and manufacturer in Forfar.
 Steven, William, and Co. hat-manufacturers, Edinburgh.
 Stevenson, Alexander, kelp-merchant, and writer in Edinburgh, and glass-agent in Leith.
 Stewart, Andrew, merchant and dealer in lace in Glasgow.
 Strachan, John, merchant and manufacturer, Dundee.
 Sutherland, James, builder, Edinburgh.
 Taylor, Henry, baker in Glasgow.
 Taylor, John, grocer and merchant in Gallowgate-street, Glasgow.
 Thomson, Alexander, merchant in Glasgow.
 Thomson, George, merchant, Leith.
 Thomson, John, and Co. merchants and agents, Edinburgh.
 Turner and Boyd, merchants in Edinburgh.
 Tweedie, John Carlier, merchant in Leith.
 Walker, Robert, victualler and merchant in Glasgow.
 Walker, William, tanner, fish-curer, and ship-owner in Elie, in Fife.
 Walker, Walter, dyer, bleacher, and merchant in Tradestown of Glasgow.
 Watt, Barr, and Co. silk-merchants in Glasgow.
 Watling, James, innkeeper in Kilmarnock and Ayr.
 Watson, Robert, builder in Edinburgh.
 White and Wilson, distillers at Old Rome, near Kilmarnock.
 Whillas and Kilpatrick, builders in Edinburgh.
 Wilson, James, sometime wood-merchant in South Queensferry, thereafter merchant in Edinburgh.
 Wilson, Walter, merchant, South Queensferry.
 Wilson, James, commission agent in Glasgow.
 Williamson, James, and Son, grocers and spirit-dealers in Edinburgh.
 Willie, William, grazier and cattle-dealer, Treesbank, Shotts, Lanarkshire.
 Zuill, John, distiller and dealer in spirits, Blair-gorts.

The number of English Bankruptcies announced in the Gazette from December 20th, 1825, to March 21, 1826, amounts to 799. The list of the individuals want of room obliges us to omit.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

July 27, 1825. At Telichonopoly, the Lady of Captain John Fulton, Deputy-Assistant Quarter-master-general, of a son.

Dec. 10. At Corfu, Lady Emily Ponsonby, of a son.

26. At Hadley, Middlesex, the Lady of Donald Mackay, Esq. of a daughter.

30. At Norfolk-house, London, the Countess of Surrey, of a son.

31. At her house, in Albemarle Street, London, Lady Frances Leveson Gower, of a son.

— At Ashley-house, the Lady of Henry Fokett, Esq. late of the 15th Hussars, of a daughter.

Jan. 1. 1826. At George-street, the Lady of John Hall, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Wall-house, the Lady of H. D. Gillon, of a son.

5. At Coates-crescent, the Lady of John Tulloh, Esq. Royal Navy, of a son.

— At George's-place, Mrs Dr Gibson, of a son.

6. At Laurieston-lane, Mrs Captain Brown, of a daughter.

— At Hawthornbank, the Lady of Thomas Grahame, Esq. W. S. of a son.

7. At Mountcoffer-house, the Lady of Major Peter Dunbar, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, of a daughter.

8. At Dysart, the Lady of John R. Black, Esq. Royal Navy, of a son.

— At Beverley, the Lady of the Hon. Alex. McDonald, son of Lord McDonald, of a son.

9. At Castle-street, Mrs David Burn, of a son.

10. At Northumberland-street, Mrs Mercer, of a son.

12. At St Vincent-street, Mrs Dickson, of a son.

14. At North St David-street, Mrs Dr Macaulay, of a daughter.

15. At Portobello, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Macneill, of twin sons.

16. At Royal-circus, Mrs Renny, of a daughter.

— At Calton-place, Mrs Charles Mackay, of the Theatre Royal, of a son.

18. At Cunnoquhie, Mrs Patterson, of a son.

— At Amisfield, Lady Elcho, of a son.

19. At Kirkwall, Mrs Bremner, of a daughter.

20. At Milton-house, Edinburgh, Mrs Lee, of a son.

— At 8, Great King-street, Mrs Stevenson, of a daughter.

21. At St Colm-street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Archibald Alison, Esq. of a son.

23. At Woolwich, the Lady of William Cochran Anderson, Esq. Royal Horse Artillery, of a daughter.

24. At Warriston-crescent, Mrs Adams, of a son.

Jan. 24. At Vellore, Mrs Pearson of Myrcainie, of a daughter.

29. At Yester-house, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, of a son.

— At Barroch House, the lady of John Sinclair, Esq. of Barroch, of a son.

30. At 16, Royal Circus, Mrs Renny, of a daughter.

Feb. 1. At No. 19, Pitt Street, the lady of Major Dods, of a daughter.

— At Aberdeen, the lady of Henry Lumsden, Esq. of Tilwhilly, of a daughter.

3. At Campsall Park, near Doncaster, the lady of Sir Joseph Radcliffe, Bart. of a daughter.

4. At Edinburgh, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Napier, of a daughter.

5. At Athole Crescent, Mrs George Kinnear, of a daughter.

— At Charlotte Square, Mrs F. C. Scott, of a daughter.

6. At Jessfield House, Portobello, the lady of Thomas Stephens, Esq. of a son.

— At No. 14, Elder Street, Mrs James Dewar, of a son.

7. The lady of Sir Alexander Don, Bart. of Newton-Don, M.P. of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Bennet, India Street, of a son.

8. At Stirling, Mrs John Telford, of a son.

10. At Fosshouse, Mrs Stewart, of a son.

11. Mrs Usher, Brown's Square, of a son.

12. Mrs Clarke of Comrie, of a daughter.

— At 3, Nicolson Square, Mrs Rymer, of a son.

13. At the British Hotel, Queen Street, the lady of George Fullarton Carnegie, Esq. of Charlton, of a son and heir.

14. At Crieff, Mrs Peter Scott, of a daughter.

17. At No. 1, Charlotte Square, Mrs Watson, of a son.

18. At Dunnotter-house, Lady Kennedy, of a son.

19. At 15, Gloucester Place, the lady of James Hozier, Esq. advocate, of a daughter.

20. At 59, South Bridge, Mrs Thomas Ewing, of a son.

— At No. 4, Saxe-Coburg Place, Mrs A. O. Turnbull, of a daughter.

21. In Atholl Crescent, Mrs Tytler of Woodhouselee, of a daughter.

22. At London, the Marchioness of Clanricarde, of a daughter.

23. At 20, Windsor Street, Mrs Duncan, of a daughter.

— Lady Minto, of a son.

24. At 17, Montague Street, Mrs Alex. Hill, of a son.

— In London, the lady of Captain Basil Hall, royal navy, of a daughter.

— At the house of the Rev. Robert Smith, Montrose, Mrs Smith, of a son.

25. At Brighton, the lady of Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Inglis, K.C.B. of a son.

26. At Montrose, Mrs Smart, of Cononsyth, of a son.

28. At Edinburgh, Mrs Nisbett, Cairnhill, of a son.

March 5. At Millendean, Lady Leslie, of twin daughters.

6. At Aberdour, Fifeshire, Mrs Philp, of a son.

7. At 8, Shandwick Place, the Hon. Mrs Ramsay, of a son.

— At Wilford, near Nottingham, Lady Lucy Smith, of a son.

10. At 115, Prince's Street, Mrs Gibson, of a son.

13. The Lady of William Macdowall, Esq. of Carruth, of a daughter.

14. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Henry Wight, Esq. Advocate, of a son.

— At Bonnington Bank, Mrs Wyld, Gilston, of a daughter.

15. At Ford, Mrs Fraser, of a daughter.

18. Mrs Borthwick, George Street, of a daughter.

— At Fasnaeloch, the Lady of John Stewart, Esq. of Fasnaeloch, of a son.

19. At Dolphinaton Manse, Mrs Aiton, of a son, who died the following day.

— The Lady of William Macdonald, Esq. of Ballyshean, of a daughter.

20. At Shelburn Bank, the Lady of Lieut. Forrest, Royal Navy, of a daughter.

21. At Wartnaby House, Melton Mowbray, the Hon. Mrs Davidson of Tulloch, of a daughter.

27. At Rosefield Cottage, Portobello, the Lady of Major Stephenson, 6th Dragoon Guards, of a son.

29. In Charlotte Square, the Lady of Sir John Gordon of Earlston, Bart. of a son.

30. At Portobello, the Lady of Donald Charles Cameron, Esq. of a son.

— At 5, Charlotte Square, the Hon. Lady Fergusson, of a son.

— At Belmont, Kelso, Mrs Jordon, of a son.

April 2. At 6, Bellevue Crescent, the Lady of Captain J. H. Tait, R. N. of a daughter.

Lately. In Old Burlington Street, London, the Hon. Mrs Fergusson, of Pitfour, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

July 5, 1825. At New Norfolk, Van Diemen's Land, Lieut.-Colonel S. H. Tod, of the Bengal Establishment, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Captain Ewen Macdonald, Griminish, North Uist.

27. Dec. 1825. At Libberton, Mr John Cleazy, Rector, Grammar School, Selkirk, to Mary, second daughter of Mr James Steel, teacher, Libberton.
- Jan. 3. 1826. At Edinburgh, David Dickson, Esq. younger of Hartree, Advocate, to Gemina, daughter of the late Rev. David Pyper, minister of Pencailland.
5. At London, Colonel Sir Robert Arbuthnot, K. C. B. of the Coldstream Guards, to Harriet, third daughter and co-heiress of the late Thomas Smith, Esq. of Castleton-hall, Rochdale, Lancashire.
5. At Edinburgh, Mr George Hill, solicitor, St Andrew's-square, to Catharine, daughter of Mr John Burke, St Andrew's-square.
- At 5, Roxburgh Terrace, Mr James Bailey Smith, to Miss Alice Brown.
10. At Edinburgh, David L. Jolly, Esq. to Elizabeth, daughter of the deceased William Richardson, Esq. late of Keithock.
- At Peebles, James Spittal, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh, to Mary Wightman, eldest daughter of James Ker, Esq. Provost of Peebles.
- At Cockburn, Mr Thomas Weatherly Hoprig, to Margaret, eldest daughter of George Logan, Esq. of Cockburn.
12. At Cuttlehill, James Dewar, Esq. of the Middle Temple, to Clementina, daughter of the late William Weynass, Esq. of Cuttlehill.
13. At Prestonpans, Mr Henry Paxton, wholesale merchant, Edinburgh, to Marion, daughter of Robert Laidlaw, Esq. Prestonpans.
- At Leith, Mr Samuel Beveridge, solicitor, to Margaret, second daughter of Mr John M'Lean, Leith.
17. At Alderston, Major Norman Pringle, youngest son of the late Sir James Pringle of Stutchell, Bart. to Anne, eldest daughter of Robert Steuart, Esq. of Alderston.
18. At Eden, the Rev. Archibald Livingston, minister of Cambusnethan, to Jessie, youngest daughter of the late Alex. Sheriff, Esq. Leith.
- The Right Hon. the Earl of Clare, of Mountshannon, near Limerick, to Miss Burrell, daughter of Lord and Lady Gwyder.
- At Falklandwood, Mr Charles Gulland, writer, Falkland, to Beatrice, daughter of Mr Duggeon, Falklandwood.
23. At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Graham, surgeon, Polmont Cottage, near Falkirk, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Ralph Thomson, Esq. Berwick-upon-Tweed.
27. At Laurieston-place, Dr David Chalmers, physician in Edinburgh, to Miss Barbara Bell, daughter of the late Thomas Bell, Esq. of Nether Horsburgh.
31. John Frame, Esq. of Locher Bank, to Miss Findlay, daughter of John Findlay, Esq. of Gryfe Bank, in the parish of Kilbarchan.
- At Enoch Square, Glasgow, John Scott, Esq. younger of Hawkhill, to Jane, eldest daughter of Andrew Thomson, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.
- Feb. 1. At Garden Square, Glasgow, Mr William Napier, Linlithgow, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late Hugh Kennedy, Esq. Usher's Island, Dublin.
2. At No. 23, Moray Place, Edinburgh, James Fotheringham, Esq. to Marion, only daughter of the late Patrick Scrymgeour, Esq. of Tealing.
6. At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Douglas, merchant, to Helen Robertson, daughter of Henry Marder, Esq.
7. At Chelsea, Mr A. Miller, of London, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late William Wardrop, Esq. secretary to the Bank of Scotland.
- At Oakshaw-house, Paisley, Thomas Dykes, Esq. of Calcutta, to Marion, daughter of Thomas Leishman, Esq. of Oakshaw.
10. At Newington, James Hathorn, Esq. solicitor, Supreme Courts, St Patrick's Square, to Lady C. Fairlie, daughter of the late Sir James Campbell, Bart. of Aberuchill.
- At Hayes, Kent, Lord Dunalley, to the Hon. Henry Maude, youngest sister of Viscount Harwarden.
- At Adam Square, Andrew Kedslie, Esq. surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's service, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Andrew Fyfe, Esq. Lecturer on Anatomy, Edinburgh.
13. At Jedburgh, Mr Richard Henderson, teacher, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr Adam Young, formerly of Mount-hooly.
14. At Alloa, Robert Haig, Esq. Dollar-field, to Janet, eldest daughter of John M'Gowan, Esq.
16. At 10, Albion Place, Alex. Pearson, Esq. W.S. to Catharine, daughter of the late David Paterson, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.
- At Elerig, Appin, Argyllshire, George Ferguson, Esq. Quartermaster 91st Regiment, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr Duncan Sinclair, residing there.
23. At Talisker, Isle of Skye, John Tolmie, Esq. of Uigonish, to Margaret, fourth daughter of the late Dr D. M'Askill.
- Robert Shedden Scrimgeour, Esq. to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late James Wilson, Professor of Anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons, London.
21. At Smith's Place, Leith Walk, Mr Thomas Millons, shipmaster, Portland Terrace, to Agnes, only daughter of the late Mr David Noble, Leith.
21. At Glasgow, by the Rev. Dr Gibb, Gilbert Stuart Bruce, of Trinity Square, London, Esq. to Christina, daughter of William Shortridge, Buchanan Street, Glasgow, Esq.
23. At Strichen, the Rev. James Anderson, minister of St Fergus, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Alex. Gavin, Esq. surgeon, Strichen.
24. Robert Fairbairn, Esq. writer in Dunse, to Jean, eldest daughter of John Kay, Esq.
28. At Leith, William Wardlaw, Esq. to Mary Ann, only daughter of Robert Douglas of Preston, Esq.
- March 1. At the Royal Lodge, Windsor, the Right Hon. Lord Strathavon, M.P. to Lady Elizabeth Conyngham, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Conyngham.
- At Knock, in Sky, the Rev. John Macrae, minister of Glenisiel, to Jamesina Fraser, youngest daughter of Norman Macleod, Esq.
6. At Whitelaw, Adam Thomson, Esq. Chesterhill, Northumberland, to Marion, daughter of the late Francis Walker, Esq.
8. At Coalston, Gilbert Young, Esq. of Youngfield, to Patricia, eldest daughter of the Hon. William Maule of Panmure, M.P.
9. At Edgerston, Roxburghshire, the Rev. James Wight, to Miss Mary Leslie, Jedburgh.
10. At Edinburgh, Charles Campbell Stewart, Esq. clerk to the signet, to Mary Henrietta, daughter of the late Andrew Wood, Esq. surgeon, Edinburgh.
14. At Montrose, by the Rev. Dr Paterson, David Niddrie, Esq. surgeon, Montrose, to Miss Croll, of that place.
15. At Elie, Mr Andrew Thallon, merchant, Kirkaldy, to Bethia, youngest daughter of Mr Lawrence Kilgour, King's Kettle, Fife.
16. At Abercromby Place, the Rev. James Henderson of Claremont Street Chapel, to Eleanor Rutherford, third daughter of Professor Russell.
- At Mayfield, William Hope Mure, Esq. surgeon, to Jane Gordon, second daughter of the late James Robertson of Mayfield, Esq. writer to the signet.
18. At London, Michael Tweedie, Esq. Royal Artillery, to Miss Forbes, daughter of Richard Walter Forbes, Esq. Rolvenden, Kent.
- At Stoke Courcy, Somerset, the Rev. James A. Stewart, B.A. late of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Henry Sweeting, Esq. of Sherbon.
22. At Clifton, Sir William Francis Elliott, of Stobs and Wells, in the county of Roxburgh, Bart. to Miss Boswell, eldest daughter of the late Sir Alexander Boswell, of Auchinleck, Bart.
27. At Edinburgh, Andrew Buchanan, Esq. youngest son of David Carrick Buchanan, Esq. of Drumpellier and Mount Vernon, to Miss Bethia Hamilton Ramsay, youngest daughter of the late William Ramsay, Esq. banker, Edinburgh.
- At Catherine Bank House, Arthur Craigie, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Susannah, daughter of the Rev. Dr Ireland, minister of North Leith.
- At Mollance, Alexander B. Blackie, Esq. wine merchant, Leith, to Isabella, eldest daughter of John Napier, Esq. of Mollance.
28. At Glasgow, James Home, Esq. of Linthouse, to Magdalene Flint, eldest daughter of John Macnaught, Esq. merchant there.
- At Raeburn Place, the Rev. Robert Carr, minister of Luss, to Georgina, daughter of the late Thomas Henderson, Esq. chamberlain of the city of Edinburgh.

28. At Blairhill, Mr David Arnott of Portmoak, to Miss Mary Kirkland.

29. At Comely Gardens, William Mitchell, Esq. of the Commercial Bank of Scotland, to Lillias, eldest daughter of the late David Cross, Esq. Pilrig Street.

30. At Newliston House, Patrick Fraser Tytler, advocate, to Miss Rachel Elizabeth Hog, third daughter of Thomas Hog of Newliston, Esq.

DEATHS.

Nov. 1824. In Prince of Wales' Island, Mr Anthony Graeme, in the twenty-third year of his age, youngest son of George Graeme of Inchbrakie, Esq.

March 13, 1825. Drowned, while swimming across Macquarrie River, Van Diemen's Land, Mr John Scott, lately builder, Brown Street, Edinburgh.

June 1. At sea, Mr John Hay, second officer of the Charles Grant, East Indian.

25. At Cape Coast Castle, Africa, Lient. Jonas Oxley, of the Royal African Colonial Corps; and lately, aged 17, Colin, his son, became also a victim to that unhappy climate.

July 14. At Arracan, Ensign Charles Hutchinson, of the Hon. East India Company's service, 42d regiment, native infantry.

20. On board his Majesty's ship Tamar, in the river Hooghley, James Kirkpatrick, eldest son of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Bart.

— At Calcutta, George Proctor, Esq. secretary to the Medical Board, and surgeon to the Presidency there, son of the late Patrick Proctor, Esq. Glamis.

Aug. 1. At Cawnpore, William Edward Paget, infant son of Francis Sievwright, Esq. assistant-surgeon of his Majesty's 59th regiment of foot.

5. At Gurwarah, Ensign Thomas Irving, of the 1st regiment Bengal native infantry, eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel James Irving, Chessells Court, Edinburgh.

18. At Arracan, James Watson Boyd, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service, in the Presidency of Bengal.

22. At Port Dalrymple, Van Diemen's Land, Mrs Balfour, Lady of Lieut.-Col. Balfour, of the 40th Regiment.

Sept. 7, 1825. At Singapore, of fever, Mr Samuel Caw, youngest son of the late Provost Caw of Perth.

16. At Calcutta, Mrs William Beatson, Lady of Major Beatson, deputy-adjutant-general, Calcutta.

Sept. At Penang, on his way from Calcutta to China, where he was going for the recovery of his health, John Trotter, Esq. jun. of the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service, and second son of Alexander Trotter, Esq. of Dreghton.

Oct. 5. At Calcutta, Capt. Patrick Dudgeon, of the 14th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, and Commandant of the Silhet Local Corps.

8. At Tarsus, on his travels through Egypt and Syria, after three days' illness, Mr William N. Blane, younger of Grouger, in his 26th year.

28. At Montego Bay, Jamaica, after a few days' illness, Mr John Lightbody, only son of the late Adam Lightbody, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

Nov. Of the yellow fever, at Alvarado, Mexico, Mr David Dick, second son of the late Alexander Dick, Esq. accountant in Edinburgh.

2. Drowned on board the Christiana of Glasgow, outward-bound to Trinidad, and wrecked on Paterson's Rock, Mull of Kintyre, William Campbell, younger of Skerrington.

10. At Rossal, island of Mull, Mr John M'Math, some time minister of Tarbolton.

18. In St Andrew, Jamaica, James Waddell, Esq. aged 72.

29. At Spanish Town, Jamaica, Charles Farquharson, Esq. of Persey.

Dec. 7. At Dunkeld, Lieutenant Simon Marchison, of the royal marines.

15. At London, John, eldest son of James Fowler, Esq. of Raddey, Ross-shire.

14. At Kingston, Jamaica, John Alves, Esq. of Edinburgh.

19. At Edinburgh, Major-General George Johnstone of Riggheds, late of the 93d regiment.

— The Rev. Patrick MacLaughlan, assistant-minister of Kilbrandon, Argyllshire.

20. In his 67th year, the Rev. Robert Forby, A. M. Rector of Fineham and Horningtoft, Norfolk. He was found drowned in his warm bath,

having (as it is conjectured) been seized with a fainting fit while in the act of bathing.

— At Athlone, John White, Esq. eldest son of the late John White, Esq. formerly of Eskmills.

22. At Gravesend, on board the Lord Lowther East Indian, Master William A. Clephane, youngest son of the late David Clephane, Esq. Commissioner of Excise.

25. Walter, third son of Mr Alexander Hay Borthwick, Hopsrigg, near Langholm.

27. After a short but severe illness, occasioned by accidentally scratching his thumb about a week previous, Mr Charles Dutchfield of Hindley, near Wigan.

29. At Durievale, John Fernie, Esq. of Durievale.

— Mrs Purves, wife of Thomas Purves of Lochend, Esq.

— At Portsmouth, Major-General Miller of the royal marines.

30. At North Hanover-street, Mrs Catharine Drummond Roy, second daughter of the late John Drummond, Esq. Borrowstownness.

— At Paris, of a fit of apoplexy, Le Chevalier Barbie du Bocage, member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, Geographer to the Department for Foreign Affairs, and Professor to the Faculty of Letters to the Academy at Paris.

31. At Duninald, Peter Arkley, Esq. of Duninald.

— At 30, London-street, Mr Peter Macdowall, accountant.

Jan. 1, 1826. At his house, Argyll Court, Glasgow, John Carnegie, Esq.

— At Glasgow, Mr John Bell, teacher of languages, aged 32 years.

— At his house, Lauriston Place, William Laurie, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

— At York Place, Edinburgh, James Fraser Wilson, infant son of James Wilson, Esq. advocate.

— At Marston House, Viscount Dungarvan, aged 27.

— At Cornhill, near Ayr, Lieutenant John Cavendish, late of the 4th royal veteran battalion.

— At Leith, Mr Thomas Shirreff, glazier there.

2. At Hillhousefield, Mrs Flora Barclay, wife of Mr John Galloway, shipowner, Leith.

— At Manse of Lumphann, the Rev. William Shand, minister of that parish, in the 87th year of his age, and 56th of his ministry.

3. At Marseilles, aged 54, Louis Gabriel Suchet, Duke of Albufera.

3. At Edinburgh, William Brodie, Esq. of Milton.

4. At Portobello, Lady Stirling of Glorat.

— At Lonmay, in the 81st year of his age, the Rev. William Sangster, who for fifty-seven years held the pastoral charge of the Episcopal congregation in that parish.

5. At West Linton, William Keyden, Esq. of Lyndale, W.S.

— At Hawthornbank, the infant son of Thomas Grahame, Esq. W.S.

— At her house, North Leith, Mrs Margaret Warrack, widow of the late Charles Gordon, Esq. Collector of Excise, Kelso.

— At Glasgow, Henry Erskine, youngest son of Mr Walter Wardlaw, Richmond-street.

— The Chevalier D. Giovanni Danero, captain-general of the royal navy of Naples, aged 102 years.

9. At his house, Salisbury-Square, in the 51st year of his age, Mr Sime Ruthven, of the Scotsman Office.

— At Dean Lodge, Mrs Jane Moncreiffe, relict of Adam Cunningham, Esq. of Bonnington.

10. James Bait, Esq. of Viewfield, near Edinburgh. While sitting by the fire after dinner, he fell back in his chair and breathed his last.

11. At South Fort-street, Mrs Janet Walker, wife of Mr William Reid, bookseller, Leith.

12. At Edinburgh, Jean, third daughter of Mr William Williamson, writer.

— At her house, Salisbury Place, Newington, Mrs Elizabeth Tindal, widow of Mr Thomas Young, teacher, Edinburgh.

13. At Florence, William Slade, Esq. royal navy.

13. At Concordia, in the Island of Tobago, Dr Andrew Kenney, formerly physician in Edinburgh.

13. At Hendersyde Park, aged 70, George

Waldie, Esq. of Hendersyde, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and a Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Roxburgh.

15. At the manse of Aboyne, the Rev. Thomas Gordon, minister of Aboyne, in the 85d year of his age.

— At her father's house, 5, Carlton Place, Glasgow, Mrs Ferrier, widow of Archibald Ferrier, Esq. W.S. Edinburgh.

14. At St John's Hill, Mrs Christian Sutherland, relict of Mr William Bruce, banker, Edinburgh.

— At her house, Scotland-street, Mrs Ann Cochrane, relict of Mr John Wardlaw, Dalkeith.

— At Leith, Mr William G. Black, brewer there.

15. At Newhaven, Lieutenant George Harris, royal navy, Superintendent of the Ferry at that place.

— At Clifton, Bristol, James Macnamara, Esq. Senior Rear-Admiral of the Red, a distinguished officer in his Majesty's naval service.

— At St John-street, Edinburgh, Miss Ann Balfour, youngest daughter of the late Robert Balfour Ramsay, Esq. of Balbirny.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Steele, senior, late confectioner, Prince's-street.

16. At Nantes, Miss Isabella Dennistoun Brown, daughter of the late Alexander Brown, Esq. merchant in Glasgow; and, at the same place, three hours before, her nephew, Walter, eldest son of Humphrey Ewing MacLae of Cathkin, Esq.

17. At her house, Bristo Port, Mrs Potts, relict of Mr Thomas Potts, merchant.

— At Crossford, near Lanark, aged 69, Richard Vary, Esq. late Clerk of the Peace for the county of Lanark.

— At Koynton-street, Kensington, Alexander Murray, Esq. late of the Commissariat department.

18. At Portobello, Mrs Major Lyell.

— At his house in Durham, highly respected, aged 75, Andrew Philip Skene, Esq. A. B. of Columbian College, New York, male heir of Hall-yards, in Fife, and of Kilmacoe, Wicklow, Ireland; only son of the late Colonel Philip Wharton Skene of Skenesborough, United States, and of Hakleton, Northamptonshire, Governor of Crown Point and Ticnderoga, North America. This gentleman has left five sons and two daughters to deplore his loss. He was a collateral descendant of the famous Sir William Wallace, and traces his descent from the year 1014, from the first Skene of Skene; according to tradition, a younger son of the (Donalds) Lords of the Isles. He also held a military commission in the British service above sixty years. His remains were interred in the Cathedral, on the 21st, and were borne to his vault, according to his desire, by eight old soldiers. A few weeks before his death, he requested the following epitaph to be placed on his tomb: *'Terra filius, in terra hic reponitur.'*

19. At Edinburgh, Isabella, daughter of the late Rev. George Shepherd, minister of Newbattle.

— At his brother's house, Mansfield-place, Mr Richard Storrar, baker, Edinburgh.

20. At the house of her son, Robert Campbell, late chamberlain in Roseneath, in her 98th year, Mrs Jean Stewart, relict of the late Rev. William Campbell, minister of Kilchrenan and Dalavich, Argyshire.

20. At Slatedford, Miss Joanna Thomson, daughter of the late Mr John Thomson, shipmaster, Leith.

— At Kirkmaiden Manse, the Rev. James French, minister of that parish.

21. At Mount Stuart, Gertrude Amelia Villiera Stuart, only daughter of the late Lord Henry and Lady Gertrude Stuart.

21. At 6, Hart Street, Mary Ann, aged 7 years and 4 months, only child of Mr James Scott, surgeon.

22. At her house, 16, Broughton-street, Mrs Helen Hay, relict of George Adinot of Carcant.

23. At Dunfermline, Mrs Catharine Shoolbread, wife of Mr William Henderson, merchant there.

— At Liverpool, on his way from America, aged 25, John, 5d son of Mr John Richardson, manufacturer, Edinburgh.

— At Pitt-street, Portobello, Mrs Maria Max-

well, relict of Major Hamilton Maxwell, of Ardwell.

23. At her house, Tavistock Place, London, Mrs Elizabeth Chisholm, relict of Alexander Chisholm, late of Chisholm, Inverness-shire, aged 68.

25. At Morebattle, Mr James Culbertson, feuar there, in the 98th year of his age.

— At Stonelaws, East Lothian, Mrs Lillias Lindsay, spouse of Mr William Mitchell.

— At Easington, Captain Landless, royal navy.

26. At Glasgow, Mr John Dick, student of medicine, third son of the Rev. Dr Dick, Glasgow.

— Here, Mr Robert Butterworth Runcorn, student of medicine, only son of the late Robert Runcorn, Esq. Manchester.

— At Roddinghead, George Douglas, Esq. of Roddinghead.

27. At her house, George-street, Miss Catherine Hope, daughter of the late Sir Archibald Hope of Craighall.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Brown, wife of the Rev. Dr Andrew Brown, one of the ministers of this city, and Professor of Rhetoric in the University.

27. At Southfield, by Auchtermuchty, George Keltie, Esq. late tenant of Falklandwood, in the 77th year of his age.

— At her house, George-street, Miss Catharine Hope, daughter of the late Sir Archibald Hope of Craighall, Bart.

— Mrs Mary Brown, wife of the Rev. Dr Andrew Brown, one of the ministers of this city, and professor of rhetoric in the University.

— At his house, York-place, in the 84th year of his age, James Whyte, Esq. formerly in the service of the Hon. East India Company.

— At Valleyfield, Culross, in the 78th year of his age, James Stewart, Esq. of Glasgow.

29. At Aberdeen, Mr John Gill, advocate.

30. At Glasgow, John Wallace Hozier, Esq. second son of William Hozier, Esq. of Newlands.

— In his house at the College, in Durham, the Ven. Rev. Reynold Gideon Bouyer, LL.B. Archdeacon of Northumberland, Prebendary of Durham and Salisbury, Vicar of Northallerton, official to the Dean and Chapter of Durham, and a trustee of Lord Crewe's charities.

— At Inverkeithing, Mrs Mary Brown, wife of Mr Hutton, R. N. She had lost her eldest daughter five months before, and only lived eight weeks after the birth of another.

31. At Queenston, Upper Canada, Wilhelmina Denham, wife of Francis Hall, Esq. civil engineer there.

31. At her house, No. 11, St Leonardhill, Elizabeth Davidson, daughter of Patrick Davidson, writer.

— At Gifford Bank, East Lothian, Mr William Gilbertson, factor to the Most Noble the Marquis of Tweeddale.

— At Canisbay, in the Presbytery of Caithness, the Rev. James Smith, minister of that parish.

— At the Manse of Carnock, in his 69th year, the Rev. Alex. Thomson, who had been minister of the parish of Carnock for 46 years.

Feb. 1. At the Mains of Brighton, Hugh Maxwell, Esq. of Halkerton.

— At Haddington, Thomas Fairbairn, Esq. Sheriff-substitute of Haddingtonshire.

— At Dumfries, aged 76, Mrs Agnes Murray, relict of Mr Henry Gibson, late farmer in Longbedholm.

— At his house, in Berner-street, London, John Campbell, Esq. accountant-general to the Court of Chancery, in the 75th year of his age.

— At Gosforth-house, near Newcastle, after a few hours' illness, of inflammation, Charles John Brandling, Esq. M. P. for Northumberland. He would have completed his 55th year on the 4th inst. being born Feb. 4, 1769. He was greatly esteemed for his frankness, kindness, and hospitality; and his death is universally lamented in a wide circle.

2. At Edinburgh, Mr John Gray, late baker there.

— At Berwick-upon-Tweed, Hannah, lady of James Forster, Esq. of that town, in the 49th year of her age.

— At Leith, Mrs Jane Smith, Charlotte-street, aged 58.

2. At Craigie Manse, Isabella, second daughter of the Rev. Dr Stirling.

3. John Peat, solicitor, Supreme Courts, aged 76.

4. At Rome, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, Lieutenant William Wemyss Fraser, of the 41st regiment, youngest son of the late Mr John Fraser, Rhives, Sutherlandshire.

— At George-place, Leith-walk, Mrs Agnes Blackie, wife of James Cheyne, Esq. merchant, Leith.

— At Dura-house, Alex. Bain, Esq. of Rires.

5. At Dykehead, Mr Robert Richardson, late Provost of Lochmaben.

— At Peebles, James Ker, Esq. provost of Peebles.

— Here, Miss Louisa Orr, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Orr of Waterside, Esq. W. S.

6. At the house of her son, 67, Northumberland-street, Mrs Elizabeth Hunter, aged 73, widow of the late Robert Hunter, Esq. merchant in Dacca, Bengal.

— At Pathhead, Mrs Elizabeth Carse, relict of the late Mr Andrew Gordon, Preston, aged 81.

— At Rome, John Hugh Maclean, Esq. younger of Ardgour.

7. At Kelso, Mrs Samuel Robertson, late of Ednam.

— At Balmeadowside, David Wallace, Esq. of Balmeadowside.

8. At Rosefield Cottage, Portobello, of inflammation in the lungs, Henry Palfrey, the son of Major Stephenson, 6th dragoon guards, aged 17 months.

— At Harrowgate, Mr Charles Thomson of Edinburgh.

10. At Glasgow, after a short illness, in the 22d year of his age, Mr Ebenezer Reid, stationer.

— At Petworth-house, the Countess Dowager of Camarvon.

11. At Springhill, Muirkirk, Mr John Finlayson, patentee of the self-cleaning plough and harrow, and author of a treatise on agricultural subjects.

— At Worcester, Incedon, the celebrated vocalist. Some weeks previous to his death, he had experienced a severe paralytic attack. As a singer, in his peculiar style, he had no equal while living, and we fear he has left behind him no one likely to supply his place.

12. At Vienna, at an advanced age, Baron John Fyffe, a native of this city.

— At Crook, aged 20, Robert, youngest son of the late Mr John Hutchison.

— At her house, Charlotte Square, Mrs Oliphant, widow of Robert Oliphant, Esq. of Rossie.

— At Stenton, East Lothian, Mr Wm. Welch, schoolmaster.

13. At Dubbyside, Fifeshire, James Fulton, Esq. writer.

— James Bruce, Esq. of Bankton, late secretary of excise.

14. At Greenock, Mrs Rosina Hunter.

— At Greycraig, Fifeshire, Jean, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Niel Bethune, minister of Kennoway.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Walter Harvey, son of the late Mr John Harvey, Burnhouse.

15. At Dalkeith, Mr E. Bell, rector of the Grammar School there.

— At his house, Knottsgreen, Essex, James Innes, Esq. merchant in London.

16. At Warkton, Northamptonshire, the Rev. David Wauchope, second son of the late John Wauchope of Edmondstone, Esq.

— At Paisley, Mr Aeneas Sutherland, of excise, late captain of 93d regiment.

16. At his house at Holdgate, near York, in the 81st year of his age, and in the full possession of all his mental faculties, Lindley Murray, the author of an English Grammar, and of many other most approved works on education.

18. At Dumfries, Mrs Catherine Anderson, wife of A. Findlater, Esq. late collector of excise in Glasgow.

20. At No. 2, Fettes Row, Edinburgh, Margaret Agnes, only daughter of Captain David Campbell, of the 98th regiment.

— Here, Mary, the wife of Mr Treasurer, 10, Terrace, aged 61.

21. At her brother's house, Castle Street, Miss Isabella Stevens.

21. At London, Knight, the comedian, of Drury-Lane Theatre.

23. At her house, in Englefield Green, the Right Hon. Elizabeth Harriet, Viscountess Warren Bulkeley, in her 67th year.

25. At his house in George Street, Hanover Square, London, Viscount Carleton, aged 87. The title is extinct. His lordship was one of the Irish representative peers.

— At Maryfield, Ross-shire, the Rev. Donald Mackenzie, minister of Fodderty.

— At Falkirk, the Rev. William Burns, in the 88th year of his age.

— At his house, No. 227, High Street, Mr John Kay, in the 84th year of his age.

Feb. 23. Rear-Admiral Prowse, C. B.

25. At Calder, Miss Helen Low, daughter of the late Alexander Low, Esq. of Laws, Berwickshire.

26. At Edinburgh, Janet, only daughter of William Baird, Esq. late farmer at Lochend.

27. At Edinburgh, Ensign Walter Thomson, late of the 3d Royal Veteran Battalion.

— At her son's house, Dublin Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Ballantyne, late merchant in Kelso.

— Miss Rebecca Shiells, Hope Park, Edinburgh.

28. At Dingwall, Donald Cameron, Esq. Principal Clerk of the Peace, &c. for the counties of Ross and Cromarty.

March 1. At Waterford, Mr Alexander Leiper, manager of the Provincial Bank of Ireland there, and late accountant of the Stirling Bank.

— At Mansfield, Notts, Elizabeth Green, aged 107 years. She enjoyed the use of her faculties to the last, but received such a shock at the death of her son, who died in the same house four days preceding, at the age of 73, that the removal of his coffin was succeeded by the death of his aged mother.

— At Southfod, Christina, third daughter of the late John Stenhouse, Esq. younger of Southfod.

— At Egypt, Morningside, Helen, youngest daughter of Mr John Stevenson.

2. At Drygrange, Susanna, youngest daughter of the late Archibald Tod, Esq. of Drygrange.

— Lord Downes, the Ex-Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, Ireland.

3. At Pwllheryochon, near Conway, North Wales, Jane, only daughter of Sir David Erskine of Cambo, Bart.

4. At his father's house, No. 39, North Hanover Street, Mr A. P. Marshall.

— At Muirburn, James Alston, Esq. of Muirburn.

— At Balbardie House, Linlithgowshire, Rachel, third daughter of Alexander Marjoribanks, Esq. of Marjoribanks.

— At St Roque's, McMillan Jameson, M. D. late Surgeon-General, Royal Artillery, aged 69.

— At Leith, Mrs Margaret Laurie, relict of Mr H. D. Lang, merchant there.

5. At Kelton, Ninian Hair Scott, Esq. of Knockenstob.

— At Inzin, Mrs Helen Farquharson, relict of Thomas Mitchell, Esq.

— At Toulouse, aged 80 years, Madame La Perouse, widow of the celebrated naturalist of that name.

6. At Rosehall, George Adam Graham, second son of Mr John Graham, jeweller.

— At his house, 3, Great King Street, Mr John Garrioch.

— At Broughton Place, Edinburgh, Margaret Anne, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr David Ritchie.

— At his seat, Redgrave Hall, Suffolk, George Wilson, Esq. Admiral of the Red.

— The Hon. Colonel John Lindsay, brother to the late Earl of Balcarres.

7. At Pittenweem, Miss Katherine Anstruther, daughter of the late Sir Philip Anstruther of Balcastie, Bart.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Catharine Sommerville, spouse of Mr William Gibson, jun. late merchant in Edinburgh, aged 68 years.

8. At Thurso, William Henderson, Esq. of Scotscaider, sheriff-substitute of the shire of Caithness.

10. At Allanfield, William G. V. Scott, son of Mr Robert Scott, merchant, Leith.

— At Paris, Mr Pinkerton, the distinguished

writer on Geography, at the age of 67.—He was born at Edinburgh.

10. At 22, Drummond Place, Edinburgh, Eliza Roy, daughter of the late William Roy, Esq. of Nenthorn.

11. Mark Haward, fourth son of Mr Orr, 13, Forth Street.

— At Crieff, Mrs Margaret Drummond, relict of the Rev. Robert Stirling, minister of Crieff.

— At Dunfermline, Mrs Margaret Pearson, relict of Mr John Kerr, manufacturer there.

12. At the Manse of Dysart, Mrs Christian Hardie, relict of Peter Brotherson, Esq. of Esk Mills, near Penicuik.

14. At Hamburg, Mr Joseph Brodie, of the house of Messrs Pitcairn, Brodie, and Company.

— At Larkhill Crescent, near Worcester, John H. Martin, Esq. late of Glencree, Galloway, in the 45th year of his age.

— At Manse of Knockando, the Rev. Lachlan M'Pherson, 68 years.

15. At Slamanan, the Rev. James Robertson, minister of that parish.

— At Belham, Mr Walter Oswald, late of Hall-hill, Fifeshire.

16. At Edinburgh, in the 66th year of his age, Mr William Gibson, jun., late merchant, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh.

— At Halle, Professor Vater, the celebrated Orientalist.

17. At Derby, Lieut. George Castle, R. N., only surviving son of the late Samuel Castle, Esq. Solicitor, Durham.

— At her house, Hanover Street, Miss Phebe Durham, daughter of the deceased John Durham, Esq. surgeon, Kirkcaldy.

17. At Kirkaldy, Mrs Landale, senior.

JOHN MATTHEWS, Esq.

Early on Sunday morning, 15th January, after a protracted malady of intense suffering, borne with Christian fortitude and pious resignation, died at his seat at Belmont, in the 71st year of his age, John Matthews, Esq. whose death has excited a greater degree of public regret than we have ever before witnessed. The unceasing anxiety of all ranks of people in this city and its neighbourhood during his last illness, exhibited an affecting proof how much and how generally he was beloved. Though it may be truly said of this distinguished individual, that he was a man above all praise, yet it is a gratifying, and perhaps not an useless task, to attempt to delineate, however faintly, a character which conciliated in so remarkable a manner, affection and respect. He was gifted with intellectual faculties seldom found united in the same person, combining the utmost playfulness of fancy with the strongest and most discriminating powers of the mind. His genius, first cultivated at Eaton, and afterwards at Oxford, embraced every department of classical and elegant literature. His poetical effusions were of that peculiar grace and felicity never to be forgotten. He was not less a lover of the fine arts, than an ardent admirer of the beauties of nature; and the scenery of our highly-favoured county has borrowed additional charms from his tasteful hand. Neither was its agriculture less an object of his attention. Improvement followed his footsteps, and his possessions became discernible at a glance. His intellectual endowments could not fail to designate him for the exercise of the most important public functions. Led by active benevolence to undertake the performance of magisterial duties, he was called by the unanimous voice of his brother magistrates to fill the chair at the Quarter Sessions. With what ability, dignity, and impartiality he discharged, for nearly twenty years, that honourable and laborious trust, is still fresh in our remembrance; nor can it be forgotten, that under his auspices our Shire-hall, so deservedly admired, was begun and completed. During the time he presided at the Quarter Sessions, he was invited to represent his native county in Parliament; and, in acceding to this invitation, he seems rather to have consented to occupy a station which drew upon him increased admiration, than to have desired it. In public, as in private life, his views were large

— At Forres, Mrs Grant, relict of the Rev. Lewis Grant, Cromdale.

— At Ely, Miss Elizabeth Duddingstone, eldest daughter of the late James Duddingstone, Esq. of Saint Ford.

— At Stirling, Thomas Littlejohn, Esq. late provost of Stirling.

— At Kirtleton House, Dumfries-shire, David Niven, Esq. of Kirtleton.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Catherine Napier, wife of Maevy Napier, Esq. Professor of Conveyancing in the University of Edinburgh.

23. At Portobello, Bain Whyt, only son of the Rev. Mr Glen.

25. In Cavendish Square, London, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Durham, in the 92d year of his age. His Lordship was insensible for some days. He was uncle to the present, and brother to the late Lord Barrington, and was translated from the See of Salisbury to that of Durham in 1791. The bulk of his Lordship's property descends to his nephew.

— At Paris, suddenly in the church, the Duke Mathew de Montmorency.

Lately. In Russia, of the infirmities of age, Count Nicholas Romanzoff, Chancellor of the Empire.

— At Dublin, Lord Viscount Netterville, aged 82. His lordship was a Roman Catholic. This title is extinct.

— Lord Arthur Paget, of the 7th Hussars, son of the Marquis of Anglesea. His death was occasioned by an accident, while hunting, a short time since. His horse failed in an attempted leap, and fell upon his noble rider, who was so much injured, that he survived but a few days after.

and liberal. He gave his steady support to the principles of Mr Pitt, and this from motives of such acknowledged purity, that even when the current of party spirit ran highest, he was always treated by his political opponents with marked veneration. The exalted qualities of his mind were hallowed by those of his heart, and his religious and moral conduct shone equally conspicuous. As long as his health permitted, he was never absent from divine service. In all the different relations of husband, father, friend, the prominent feature of his character was a generous disregard of his own ease to promote that of others. He was the best of landlords, and the best of masters. How entirely he was beloved, how devoutly he was revered in that domestic circle, for whom he lived, no language can describe. All the alleviation, through a long course of painful disease to be derived, from filial piety, and angelic tenderness—he received, and most feelingly recorded. Nor did the watchful and assiduous attendance of the physician and the friend fail to be duly appreciated by him, to the last moment of his existence. Such were the talents and the virtues, such the amiable disposition of him whose irreparable loss we deplore—of whom it may be allowed us to exclaim, in the language of his favourite bard, that

————— “ Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a Man !”

We are indebted to a highly respectable correspondent for the above, and presume to add, that the regretted and accomplished individual, whose demise it is our painful duty to record, was senior alderman, and one of the magistrates of this city, one of the senior members of the Royal College of Physicians, and Colonel of the first regiment of local militia of this county. When the country was threatened with invasion by Buonaparte, he formed a volunteer corps, which he ably commanded for several years, and afterwards remained their colonel when they became local militia; on every occasion he conciliated the esteem and sincere regards of officers and men, and had two magnificent silver vases presented to him, at different periods, by the officers, as tributes of veneration and affection.—*Hereford Journal*.

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VOL. XIX.

FRIENDLY EPISTLE TO JOHN BULL, ESQUIRE, FROM ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

London, May 10, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR,

You are on the eve of being called on to select a new House of Commons, and circumstances render it of the first importance that your selection should be made with unerring wisdom. Never, sir, did so much depend upon your exercise of the privilege as now depends upon it. Your selection must determine whether the glorious patrimony which you have inherited from your fathers shall be wasted by quacks and projectors, and whether your prosperity and happiness shall be exchanged for beggary and misery. Some of your best possessions have been already squandered away, and all are in imminent danger. Your rulers take the lead in crying up change and innovation, and attacking what you have hitherto been the most proud of; and you have scarcely anything left in institution, law, or principle, that they do not threaten. Your new Representatives will be called upon, immediately on their being chosen, to finish the work of experiment and innovation; and to give the last blow to the bulwarks of your power, and the sources of your riches and felicity. Your next House of Commons must decide for preservation or destruction;—and it must be essentially different from the present one; it must in many important points guide, and not be guided by, the Ministry; it must shake off the despotism of leaders, and place party in a minority; it must be such a

House of Commons as you can scarcely hope to obtain; or it will decide for the ruin and dismemberment of the British empire.

While this is the case, there is great reason to fear that you are in an exceedingly unfit state for the due exercise of the privilege. You have cast away almost all your old characteristics. From being a jolly, fox-hunting, joke-cracking kind of person, you have become a priggish, snarling Philosopher; from being a mortal enemy of projectors, you have become yourself an infatuated projector. You have thrown off your sober beaver and honest blue coat, and garbed yourself in the fantastic cap and mantle of the Alchymist. Your cudgel is laid aside as too illiterate an appendage, and your hands are now constantly filled with books, mechanics' tools, and philosophical apparatus. You have quarrelled with roast-beef and home-brewed, for giving you too much thickness of limb, rotundity of stomach, and breadth of countenance; and you are labouring to reduce yourself, by a diet of outlandish soups and belly-vengeance, to a kind of living skeleton. From being an active, bustling man of business—a shrewd, sagacious man of the world, you have become a rank pedant: formerly you were rather a despiser of books, and now you are destroying your eyes with incessant reading; you cannot do the most trifling action—you can neither pick your teeth nor scratch your

head, without looking into books to discover the learned method of doing it. I listen in vain to hear from you that sober, daring, original, and commanding eloquence, that glorious compound of solid sense, majestic wisdom, hearty benevolence, and glowing, straightforward patriotism, with which you have been wont to delight me; instead, I can only hear you lisp, and drawl, and stammer at the fifth hand the stale, puerile, contradictory, and cold-blooded dogmas of the Economists. You have corrupted your language by adopting new-coined words, and changing the meaning of the best old ones, into a barbarous gibberish, which is nearly unintelligible to an Englishman.

As to your patriotism, the only country in the world that you do not love—that you seek to injure and impoverish—is Old England. You have hitherto been somewhat famous for fickleness in your attachment to your rulers, and unshaken constancy in your attachment to your laws and institutions; if things went wrong, you threw all the blame on the former, and protested the latter to be perfection. But now this is wholly reversed: You think your rulers cannot err; you esteem your laws and institutions to be intolerably faulty, and you wish to change them about as often as you change your linen.* Formerly your leaders found you a very obstreperous, boisterous, self-willed person; you would not follow them for more than ten paces together, without making a sudden stop to convince them that you acted from choice, and to ascertain what they were conducting you to; but now you are a smirking, cringing, bowing, servile, spiritless, lacquey-like creature, whom they can lead to anything. Whether they guide you as they ought, or drag you through a horse-pond, it is the same: Whatever absurdities they may make you commit, and whatever evils they may inflict upon you, you submit to all with abject resignation. You have gained the soul of the slave; if you are yet without his fetters. In this state of things, my dear sir, it is the duty of your friends to strain every nerve to bring you back to your old principles and habits. Of these friends, I am one; and I will yield to none in the warmth and disinterestedness of my friendship; I have loved you as a bro-

ther, and revered you as a parent. I have studied your heart, treasured up your opinions, imbibed your prejudices, copied your habits—in a word, it has been my pride to take you for my teacher and example in everything. No praise has been so dear to me as that which said I felt like yourself; and the reproach which charged me with being filled with your prejudices, I have valued as a delicious compliment. My efforts to serve you have been my solace in hours of suffering; and I have sacrificed that for you which is commonly the last thing that men can prevail on themselves to sacrifice. These things give me the privilege of dealing plainly with you; and I will exercise it. I am about to speak touching your rulers, your parties, your own conduct, and the general state of your affairs; and I will do it without thinking of panegyric. You are too far gone to be flattered back again, and I shall not attempt it; gentle remedies would be useless, and I will try none. I will treat John Bull after John Bull's own fashion; I will judge him by his former principles; I will appeal to John Bull the Statesman, against John Bull the Philosopher and Apostate. If an unsparing exposure of your folly and frenzy can reclaim you, by me you shall be reclaimed.

I fear you will think my promise of plain speaking an unnecessary one, for there are people in the world who imagine that I at all times speak too plainly. If this be a fault, you at least have no right to quarrel with it, because it is from associating with you that I have contracted it. If it be a fault, I shall never get rid of it; I must write what I feel, or I have no inspiration; those who have what I write, must have what I think. I cannot trim, and soften, and conceal, and suppress; there is an art in it which I cannot master; there is a meanness in it which I cannot stoop to. I cannot, like some people, crawl on my hands and knees; I must be erect, or I cannot make the smallest progress. The penalties which this subjects me to, give me no concern; I have paid them, and I will pay them again, as often as they may be exacted. I seek not general popularity, and I sigh not for universal friendship. I know that, to be worthy of being loved, I must be worthy of being hated; and to gain

warm friends, I am content to have bitter enemies. Your Ministry, my worthy friend, consists in a great degree of able and upright men. Perhaps, as a whole, it will bear comparison with any Ministry you ever had, in respect of ability, experience, and virtue: and yet I believe you never had one that displayed more incapacity and quackery than it has done in the last few years. The wisest of men sometimes exhibit the grossest of folly, and the best intentions occasionally produce the most pernicious actions.

When the peace was firmly established, and you had begun to accommodate yourself to the new order of things, your Ministers resolved to revise your laws and systems, and to improve, as far as possible, the general regulation of your domestic affairs. When I look at the resolution in the abstract, I think it worthy of the highest praise; when I look at what it has yielded, I lament its being taken, as a mighty public calamity. If they had cautiously and strictly confined themselves to reforms and amendments that were obviously necessary—if they had held principle sacred, and had only sought to better the application of it—if they had scrupulously avoided matters of mere opinion and speculation, and had only endeavoured to purify and improve where the evils and defects were placed fully before them by arithmetical calculation and unsailable fact—if they had done this, you might have benefited largely from their labours. Their ambition, however, looked with scorn upon toil of so humble and plodding a character—reform was below their notice, and they “soared” into gigantic innovation. They declared in terms, or effect, that your whole system was full of error and evil; they denounced various of your most important laws, and began to destroy them by wholesale. They attacked not only statutes, but principles, and even the structure of society. They extended change and abolition to your creed in trade, politics, philosophy, morals, and religion. Everything was to be “liberalized”—you were to have practically, if not in form, a general, “new, and liberal system.”

All this, my dear sir, you sanctioned. You who have always been re-

markable, in the words of the first Genius of the age, for being nervously jealous of innovations in your laws, and for having *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari* embroidered on your garments. You were, no doubt, drunk with prosperity, and you were vilely imposed upon; but still, after all that can be said in your favour, you deserved for it a sound horse-whipping. Lay aside for a moment, I beseech you, your philosophy, and I will convince you of the fearful extent of your error.

For once in my life I will quote a Whig authority, and that no mean one. Mr Fox said in the House of Commons, in 1793,—“I have always thought that the best defence of the constitution was, not that it tallied with the theories of speculative men, nor that in its letter there was more appearance of regard to the abstract ideas of liberty—but its best defence is its practical uses—its best character is, that it has produced substantial happiness to man.” This, sir, is my opinion, with regard not only to your constitution, but to your laws and systems. Things that are kept for their beauty ought, doubtlessly, to be valued according to their beauty; but things that are kept for use ought to be valued by the benefits which their use produces. Your laws and systems, sir, were made, not to display the perfection of theory, but to yield as much as possible of practical good. You may dissent from this opinion, but I think you cannot refute it.

Ever since I could lisp, I have been taught to think very highly of these laws and systems—I have been taught to regard them as the boast of human wisdom—I have been taught to value them by their working, and not their form—by their products, and not their theoretic perfection. This, I say, I have been taught daily and hourly from my cradle. And who has been my instructor? You, sir—You, who are now assisting to destroy them. You taught me farther, that veneration for them, and jealous resistance to the making of theoretic changes in them, constituted the best bulwark of your liberty and happiness. I ask you, sir, as the tutor who has worked these opinions into my very nature, on what ground you have yourself renounced them? I ask you, why John Bull the Philosopher is warring against

the creed of John Bull the Statesman?

Let me, my dear Friend, place before you the laws and systems which your Ministers doomed to change and abolition, and many of which they have already changed and abolished, with your sanction. The most important of your boasted Navigation Laws—the Laws against Combinations—the Restrictive System—the Colonial System—the Corn Laws—the Currency Laws—and the Laws against Usury. Most of these you have always proclaimed to be invaluable, and you know as well as myself that their operation upon all your best interests has been incessant, and most sweeping. Were they condemned to destruction upon satisfactory evidence that they worked for evil? Was it clearly established that they contracted your trade, crippled your power, injured your industry, and diminished your riches? The fruits which they had yielded in ages of trial were before you, and did these prove them to be so pernicious, that their annihilation ought to be encompassed at the risk of throwing your whole system into disorder, and filling the land with ruin and misery? Laws and systems, sir, so aged, and of such gigantic operation, could not have injured you without its being matter of PROOF—PROOF, seen by all, admitted by all, and wholly above question. How, then, did PROOF affect the matter? It was demonstrably, and altogether in favour of these laws and systems. Your trade, wealth, power, greatness, and happiness, had risen under them to a height unprecedented—former generations had esteemed them to be most beneficial—your greatest statesmen had been their parents and defenders—and those upon whom they had more directly operated, struggled for their preservation to the last moment. Until they were attacked by inexperienced, theoretic men, who were strangers to their working, they were held by all to be above value. No PROOF could be adduced that they yielded evil; it was maintained that they were defective in theory, and that, in consequence, their destruction would be advantageous. A set of literary pretenders formed what was called a system of Political Economy, which was so far from being drawn from experience, that history, from first to

last, covered it with refutation; and because they were at variance with this system, they were sentenced.

If I, my worthy sir, were asked to point out the most difficult work that could be undertaken by human intellect, I should say it would be found in the changing of the laws and systems in question. It requires no common share of talent and experience to conduct a war, manage the foreign affairs of a great empire, levy taxes, and legislate against crime and misdemeanor wisely; but this is mere boy's work compared with the changing of the laws that regulate the trade and agriculture, the capital and industry, of an empire like that of Britain. Your interests are so numerous and unwieldy—the relations between them are so multifarious and complex—the dependence of one upon the other is often so different from what it appears to be, so much entangled with other matters, or so deeply hidden beneath the surface of things—it is so difficult to ascertain the precise operation of a leading commercial law, and to estimate the importance of many trades—the necessary information touching the state of things in other countries is so difficult to obtain—so much is it at the mercy of foreign governments, and so much depends on the continually changing conduct of individuals—peace and war differ so widely from each other—nation is so much connected with and influenced by nation—it is so essential for the benefit of trade itself that it should be made subservient to the higher interests of a country—these, and a thousand other things, render the changing of such laws a task too mighty for even the most accomplished statesman. He may calculate and reason, but he cannot obtain true data; or his data may be true in one moment and false in the next, and, in consequence, his calculations and reasonings will prove to be but vague and erring conjectures. When I look, sir, at the list of condemned laws and systems which I have given, I think that the most daring and presumptuous Minister might have trembled at undertaking the abolition of any one of them, except from the commands of imperious public necessity. Yet your Economists speak as though these almost inexplicable mysteries and stupendous difficulties did not exist. “If such a thing be done,

such a thing will happen!" they cry, with as much oracular confidence as though the Deity spoke through them. Your very Denmans, Wilsons, and Palmers, have spoken in Parliament of these changes and abolitions as though they understood their nature, and could foresee their consequences. Your newspaper editors throughout, and even your barbers' apprentices, proclaim themselves to be on these points all-knowing. Such idiotic conceit and nauseous quackery are almost sufficient to make a man despise his species.

I will not, sir, admit that the condemned laws and systems were founded upon false theory. I maintain, that the truth of the theory must be determined by the effects of its application, and that what is beneficial in practice is true in theory. I maintain that the theorist who denounces what is practically good as being theoretically false, is himself a teacher of false theory, or, to speak more truly, is a stranger to theory. It is not for fallible man to say where perfection lies in anything; but I assert that the fruits of these laws and systems abundantly prove that true theory formed their foundation. True theory, sir, is born from effects, and false from speculative opinions. Your rulers, however, seem to think the reverse. They seem to imagine that a thing may be false in theory that yields the best products, and true that yields the worst; they appear to believe that you want laws and systems for show, and not for their "practical uses"—to tally with "theories of speculation," and not to produce "substantial happiness to man."

Your ministers, my dear sir, made these gigantic changes solely upon theory, and, in making them, they were the servile pupils of the Economists. These Economists, whom they thought good to select as teachers, were in general mere literary men—they were chiefly Cockneys and Scotchmen, who had seen nothing of the general working of English laws and institutions, and who were strangers to the habits and character of English society—they were furious party men, and tainted to the heart with infidelity and republicanism—and their system, as a whole, was obviously fashioned with the view of working the destruction of your Church, Aristocracy, and Monarchy. Your Mi-

nisters, sir, adopted the opinions of these men in making the changes, and their speeches convince me that investigation and study had but a small share in leading to their adoption.

On the one hand, therefore, these condemned laws and systems vitally affected the whole of your trade, property, and industry—most of them had been tried for ages, and had been thought invaluable—your first statesmen had always ascribed to them a large portion of your trade, riches, and power—no proof was adduced that they were producing evils of any description—they were thought to be most beneficial by the practical men on whom they more immediately operated—and your affairs were generally flourishing. On the other hand, they were declared to be at variance with a theory which certain theorists had invented—these theorists were, many of them, ignorant of the world, exceedingly shallow, and notoriously disaffected to your constitution and religion—their dogmas were at the best mere suppositions, hostile to each other, and flatly opposed to reason and experience—and they could merely rail against these laws and systems, and say that their theory would make that better which was excellent—would make that more beneficial which was producing no evils, and which was believed to be extremely beneficial. This was the real case, sir, *for* and *against*, and you decided with your Ministers in favour of destruction. You declared for quacks, assertion, paradox, and innovation, against your ancestors, proof, common sense, and the sacred maxims of your constitution.

Your early lessons, sir, had effectually disabled me for following you, and I kept the ground on which, in your less romantic days, you had placed me. I have, from the first, struggled against your apostacy, and I now ask you, in the name of your immortal ancestors and hallowed constitution, if the laws and systems of this empire ought to be changed on such grounds as I have stated?

Let us now, my dear Friend, look at the circumstances to which the conduct of your rulers and yourself has brought you. We will first place before us your parties.

The Whigs and Burdettites were naturally disciples of the Economists,

and they had long been clamouring for these changes, and the adoption of "the new liberal system." Of course, when government adopted this system, they became its zealous supporters. In Parliament, the Ministers, the violent Whigs, and the Burdettites, form, on almost all important points, one party. Mr Canning, Mr Brougham, Mr Peel, Sir F. Burdett, Mr Robinson, Mr Hobhouse, Sir R. Wilson, &c. &c. fight, side by side, against a feeble Opposition, composed of two or three of the more respectable and honest Whigs, two or three of the staunch Tories, and two or three of the Independents. The Opposition that Mr Hobhouse spoke of in his speech on Reform, consists of men who are the loudest eulogists of the Ministry, who are the most zealous champions of its leading measures, who constantly vote with it against the Opposition I have mentioned, and who, if Mr Tierney may be believed, are the sole means of keeping Mr Canning and his friends in office. I cannot, sir, divine what caused "Westminster's Pride" the Younger, to fall into such a blunder, as to call these men an Opposition.

That such men as the Earl of Liverpool, Mr Canning, and Mr Peel, should be perfectly agreed in opinion on almost all points of foreign and domestic policy with such as Mr Brougham, Sir F. Burdett, and Mr Hobhouse,—that the present Ministers should be perfectly agreed in opinion with the violent Whigs and Radicals, in making the most gigantic changes in your laws and systems, forms one of the most extraordinary things that can be found in the history of this nation. I even think it wholly unexampled, when I reflect that this concord exists, and still the new allies of your Ministry have not made the smallest change of opinion. I have the evidence of my senses, sir, to convince me that your Ministers are furiously supported by those who were so lately the patrons of your revolutionary mobs—that they are borrowing principles and schemes from those whom they so long denounced as seditious visionaries—that they are outrageously praised by the Whig and Revolutionary press—and that all the infidels and republicans in the country are their passionate admirers—and still I can scarcely credit it. I will spare comment; it will be for others

to speak of this as it ought to be spoken of, and to describe the consequences.

I have on a former occasion said, that the leaders of your House of Commons constitute, in effect, your House of Commons. The leaders in this House have thus coalesced, and therefore you have practically—you will soon have cause to curse the day that gave you it—a unanimous Parliament. The Opposition that I have described, is one in name rather than in reality. Its members are unconnected, and hold different creeds; and those who take the lead are bound hand and foot by former votes and speeches.

Let us now, my dear Friend, look at the component parts and working of this unanimous Parliament—this tremendous Coalition. The Tories are, in so far as regards creed, divided into two parties. The new ones—I give them the name for distinction's sake, for they ought to be called anything rather than Tories—consist, in the main, of what were once called the Wellesley and Grenville parties, and of various people who have individually deserted from the Whigs. Almost all of them began life as Whigs; many of them have followed politics as a profession; there are few of them who have not, during their lives, reversed their opinions on the most important questions; and the greater part have been on different sides, and only joined the Tories when they obtained office. There is scarcely any difference in creed—if we except Reform—between these *new or liberal* Tories and the Whigs and Burdettites. I know not how it happens that these Tories resist Reform, unless they do it from the knowledge that their support of it would strip them of office. In regard to consistency, I think, after what they have recently said and done, it would be more consistent in them to advocate than to oppose it. If we except this question of Reform, the new Tories and the old ones differ in almost every other. Their differences relate, not to minor matters, but to those of first-rate importance.

These small, any-side, trading parties, that perpetually flutter between the two great constitutional ones, ought always to be kept in a subordinate situation by the one to which they may for the moment attach themselves

They are so habituated to change, that they cannot exist without it; and a life of coquetry and bargaining makes them intolerably selfish and domineering. Woe to those who trust them! Many of these Whig-and-no-Whig people came over from the Whigs in detachments, only when they could obtain a most exorbitant price for their desertion; and as soon as they came over, they began to labour for the destruction of those whom they had joined. To be merely a part of the Ministry was nothing; they must be in effect the whole Ministry. This was not to be accomplished through the Tories, and therefore they threw themselves for support upon the Whigs and Burdettites. By identifying themselves in opinion with the latter, and obtaining the puffery of the Whig and Radical press, they overawed their timorous, compromising colleagues, and gained the control of the whole Ministry. Putting out of sight the Catholic question, all your Ministers in the House of Commons go with the new Tories. The old Tories in this House have been betrayed; they have no leaders; they are but a number of unconnected individuals, destitute of voice and influence.

These petty parties, my worthy sir, although, with the exception of two or three individuals, they are destitute of ability, and although they have no existence out of Parliament, have thus stripped the most powerful party in the nation of parliamentary influence. They pretend to stand at the head of Toryism, merely to deprive it of all weight in your political system. The Whigs are now the omnipotent party in the House of Commons. Your Ministers in this House, while they call themselves Tories, depend for support principally upon the Whigs, and fear opposition principally from the Tories. The Whigs support their new system with enthusiasm; and the old Tories and Independents support it because they can do nothing else. Many of the latter loudly condemn out of the House, what they are constrained by the state of parties to vote for in it. If the Whigs had taken their ground against the new system, it would have been kicked out of Parliament at the opening of the session by an immense majority. If every member had voted solely according to his judgment, Ministers

would have been constantly in a minority on the leading questions.

The case, therefore, stands thus. The only members that your Ministers can regularly calculate upon, are the Tory close-borough ones. The old Tories, and Country Gentlemen, are, *in feeling*, opposed to them, and to gain these they must gain the Whig leaders and close-borough members. If they gain the latter, the independent part of the House has then no alternative but to vote with them, or to refrain from voting, incapable as it is of making a stand against the oratory of the combined leaders. The Whigs have strangely obtained the office that hitherto has been held by the Country Gentlemen—they now hold the balance—it is for them to decide whether the Ministry shall carry its measures.

This, sir, naturally places your Ministers and public affairs under the dictation of the Whigs. The nation would not endure a Whig Ministry for a week, and yet it oddly happens that it is governed more according to Whig principles than it could be if the Whigs were in office. If the Whigs had been in power, they could not possibly have carried many of their own schemes and innovations, that have been carried by your Tory Ministers. Mr Tierney lately asserted in Parliament, that "the Whigs devised the measures, and the Ministers received the emoluments;" that he had never known Parliament so reluctant to support government as it had been during the session—and that, had it not been for the Whigs, the new Tories would long since have been driven from office. When the Country Gentlemen held the balance, they acted only as independent judges; the Whigs, in holding it, act both as party judges and party lawgivers; they must shape as well as sanction the measure.

Your Ministers, my dear sir, show that they are duly acquainted with their situation; their courting and blandishments are chiefly addressed to the Whigs; their measures and speeches are scrupulously shaped to meet the approbation of the latter, and their journals. If they be by chance compelled to dissent from Whig propositions, they do it with all the supplicatory timidity and apologies of humble dependents. The

Country Gentlemen are not looked at; their favour is no longer of consequence; they are in fetters, and must obey the Coalition. If the Whigs show symptoms of hostility, they are met, not with hardy eloquence, but with the melting appeal—"You were the first to recommend these measures, and can you be so cruel as to abandon us?" Your Ministers have thrown out the signal of distress to all the Whigs and Radicals in the kingdom. Mr Canning has called those who dissent from the new system, a Faction; Mr Huskisson has said, that the publications—of course the Whig and Benthamite ones—which have supported this system, deserve highly of their country; Mr Grant has puffed the *Edinburgh Review*, at the rate of twice in the same speech, and Mr Robinson has repeated the stale slang touching "knowledge," with which the Whig and Revolutionary press has sickened the country, and has stated that he cannot conceive how the minds of those who dissent from this slang are constituted.

That your Ministers, sir, should thus have openly thrown themselves upon Publications which they so long held up as anti-English and revolutionary—which so long showered upon them everything that could wound and blacken—and which have so long warred against all that is sacred in the empire—is what could scarcely have been expected from full-grown men of any description. Manhood, sir, in whatever situation it may be placed, can hardly descend to such conduct. For Ministers, who call themselves Tory ones—who owe everything to the Tories—and who profess to represent and stand upon the Tories—to throw these vile and undeserved insults upon the Tories, is a thing wholly without example in the history of your Ministers; and I trust, for the sake of the nation, that it will remain for ever without example. I cannot, however, pity the Tories, if they be such spiritless, servile bondsmen, as to submit to the treatment. If your Ministers be weary of Toryism, let them abandon it like honest men; let them cast away not only the creed, but the office that the creed has given them; let them mingle a little justice to old friends with their astounding magnanimity to old enemies. If they can no longer use their

artillery against the Whigs and Revolutionists, let them spike it, and not employ it to slaughter in cool blood those who have so long fought their battles, and to whom they are indebted for all that they possess.

While the Whigs thus have the Ministers under their dictation in the House of Commons, the majority consists, in a very great degree, of the close-borough members of both sides. I, sir, never was a Reformer, and I am a decided enemy to what is called Parliamentary Reform; but I cannot close my eyes to the fact, that a more terrible curse could not visit the empire than the combining of the close-borough members. The working of the close-borough system has thus far led me to think highly of it. It has brought a vast portion of talent and intelligence into Parliament, which must otherwise have been excluded; and it has been, in my humble judgment, the chief means of keeping in existence an efficient and constitutional Opposition, of causing the public voice to be heard and listened to in Parliament, and of enabling the Crown and nation always to have a choice before them in regard to public servants and general policy. While I have thus thought it mighty for good, I have believed that its division into two hostile parties that balanced each other, rendered it nearly powerless for evil. From this division, however, has flowed the worth of the system. Without it, you can have no efficient Opposition, you can have no choice of Ministers and policy, your Country Gentlemen can have no control, and the opinion of the nation can have no weight in the legislature. If the close-borough members combine, they must convert the Cabinet into their hereditary possession; they will have the leaders of Parliament, and irresistible influence over the majority. They will place you under an odious oligarchy, and your constitution will work more perniciously than many of the continental despotisms.

At present, sir, your Whig and Tory close-borough members form one party in regard to your new system of policy; and this party, as I have said, composes, to a great extent, the majority in the House of Commons. Instead of the borough interest of the one side neutralising that of the other, and of the vote being decided by the

independent members, you have the borough interest combined into a whole, and rendering the independent members powerless. You have the whole borough interest, moreover, under Whig direction. How, sir, has this worked in the present session? The nation has been almost unanimous in execrating the new system, and Parliament has been almost unanimous in puffing it. Your silk manufacturers were thrown into ruin, chiefly by a change of law; they entreated the House to receive the most important evidence, and where was the Opposition to give weight to their entreaty? The two great parties—the whole of the borough members declared against them—and their prayer was almost unanimously rejected. The whole Scottish people petitioned against the change of currency; and where was the party to give weight to their petition? There was no such party; but there were Whig members in both Houses, who, in their passion for popular rights, had the hardihood to say, that the petitions were not deserving of notice. The men, sir, who have ventured to attack the new system, in opposition to both the Ministers and the Whigs, have been treated in “the People’s House” in a manner that would have disgraced a despotism. Your shipowners are petitioners for protection from ruin; and where is the party to support their prayer? The two great parties are combined, and their petitions attract scarcely any notice. The country is dreadfully distressed, and much of this distress has demonstrably been produced by the new system; yet Parliament is all harmony; the causes of the distress are not on any account to be inquired into, or spoken of, and the new system is still to be vigorously pursued. If a member venture to ascribe this distress to the real causes—to the changes and innovations—he is at once coughed down.

It follows from all this, my dear Friend, that your House of Commons scarcely seems to be the House of Commons of Old England. The barbarous gibberish of the new philosophy has expelled from it his Majesty’s good old English—the wretched dogmas of the Economists have driven out of it good old English feelings and opinions. Instead of constitutional jealousy of change and innovation, I find in it a rage for them—instead of show-

ing constitutional attachment to English laws and institutions, I find it asserting that they are little better than a mass of errors and evils. I find it scoffing at the prejudices of your ancestors, instead of honouring and revering them. The only members who are not listened to, and who are scarcely suffered to open their lips, are those who protest against changes, defend your laws, and speak the language of your fathers. This House was distinguished by its anxiety to promote the benefit of England; now it is distinguished by its anxiety to impoverish England, for the benefit of foreign nations. Half a million of people have been thrown into distress by an experiment which originated with the Whig quacks, and this House supports the quacks against the sufferers. Your navy is threatened with ruin by a similar experiment, and this House cleaves to the quacks, and risks the navy; experimental quackery has filled the nation with misery, and still this House is nearly unanimous in applauding it. The manner, sir, in which various of its leaders speak of your ancestors, ought to make your blood boil. When they deride “the prejudices of our ancestors,” they mean your ancestors, and not their own. Their ancestors slumber not in England. I think, sir, that, after what you have done for these men, decency ought to keep them silent on such matters; and that at any rate your House of Commons ought not to join them in heaping insults on the ashes of your departed heroes and sages. The least defensible of the prejudices of your ancestors was worth infinitely more than all the wisdom that these men ever possessed.

When I see, sir, in this House, such a man as Mr Hume exalted into a leader, made the chairman of committees, and suffered to make sweeping changes in your laws—when I see men who are not Englishmen, trampling upon the ashes of English worthies, railing down your English church, and destroying by wholesale, principles and systems that are more peculiarly English in their origin and operation—I cannot forbear asking myself—*Can this be the House of Commons of Old England?* When I see the benches, which heretofore were occupied by the parents of your happiness and grandeur, and from whence the thunders of such men as Pitt smote Whiggism and Jacobinism to

the dust, filled by Ministers who adopt the schemes and doctrines of the Whigs and Benthamites, cry up "liberal opinions," and denounce the old principles of the country—when I see this House following disaffected empirics who do not belong to it, voting for the most wild innovations for "liberality's" sake, and making, upon mad theory, the most perilous experiments on all the great interests of the empire—when I see all this, I cannot forbear asking myself again—CAN THIS BE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS OF OLD ENGLAND?

In your present philosophical frenzy, sir, you may call this prejudice. If it be prejudice, I am not ashamed of it; I was taught it by you, and you cannot condemn it without confessing yourself an apostate.

I cannot see where this appalling state of things is to terminate. The new Tories seem to be aware that they have no strength out of Parliament, and they appear to wish to render this union of the borough interests permanent, as a thing essential for their party existence. The Whigs are bound, hand and foot, to the new system, and their only hope of gaining a share of office, arises from their support of the Ministry. I suspect that both are looking forward to a more intimate connexion, and that an effort will soon be made to bring certain of the latter into office. My suspicion may be unjust, but when the new Tories are identifying themselves with the Whigs, and separating themselves from the old Tories in almost all matters of opinion, it is a natural one. I know not how the old Tories are to retain the humble share of official influence that they now possess. They have not a single rising orator. The few young men, not in office, who speak on the Ministerial side, all profess the new Toryism, and they have not talent to be of any value to any party. If the Ministry need recruits, it generally selects them from amidst the young Whigs. Perhaps when an expected retirement or two shall take place, a Whig leader or two will be admitted into the Ministry; then the new Tory and Whig Ministers will rid themselves of old Tory colleagues—then the Whig Ministers will rid themselves of new Tory colleagues—then the nation will rid itself of a Whig Ministry—and then you will get a

Tory Ministry of the right description.

Out of Parliament, my worthy Friend, there is about as much unanimity as there appears to be within it; but the unanimity of the nation is fiercely opposed to that of Parliament. The coalescing of the leaders has caused a general breaking-up of parties. The Whigs have lost almost every follower, except their mere mercenaries, and they never were so thoroughly contemptible, as a party, as they are at present. As to the new Tories, I cannot discover that they have any party existence out of Parliament; they consist of a few scattered individuals, who have neither form nor power as a body. There is not, I think, a single London newspaper, or periodical, putting out of sight the Whig and Radical ones, that can keep itself alive upon their creed: The Tory ones, that advocate their principles in other matters, depend for sale upon opposition to the Catholics. This is decisive, touching their party power. I imagine it to be impossible for them to acquire any strength in England. The Englishman hates milk and water—he cannot endure half-and-half things—if he enter into politics, he must be for the time a downright Whig or Tory. The Independents—I mean by the term that gigantic portion of the middle and upper classes who think for themselves, have no party interests, and never bind themselves to any party—are decidedly with the old Tories, and are, I believe, more hostile to the policy of Ministers than any other part of the community. The old Tories were never so powerful as they are at present; they have always had much the greater part of the Independents as allies, but now they have them almost to a man; and, in addition, they have been reinforced by an immense number of Whig deserters.

The old Tories, sir, have the overwhelming majority, not only in numbers, but in every attribute of potency. They have the strength of the land with them on the Catholic question; and in regard to the new liberal system, they have with them the landed interest—the monied interest—the West India interest—the shipping interest—a large part of the manufacturing interest—and a considerable part of the mercantile interest. I believe

that nine-tenths of the men of business are with them, touching this system.

When I look, sir, at the prodigious power of this party, and then turn to those who take the lead as its representatives in Parliament, I am amazed. It practically selects the Ministry; the Ministers in the Lower House profess to belong to it, and yet they are almost all Whigs in origin and present opinions. With regard to the Catholic Question, three of the four more influential ones are flatly opposed to it; and with regard to the new system, they are all flatly opposed to it. The old Tories, sir, whatever they may be in creed, must be consummate simpletons in action. This state of things seems to be perfectly miraculous.

On the one side, therefore, you have the Ministers, the Whigs, and the Burdettites; and on the other, you have the great mass of the community. Those who have hitherto been the leaders of parties, with their dependents and thick-and-thin admirers, form a separate party, and the nation forms another. Parliament is about unanimous in applauding, and the country is about unanimous in condemning, the new system of Ministers; yet you can have no change of Ministry, or system.

I say not all this, sir, from regard to names, or abstract doctrines. I care not what a man's party denomination or abstract opinion may be, provided he do no public mischief. I speak not thus of your Ministers, because they have embraced particular principles, but because their practice of these principles threatens the empire with ruin. It is the *DEEDS* which the opinions produce that I quarrel with.

Let us now, sir, turn to your general interests. Your Ministers lately inspired you with a marvellous passion for Free Trade—you who have so long been an enthusiastic admirer of restriction and monopoly. Such outrageous reversals of opinion are disgraceful. What, sir, is the Free Trade that you have been so madly worshipping? Have you obtained new markets? Have restrictions, which obviously crippled your trade, been removed, and has this trade been extended? Your slandered Restrictive System was formed, not to restrict your trade, but to make it more free; its restrictions were intended to operate

exclusively on the trade of other nations, that yours might have the greatest possible share of freedom. Every new restriction, sir, was added for the sole purpose of giving additional freedom to your trade. Was it proved, that this system produced the reverse of what it was intended to produce, and that it gave to your trade, not freedom, but bondage? The unexampled prosperity which your trade enjoyed when this system received its death-blow, will answer the question. The freedom of your trade was always believed by your traders to flow from this system, until it was attacked by inexperienced theorists.

Now, my dear Friend, what is the Free Trade that you have gained in exchange for the Free Trade that the Restrictive System gave you? The restrictions that prevented other nations from injuring your trade are abolished; your trade, sir, is opened to the traders of other countries, while you are as much restricted from trading with other countries as ever. A vast portion of your silk weavers are prohibited from following their own, or any other calling, and this is Free Trade—a large number of your ship-owners are prohibited from employing their ships in your commerce, and this is Free Trade—your manufacturers are prohibited from selling at home, and in your colonies, a large portion of the manufactures they have been accustomed to sell, and this is Free Trade—Ireland is prohibited from selling a large part of the butter, provisions, linens, &c. that she has been accustomed to sell, and this is Free Trade—a large portion of your home and colonial trade is taken from you, and this is Free Trade—profits and wages are beat down to the lowest point, and this is Free Trade—the trade of other nations is made free, and your own is placed in fetters; a large part of your trade is taken from you, and given to foreigners; you are prohibited from manufacturing and producing, that foreigners may manufacture and produce, and this is Free Trade!

Sir, you were mad—you were utterly bereft of your senses—when you mistook the new system for one of Free Trade. What am I to think of the Ministers who gulled you into the madness?

I, sir, am a friend of Free Trade, but it is of Free Trade for Britain; I

am an enemy to restrictions on trade, but it is *ONLY* to restrictions on the trade of this empire. Because I am thus, I am inveterately hostile to what is called the new system of Free Trade. I have the choice before me, whether I will support a prohibitory system that merely prohibits foreigners from injuring your trade, or one that is to prohibit you from selling your manufactures, retaining your commerce, and cultivating your soil, and I cannot hesitate. In your sober days, you taught me to call a spade, a spade; and I will adhere to your lessons. So long as I have breath, sir, I will call that, not Free Trade, but Destructive Prohibition, which, for the benefit of foreigners, prohibits immense numbers of my countrymen from following their respective trades and occupations.

Let me implore you, my dear sir, in the name of your starving manufacturing classes, to lay down your books, divest yourself of your philosophy, and examine, with your wonted good sense, the wretched dogmas by which you have been bewildered. It is said that these dogmas are true in the abstract, but I deny it; my conviction is, that many of what are called "abstract truths" in political economy are gross falsehoods, and are capable of decisive arithmetical refutation. My conviction is, that if Free Trade were universally established, it could not endure for twelve months. But, placing this wholly out of sight, you were told that a law, which gave a monopoly of the market of this empire to your manufacturers, was a restriction on your trade. In the name of common sense, sir, how could you believe it? While the Free Trade people railed against monopoly, they still expressed a hope that you would retain the monopoly of your market—while they declared the prohibition of foreign manufactures to be an evil, they confessed that the importation of such manufactures would be a far greater evil; and while they abolished the prohibition in law, they proclaimed it to be their ardent desire that it should continue in effect. Are you not, sir, ashamed of being deluded by such people, and of consenting to the destruction of that, which, on their own showing, was essential for your prosperity?

Then, sir, you adopted the new sys-

tem for *liberality's* sake; you called it a wise one because it was a *liberal* one. You forged fetters for your trade, under the idea that you were giving it freedom, and then you swaggered of your feat as a marvellous specimen of *liberality*. The Ministers of this great empire made changes in the laws which shook its whole trading system to the centre, on the ground of *liberality*. Their speeches gave me the heart-ache, when they thus appealed from your understanding to your generosity—when they made such changes, not on the score of public need and public benefit, of wisdom and expediency, but on that of *liberality*. They knew your weak part, sir—they knew you to be a man fond of trade, but generous and benevolent—and shame upon them for taking advantage of it! You have, sir, been *liberal*, no doubt, but your liberality has been that of the dishonest spendthrift. You have given away not income, but capital: you have given away what you had no right to give; you have but a life-interest in your estate, and yet you have squandered away a portion of this estate for ever: you have been *liberal* by robbing your children—by giving away the food of the hungry and the clothes of the naked.

Then, sir, certain of your Ministers told you, that the new liberal system was necessary, in order to harmonize your laws and institutions with the improved condition of intellect and knowledge; and that innovations ought to be voluntarily made, in order to avert compulsory ones. Now, my worthy friend, where am I to look for the intellect and knowledge of the age? If I take the new liberal system for my guide, it leads me to Bentham, Ricardo, and their disciples—to the Economists and Philosophers. I deny that these men represent the talent and knowledge of the age. I have reason to believe, that the greater portion of existing English, Scottish, and Irish writers, who are the most distinguished for talents and acquirements, dissent from them, and hold the new system to be one of incapacity and ignorance. When, therefore, at least half the talents and knowledge of the age, in conjunction with the mass of the intelligent and reflecting classes, is opposed to this system, I deny that it is called for by the talents and knowledge of the age.

I protest, sir, against changing and innovating upon mere opinion; I maintain, that truth and wisdom are not matters of mere opinion; and that the opinion of a whole nation cannot alter them in nature and operation. I care not what great names may recommend a change; I assert, that no change ought to be made, unless conclusive PROOFS show that public good calls for it. I cannot believe, that what Ministers are applying to your laws and systems is philosophy, although they give it the name. If what are called your legal and constitutional maxims—the principles which form the basis of your laws and constitution—and the speeches and writings of your most eminent lawgivers of former times, be not philosophy, there never was, and never will be, any philosophy in the world. I think that many of the changes that have been made were forbidden by philosophy.

As to the doctrine, that innovations ought to be made voluntarily, to avert compulsory ones, I deem it mighty foolish. The clamour that had so long been set up for changes was dying away when your Ministers began to innovate, and, had it not been for them, it would have ceased some time ago. This clamour was directed, in a very trifling degree, against the condemned laws and systems; the whole community was perfectly satisfied with them, if we except a dozen or two of Philosophers. Your Ministers have kept alive this clamour—they have strengthened those who raised it—the changes that it called for are yet unmade—and the innovations that have been resolved on are exactly calculated to bring upon us compulsory ones. I dissent wholly from the principle of innovating to avert innovation, and esteem it to be a destructive one. To proceed upon it, is to treat you not only as a fool, which I fear you at present are, but as, what you never were, a coward.

By espousing these doctrines of your Ministers, sir, you have shown inconsistency that is actually astounding. You maintained a long and terrible war to put down the doctrines of the Philosophers. In this war you fought like a hero; you risked existence, and everything else, to protect your system from innovation, and expel that from the world which you now call

philosophy. Yet now, when you have conquered every foe, you offer yourself as a slave to those whom you fought against—when you have rendered the mock philosophy the scorn of the world, you call upon the world to embrace it—when you have the philosophers, whom you have so long called the curse of the universe, in your power, you select them as teachers—the principles that you have bled at every pore to maintain, you renounce as soon as you have freed them of enemies. What, sir, can I call you but a madman? To what can I ascribe conduct like this, save to the wildest phrenzy?

Look, sir, at the consequences already. Almost every interest that you have is suffering, and your system, as a whole, is threatened with ruin. It is equally astonishing and afflicting, to see the combination of deadly enemies which your folly has arrayed against all the great sources of your riches, tranquillity, and happiness.

Glance first at your Colonies. The trade with these, sir, was your own by law and right, and I need not dilate on its magnitude and importance. It was not, however, *liberal*—(let this polluted word be for ever expunged from your language)—in you to monopolize this trade, and therefore you surrendered this monopoly without any equivalent. What has followed? Other nations are supplying these colonies with manufactured and other goods, by means of their own vessels. Your West India merchants expect henceforward to ship comparatively nothing to the West India islands. A great number of manufacturers, artisans, and husbandry labourers, who have hitherto been employed to prepare goods for these colonies, are reduced to starvation. Your new colonial system has given a stab to your trade,—it has consequently injured your revenue,—and it has deprived of employment a considerable portion of your capital and industry. No power upon earth, sir, shall convince me that philosophy and Political Economy sanction a system that has yielded such consequences.

This, my worthy sir, is bad enough, but it is not sufficient to content your *liberality*. To give away part of the trade of your Colonies is nothing; you must do your utmost to rid yourself of this trade altogether. Government

has determined on abolishing slavery in the most valuable of these colonies as soon as practicable, and it has in reality commenced the great and perilous work. You are too *liberal*, sir, to let this satisfy you. While you pretend that nothing more ought to be done than Government has undertaken to do, you raise a tremendous clamour against slavery, and overwhelm Parliament with petitions for its abolition, just as though steps were taking to render it perpetual. In this you display not more madness than wickedness. You are arraying the servant against the master—exciting the slaves to rebellion and massacre—exasperating the colonies against you—and rendering the ruin of the colonies almost inevitable. You are bringing the masters to bankruptcy, and the slaves to misery; and you are annihilating to the utmost point possible your trade with these colonies, and the bonds that make them your own. In doing all this without an object, you resort to the darkest guilt. In the sacred name of religion, you circulate the most atrocious falsehoods and calumnies; you blast the fair fame of the good, and take away the bread of the innocent; you trample upon right and justice; you slander, rob, and oppress. Liberality may sanction such conduct, but Christianity abhors it. Villains, sir, have been known to do such things for the sake of lucre or revenge, but you do it with the certainty that you can reap nothing from it save loss and suffering.

I am aware, sir, that you have been incited to this by certain of your religious teachers. I have seen, that clergymen of the church, as well as methodists, Unitarians, and other dissenting ministers, have taken a leading part in the meetings to declaim against slavery. Against this interference of religious teachers in political matters, I solemnly protest in the name of religion. Whether slavery be or be not inconsistent with Christianity, is no longer a matter of dispute. If ministers of religion maintain that it is, Government and Parliament say nothing to the contrary, and all are agreed that it shall be abolished. I repeat—all are agreed that slavery shall be abolished. What right, then, have your ministers of religion to interfere with the question? Is it for them to dictate the time and manner?

Are they to make and unmake laws—to regulate property—to govern the relations of society—and to be your ministers of state and legislators?—Whence have they drawn their knowledge of the West Indies, and what has qualified them to sit in judgment on this complex and momentous political question? The question is now a purely political one, and they have no more right to intermeddle with it, than they would have to intermeddle with one of war or taxation. If you tolerate them in this conduct, they will soon attempt to take the lead in all your great party questions, and they will soon bring you to ruin.

I, sir, reverence a Christian minister of any denomination, so long as he confines himself to the duties of his office. But his office is too sacred and exalted to be allied with any other; he cannot be at the same moment a teacher of religion and a teacher of politics, the champion of the Christian virtues, and the instigator of party rancour and discord. If he attempt the unholy union, the religious minister is at once lost in the fanatical politician. Abundant proofs of the truth of this have been furnished by the late meetings. Many of these religious teachers made statements in their harangues touching the condition of the slaves and the conduct of the masters, that were grossly false—these grossly false statements were calculated to blast the character of the Colonists as a body, and hold them up to the world as monsters, to delude and inflame the ignorant, and to carry party fury to the highest point possible. Various of these harangues struck boldly at the most sacred legal and constitutional rights, and they have powerfully contributed to bring colonial property to its present ruinous condition. Some of your pulpits have even been polluted by these scandalous enormities. Am I to be told that these things are sanctioned by the Christian religion? No, sir! There is not a system of heathenism in the universe that would not denounce them as unpardonable. Am I to be told that the Holy Scriptures permit teachers of religion to lie and slander—to delude and inflame—to spread discord and animosity—to array man against his brother—to tyrannize and oppress—to destroy both rights and property—to plunge families by thou-

sands into beggary and misery—and to bring the most grievous ills on the empire? In charity, sir, to these misguided men, I will not give the answer that the question calls for. When I look at all this, and reflect upon the gigantic injuries which have been inflicted on religion by the conduct of these men, I could weep for the sake of religion. When I see a clergyman or dissenting minister perched on the hustings, and proclaiming,—"I would grant compensation—I would refuse compensation—I would do this, and I would do that,"—in the spirit of the eastern despot, and the honesty of the highwayman, I could weep for the sake of my country.

You must, my dear sir, drive back these religious teachers to their duties, instead of being led by them in politics. You must employ them in stemming the alarming spread of infidelity and vice amidst your lower classes, visiting the sick, relieving the distressed, and doing what the New Testament commands them to do, instead of making them political leaders—or they will ruin both religion and yourself.

Then again, sir, you have been duped by the Anti-Slavery Society. This society is under the management of lawyers—furious political lawyers—lawyers who were leaders in the guilty factions that so long convulsed the country. These lawyers are banded together to effect a stupendous change which involves the lives, fortunes, employment, and bread, of vast numbers of British subjects—the peace and preservation of a most important part of the British dominions—and some of the most important interests of the British empire. To compass their object, they make speeches, and circulate writings of the most unjust, inflammatory, and unwarrantable character. You have indeed, sir, lost your old English shrewdness and sagacity—your old English love of truth, right honesty, and justice—your old English hatred of imposture—your old English scorn for quacks and mountebanks—when you have suffered a society like this to delude you. I blush, sir, for your degradation; the most bungling of jugglers can make you his prey; if a man have *liar* written on his face, you believe him, and you hold up your pockets for every knave to rob you. May Heaven in its mercy tem-

per the bitterness of my cup, so far as to preserve me from becoming a Philosopher!

Then, sir, your Ministers have not done their duty to you in the question. They saw that you were somewhat warm and boisterous in the business, and they were afraid of offending you. While they agreed with you in opinion, they kept back a great number of plain truths that they ought to have told you. I cannot bear this trimming, yielding, compromising system that they have fallen into. If they had known you, sir, as well as I do, they would not have been afraid of your anger. You are choleric, Mr Bull; but that which is judged of by your choler in the first moment, is finally decided upon by your reason in the second. A little wholesome contradiction will bring the blood into your cheeks, and give you a twelve hours' fit of sulkiness; but those who offer it will afterwards gain from it in your opinion. Your ministers, sir, in their speeches, ought to have given you a true account of the actual condition of the slaves—they ought to have vindicated the Colonists—they ought to have denounced your deluders, and shown how much you had been imposed on—they ought to have placed before you the immense value of your Colonies, and explained to you how much you were injuring yourself by your conduct—and they ought to have told you plainly, that although they admitted the justice of abolition, and were determined to carry it into effect as rapidly as possible, it still was their duty to say that it was matter of doubt whether it would not render the Colonies worthless, and cause a terrible loss to your wealth and power. They ought, sir, to have laid before you every FACT and every probable CONSEQUENCE; and they ought not to have been sparing in calm and plain remonstrance. Instead of this, they chimed in with you, and were content to suffer you to injure grievously both yourself and the Colonists, rather than risk your displeasure.

I cannot approve of this conduct in your Ministers. I think that English ministers should never cease to be English gentlemen, and that they ought to be something more than the instruments of public opinion. When they knew that you were ignorant of the question—that you were deluded and

imposed on—that you acted on false statements and inflammatory appeals—that you were led in a great degree by factious demagogues and dissenting Ministers, they should have thought your opinion more worthy of correction than obedience. They should not have exalted these factious demagogues and dissenting Ministers into dictators to Parliament on a question of such immense importance. When they had to decide between one body of British subjects and another, their decision should have been one of strict impartiality; they should not, sir, have leaned to the powerful and the misled, against the weak and the suffering. Your Ministers court spurious popularity so much, that they are in great danger of losing popularity of every description. A Minister who obeys public caprice, who takes newspapers and petitions for his guides, and who strives to follow, and not lead, public opinion, will never be popular in this country. He must have an opinion of his own; he must boldly declare this opinion, even though the public voice be against him; he must speak plain and naked truth, and the whole truth; he must deal in accurate calculations and powerful reasons; he must take his stand upon right, truth, and justice, careless whom he pleases and whom he offends; and he will carry the whole nation along with him. This will be the popular Minister. Sir, notwithstanding your vagaries, you are a right honest and sensible person. You love freedom, and you wish every one, even your Ministers, to be free; you love a daring fellow who will think for himself, and hector you out of your mad errors; you are a passionate admirer of blunt integrity, downright truth, and mighty argument. The Minister who is himself a John Bull in heart, speech, and action, will be worshipped by John Bull—will be followed through fire and water by John Bull—will have life and treasure, and everything else, recklessly hazarded for him by John Bull.

Your Ministers, sir, by listening to your foolish clamour, have raised a constitutional question between themselves and the Colonies, which ought never to have been raised; and which they durst not have raised if the Colonies had been more powerful, or if there had been a strong and constitutional Opposition in Parliament. This

compelling of legislatures, even if they be colonial ones, sounds very oddly to British ears. The “power in Parliament,” of which the Ministers speak so confidently, may exist, but I am not sure that it does, or that it ought to exist. This changing of the old and regularly enacted laws of the Colonies by despotic compulsion—by the cannon and the bayonet—is a thing, sir, that I can scarcely reconcile with my ideas of British rights. I am aware that the supreme authority dwells here, but I am not sure that the exercise of this authority is without limitations. I am aware that this authority has a right to originate, and refuse to sanction, but I am not sure that it has a right to command and compel—to be despotic. I know that great authorities have had no doubts on the matter; but I still have mine, and I will give the benefit of them to those who cannot resist, and who must suffer. It is hateful to me, sir, to see Parliament thus raising questions between its own rights and the rights of its subjects—to see it arming the Executive with despotic power against individual property and privileges. I do not love these unanimous Parliaments—I cannot endure them.

It follows from this conduct of yourself and your rulers, that the property of an immense number of British subjects—property which previously was worth very many millions—has been in a great measure deprived of value. Estates in the Colonies cannot be sold—those who have lent money on them cannot recall it—and many whose income depended on them are left without income. The Colonists have been plunged into embarrassments and bankruptcy. What more could be done by any tyranny? Where is the tyranny in the world that would thus strip of its security, and destroy, property? What is the difference to a man whether his property be taken from him on the highway, or destroyed by acts of the government? I ask you, sir, as an Englishman, if English liberty will sanction one part of the community in defaming, trampling upon, and ruining another? Of your rights and liberties in the matter I need not speak, but I ask you what has become of the rights and liberties of the colonists? The wrongs that are heaped on these traduced, persecuted, oppressed, and plundered men, are a

disgrace to the British name, and a scandalous violation of British justice.

You are thus, sir, depriving yourself of a very large portion of trade which these Colonies would otherwise yield you *at this moment*—you are depriving a great number of British manufacturers, artisans, and labourers, of employment and bread—and you are taking effectual steps for depriving yourself of the trade altogether. If you persevere in your present mad course, these Colonies will soon be the property of another nation, or to you perfectly worthless.

Look next, sir, at your shipping—another of the leading sources of your riches—the soul of your navy—the foundation of your naval supremacy—the parent and preserver of your foreign trade—the instrument that gives cohesion and unity to the scattered portions of the empire. Your Navigation Laws, which you extolled so much when you were a statesman, you could not endure when you became a philosopher. They imposed restrictions upon foreign ships for the benefit of your own, and your *liberality* was enraged at it. You removed the restrictions from the foreign vessel, placed them practically upon the British one, and this you called giving freedom to your trade. You positively swore, and your rulers swore the same, that the monopoly on several points, which these restrictions gave to your shipping, did you mischief; and that the giving away of your carrying trade would benefit you. With the fact before you, that the foreign vessel could be built and navigated at little more than half the cost of the British one, you protested that you should be able to compete with the foreigner. Sir, incredible as it may seem, you actually committed this outrageous folly. What has followed? Your capitalists are transferring their money to foreign vessels—these vessels are rapidly monopolising your European carrying trade—your own are rotting in your harbours—your shipowners are sinking to ruin—your sailors are starving—and your shipbuilders are without employment. I need not point out how much this must depress consumption, and injure your trade, foreign and domestic.

Your manufacturers, my worthy Friend, possessed a monopoly of your market; and as soon as you turned

philosopher, you protested that this monopoly interfered with the freedom of your trade most grievously. You abolished it, declaring, however, at the same time, that you wished to sell as many manufactures as possible. Instead of it you adopted protecting duties, which you asserted would place the British manufacturer and the foreign one on a level in your market. Now what are these protecting duties at present, for some of them seem to have been recently altered? You have one of 30 per cent on silks, one of 20 per cent on cottons and woollens, and one of 40 per cent on linens. Now if 30 per cent be sufficient for silks, how does it happen that cottons and woollens require 20, and linens 40 per cent? How does it happen that cottons and woollens require any protection at all to place the Englishman on a level with the foreigner? Is this your levelling? Is this your justice between trade and trade? Is this your abolition of restriction and prohibition? Out upon your partiality, injustice, and deceptions—your philosophical cheats and abortive quackery! There is not a single protecting duty in your whole scale, that places the Englishman and the foreigner on an equality; and most of these duties are, and will be, alter them as you please, prohibitions to the one or the other.

Need I once more point to the situation to which your Free Trade reduced the silk and glove manufacturers? Many of your other manufacturers could not be directly injured at home by your wild horror of monopoly, but they are all suffering from it in other ways. They have lost a considerable part of their colonial trade, and this has caused them to lose a considerable part of their other export trade. The diminished consumption of the colonial proprietors, seamen, &c. resident in England, the silk and glove manufacturers, the ship-owners, shipbuilders, &c. has greatly reduced their home trade, and this again has reduced their export trade. Your Free Trade has reduced your manufacturers generally to distress, and many of them to the deepest distress; and they will have tenfold more distress heaped upon them, if it be persevered in to the extent that is threatened. The *liberality* of this is wonderful, for it starves the Englishman to feed

the foreigner. Is your philosophy, sir, French, or Turkish?

Your Agriculture, my good sir, has thus far escaped the terrible visitations of your philosophy, and it naturally forms your only interest, that is not suffering. Corn is barely at remunerating prices, and if the season be favourable, your next crop will be the largest one that you have had for several years. A sane man, sir—I will not say a wise one—would imagine, that in such a state of things no new legislation was called for by Agriculture. You and your rulers, who, I fear, are at present neither wise nor sane, think differently; and in the next year Agriculture is to be hacked and hewed to pieces, that it may receive philosophical torture and destruction. The reasons assigned for this are the most unaccountable ones that human folly ever fabricated. It is said, that this country has not for a long period grown sufficient corn for its own consumption. This is said in the teeth of conclusive *proofs*, that it has only at intervals of some years imported comparatively trifling quantities of corn after short harvests—that for nearly seven years, previously to the last one, it imported none, save a small quantity of oats and black corn—and that its importations previously to 1819, aided by other causes, injured its agriculture so much, as to prevent it from growing infinitely more than the amount of these importations. This is nothing—proofs are nothing when they are unsavoury to Free Trade. Because you may happen to want a little foreign corn once in four or five years, your ports are to be *constantly* open to the corn of the whole world. This is to be the case, when your rulers have the present condition of the wool and cotton markets before them—this is to be the case, when every member of the community, women not excepted, must know, that if the ports had been open for corn during the last two years, the agriculturists would have been at present as much distressed as the cotton weavers, and the nation would have been nothing but a scene of the most bitter distress;—would have been enduring the most horrible misery that it has ever endured since it became a nation.

Then, sir, your rulers say, that the permanent opening of the ports is es-

sential for keeping the price of corn steady. Their refined philosophy cannot bear, that bread should fluctuate a farthing per pound, and wheat eight or ten shillings per quarter, in the course of the year. They are, in their own judgment, to do what Heaven itself could alone do,—that is, they are to keep wheat at the same price in June and July which it bears in November and December! It is astonishing, that mortal vanity or mortal ignorance could have hit upon anything so extravagant. These efforts of your rulers to prove that they are more than men, will prove something that they little anticipate.

Then, one of your Ministers, whom I cannot prevail on myself to name when I speak of him unfavourably, has borrowed the slang of the Cockney prints—your Ministers now steal from these prints in a very barefaced way—and has said, that the Corn Laws tax the country to the amount of many millions annually. This is precisely the same thing as saying, that if these laws were not in existence, the wages of labour, and the gross profits of trade, both in rate and amount, would not be in the least different from what they are—it is precisely the same thing as saying, that whether corn be high or low, it never causes the smallest variation in wages and trading prices—it is precisely the same thing as saying, that if the Corn Laws were not in existence, the agriculturists would contribute exactly what they do, and the traders would not have to contribute a farthing more than they do, to the revenue. Sir, that is a very singular kind of political economy, which gives to your tax-regulators notions like this touching taxation. Those people, sir, have information which very few possess, who know that your traders, mechanics, labourers, &c. would have as much money to buy corn with, if it were at half the price, as they have at present. I think, that any man who will compare the general condition of these traders, mechanics, &c. with that of those of other nations which have no Corn Laws, may easily convince himself that the Corn Laws of this country do anything rather than tax it.

Then, sir, another of your Ministers, borrowing likewise from the Cockney prints, declares that your Corn Laws form a prohibition—that he hates

prohibition, and that, therefore, they ought to be altered. He declares this when he knows, that when corn reaches a certain price, these laws open your ports for it to the world. If your Ministry will thus offer its nose to the finger and thumb of the Cockney press, I fear that ill-tongued people will be giving it the name of the Cockney Ministry.

For reasons like these, my good friend—yes, for reasons like these—the laws that regulate your Agriculture are to be altered. Your agriculturists are at present almost the only stay of commerce and manufactures—they are barely free from suffering—corn barely obtains the prices that the Ministry and all sides of Parliament admit it ought to obtain—probability is altogether against any rise in these prices worth speaking of—and yet your Agriculture is to be madly plunged into chaos and misery. When I look at these things, they almost convince me that Heaven has doomed your empire to destruction: they cannot be accounted for on natural causes.

If your Agriculture were suffered to flourish, it would soon cause commerce and manufactures to flourish. This you could not endure. You sigh for uniformity, but it is for a uniformity of ruin and hunger. The fallen are not to be raised; but because some are fallen, all are to be dragged down to the dust. After having brought many of your great interests to distress, and rendered the distress of the others inevitable, you are, to make the philosophical ruin complete—changing your currency.

For many years you have had a paper currency, and every one owns that it has contributed most essentially to your wealth and prosperity.

You have been infinitely more rich and prosperous with a paper currency than you would have been with a gold one; but what of this? You want a currency for its name and shape, and not for its uses. What care you for riches and prosperity? What are they, compared with a philosophical currency? Bank-notes, you say, give you high prices. You know from experience that high prices give you abundance and happiness, and low ones want and misery; but this is nothing. You want philosophical prices, and not prices that you can thrive

from. What matters it if you are brought to bankruptcy and starvation, provided your prices are fixed by philosophy? By what possibility, sir, have you enabled yourself to conquer and trample upon old English common sense in this manner?

Nothing, my worthy sir, is to be spared that can be struck at. Here are the Catholics of Ireland clamouring for admission into your Executive and Legislative. What are they in principles, looking at the body? Examine the speeches of their leaders—their sentiments, touching the treasonable address from America—their abuse of your Church—the foul slanders they heap upon the most estimable of your public men—their fiendish attacks upon your Bible, School, and other Societies—their rancorous hatred of Protestantism—their connexion with revolutionary teachers—their animosity towards England—and their affection for the Catholic governments of other countries. A large portion of your Ministers and Legislators—the majority in your House of Commons—has decided that these Catholics shall be admitted into the Ministry and Parliament on these terms—they are to be suffered to legislate for your Church and Religion, although they have again and again declared that the Irish portion of this Church ought to be robbed and overthrown; and your Government and Parliament are to be strictly prohibited from interfering with their own Church and Religion. Their Church, which governs the body, and is connected with, and controlled by, the Catholicism of Europe, is to be placed above the regulation of your Government. This Church has usurped a most important part of the sovereign authority, and it is to retain it; the sovereign authority is to be divided between this Church and your Government; it is not to belong to the latter. That this would place the Irish Catholic above the British Protestant—that it would give privileges and immunities to the Catholic Church which are denied to the Churches of England and Scotland—is above all question. Yet *liberality* proclaims that it ought to be done—the “*enlightened*” part of your senators protest, that *justice* and *right* call for it, and that it would increase the *security* of your Church and Religion! It will soon, I think, be thought just and right, to

give to the murderer the exclusive privilege to murder; the time, I apprehend, is at hand, when it will be held that, to secure a house properly, it ought to be wrapped in flames.

Why has not the Catholic Question been brought before Parliament during the present Session? It has been kept back, sir, lest it should draw your attention to the subject, and enable you to ascertain the real sentiments of your Representatives. It has been kept back, in order that your new Representatives may represent national opinion, in the smallest degree possible, on the question. It has been kept back in this manner by those who pretend to be the best friends of public opinion, and the proper working of your constitution. Shame upon their trickery and hypocrisy! Whether you will make yourself their dupe—whether you will be so *liberal* as to return men differing from you in principle, and anxious to squander away your rights, and degrade you into the inferior of the Catholic—is a question that time must determine. If you yet retain a single spark of old English spirit, it will preserve you from such folly and ignominy.

Your old feelings and habits, sir, are held to be as worthless as your old laws and institutions. Your code of morals is liberalized until it is almost divested of prohibitions and penalties. Your order of subordination is reversed, and the master is placed under the servant. The lower classes are now the educated, and the upper ones the uneducated, portions of the community. In “educating” the working classes, all the old rules of education

are abrogated. You exclude religion which they want, and teach them science which they do not want. Science, you assert, will make a poor man all-knowing, although the experience of ages proves that it cannot possibly have any such effect on the rich one. What, sir, are the fruits? Amidst your lower orders, “education” abounds, and vice and infidelity abound in proportion—insubordination, disorder, and profligacy abound—everything abounds, save proper and useful knowledge.

Without a change of principles and system, your empire must speedily sink into ruin; and such a change can hardly be expected. The philosophy which has already brought upon you such terrible injuries, is still tenaciously clung to; and you are told that your Government is determined to adhere to it to the last. If such a change be made, you must make it; and this is the only moment in which you can make it. Shake off your philosophy—cast away your books—be once more the JOHN BULL that you were of old—reject every candidate who is not a JOHN BULL in soul and principle—and it is accomplished. Arise, then, in England’s name, and for England’s salvation! Unfurl the old Blue flag, and let the word be—*Old English feelings!—Old English opinions!—Old English prejudices!*—THE RELIGION, LAWS, AND INSTITUTIONS, THE FAME, HAPPINESS, AND GRANDEUR OF OLD ENGLAND!

I am, my dear Sir,

Your most faithful and affectionate friend,

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

MEG DOD'S COOKERY.*

MOST reviews of Cookery books that have fallen under our observation, have been so extremely witty, that it was not possible for us, who love facetiæ, to attend to the instruction conveyed along with the amusement; and, consequently, we are at this hour ignorant of the leading principles of several Systems, which it is the duty of every head of a house to understand. Now, in our opinion, cookery is by much too serious a subject for joking; and, therefore, in this our short critique, we shall cautiously refrain from all sallies of imagination, and solemnly dedicate ourselves to the cause of science and truth.

Be it known, then, to all men by these presents, that this is a work worthy to be placed on the same shelf with Hunter, Glasse, Rundell, and Kitchener. We are confident that the Doctor will be delighted with it, and if any purchaser is known to give a bad dinner, after it has been a fortnight in his possession, the case may be given up as hopeless. The individual who has ingeniously personated Meg Dod, is evidently no ordinary writer, and the book is really most excellent miscellaneous reading. There has been a good deal of affectation of humour in some culinary authors,—too much seasoning and spicery,—unnecessarily ornate garnishing of dishes that in their own native loveliness are, “when unadorned, adorned the most.” But here we have twenty or thirty grave, sober, instructive, business-like pages, right on end, without one particle of wit whatever; then come as many more sprinkled with facetiæ—and then half a dozen of broad mirth and merriment. This alternation of grave and gay is exceedingly agreeable—something in the style of Blackwood's Magazine. But at the same time we are bound to say, in justice to Mrs Dod, that the “House-

keeper's Manual” is entirely free from that personality which too frequently disgraces that celebrated work.†

Mrs Dod's prefaces her work by directions for carving; most of which are, we think, judicious, although, perhaps, they smack somewhat too much of the old school. A hint is thrown out, that the rudiments of the art should be taught practically in childhood, “on plain joints and cold things,” that in after-life “provisions may not be haggled.” Mrs Dod believes that although there are awkward grown-up persons, having, as the French say, *two left hands*, whom no labour will ever make dexterous carvers, yet that there is no difficulty in the art, which most young learners, if early initiated under the eyes of their friends, might not easily surmount. We believe this view of human nature to be just. Young persons of both sexes, of the most humble talents, provided they have ten fingers, (five on each hand,) may certainly be made fair carvers—and we have ourselves known not a few instances of boys, who were absolute dolts at the art, becoming men distinguished at the foot of the table.

The “carver's maxim” (which our readers may drink this afternoon in a bumper) is, according to Mrs Dod, “to deal small and serve all.” No doubt at large parties it is so; and that is the fatal objection to large parties. Ten hungry men eye a small jigot “o' the black-faced” with mixed pleasure and pain, when they all know that they must be helped according to the “carver's maxim.” The best friends, so relatively placed, begin to dislike each other, and the angry wonder with them all is, why so many people of different characters and professions, perhaps countries, should agree in eating mutton? Therefore we love a *partie quarrè*. No dish

* The Cook and Housewife's Manual; containing the most Approved Modern Receipts for making Soups, Gravies, Sauces, Ragouts, and Made-Dishes; and for Pies, Puddings, Pastry, Pickles, and Preserves: also for Baking, Brewing, making home-made Wines, Cordials, &c. the whole illustrated by numerous Notes, and Practical Observations, on all the various branches of Domestic Economy. By Mrs Margaret Dod, of the Cleikum Inn, St Ronan's. Bell and Bradfute, and Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London; Robertson and Atkinson, Glasgow; and John Cumming, Dublin.

† Indeed?—C. N.

—unless absurdly small indeed—of which each of Us Four may not have a satisfactory portion. The “carver’s maxim” is forgotten, or remembered only with a smile, and at such a board alone can liberty and equality at each side of the square preside.

At a large party, we hold that it is a physical impossibility to get anything to eat. Eating does not consist in putting cold, greasy, animal food into your mouth. That, we repeat, is not eating. Eating consists in putting into your mouth (chewing, swallowing, &c. of course), warm, juicy, thinish or thickish, fat or lean, morsels of animal food, precisely at the nick of time. A minute too soon or five minutes too late, and you may cram, but to eat is impossible. What can one waiter do among so many? And if you have six waiters, what then? Confusion worse confounded. You see a great hulking fellow, perhaps with the ties of his neckcloth a yard long, powdered highly, and in a pawnbroker’s coat, carrying off *your* plate to a greedy Whig on the opposite side of the table, who devours the Pope’s Eye before your face, in all the bitterness of party-spirit. A sturdy, squat, broad-shouldered, red-headed scoundrel serves you the same trick, with an insolent leer, in favour of a Tory, a man of the same political principles with yourself, a member of the Pitt Club, and an occasional minor writer in *Blackwood*, who makes a show of sending the rich-freighted trencher round to you, its lawful owner, but, at the same moment, lets drop into the dark-hued gravy a plash of yellow beaten turnips, destined to his own maw. A grave-looking man, like a minister, comes solemnly behind your chair, and stretching forward a plate, which you doubt not is to make you happy at last, asks, in solemn accents, for a well-browned potatoe, and then lodges the deposit in the hands of mine host’s accommodating banker. A spruce, dapper, little tarrier, who, during forenoons, officiates as a barber, absolutely lifts up, with irresistible dexterity, your plate the moment after he has put it down before you, and making apology for the mistake, carries it off to a red-faced woman of a certain age, who calls for bread with the lungs of a Stentor. Then will an aged man, with a bald head, blind and deaf as a dog in his

teens, but still employed at good men’s feasts on account of character, which saving almost constant drunkenness is unexceptionable, totter past with your plate, supported against his breast with feeble fingers; and unawakenable by the roar of a cannon, in spite of all your vociferation, he delivers up the largest prize in the lottery to a lout whom you hope, on no distant day, to see hanged. By this time anger has quelled appetite,—and when, by some miraculous interposition of providence in your favour, you find yourself in possession of the fee-simple of a slice of mutton at last, it is a short, round, thick squab of a piece, at once fat and bloody, inspiring deep and permanent disgust, and sickening you into aversion to the whole dinner.

When the party is large, therefore, adopt the following advice, and you may be far from unhappy, although one of twenty-four. Look out for a dish neither illustrious nor obscure—a dish of unpretending modest merit, which may be overlooked by the greedy multitude, and which the man of judgment can alone descry—a dish of decent dimensions, and finding, although not seeking, concealment under the dazzle of the epergne—a dish rather broad than high—a dish which thus but one of many, and in its unambitious humbleness almost lost in the crowd, might nevertheless be in its single self a dinner to a man and his wife at the guestless board—select, we say, such a dish—if such a dish there be—and draw in your chair quietly opposite to it, however ugly may be the women on either side of you, yea even if the lady of the house insist on your sitting higher up the table. Be absolute and determined—your legs are under the mahogany—rise not—pay a compliment to the fearsome dear on your right hand, and to the no less alarming spinster on the left—and, without any thoughts of soup or fish, help yourself plentifully, but carelessly, to your own chosen dish, and *Da Capo*. Don’t betray yourself by any overheard demonstrations of delight, but, if possible, eat with an air of indifference and non-chalance. Lay down your knife and fork now and then, if you can bring your mind to submit to a moment’s delay, and look about you with a smile, as if dedicated to agreeable conversation, badinage, and repartee. Should any one suspect your

doings, and ask what is that dish before you, shake your head, and make a face, putting your hand at the same time to your stomach, and then, with a mischievous eye, offering to send some of the nameless stew. All this time there are people at the table who have not had a morsel, and whom you see crumbling down their bread to appease the cravings of hunger. You have laid a famous foundation for any superstructure you may be pleased at your leisure to erect—have drank wine with both fair supporters—and Peebles ale with the Baillie—are in a mood to say witty things, and say them accordingly—and in the gladness of your heart, offer to carve a sinewy old fowl, safely situated two covers off, and who, when taken in hand by the gentleman to whom he of right belongs, will be found to be a tougher job than the dismemberment of Poland.

Contrive it so that you are done, on solemn entrance of the goose. Catch mine host's eye at that critical moment, and you secure the first hot slice, while the apple-sauce seems absolutely to simmer. Do not scruple to say, that you have been waiting for the goose, for by that egregious lie you will get double commons. Public attention, too, being thus directed to the waiter who holds your plate, he must deliver it safe up into your hands, and all attempts to interrupt it in its progress prove abortive. Having thus the start in goose, you come in early for macaroni—tarts and puddings—and as we suppose you to have a steady, not a voracious appetite, why, after cheese, which like hope comes to all, we really see no reason to doubt your having made a very tolerable dinner.

But perhaps you have got yourself so entangled in the drawing-room with a woman with a long train and a bunch of blue feathers, that you cannot choose your position, and are forced to sit down before a ham. An argument arises whether it be Westmoreland, Dumfries-shire, or Westphalia, and every person present expresses a determination to bring the point to the decision of the palate. Instantly avow, with a face of blushing confusion, that you would not attempt to haggle such a ham for worlds—that in early life you were little accustomed to carving, having lived with a minister of small stipend and low board, who on meat

days always cut up the hough himself, so that he had never sent out an even tolerable carver from the manse. If that sort of excuse won't do, down with the middle finger of your right hand, and holding it out piteously, exhibit the effect of temporary cramp or permanent rheumatism. Should neither expedient occur or be plausible, then on with a determined countenance, a bold eye, and a gruff voice, and declare that you took an oath, many years ago, "never to help a ham," which you have religiously kept through good report and bad report, and which it would be, indeed, most culpable weakness in you to break, now that your raven locks are beginning to be silvered with the insidious grey. Then tell the waiter who is like a minister, to take the ham to Mr Drysdale, or Mr Dempster, two of the best carvers in existence, for that it does a man's heart good to see the dexterity with which they distribute at the festive board. You thus avoid an evil under which many a better man has sunk, and can turn unshackled to serious eating.

In good truth, much as we admire the noble art of carving, it is the very last we should wish to possess in our own person. To be called on for a song is nothing—you can have your revenge on him who asks it by inflicting the torment in return, and on the whole company by bellowing like a bull in a mountainous region. But the celebrated carver is at the mercy of every stomach. Orders come showering in upon him faster than he can supply them; the company behave towards him like boys following each other on a slide, at what they call "keeping the pie warm." No sooner are his weapons down, than they are up again; particular cuts are politely, and even flatteringly insinuated. Ladies eat ham who never ate ham before, only that they may admire the delicate transparency;—well-known eating characters change plates upon him, that they may not appear to have been helped before;—and the lady of the house simpers with a sweet voice, "Now, Mr Dempster, that you have helped everybody so expeditiously, and with such graceful skill, may I solicit a specimen, the slightest possible specimen, of your handy-work?" Like the last rose of summer, the penultimate fat forsakes the shank to melt in

the mouth of Mrs Haliburton; and on the great question of "whether Westmoreland, Dumfries-shire, or Westphalia," Mr Dempster gives no vote, for he has tasted only half a small mouthful of the brown, as sweet as sugar, and more like vegetable than animal matter.

Perhaps, therefore, on entering into private life, a young man had better let it be generally diffused that he is no carver. In that case he must take his chance of the cut-and-come-again, and will have the good sense to carve cautiously, awkwardly, and clumsily, that he may not acquire a good character. Ere long it will be said of him by some friend, to whom thenceforth he owes a family dinner once a-month, that Tom Hastie is a wretched carver. To the truth of this apothegm, Tom bows acquiescence; and difficult dishes are actually removed from before him, lest he should mar their fair proportions, and leave them in shapeless ruin. In a few years, go where he will, he is never asked to carve anything beyond a haggis; and thus the whole precious dinner-time is left open for uninterrupted stuffing. Once or twice, in a period of ten years, he insists on being suffered to undertake the goose, when he makes a leg spin among the array on the sideboard, and drenches many ladies in a shower of gravy. On the credit of which exploit he escapes carving for an indefinite number of years; for it is amazing how a catastrophe of that kind is handed down and around by oral tradition, till it finally becomes part of national history. The stain is thought even to affect the blood; and it is believed that there never was, and never will be, a carver among the Hasties.

But should the principles now laid down not be fortunate enough to meet the approbation of the reader, and should he, in the face of those principles, determine to become himself, and to make his son—a carver,—then we trust he will listen to us, and, as he values his reputation, learn to carve quickly. Of all the pests, curses of civilized society, your slow carver is at the head. He eyes the leg of mutton, or round of beef, or goose, or turkey, as if he had not made up his mind as to the name and nature of the animal. Then he suspects the knife, and shakes his head at the edge, al-

though sharp as a razor. He next goes through the positions, as if he were cunning of fence; when observing that he has forgotten to elevate the guard, he lays down the knife, and sets the fork to rights with an air of majesty only possible under a monarchical government. But where shall he begin? That is a momentous affair, not so readily settled as you may think; for a carver of such exquisite skill and discretion may commence operations in any one of fifty different ways, and he remains bewildered among thick-coming fancies. However, let him be begun by hypothesis. He draws the knife along as leisurely as if he were dissecting the live body of his mistress, to cure some complaint of a dainty limb. It takes a minute of precious time to bring the slice (but a small one) from jigot to plate, and then he keeps fiddling among the gravy for at least a minute more, till the patience of Job, had he witnessed such dilatory cutting up, would have been totally exhausted. Neither will he let the plate go till the waiter has assured him that he understands for whom it is intended, the fortunate man's name, age, and profession, and probably the colour of his own hair or a wig. He then draws his breath, and asks for small beer. Heaven and earth, only one man has yet been muttoned! Had we held the knife, even we, who blush not to own that we are in some respects the worst carver in Europe, (*credat Judæus Apella*,) half-a-dozen pair of jaws would ere now have been put into full employment. Yet all the while our tardy friend chuckles over his skill in carving, and were you to hint, during the first course, that he was neither an Eclipse nor a Childers, he would regard you with a sardonic smile of ineffable contempt. True it is, however, that although in the upper circles people are careful not to express their sentiments too plainly, he is the object of curses not loud but deep; and that, however he may be respected as a man, as a carver he is damned.

Akin to the subject we have now been treating, or rather throwing out hints to be expanded by future writers of a more voluminous character, is the habit which some people avowing the Christian faith exhibit—of asking for particular bits, which happen to be favourites with their palate and sto-

machi. This is not merely bad manners, but most iniquitous morals. How the devil do they know that the self-same bits are not the soul's delight of many other of their Christian brethren, then and there assembled together? How dare men who have been baptized, and go to church even when it is known that their own clergyman is to preach, expose thus the gross greed and gluttony of their unregenerated bowels? The man does not at this hour live, privileged to advance such a claim. We should not have granted it to him who invented the spade or the plough—the art of printing—gun-powder—or the steam-engine. Yet you will hear it acted upon by prigs and coxcombs, who at home dine three days a-week on tripe, and the other three on lights and liver, (men of pluck,) while their Sunday rejoices in cheese and bread, and an onion.

Mrs Meg, whom we have all along forgotten, advances, in her chapter on carving, no directions repugnant to those we have now freely advocated—at least, no directions with which ours might not easily be reconciled. We agree with her, that it is the duty of every man to know which are the best bits, that he may distribute them in the proper quarters. There is much that is amiable in the following succulent passage:—

“*Venison Fat*—the Pope's-eye in a leg of mutton—veal and lamb kidney—the firm gelatinous parts of a cod's head,—the thin part of salmon,—the thick of turbot, and other flat fish, are reckoned the prime bits;—the ribs and neck of a pig,—the breast and wings of fowls,—the legs of hare and rabbit,—the breast and thighs of turkey and goose, cutting off the drumsticks—the wings and breast of pheasants, partridges, and moor game—and the legs and breast of duck are also reckoned delicacies. There are, besides, favourite bits, highly prized by some gourmands, though it is sometimes not easy to discover in what their superior excellence consists; as a shank of mutton,—turbot fins,—cod's tongue,—the bitter back of moor game,—the back of hare,—the head of carp, &c. A knowledge of these things will be of use to the carver as a guide in that equitable distribution of good things which is the most pleasing part of his duty.”

Mrs Dod's then observes, “that it is well known that a person of any
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refinement will eat much more when his food is carved in handsome slices, and not too much at once, than when a piece clumsily cut is put upon his plate. To cut warm joints fairly and smoothly, neither in slices too thick, nor in such as are finically thin, is all that is required of the carver of meat, whether boiled or roasted.”

There is not in the whole range of English literature a sounder sentence. We always suspect a sinister motive, when we see our plate filled up with a huge, coarse, fat, outside, stringy, slobbery, gristly lump of animal matter, whilome belonging perhaps to the buttocks of a bull. It seems sent to sicken. When potatoes and greens are added, good God, your plate may be sent to the Canongate jail, by way of a Christmas dinner to the *sine cessione honorum* debtors. On the other hand, confound us if we “do not hate as a pig in a gate,” the opposite extreme. The opposite extreme, is one single solitary mouthful lying by itself disconsolately in the centre of the plate, obviously about as thick as a wafer, and not worth salt. It is generally mutton. It would seem, from all we have observed in the course of our experience, that it is difficult to help so minutely in beef. But out of a jigot of mutton you may take a slice that would starve a pech among the pigmies. Never condescend to begin upon such a famine. Pretend not to know that you have been helped, or treat the slice as a bit of skin that you have left from a previous plentiful supply, and return your plate to old Stingy, who, while he hates, will respect your character, and compliment your appetite indirectly, by praising your health and beauty. Be as determined as any one of the family; and continue sending back your plate till you are satisfied, should it require twenty trips. The man who leaves table hungry through bashfulness, will never make a figure in a world constituted as this is; he will infallibly become the prey of designing villains; if a literary man, he will never rise above two guineas a-sheet; at the bar, he will be brow-beat even by the Man without the forehead; and were it possible to imagine him a clergyman, what a figure would he cut at dinner on the Monday of the *Preachings*!

For the purposes above mentioned, Mrs Dod's goes on to say, “that the

carver must be provided with a knife having a good edge; and it will greatly facilitate his operations if the cook has previously taken care that the bones in all carcase-joints are properly jointed." The sending up of a carcase-joint not properly jointed, should, in our humble and humane opinion, be made felony, without benefit of clergy. Curse the cook, say we, who breaketh this law—simple hanging is too good for her, and she should be hung in jack-chains. Why have a cleaver in the kitchen at all? yet, perhaps, the best plan is to trust to the butcher—only the cook too must be answerable, and then you have a double security against the commission of the greatest crime that can stain the culinary annals of a Christian country.

We cannot leave the subject of carving, without the following judicious quotation:—

"**ROASTED PIG.**—We could wish that the practice of having this dish carved by the cook were universal; for, in this fastidious age, the sanguinary spectacle of an entire four-footed animal at table is anything but acceptable. Like the larger poultry, pig is also very troublesome to the carver, who must have a sharp knife, with which the head is to be taken off in the first place: then cut down the back from neck to rump; afterwards remove the shoulder and leg on each side. The ribs are then to be divided into four portions, and the legs and shoulders cut in two. The ribs are, or rather were, esteemed the most delicate part of this dish; now the neck of a well-roasted pig is the favourite morsel. The carver must use his discretion in distributing ear and jaw, as far as these will go, and help stuffing and sauce more liberally."

To this we have only to add, that the man or woman (surgeons excepted) who could cut up a pretty little roasted pig, would most assuredly not scruple to murder an illegitimate child.

A Scotchman in London is perpetually pestered with the question, "What is a Haggis?" Now, no man can be reasonably expected to have the definition of a haggis at his fingertips. Henceforth we expect that we shall be spared such interrogatory.

"**THE SCOTCH HAGGIS.**—Parboil a sheep's pluck and a piece of good lean beef. Grate the half of the liver, and mince the beef, the lights, and the re-

maining half of the liver. Take of good beef-suet half the weight of this mixture, and mince it with a dozen small firm onions. Toast some oatmeal before the fire for hours, till it is of a light brown colour, and perfectly dry. Less than two tea-cupfuls of meal will do for this meat. Spread the mince on a board, and strew the meal lightly over it, with a high seasoning of pepper, salt, and a little Cayenne, well mixed. Have a haggis-bag perfectly clean, and see that there be no thin part in it, else your whole labour will be lost by its bursting. Put in the meat with as much good beef-gravy, or strong broth, as will make it a thick stew. Be careful not to fill the bag too full, but allow the meat room to swell; add the juice of a lemon, or a little good vinegar; press out the air, and sow up the bag; prick it with a large needle, when it first swells in the pot, to prevent bursting; let it boil, but not violently, for three hours.

"*Obs.*—This is a genuine Scotch haggis; there are, however, sundry modern refinements on the above receipt,—such as eggs, milk, pounded biscuit, &c. &c.,—but these, by good judges, are not deemed improvements."

A blind man cannot by any effort of the imagination conceive colour—nor can any man alive, no, not the greatest poet on earth, not Barry Cornwall himself, conceive a haggis, without having had it submitted to the senses. It takes possession of the palate with a despotism that might be expected from the "great chieftain of the pudding race." You forget for the time-being all other tastes. The real dishes before you seem fictions. You see them, but heed them not any more than ocular spectra. Your tongue feels enlarged in your mouth, not in size only, but in sensibility. It is more fibrous—also more porous. You could think it composed of the very haggis it enjoys. There is a harmonious call among tongue, palate, and insides of the cheeks.—That is the true total of the whole. Your very eyes have a gust; and your ears are somewhat dull of hearing, trying to taste. The stomach receives without effort, in Epicurean repose, and is satisfied in such gradual delight, that you scarcely know when, how, or why you have ceased to eat. You continue to eye the collapsed bag with grateful affection;—command the waiter to behave kindly to it when removed,—and fol-

low it out of the room with a silent benediction.

There is but one other Scotch dish at all comparable to a haggis—"alike, but oh, how different!"—and that, gentle reader, is Hotch-Potch.

"HOTCH-POTCH.—Make the stock of sweet fresh mutton. Cut down four pounds of ribs of lamb into small steaks, and put them to the strained stock. Grate two or three large carrots. Slice down as many more. Slice down also young turnips, young onions, lettuce, and parsley. Have a full quart of these things when shred, and another of young green pease. Put in the vegetables, withholding half the pease till near the end of the process. Boil well, and skim carefully; add the remaining pease, white pepper, and salt; and, when enough done, serve the steaks in the tureen with the hotch-potch.

"*Obs.*—The excellence of this favourite dish depends mainly on the meat being perfectly fresh, and the vegetables being all young, and full of sweet juices. The sweet white turnip is best for hotch-potch, or the small, round, smooth-grained yellow kind peculiar to Scotland. Mutton makes excellent hotch-potch without any lamb-steaks. Parsley shred, white cabbage, or lettuce, may be added to the other vegetables, or not, at pleasure."

Hotch-Potch, we cheerfully admit, is often met with in England—but it is of Scottish extraction. The truly delightful thing about Hotch-Potch is, that it comes in with the season of green pease. At Hotch-Potch we always think of the beautiful line of Burns', "My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy." It is redolent of summer-gardens, when gardens are in their glory. It is a dish that must have been known in Paradise—nor do we doubt that Meg Dods's receipt is the same as Eve's. In describing a feast in Eden, Milton says, that while Adam and Eve were listening to Raphael, the affable arch-angel, "no fear lest dinner cool." It was a cold dinner, it would appear, and therefore neither our first parents, nor their celestial guest, needed to be under any apprehensions of its getting any colder. The same freedom from anxiety accompanies Hotch-Potch. "No fear lest dinner cool;" for Hotch-Potch is the hottest thing in nature. Yet it is not too hot—The elements of fire and water are so mixed in him, that the lady of the house is entitled to stand up and

say, "That is a dish." It would appear to be scalding, yet it scalds not. You tremble to put a spoonful into your mouth, and blow cold; but it is needless all,—for carrots, turnips, onions, lettuce, parsley, peas, and lamb-steaks, delicate and small, interspersed with the stock of sweet fresh mutton, are all at a temperature which some mysterious thermometer has regulated within the balmy and balsamic tureen that continues to fling up to heaven its rowling incense.

We must forget, which God forbid, the happiest days of our youth, before we became insensible to the charms of Sheep's-head broth. This, we boldly say, is a dish peculiar to Scotland. What although it has been seen at the British Coffeehouse, London? There it wants the true accent, and smacks not of the green pastoral braes. It is incapable of being made on the ultramontane side of the Tweed. As in Scotland alone it boils, so to enjoy it you must be born a Scotsman. Hear it simmer!

"SHEEP'S-HEAD BROTH.—Choose a large fat head. When carefully singed by the blacksmith, soak it and the singed trotters for a considerable time in lukewarm water. Take out the glassy part of the eyes, and scrape the head and trotters till perfectly clean and white; then split the head with a cleaver, and take out the brains, &c.; split also the trotters, and take out the tendons. Wash the head and feet once more, and let them blanch till wanted for the pot.

"Take a small cupful of barley, and twice that quantity of white, or old green pease, with a gallon or rather more of water. Put to this the head and from two to three pounds of scrag or trimmings of mutton perfectly sweet; and some salt. Take off the scum very carefully as it rises; and the broth will be as limpid and white as any broth made of beef or mutton. When the head has boiled rather more than an hour, add sliced carrot and turnip, and afterwards some onions and parsley shred. A head or two of celery sliced is admired by some modern gourmands, though we would rather approve of the native flavour of this really excellent soup. The more slowly the head is boiled, the better both the meat and soup be. From two to three hours' boiling, according to the size of the head and the age of the animal, and an hour's simmering by the side of the fire, will finish the soup. Many prefer the head of a ram to

that of a wether, but it requires much longer boiling. In either case the trotters require less boiling than the head. Serve with the trotters, and sliced carrot round the head."

One only fault have we to find with this receipt. Instead of "one large fat Head," let there be Two. Instead of Four Trotters, let there be Eight. The effeminate Southern objects to the general blackness of the dish. That comes of looking at great lumbering white-faced Leicesters. Why! the living face of a true Scotch sheep is as black as that of a boiled one! So are the trotters. To suppose them white, would be hideous to the most hungry. The teeth are white—the jaw-bones are white—the cleaver-split skull is white—but would you have the seducing lips white—the inviting nostrils white—the fascinating chafits white? Ah no! Black as the comely countenance of that one of Afric's daughters, that won the heart of Lieutenant Clapperton beside the fountain of the desert!

Shall we ever live to forget those truly Doric dinners, that duly every winter-Sabbath we devoured, we and two others now no more, alternately in each other's "pensive citadel," hung in the purer atmosphere of fourteen stories; and at night shining like a star to mariners stemming the German ocean on a happy homeward-bound! No other dish but potatoes—and the dinner cooked by a bit lassie, who had also to take care, all the while, of the youngest bairn, while the honest couple were at the Kirk. We were collegians—nor haply altogether uninitiated into the mysteries of divine philosophy—for Monro, and Black, and Cullen, and Stewart, were yet in their prime.

At head and trotters we eat away in silence; but over our hot toddy, (one moderate jug to each,) ye gods, how we did guffaw? There was nobody to disturb, for the family were taking their decent afternoon walk on the Calton Hill—sound you know ascends, and the clouds are uninhabited. The little round table was drawn to the window of the watch-tower, and over the beautiful groves, where now the New Town stands, our eyes wandered delighted down to the sea, and away to the westward, where the Highland mountains seemed impatient for the glory of the setting sun. Then

what Tusculan disputations! Powerful were we in argument in those days—at least so we thought—*media probandi* were never wanting—and we had winged words at will. When the blow of a thought failed to level our opponent, we dazzled his eye-sight with the lightning of an image, and then running in, threw him a heavy fall. No subject came amiss. Dim as it might seem at first conception, and all unformed, how soon assumed it shape and splendour! Passed to and fro before our fancy, in numbers numberless, apparitions that now come not at our call, but seem to be all sunk for ever in the grave-cells of the sea. No scepticism had we, but we believed devoutly in all great and glorious things—in all things fair and lovely and of good report—in men unswerving in friendship, and in women faithful in love—in honour stainless as the burnished snow on the mountain accessible but to the flying footsteps of the beams of heaven—in the spirit of beauty that bathed the clouds, and built them up into edifices, through whose arched portals imagination walked as on wings into the great silent desert of the sky—in the music that saddened old hoary forests as they fluctuated in the night-wind—in voices heard in dreams, Oh! how tremulously tender and how disturbingly divine! in thoughts whispering almost like voices from the penetralian of our yet unpolluted hearts, and inspiring a glorious confidence in our own virtue, and glorious visions of victories—alas! never, never, to be won;—for what was it all but that dear and dread delusion, in which nature for a while nurses up the human soul, in which Time seems the same as Eternity, and the regions on this side of the grave so blessedly beautiful, that the light of Heaven itself is but as the shadow of life's transitory dream!

We have in vain looked over Meg Dods again and again to find a quotation worthy of following this flight,—So to conclude—it is not uncommon to meet persons in private life who declare that they are wholly indifferent about what they eat or drink—that they eat and drink because they are hungry and thirsty, and in order to recruit and keep up the system. We also eat and drink because we are hungry and thirsty, and in order to recruit and keep up the system; but so far from

being indifferent about the matter, we hold the whole physical arrangement to be most exquisite and delicious. In corroboration of this our belief, we need only refer the reader to this and various other articles in the Magazine. Now we cheerfully admit, that there may be patients with callous appetites and hebetated tongues, who have lost the delighted sense of swallow, and are consequently such complete citizens of the world, that they know no distinction between French-ragout and Welch rabbit, Italian macaroni or Scotch rumblethumps; but if palate and tongue be sound, then the man who says he cares nought about eating and drinking, is obviously such a monstrous and prodigious liar, that we only consider why the earth does not open its jaws and swallow him on the spot. Only look at him lunching when he fondly supposes himself in privacy, and what a gormandizer! He is a great linguist, and understands the Laplandish, as many a rein-deer would confess, of whose tongue he had made himself master. He absolutely bolts bacon like one of the North-Riding school. Now he has swallowed the Oxford sausage; and, finally, he revels in the rookery of a supposed pigeon-house. Meanwhile he has been sluicing his ivories with horn after horn of old Bell's beer—trying whether it or his last importation of London porter be preferable for forenoon imbibation. Look, and you will see the large dew-drops on his forehead—listen, and you will hear his jaw or cheek-bones clanking; and that is the black-broth Spartan who is indifferent about what he eats or drinks! An ugly customer at an ordinary! a dangerous citizen in a beleaguered town! If bred to a seafaring life, the first man to propose, when put on short allowance, to begin eating the black cook and the cabin-boy!

There is another class of men, not quite such hypocrites as the above, mistaken men, who bestow upon themselves the philosophical and eulogistical appellation of Plain-Eaters. Now, strip a Plain-Eater of his name, and pray what is he? or in what does he essentially differ from his brethren of mankind? He likes roast, and boil, and stew. So do they. He likes beef and veal, and venison and mutton, and lamb and kid, and pig and pork, and ham and tongue. So do they.

He likes (does he not?) goose and turkey, and duck and how-towdy, and grouse and partridge, and snipe and woodcock. So do they. He likes salmon and cod, and sea-trout and turbot, and every other species of salt-water fish. So do they. He likes, or would like, if he tried it, *A HAGGIS*. So do or would they. He likes pan-cakes, and plum-pudding, and brandy nans. So do they. He likes Suffolk and Cheshire cheese, Stilton and weeping Parmesan. So do they. He likes grapes and grozets, pine-apples and jargonels. So do they. He likes anchovies, and devilled legs of turkeys. So do they. He likes green and black teas of the finest quality, rather sweet than otherwise, and sugar-candied coffee, whose known transparency is enriched with a copious infusion of the cream of many Ayrshire cows, feeding upon old lea. So do they. He likes at supper, the "*reliquias Danaum*," that is, the relics of the diners, presented in metamorphosis. So do they. He thinks that nuts are nuts. So do they. If the crackers are engaged, he rashly uses his teeth. So do they. He has been known to pocket the leg of a fowl. So have they. Once he has had a surfeit. So had they. Then was he very very sick. So were they. He swallowed physic. So did they. Or he threw it to the dogs. So did they. In all things the similitude—nay the identity is complete—either he descends from his altitude—or all the world goes up stairs to him—man-kind at large devour but one dish, or he is a Plain-Eater no more.

The truth is, that it is as impossible to define a simple taste in eating, as in writing, architecture, or sculpture. A seemingly Doric dish, when analyzed, is found to be composite. We have seen a black-pudding with a Corinthian capital, eaten in truly attic style. Perhaps there exists not, except in abstraction, such a thing as a perfectly plain dish. A boiled potatoe seems by no means complicated. But how rarely indeed is it eaten without salt, and butter, and pepper, if not fish, flesh, and fowl! Reader! lay your hand on your heart and say, have you ever more than thrice, during the course of a long and well-spent life, eaten, *bona fide per se*, without admixture of baser or nobler matter, a boiled mealy or waxy? We hear you answer in the negative. Look on any

edible animal in a live state, from an ox to a frog, and you will admit, without farther argument, that he must undergo changes deep and manifold, before you can think of eating him. Madame Genlis tells us in her amusing *Memoirs*, that once at a fishing party, when a young married woman, to avoid the imputation of being called a Cockney, she swallowed a live minnow. That was plain eating. Madame Genlis was excelled by the French prisoner at Plymouth who eat live cats, beginning at the whisker and ending at the tip of the tail; but we believe that at particular parts he asked for a tallow candle. Without, however, reasoning the question too high, many is the honest man, who, while he has been supposing himself enacting the character of the Plain-Eater, has been masticating a mixture composed of elements brought from the four quarters of the habitable globe. That he might eat that plain rice-pudding, a ship has gone down with all her crew. The black population of the interior of Africa have been captived, fettered, driven like hogs to the field, and hanged by scores, that he, before going to bed with a cold in his nose, and a nasty shivering, might take his—gruel.

We do not recollect ever to have witnessed anything approaching to plain taste in eating, except in a military man or two, who had seen severe service. One was a Major Somebody, and the other a mere Captain—but they eat up whatever might be put on their plates, without any varying expression suited to the varying viands. In fact, they relished all edible things, yet not passionately; and were never heard to discuss the character of a dish. Generally speaking, the army are neither epicures nor gluttons, when on a peace-establishment. What they may be in the field after a successful forage, we know not, nor yet after storm or sack. The clergy are formidable diners, as you may see with half an eye, from the most cursory survey of face and person. We defy you to find an exception from curate to bishop throughout our whole Episcopalian church. No doubt, there are too many small livings—yet produce the present incumbent (the late one is out of reach), and you will find him a weighty argument against all innova-

tion in ecclesiastical affairs. Much comfortable eating has arisen out of Queen Anne's bounty. Our Presbyterian ministers are not a whit inferior to their English brethren in any one essential quality of the clerical character. It is now the time of the General Assembly. What shoulders, and what calves of legs! Go to the Commissioner's dinner and admire the transitory being of the products of this earth. Much good eating goes on in manse, and in the houses of the heritors. Most ministers are men of florid complexion, or a dark healthy brown, and there is only one complaint of the stomach to which they are ever subject. No member of their body ever died of an atrophy. They can digest anything digestable—and you may observe, that, with a solitary exception here and there, they all uniformly die of old age. A preacher, that is, "a birkie without a manse," plays a capital knife and fork, and a first-rate spoon. He seems always to be rather hungry than otherwise—gaunt, and in strong condition. Not that he or any of his cloth is a glutton. But being a good deal in the open air, and riding or walking from manse to manse, with a sermon in his pocket, the gastric juice is always in working power, and he is ready for any meal at the shortest notice. In every manse there should be a copy of *Meg Dods* lying beside Sir John Sinclair. Let it be lent to a neighbour, who will speedily purchase one of her own—she, too, will accommodate a friend—and thus, in a few months, there will be a copy in every respectable house in the parish. Before the arrival of Edward Irving's Millenium, in 1847, good eating in Scotland will have reached its acmé—and that event will be celebrated by a Great National Festival, of which the Cookery will be transcendental. Mr Irving will preside, and we ourselves, if alive, will cheerfully accept the office of croupier. O'Doherty, then a grey-headed general, will sing an ode, accompanied on the violin by Mr Tweedie of Linnhouse. Maga, for February 1847, will indeed be a splendid Number. Yes—the Millenium Number will be as famous as that of the Chaldee or the Kirk of Shotts. But we are dreaming—and must be off to walk with the Commissioner.

WILSON'S AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

No I.

THE periodical press has done itself infinite credit by its justice and benevolence towards Mr Waterton and his Wanderings. From that amusing quarto we set ourselves, a few months ago, to fabricate a still more amusing Leading Article, when, lo and behold, the Editor of the London had the good taste and feeling to forestall and regrade us in the market. His well-written article gave us pause, for we love to be original, and above all things, hate sailing close in the wake of any sloop, brig, or ship. The London was followed by the British Critic—he by the Quarterly—and the Edinburgh just then hove in sight, firing away like a pleasant Fury, with every inch of canvass set, and prettily adorned with flags, as at a regatta. There was no help for it; so in bounced our article into the balaam-box, playing bang against a seriously-disposed paper on the building of new churches, till it groaned again, dislodging from its entrenched position a formidable communication about the Catholics, forcibly ejecting Clara Fisher, and settling down upon a bunch of sonnets, that must have been pressed into utter lifelessness at the very bottom of the bathos. Letting fall the lid, we put our ear to the key-hole, and all was quiet—only the faint rustle of some agitated leaf—the last sigh of some disappointed contribution sinking back into hopeless repose.

Leaving Waterton's Wanderings, therefore, to circulate over the British empire, we beg leave to introduce to our readers an equally interesting person, Alexander Wilson, the celebrated American ornithologist. Wilson—now gone to his long home—was a native, we believe, certainly an inhabitant, of that good Scotch west-country town, Paisley—first a weaver, and then a pedlar, and then a voluntarily expatriated emigrant to America. Then driven, as it were, by a passion for ornithology, or rather a love of the living birds, with all their plumage and songs, he plunged into the woods, and studied the instincts of all those beautiful creatures in the great solitude of nature.

"Amusement," says he, in his preface to his splendid folio, "blended with instruction, the correction of numerous errors, which have been introduced into this part of the natural history of our country, (our country?) if a wish to draw the attention of my fellow-citizens, occasionally, from the discordant jarrings of politics to a contemplation of the grandeur, harmony, and wonderful variety of nature, exhibited in the beautiful portion of the animal creation, are my principal and almost only motives in the present undertaking."

He afterwards observes, that

"The ornithology of the United States exhibits a rich display of the most splendid colours, from the green silky, gold-be-spangled down of the minute humming bird, scarce three inches in extent, to the black coppery wings of the gloomy condor, of sixteen feet, who sometimes visits our northern region—a numerous and powerful band of subjects, that for sweetness, variety, and melody, are compassed by no country on earth,—an everchanging scene of migration from torrid to temperate, and from northern to southern regions, in quest of suitable seasons, food and climate, and such an amazing diversity in habit, economy, form, disposition, and faculties, so uniformly hereditary in each species, and so completely adequate to their peculiar wants and convenience, as to overwhelm us with astonishment at the power, wisdom, and beneficence of the Creator."

In proportion as the enthusiastic and erratic ornithologist became acquainted with these particulars, his visits and residence in the country, he says, became more and more agreeable. Formerly, on such occasions, he found himself in solitude, or, with respect to the feathered tribes, as it were in a strange country, where the manners, language, and faces of all were either totally overlooked or utterly unknown; but now he found himself among well-known and interesting neighbours and acquaintances, and in the voice of every songster recognized with satisfaction the voice of an old companion and friend.

In order to attain a more perfect knowledge of birds, naturalists, Mr Wilson observes, have divided them into classes, orders, genera, species,

and varieties; but, in doing this, scarcely two have agreed on the same mode of arrangement, and this has indeed proved a source of great perplexity to the student. Some have increased the number of orders to an unnecessary extent, multiplied the genera, and out of mere varieties produced what they supposed to be entire new species. Others, sensible of the impropriety of this, and wishing to simplify the science, as much as possible, have reduced the orders and genera to a few, and have thus thrown birds, whose habits, and other characteristic features, are widely different, into one and the same tribe, and thereby confounded our perception of that beautiful production of affinity and resemblance, which nature herself seems to have been studious of preserving, throughout the whole. The principal cause of the great diversity of classifications, appear to be owing to the neglect, or want of opportunity in these writers, of observing the manners of the living birds, in their unconfined state, and in their native countries. As well might philosophers attempt to class mankind into their respective *religious* denominations, by a mere examination of their physiognomy, as naturalists to form a correct arrangement of animals, without a knowledge of these necessary particulars.

Mr Wilson begins with that elegant bird the *Corvus Cristatus*, or BLUE JAY. He is peculiar to America, and is distinguished as a kind of beau among the feathered tenants of the woods by the brilliancy of his dress, while, like most other coxcombs, he makes himself still more conspicuous by his loquacity, and the oddness of his tones and gestures. We shall not attempt to paint in words of our own this shining character—but the following accounts of him cannot but be amusing to all readers.

BLUE JAY.

"The Blue Jay is an almost universal inhabitant of the woods, frequenting the thickest settlements, as well as the deepest recesses of the forest, where his squalling voice often alarms the deer, to the disappointment and mortification of the hunter; one of whom informed me, that he made it a point, in summer, to kill every Jay he could meet with.

"In the charming season of spring, when every thicket pours forth harmony, the

part performed by the Jay always catches the ear. He appears to be, among his fellow-musicians, what the trumpeter is in a band, some of his notes having no distant resemblance to the tones of that instrument. These he has the faculty of changing through a great variety of modulations according to the particular humour he happens to be in. When disposed for ridicule, there is scarce a bird whose peculiarities of song he cannot tune his notes to. When engaged in the blandishments of love, they resemble the soft chatterings of a duck, and while he nestles among the thick branches of the cedar, are scarce heard at a few paces distance; but no sooner does he discover your approach, than he sets up a sudden and vehement out-cry, flying off, and screaming with all his might, as if he called the whole feathered tribes of the neighbourhood to witness some outrageous usage he had received. When he hops undisturbed among the high branches of the oak and hickory, they become soft and musical; and his calls of the female, a stranger would readily take for the repeated creakings of an ungreased wheelbarrow. All these he accompanies with various nods, jerks, and other gesticulations; for which the whole tribe of Jays are so remarkable, that, with some other peculiarities, they might have very well justified the great Swedish Naturalist in forming them into a separate genus by themselves.

"Of all birds he is the most bitter enemy to the owl; no sooner has he discovered the retreat of one of these, than he summons the whole feathered fraternity to his assistance, who surround the glimmering solitaire, and attack him from all sides, raising such a shout as may be heard, in a still day, more than half a mile off.

"When in my hunting excursions I have passed near this scene of tumult, I have imagined to myself that I heard the insulting party venting their respective charges with all the virulency of a Billingsgate mob; the owl, meanwhile, returning every compliment with a broad goggling stare. The war becomes louder and louder, and the owl, at length forced to betake himself to flight, is followed by the whole train of his persecutors until driven beyond the boundaries of their jurisdiction.

"But the blue Jay himself is not guiltless of depredations with the owl, and becomes in turn, the very tyrant he detested, when he sneaks through the woods as he frequently does, and among the thickets and hedge-rows, plundering every nest he can find of its eggs, tearing up the

callow young by piecemeal, and spreading alarm and sorrow around him. The cries of the distressed parents soon bring together a number of interested spectators, (for birds in such circumstances seem truly to sympathize with each other,) and he is sometimes attacked with such spirit as to be under the necessity of a speedy retreat.

"He is not only bold and vociferous, but possesses a considerable talent for mimicry, and seems to enjoy great satisfaction in mocking and teasing other birds, particularly the little hawk, (*F. Sparreri*us,) imitating his cry whenever he sees him, and squealing out as if he was caught; this soon brings a number of his own tribe around him, who all join in the frolic, darting about the hawk, and feigning the cries of a bird sorely wounded, and already under the clutches of its devourer; while others lie concealed in bushes, ready to second their associates in the attack. But this ludicrous farce often terminates tragically. The hawk singling out one of the most insolent and provoking, sweeps upon him in an unguarded moment, and offers him up a sacrifice to his hunger and resentment. In an instant the tune is changed; all their buffoonery vanishes, and loud and incessant screams proclaim their disaster."

Wherever the Blue Jay has had the advantage of education, it is remarked, that he profits by it, not only showing himself an apt scholar, but his suavity of manners is equalled only by his art and contrivance. His itch for thieving, however, keeps pace with his other acquirements. Dr Meare, on the authority of Colonel Portell of South Carolina, informed Mr Wilson that a Blue Jay, which was brought up in the family of the latter gentleman, had all the tricks and loquacity of a parrot, pilfering everything he could conveniently carry off, and hid them in holes and crevices; answered to his name with great sociality when called on; could articulate a number of words pretty distinctly; and when he heard any uncommon noise or loud talking, seemed impatient to contribute his share to the general festivity, by a display of all the oratorical powers he was possessed of. He is also one of the most useful agents in the economy of nature for disseminating forest-trees, and other ruciferous and hard-seeded vegetables, on which they feed. Their chief employment, during the autumnal season, is foraging to supply their wintry stores. In

performing this necessary duty, they drop abundance of the seed in their flight over fields, hedges, and by fences, where they alight to deposit them in the post-holes. It is remarkable, what numbers of young trees rise up in fields and pastures after a wet winter and spring. These birds alone are capable, in a few years, to replant all the cleared lands. They seldom associate in very great numbers, Dr Latham's account of flocks of 20,000 being altogether fabulous. Such a flock, says Mr Wilson, would be as extraordinary an appearance in America as the same number of magpies or cuckoos would be in Britain.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE is a pretty and interesting bird of passage, arriving in Pennsylvania from the south about the beginning of May, and departing towards the latter end of August, or beginning of September. From the singularity of its colours, the construction of its nest, and its preferring the apple-trees, weeping-wilows, walnut and tulip-trees, adjoining the farm-house, to build on, it is generally known, and is usually honoured with a variety of names, such as Hang-nest, Hanging-bird, Golden-robin, Fire-bird, (from the bright orange seen through the green leaves resembling a flash of fire,) but more generally the Baltimore Bird, so named, according to Catesby, from its colours, which are black and orange, being those of the arms or livery of Lord Baltimore, formerly proprietary of Maryland.

Great difference is found in the style; neatness, and finishing of the nests of the Baltimore. Some appear far superior workmen to others; and probably age, Mr Wilson thinks, may improve them in this, as it does in their colours. He procured a great number of their nests all completed, and with eggs. One of these, the neatest, was in the form of a cylinder, of five inches in diameter, and seven inches in depth, round at the bottom. The opening at the top was narrowed, by a horizontal covering, to two inches and a half in diameter. The materials were flax, hemp, tow, hair, and wool, woven into a complete cloth; the whole tightly sewed through and through with long horse hairs, several of which measured two feet in length. The bottom was composed of thick tufts of cow-hair, sewed also with strong horse-

hair. This nest was hung on the extremity of the horizontal branch of an apple-tree, fronting the south-east; was visible one hundred yards off, though shaded by the sun; and was the work of a very beautiful and perfect bird. So solicitous is the Baltimore to procure proper materials for his nest, that in the season of building, the women in the country are under the necessity of narrowly watching their thread that may be out bleaching, and the farmer, to secure his young grafts, as the Baltimore finding the former, and the strings which tie the latter, so well adapted for his purpose, frequently carries off both. Skeins of silk and hanks of thread have been often found, after the leaves are fallen, hanging round the Baltimore's nest; but so woven and entangled as to be entirely irreclaimable. Before the introduction of Europeans, no such material could have been obtained; but, with the sagacity of a good architect, he has improved the circumstance to his advantage, and the strongest and best materials are uniformly found in those parts by which the whole is supported.

"The song of the Baltimore is a clear mellow whistle, repeated at short intervals as he gleams among the branches. There is in it a certain wild plaintiveness and *naïveté* extremely interesting. It is not uttered with the rapidity of the ferruginous thrush (*Turdus Rufus*), and some other eminent songsters, but with the pleasing tranquillity of a careless plough-boy whistling merely for his own amusement. When alarmed by an approach to his nest, or any such circumstance, he makes a kind of rapid chirruping, very different from his usual note. This, however, is always succeeded by those mellow tones which seem so congenial to his nature.

'High on yon poplar, clad in glossiest green,
The orange, black-capp'd Baltimore is seen;
The broad extended boughs still please him
best,

Beneath their bending skirts he hangs his
nest;

There his sweet mate, secure from every
harm,
Broods o'er her spotted store and wraps them
warm;

Lists to the noontide hum of busy bees,
Her partner's mellow song, the brook, the
breeze;

There day by day, the lonely hours deceive,
From dewy morn to slow descending eve,
Two weeks elapsed, behold a hapless crew!
Claim all her care and her affection too;
On wings of Love th' assiduous nurses fly,
Flowers, leaves, and boughs abundant food
supply;

Glad chants their guardian as abroad he
goes,
And waving breezes rock them to repose.

"The Baltimore inhabits North America, from Canada to Mexico, and is even found as far south as Brazil. Since the streets of our cities have been planted with that beautiful and stately tree, the Lombardy poplar, these birds are our constant visitors during the early part of summer; and amid the noise and tumult of coaches, drays, wheelbarrows, and the din of the multitude, they are heard chanting 'their native wood notes wild;' sometimes, too, within a few yards of an oysterman, who stands bellowing with the lungs of a Stentor, under the shade of the same tree; so much will habit reconcile even birds to the roar of the city, and to sounds and noises, that, in other circumstances, would put a whole grove of them to flight."

THE WOOD THRUSH of America, called also the Wood Robin, and by others the Ground Robin, is in all things a delightful bird; and he is certainly described by Mr Wilson in the spirit of delight.

"This sweet and solitary songster inhabits the whole of North America, from Hudson's Bay to the peninsula of Florida. He arrives in Pennsylvania about the 20th of April, or soon after; and returns to the south about the beginning of October. The lateness or earliness of the season seems to make less difference in the times of arrival of our birds of passage than is generally imagined. Early in April, the woods are often in considerable forwardness, and scarce a summer bird to be seen. On the other hand, vegetation is sometimes no farther advanced on the 20th of April, at which time (*e. g.* this present year 1807,) numbers of wood thrushes are seen flitting through the moist woody hollows; and a variety of the *Motacilla* genus chattering from almost every bush, with scarce an expanded leaf to conceal them. But at whatever time the wood thrush may arrive, he soon announces his presence in the woods. With the dawn of the succeeding morning, mounting to the top of some tall tree that rises from a low thick-shaded part of the woods, he pipes his few, but clear and musical notes in a kind of ecstasy; the prelude, or symphony to which strongly resembles the double-tongueing of a German flute, and sometimes the tinkling of a small bell; the whole song consists of five or six parts, the last note of each of which is in such a tone as to leave the conclusion evidently suspended; the finale is finely managed, and with such charming effect, as to soothe and tranquillize the mind, and to seem sweeter and mellowed at each

successive repetition. Rural songsters, of the same species, challenge each other from different parts of the wood, seeming to vie for softer tones and more exquisite responses. During the burning heat of the day, they are comparatively mute; but in the evening the same melody is renewed, and continued long after sunset. Those who visit our woods, or ride out into the country at these hours, during the months of May or June, will be at no loss to recognize, from the above description, this pleasing musician. Even in dark, wet, and gloomy weather, when scarce a single chirp is heard from any other bird, the clear notes of the wood thrush thrill through the dropping woods, from morning to night; and it may be truly said, that the sadder the day the sweeter is his song.

"Those who have paid minute attention to the singing of birds know well, that the voice, energy, and expression, in the same tribe, differ as widely as the voices of different individuals of the human species, or as one singer does from another. The powers of song in some individuals of the wood thrush have often surprised and delighted me. Of these, I remember one, many years ago, whose notes I could instantly recognize on entering the woods, and with whom I had been, as it were, acquainted from his first arrival. The top of a large white oak that overhung part of the glen, was usually the favourite pinnacle from whence he poured the sweetest melody; to which I had frequently listened till night began to gather in the woods, and the fire-flies to sparkle among the branches. But, alas! in the favourite language of the poet—

"One morn I miss'd him on the accustomed hill,

Along the vale, and in his favourite tree—
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the glen, nor in the wood was he!"

A few days afterwards, passing along the edge of the rocks, I found fragments of the wings and broken feathers of a wood thrush killed by the hawk, which I contemplated with unfeigned regret, and not without a determination to retaliate on the first of these murderers I could meet with."

THE RED-BREASTED THRUSH, or ROBIN, is, like other orders of the American thrushes, a bird of passage. But he is especially unsettled, and continually roving about from one region to another during fall and winter. Scarce a winter passes but innumerable thousands of them are seen in the lower parts of the whole Atlantic States, from New Hampshire to Carolina, particularly in the neigh-

bourhood of towns; and from the circumstance of their leaving, during that season, the country to the north-west of the Alleghany, from Maryland northward, it would appear that they not only migrate from north to south, but from west to east, to avoid the deep snows that generally prevail in those high regions for at least four months in the year. The red-breasted thrush is frequently domesticated, agrees well with confinement, and sings in that state with great cheerfulness. A lady in Tarrington, on the banks of the Hudson, informed Mr Wilson, that she reared and kept one of these birds for seventeen years, which sung as well and looked as sprightly at that age as ever; but it at last went the way of all caged birds—a cat devoured it. The morning is their favourite time for song. In passing through the streets of the larger towns, on Sunday, in the months of April and May, a little after day-break, the general silence which usually prevails without at that hour, will enable you to distinguish any house where one of these songsters resides, as he makes it ring with his music.

"The Robin is one of our earliest songsters; even in March, while snow yet dapples the fields, and flocks of them are dispersed about, some few will mount a post, or stake of the fence, and make short and frequent attempts at their song. Early in April, they are only to be seen in pairs, and deliver their notes with great earnestness, from the top of some tree detached from the woods.

"This song has some resemblance to, and indeed is no bad imitation of the notes of the Thrush or Thrasher (*Turdus Rufus*), but if deficient in point of execution, he possesses more simplicity; and makes up in zeal what he wants in talents, so that the notes of the Robin, in Spring, are universally known, and universally beloved. They are, as it were, the prelude to the grand general concert, that is about to burst upon us from woods, fields, and thickets whitened with blossoms, and breathing fragrance. By the usual association of ideas, we therefore listen with more pleasure to this cheerful bird, than to many others, possessed of far superior powers, and much greater variety. Even his nest is held more sacred among school-boys than that of some others; and while they will exult in plundering a Jay's or a Catbird's, a general sentiment of respect prevails on the discovery of a Robin's. Whether he

owes not some little of his veneration to the well-known, and long-established character of his namesake in Britain, by a like association of ideas, I will not pretend to determine. He possesses a good deal of his suavity of manners; and almost always seeks shelter for his young in summer, and subsistence for himself in the extremes of winter, near the habitations of man."

THE GOLD-WINGED WOOD-PECKER is a very gorgeous bird; but it is the character rather than the person of him and the rest that we are now interested about, and he is a noble fellow. His sagacity in discovering under a sound bark, a hollow stem or trunk of a tree, and perseverance in perforating it for the purpose of incubation, are truly surprising; the male and female alternately relieving and accompanying each other by mutual caresses, renewing their labours for several days till the object is attained, and the place rendered sufficiently capacious, convenient, and secure. At this employment they are so extremely intent, that they may be heard till a very late hour in the evening thumping like carpenters. Mr Wilson has seen an instance where they had dug first five inches straight forwards, and then downwards more than twice that distance, through a solid black oak. They carry in no materials for their nest, the soft chips and dust of the wood serving for this purpose. The bills of Wood-peckers in general are straight, grooved or channelled, wedge-shaped, and compressed to a thin edge at the end, that they may the easier penetrate the hardest wood; that of the golden-winged Wood-pecker is long, slightly bent, ridged only on the top, and tapering almost to a point, yet still retaining a little of the wedge-form shape. Both, however, are admirably adapted for the peculiar manner each has of procuring his food: the former, like a powerful wedge, to penetrate the dead and decaying branches after worms and insects; the latter, like a long and sharp pickaxe, to dig up the hillocks of pismires that inhabit old stumps in prodigious multitudes.

"In rambling through the woods one day, I happened to shoot one of these birds, and wounded it slightly in the wing. Finding him in full feather, and seemingly but little hurt, I took him home, and put him into a large cage, made of willow,

intending to keep him in my own room, that we might become better acquainted. As soon as he found himself inclosed on all sides, he lost no time in idle fluttering, but throwing himself against the bars of the cage, began instantly to demolish the willows, battering them with great vehemence, and uttering a loud piteous kind of cackling, similar to that of a hen, when she is alarmed, and takes to wing. Poor Baron Trenck never laboured with more eager diligence at the walls of his prison, than this son of the forest in his exertions for liberty; and he exercised his powerful bill with such force, digging into the sticks, seizing and shaking them so from side to side, that he soon opened for himself a passage; and though I repeatedly repaired the breach, and barricaded every opening in the best manner I could, yet on my return into the room, I always found him at large, climbing up the chairs, or running about the floor, where, from the dexterity of his motions, moving backwards, forwards, and sideways, with the same facility, it became difficult to get hold of him again. Having placed him in a strong wire cage, he seemed to give up all hopes of making his escape, and soon became very tame; fed on young ears of Indian corn; refused apples, but ate the berries of the sour gum greedily, small winter grapes, and several other kinds of berries; exercised himself frequently in climbing, or rather hopping perpendicularly along the sides of the cage; and as evening drew on, fixed himself in a high hanging or perpendicular position, and slept with his head in his wing. As soon as dawn appeared, even before it was light enough to perceive him distinctly across the room, he descended to the bottom of the cage, and began his attack on the ears of Indian corn, rapping so loud as to be heard from every room in the house.

"After this he would sometimes resume his former position, and take another nap. He was beginning to become very amusing, and even sociable, when, after a lapse of several weeks, he became drooping, and died, as I conceive, from the effects of the wound."

Mr Waterton has completely vindicated the character of the calumniated Sloth, and shown him to be an aspiring animal of great activity. Men, in travelling through a forest, tread the low ground, the Sloth swings himself by his powerful arms along the tree-tops. Buffon has written most absurdly about our friend the Wood-pecker; and Mr Wilson, taking up the cudgels in his behalf, has

broken the Frenchman's head, who, had he been alive, would no doubt have been made to eat his words.

"The abject and degraded character which the Count de Buffon, with equal eloquence and absurdity, has drawn of the whole tribe of Woodpeckers, belongs not to the elegant and sprightly bird now before us. How far it is applicable to any of them, will be examined hereafter. He is not 'constrained to drag out an insipid existence in boring the bark and hard fibres of trees to extract his prey,' for he frequently finds, in the loose mouldering ruins of an old stump, (the capital of a nation of pismires,) more than is sufficient for the wants of a whole week. He cannot be said 'to lead a mean and gloomy life, without an intermission of labour,' who usually feasts by the first peep of dawn, and spends the early and sweetest hours of morning on the highest peaks of the tallest trees, calling on his mate, or companions, or pursuing and gamboling with them round the larger limbs and body of the tree, for hours together, for such are really his habits. Can it be said 'necessity never grants an interval of sound repose' to that bird, who, while other tribes are exposed to all the peltings of the midnight storm, lodges dry and secure in a snug chamber of his own constructing; or that 'the narrow circumference of a tree circumscribes his dull round of life,' who, as seasons and inclination inspire, roams from the frigid to the torrid zone, feasting on the abundance of various regions? Or is it a proof that 'his appetite is never softened by delicacy of taste,' because he so often varies his bill of fare, occasionally preferring to animal food the rich milkiness of young Indian corn, and the wholesome and nourishing berries of the wild cherry, sour gum, and red cedar? Let the reader turn to the faithful representation of him given in the plate, and say whether his looks be 'sad and melancholy?' It is truly ridiculous and astonishing, that such absurdities should escape the lips or pen of one so able to do justice to the respective merits of every species; but Buffon had too often a favourite theory to prop up, that led him insensibly astray; and so, forsooth, the whole family of Woodpeckers must look sad, sour, and be miserable, to satisfy the caprice of a whimsical philosopher, who takes it into his head that they are, and ought to be so.

"But the Count is not the only European who has misrepresented and traduced this beautiful bird. One has given him brown legs,* another a yellow neck,† and a third has declared him a cuckoo;‡ and, in an English translation of Linnaeus' System of Nature, lately published, he is characterized as follows: 'Body streaked with black and grey, cheeks red, chin black, never climbs a tree;'§ which is just as correct as if in describing the human species we should say—skin striped with black and green, cheeks blue, chin orange, never walks on foot, &c. The pages of natural history should resemble a faithful mirror, in which mankind may recognize the true images of the living originals; instead of which, we find this department of them too often like the hazy and rough medium of wretched window-glass, through whose crooked protuberances everything appears so strangely distorted, that one scarcely knows their most intimate neighbours and acquaintances."

THE BLUE-BIRD is a charming little soul, and would that we had a few millions of them in Britain! The pleasing manners and sociable disposition of this little bird, says Mr Wilson, entitle him to particular notice. As one of the first messengers of spring, bringing the charming tidings to our very doors, he bears his own recommendation always along with him, and meets with a hearty welcome from everybody.

"The usual spring and summer song of the Blue-bird, is a soft, agreeable, and oft-repeated warble, uttered with open quivering wings, and is extremely pleasing. In his motions and general character, he has great resemblance to the Robin Red-breast of Britain; and had he the brown olive of that bird, instead of his own blue, could scarcely be distinguished from him. Like him, he is known to almost every child; and shows as much confidence in man by associating with him in summer, as the other by his familiarity in winter. He is also of a mild and peaceful disposition, seldom fighting or quarrelling with other birds. His society is courted by the inhabitants of the country, and few farmers neglect to provide for him in some suitable place, a snug little summer-house, ready fitted and rent-free. For this he more than sufficiently repays them by the cheerful-

* See Encyc. Brit. Art. PICUS.

† Latham.

‡ Klein.

§ "P. griseo nigroque transversim striatus"—"truncos arborum non scandit."—Ind. Orn. v. I. p. 242.

ness of his song, and the multitude of injurious insects which he daily destroys. Towards fall, that is, in the month of October, his song changes to a single plaintive note, as he passes over the yellow, many-coloured woods; and its melancholy air recalls to our minds the approaching decay of the face of nature. Even after the trees are stript of their leaves, he still lingers over his native fields, as if loath to leave them. About the middle or end of November, few or none of them are seen; but with every return of mild or open weather, we hear his plaintive note amidst the fields, or in the air, seeming to deplore the devastations of winter. Indeed, he appears scarcely ever totally to forsake us; but to follow fair weather through all its journeyings till the return of spring.

"Such are the mild and pleasing manners of the Blue-bird, and so universally is he esteemed, that I have often regretted that no pastoral muse has yet arisen in this western woody world to do justice to his name, and endear him to us still more by the tenderness of verse, as has been done to his representative in Britain, the Robin Red-breast. A small acknowledgment of this kind I have to offer, which the reader, I hope, will excuse as a tribute to rural innocence.

"When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown-furrow'd fields re-appearing,

The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering;

When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing;
Then red glows the Blue-bird, the herald of spring!
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

"Then loud-piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
Then warm glows the sun-shine, and fine is the weather;

The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spicewood and sassafras budding together:

O then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair?
Your walks border up; sow and plant at your leisure;

The Blue-bird will chant from his box in the air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

"He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red-flowering peach and the apple's sweet blossoms;

He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
And seizes the catfish that lurk in their bosoms;
He drags the vile grub from the corn he devours;

The worms from their webs where they riot and welter;

His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is, in summer a shelter.

"The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
Now searching the furrows—now mounting to cheer him;

The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;
The slow ling'ring school-boys forget they'll be
child,

While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

"When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters so silent and fallow,
And millions of warblers, that charmed us before,

Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow,
The Blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow,
Till forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

"While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy,
warm,
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of Heaven,

Or love's native music have magic to charm,
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings is given,
Still dear to each bosom the Blue-bird shall be;
His voice like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure;
For, through bleakest storms if a calm he but see,

He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure!

"As the Blue-bird is so regularly seen in winter, after the continuance of a few days of mild and open weather, it has given rise to various conjectures as to the place of his retreat. Some supposing it to be in close sheltered thickets, lying to the sun; others the neighbourhood of the sea, where the air is supposed to be more temperate, and where the matters thrown up by the waves furnish him with a constant and plentiful supply of food. Others trace him to the dark recesses of hollow trees, and subterraneous caverns, where they suppose he dozes away the winter, making, like Robinson Crusoe, occasional reconnoitering excursions from his castle, whenever the weather happens to be favourable. But amidst the snows and severities of winter I have sought for him in vain, in the most favourable sheltered situations of the Middle States; and not only in the neighbourhood of the sea, but on both sides of the mountains. I have never, indeed, explored the depths of caverns in search of him, because I would as soon expect to meet with tulips and butterflies there, as Blue-birds; but among hundreds of woodmen, who have cut down trees of all sorts, and at all seasons, I have never heard one instance of these birds being found so immured in winter; while in the whole of the Middle and Eastern States, the same general observation seems to prevail, that the Blue-bird always makes his appearance in winter, after a few days of mild and open weather. On the other hand, I have myself found them numerous in the woods of North and South Carolina, in the depth of winter; and I have also been assured by different gentlemen of respectability, who have resided in the Islands of Ja-

maica, Cuba, and the Bahamas, and Bermudas, that this very bird is common there in winter. We also find, from the works of Hernandez, Piso, and others, that it is well known in Mexico, Guiana, and Brazil; and if so, the place of its winter retreat is easily ascertained, without having recourse to all the trumpery of holes and caverns, torpidity, hybernation, and such ridiculous improbabilities.

"Nothing is more common in Pennsylvania, than to see large flocks of these birds in spring and fall, passing, at considerable heights in the air; from the South in the former, and from the North in the latter season. I have seen, in the month of October, about an hour after sunrise, ten or fifteen of them descend from a great height, and settle on the top of a tall detached tree; appearing, from their silence and sedateness, to be strangers, and fatigued. After a pause of a few minutes, they began to dress and arrange their plumage, and continued so employed for ten or fifteen minutes more; then, on a few warning notes being given, perhaps by the leader of the party, the whole remounted to a vast height, steering in a direct line for the south-west. In passing along the chain of the Bahamas towards the West Indies, no great difficulty can occur from the frequency of these Islands; nor even to the Bermudas, which are said to be 600 miles from the nearest part of the Continent. This may seem an extraordinary flight for so small a bird; but it is nevertheless a fact that it is performed. If we suppose the Blue-bird, in this case, to fly only at the rate of a mile a minute, which is less than I have actually ascertained him to do over land, ten or eleven hours would be supposed for him to accomplish the journey; besides the chances he would have of resting-places by the way, from the number of vessels that generally navigate those seas. In like manner, two days at most, allowing for numerous stages for rest, would conduct him from the remotest regions of Mexico to any part of the Atlantic states. When the Natural History of that part of the Continent and its adjacent Isles, is better known, and the periods at which its birds of passage arrive and depart, are truly ascertained, I have no doubt but these suppositions will be fully corroborated."

We shall close "*Wilson's American Ornithology*, No. I." with some particulars respecting the life and character of the great American Shrike or Butcher-Bird. His form and countenance bespeak him full of energy and cou-

rage; and his true character does not belie his appearance, for he possesses these qualities in a very eminent degree. In his manners he has more resemblance to pies than birds of prey, particularly in the habit of carrying off his surplus food, as if to hoard it for future exigencies; with this difference, that crows, and jays, and magpies, &c. conceal theirs at random in holes and crevices, where, perhaps, it is forgotten, or never again found; while the Butcher-Bird sticks his on stones and bushes, where it shrivels in the sun, and soon becomes equally useless to the hoarder. Both retain the same habit in a state of confinement, whatever the food may be that is presented to them. The habit of the Shrike, of seizing and impaling grasshoppers and other insects on thorns, has given rise to an opinion that he places the carcasses there by way of baits, to allure small birds to them, while he himself lies in ambush to surprise and destroy them. In this, however, Mr Wilson thinks they allow him a greater portion of reason and contrivance than he seems entitled to, or than other circumstances will altogether warrant, for he not only serves grasshoppers in that way, but even small birds themselves. "If so," says Mr Wilson, "we might as well suppose the farmer to be inviting crows to his corn, when he hangs up their carcasses around it, as the Butcher-Bird to be decoying small birds by a display of the dead bodies of their comrades."

"In the '*Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*,' vol. 4, page 124, the reader may find a long letter on this subject from Mr John Heckewelder, of Bethlehem, to Dr Barton; the subject of which is as follows:—That on the 17th of Dec. 1795, he (Mr Heckewelder) went to visit a young orchard which had been planted a few weeks before, and was surprised to observe on every one of the trees one, and on some two and three grasshoppers, stuck down on the sharp thorny branches; that on inquiring of his tenant the reason of this, he informed him that they were stuck there by a small bird of prey, called by the Germans *Neuntoedter* (Nine-killer), which caught and stuck nine grasshoppers a-day; and he supposed that as the bird itself never fed on grasshoppers, it must do it for pleasure. Mr Heckewelder now recollected that one of those Nine-killers had, many years before, taken a favourite bird of his out of

his cage at the window ; since which he had paid particular attention to it ; and being perfectly satisfied that it lived entirely on mice and small birds, and, moreover, observing the grasshoppers on the trees all fixed in natural positions as if alive, he began to conjecture that this was done to decoy such small birds as feed on those insects to the spot, that he might have an opportunity of devouring them. 'If it were true,' says he, 'that this little hawk had stuck them up for himself, how long would he be in feeding on one or two hundred grasshoppers ? But if it be intended to seduce the smaller birds to feed on these insects, in order to have an opportunity of catching them, that number, or even one half or less, may be a good bait all winter,' &c. &c.

"This is indeed a pretty fanciful theory, and would entitle our bird to the epithet Fowler, perhaps with more propriety than Lanius, or Butcher ; but, notwithstanding the attention which Mr Heckewelder professes to have paid to this bird, he appears not only to have been unacquainted that grasshoppers were in fact the favourite food of this Nine-killer, but never once to have considered, that grasshoppers would be but a very insignificant and tasteless bait for our winter birds, which are chiefly those of the finch kind, that feed almost exclusively on hard seeds and gravel ; and among whom five hundred grasshoppers might be stuck upon trees and bushes, and remain there untouched by any of them for ever. Besides, where is his necessity of having recourse to such refined stratagems, when he can at any time seize upon small birds by mere force of flight ! I have seen him, in an open field, dart after one of our small sparrows, with the rapidity of an arrow, and kill it almost instantly. Mr William Bertram long ago informed me, that one of these Shrikes had the temerity to pursue a Snow bird (*F. Hudsonia*) into an open cage, which stood in the garden ; and before they could arrive to its assistance, had already strangled and scalped it, though he lost his liberty by the

exploit. In short, I am of opinion, that his resolution and activity are amply sufficient to enable him to procure these small birds, whenever he wants them, which I believe is never but when hard pressed by necessity, and a deficiency of his favourite insects, and that the Crow or the Blue Jay may, with the same probability, be supposed to be laying baits for mice and flying squirrels, when they are hoarding their Indian corn, as he for birds while thus disposing of the exuberance of his favourite food. Both the former and the latter retain the same habits in a state of confinement, the one filling every seam and chink of his cage with grain, crumbs of bread, &c., and the other sticking up, not only insects, but flesh, and the bodies of such birds as are thrown in to him, on nails or sharpened sticks, fixed up for the purpose. Nor, say others, is this practice of the Shrike difficult to be accounted for. Nature has given to this bird a strong, sharp, and powerful beak, a broad head, and great strength in the muscles of his neck ; but his legs, feet, and claws, are by no means proportionably strong ; and are unequal to the task of grasping and tearing his prey, like those of the Owl and Falcon kind. He therefore wisely avails himself of the powers of the former, both in strangling his prey, and tearing it in pieces while feeding."

Although the Great American Shrike is but ten inches in length, and thirteen in extent, yet will he attack the largest Hawk or Eagle, in defence of his young, with a resolution truly astonishing, so that all of them respect him, and on every occasion decline the contest. In affection for his young he is surpassed by no other bird, and he associates with them in the latter part of summer, the whole family hunting in company. We agree, therefore, with Mr Wilson in thinking, "that the character of the Butcher-Bird is entitled to no common degree of respect."

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.

CHAP. XX.

The Story of Jack Adams—continued.

"NEXT morning, at a pretty early hour, the whole delegates of us, rigged out in our best style, and sporting white favours on our hats and breasts, assembled by signal in our respective ships' boats, around the Royal Sovereign; from which, after being mustered in form by the President, we pushed off, and made for Sallyport in the grandest style imaginable. Here having landed, and ranked ourselves up like the soldiers, away we marched, with Jack Morris at our head, as silent and as orderly as a vestry meeting, while the whole streets through which we passed rung again with the cheerings of the surrounding multitude. We thus gravely marched on until we arrived at Governor Pitt's house, in the front of which we halted, and gave old First of June three hearty cheers. The large windows were immediately thrown open, and out came his Lordship on the balcony, surrounded by a great number of the prettiest ladies, and flashiest-dressed fellows, in blue and scarlet, my eyes ever beheld. Doucing his plain, little cocked hat, he said something to us I suppose by way of compliment, for he spoke so confoundedly low I heard never a word. However, it was all one, for he got through it some way or other; and then the ladies curtsied, the gentlemen bowed, while we and the multitude repeatedly cheered them, the Marines' band of music, which had now joined us, playing, *God save the King*, and other loyal tunes, all the time. We thus waited for a short time, while the soldiers were marching and lining the streets down all the way to the water's edge. This was no sooner done, than out came his Lordship, attended by all his fine company of ladies and gentlemen, and away we marched, with the music before us, to New Sallyport, where we once more took to our boats, and pushed off with a sweeping pull for St Helen's. I dare say it must have been a grand sight from the Platform, which was completely crowded with people; at least, I know, the Platform was a very fine

sight to us, where the gentlemen were waving their hats, and the ladies their handkerchiefs, as we swept silently and swiftly past them.

"Be this as it may: His Lordship, thus escorted, steered direct for the old Charlotte, and was received by our ship's company with three cheers, and the yards manned. As soon as they had lain in off the yards, and returned on deck, his Lordship called all hands aft on the quarter-deck, when, relaxing his usually stern countenance into something like a smile, he thus addressed them:—'It gives me infinite pleasure, my lads, to see you once more treading with cheerfulness the strict path of your duty. I hope you will continue to do so long, now that his Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant all your requests, and that you will convince both him and your country in general, that your loyalty is untainted, and your courage and zeal in the service of both as vigorous as ever. This will be the best, and indeed is the only way of showing your gratitude for what they have given you; and, while it will do great honour to yourselves, it will transmit your names down to the latest posterity with a lustre of character, which ever has been, and I hope ever will be the glorious reward of the seamen of Great Britain. I have only now to add, my lads, on this happy occasion, and one which, I assure you, I count the most honourable of my life, that standing here on the very spot where I fought our implacable enemy, and where many gallant but unfortunate friends of their King and Country received their death's wound, I do now, at his own most gracious request, tender you all his Majesty's pardon for everything gone by. You are therefore all pardoned. Let the past be forgotten for ever; and let the future show, by deeds of the purest patriotism, both to your King, your Country, and an admiring world, that the seamen of Great Britain are really and truly the valiant subjects of the most warlike, the most enlightened, and

the happiest country under Heaven.—You may now return to your duty. Captain Lock, pipe down.

“ ‘ Oh no, my dear Lord,’ returned the Captain, smiling, ‘ you must certainly allow us to finish as we have begun.—Man the whip forward there!—Excuse me for a moment, my lord. I must certainly see the ladies safely over the side.’ ”

“ ‘ Undoubtedly, my good Lock,’ answered his Lordship, smiling; ‘ by all means, whatever you do, look after the ladies.’ ”

“ Halting a short time on the quarter-deck, in conversation with his gentlemen, while the ladies were getting into the barge, the Captain suddenly reappearing on deck, bawled out, *Man the rigging!—away aloft!* The yards were manned in a twinkling, while his Lordship returned to his barge, and left the Charlotte amid the repeated cheerings of the whole crew.

“ In this manner he escorted him through the whole fleet, each vessel receiving him in a similar way. We then stretched away, at a long steady pull, back to Spithead; which the Royal Billy and Prince, who were on the look-out, observing, immediately hoisted the standard of Britain, and welcomed us with a royal salute. We swiftly rowed alongside of Sir Roger Curtis’s ship, where we understood the gentry were to dine; and, opening in line to right and left, we gave the old boy, as his barge passed through the centre, and as he mounted the side, three other hearty cheers, then took leave of him for a time, and returned to St Helen’s to dinner, as hungry as hawks.

“ We now had a pause until the afternoon’s grog was over, when the signal for assembling the boats was again hoisted to the Royal Sovereign’s main-topgallant mast head. This being instantly obeyed, we once more set off for Spithead, and pulled alongside the Prince, on board of which his Lordship and the gentry were. After a short time spent in arranging the boats in their respective stations, the ladies began to appear coming over the side in a splendid whip-chair; and shortly after, his Lordship, followed by the other gentlemen, (some of whom, my lad, would have required the whip-chair also,) entered the barge, which having moved to its place in the centre, we all pushed off for the

shore, in three very pretty distinct lines, headed by Jack Morris, as our President, and brought up by myself, as his Vice,—an arrangement which proved highly agreeable and satisfactory both to his Lordship, and the nabs who were along with him.

“ We thus rowed on in the most regular order, when, as we shot past the Platform, which was most terribly crowded with people, the standard of Britain was again hoisted, and a royal salute fired, accompanied by a sort of running fire from the marines and soldiers, ranged inside the walls of the garrison, while the clear blue welkin, bespangled and dazzling with a beautiful summer’s sun, resounded with the reiterated cheerings of the immense multitude who crowded the shores all around us. As soon as we had reached New Sallyport, the Delegates hastily left their boats, and hoisting his Lordship, in a flashy chair, on the shoulders of four stout young fellows, with the old union-jack flying over his venerable head, and the ladies and gentlemen all round him, away we marched back to the Governor’s house, preceded by the music, in the very same order we had come ashore, amid the deafening acclamations of the greatest assemblage of people I ever remember to have seen.

“ Having arrived at last at our destination, we again opened to the right and left, when his Lordship, followed by his company, passed through betwixt us, and entered the Governor’s house, amid a most thundering finale of shoutings and applause,—hats and handkerchiefs being to be seen waving as far as the eye could reach. The story being now concluded, the mob and soldiers began rapidly to disperse, and we were arranging ourselves up to follow their example, when who should bolt out of the house upon us but our old friend Peregrine Wigley, with a message from his Lordship, commanding the immediate presence of our President, accompanied by two more of the Delegates. Jack Morris immediately choosing Joe Green and myself, we followed him into the house, and were ushered into a superb room, where we found the noble Lord and his ladies and gentlemen seated all round.

“ Ordering us to approach him, he immediately said,—‘ It gives me pleasure to tell you, my lads, at the close

of this busy and delightful day, how much your dutiful and respectful behaviour has gratified myself and those gentlemen and ladies now before you, who did me the honour of their excellent company. You have indeed behaved yourselves this day like British seamen, and have more than redeemed that far-famed name for patriotism and loyalty, which it has ever been my pride, through a long lengthened life, to boast of and to glory in. Carry my thanks, and the thanks of this honourable company, to your comrades, and to the Fleet. Tell them, my report to his Majesty, and to your Country, shall be as flattering as my present satisfaction is complete; and as it is not likely, my lads, from my advanced years and increasing frailties, that I shall ever see you again, I beg you to accept this, to enable you to drink to the health and long life of our excellent Sovereign, the prosperity of our Country, the health of our worthy Governor here and his illustrious guests, to which you may add, if you are so minded,' continued his Lordship, with a smile, 'that old fellow's health you are pleased to call the Father of the Fleet.'

"Jack Morris received his Lordship's gift with a very stylish bow; then boldly surveying the whole smiling company, with a face suffused with a ruddy glow, which made it a thousand times handsomer than usual, he modestly said,—'It is impossible for one, my Lord, who is only a plain blunt sailor, to find proper words either to thank you or this elegant company for your goodness sufficiently,—since never in my life stood I in such a presence. Allow me, however, in the name of my brothers of the Fleet, to express how great our obligations are to you, my Lord, for your many signal services, and for the unwearied ability you have displayed in conducting our affairs to this day's happy conclusion,—to assure you of our unceasing gratitude and respect,—and that while, this very evening, we drink his Majesty's health, and a speedy triumph to him over all his enemies, we shall not forget that of our noble and illustrious Father of the Fleet, or those excellent ladies and gentlemen who this day accompanied him in his labour of love.'

"'Bravo, my lad, and spoke like a Briton!' cried Governor Pitt, rising and approaching the Earl. 'Your

Lordship must excuse me,' continued he, 'if I feel a very strong inclination to follow your good example in contributing, in the name of myself and distinguished guests, towards a merry-making on this auspicious day. Here, my lad, accept of this from an old soldier—and recollect, after you've drunk a good long life to your Father of the Fleet and all his blue-jackets, be sure to add that of our excellent Father of the Army, his Royal Highness of York, and all his scarlet ones. Go, now, be as merry as I can possibly wish you; and in order that you may want nothing in my power to grant, I shall immediately give orders for the band of the Royal Marines to attend you wherever you shall choose to go.'

"This munificent treatment fairly put poor Jack's pipe out; and by my soul, Davies, I pitied him at that moment. He coloured, he grew pale, and, repeatedly bowing, in a voice hardly articulate, he briefly returned thanks. The Governor smiled, and motioned to the door; when, followed by Green and myself, who did our best in making our sea-bows elegant, he slowly left the room, amid the smiles and good wishes of both ladies and gentlemen.

"In the lobby at the bottom of the stairs, we were met by Peregrine Wigley and others of the serving-men, who were evidently awaiting us.

"'Well, my jolly hearts,' cried Wigley, 'how fares it? How do you like the Earl and his noble company? I hope he has come down handsomely?'

"'He has indeed been very kind,' answered Morris, 'and the worthy Governor has not been one whit behind him.'

"'Ay,' cried Perry; 'well, that is just as it should be. Be pleased to come this way a moment.'

"'Really, Perry,' cried Morris, 'you must excuse us at present. Our comrades are waiting, and will be out of all patience.'

"'That I know, my lad,' cried Perry; 'but, believe me, they're not quite so impatient for your presence as all that comes to either. Come on, come on,' cried he, seeing Jack rather backward in following him: 'why, zounds, man alive, they're all here before you. Do you really suppose that the Governor would allow you to leave his house, after coming off the water, without a tasting of some at to eat? No, no, matey, he's not the boy, believe me.'

"We now entered a large servants' hall, where we found our comrades and the Marines' band seated very comfortably at a long oaken table, which extended the whole length of the room, all busily employed in knocking a huge sirloin of beef into them, while the black jack went swiftly and merrily round.

"'Hilloah!' cried Morris, smiling and looking down the hall; 'By St George, Perry, you've got a jolly mess-table, and devilishly well manned. If this was to be the case, I think his Lordship and the Governor might well have close-reefed their bounty to us; for here, to my eye, my heart, we've more than enough, without going a step farther.'

"'Tush, tush,' cried Wigley, winking, and pulling us aside, 'not a word more of that, Morris, for heaven's sake, I beseech you, if you don't wish to affront me.—Why, my dear soul, this comes from neither the Governor nor his Lordship, but is merely a bit treat of our own. You must know we're to have both a great and a grand party to-night on this happy occasion; and so my worthy friend, Master Carey here, who has the honour of being the Governor's butler, just remarked to me in the forepart of the day, 'Wigley,' says he, 'why, as we've so many things to cook and get ready at any rate for to-night, and it's likely the lads of the Fleet will be here, what would be the great harm of sousing a round of beef into the boiler, by way of giving them a snack and a draught of beer after coming off on the water—Doesn't think 't would be very acceptable?' says he. You may be sure, my hearts, that I agreed to all this directly. So now, you see, as it comes all entirely of Carey's good will to you, I think it will be the best way to sit down, thrash away, and say nothing—he'll enjoy the thing all the better for that, I can assure you.'

"As we plainly saw in all this there was nothing else for it, we quietly acquiesced, and partook heartily of the butler's good cheer. Then, after kindly inviting him and Wigley, as well as some of the other principal servants, to pay us a visit, and arranging our order of march, we started to our feet, took our stations in front of the house, gave his Lordship and the Governor three parting cheers, and marched off with the Union flying, to the King's

Head, as happy as princes are said to be, cheered by the surrounding multitude, and charmed with the music.

"As soon as we had got seated in the large room of the inn, which overlooked the public street, and from a window of which we sported our Union-jack, the situation of the poor fellows in the boats came under immediate consideration. Various schemes were proposed; but at length it was finally agreed on, that, while our bulky host was getting things ready, the whole of us should go down to the landing-place together, and there, under the superintendence of the President, we should each march our boat's crews up to the King's Head, by three of us at a time, with the music at their head, where giving them a proper refreshment, they were then to march back in the same manner, take to their boats, and push off for the fleet—thus giving way to the three next in order. The scheme was immediately put in execution; and such was the order and propriety of the fellows' behaviour, both in going and returning, that it excited universal applause from the admiring inhabitants.

"Having now got rid of our boats,—for, mind me, we were determined to have one night on't,—we returned in company once more to the King's Head, and took supper in a style of grandeur the most of us had never seen in our lives before. It was really smart work while it lasted, I assure you, Davies; for such was the strength of our hale, hearty stomachs, thus unusually and unexpectedly excited, that the delicacies and dainties absolutely disappeared one after other as if by enchantment. We were soon palled, however, and the tables being cleared, the large ponderous bowl and the sparkling glass now crowned our jovial board. And now we did set to it, my lad, with both heart and hand; it was none of your mim-mouthed, calm, smirking, how-d'ye-do occasions, I assure you; but everywhere roaring, tearing, life and vigour. The toasts and music were loyalty to the mast-head—the cheerings roaritorious and enthusiastic—and the whole happy knot of us were absolutely swimming in the smooth sea of glory, when a waiting-man entering, announced the arrival of two strangers, who wished to speak with any one of the company.

“ ‘Who are they, my lad?’ inquired Jack Morris.

“ ‘Why, who should they be, Jack,’ interrupted Bill Senator, ‘but cockswain Wigley, and that flashy-dressed, blowsy, big-bellied customer, as gave us the treat at the Governor’s.’

“ ‘No, no, Bill, it can’t be them, mate,’ cried Patrick Glynn, ‘and I’ll tell you as why. Perry told me positively, just before we parted, as how it would be well on in the middle watch ere he and t’other fat fellow could possibly expect to get away for a moment. Now, as yet, d’ye see, why it aint six bells of the first one gone. So it can’t be them, whoever it is.’

“ ‘Can’t you tell us at once who they are, my hearty?’ inquired Charley Derry again.

“ ‘No, sir,’ replied the coggling, smiling lad of the hand-towel, ‘I really can’t indeed, sir. They both appear to me, gents, to be some’at dressed like yourselves—smart jackets, fine wyte trowers, and large rough boat-coats quite over all. They have newly arrived in town, gents, as I hear say, in a post-chay and four.’

“ ‘A post-chaise and four, and dressed like seamen,’ said Valentine Joyce, ‘why, they’ll likely be two delegates of the Fleet from some quarter or other.’

“ ‘I’m a little inclined to think so too,’ observed Jack Morris. ‘Waiter, pray usher them into the room, my lad. Or stop, d—n it, Adams, go you—’twill be more respectful.’

“ ‘But the waiter had disappeared, and immediately returned, followed by two tall strapping fellows, one of whom was much younger than the other, though both appeared to be aware of their importance, and stood quite unabashed under the general scrutiny they excited from the eyes of all present.

“ ‘Pray, be seated, if you please, shipmates,’ said Morris—when the youngest took the proffered chair without ceremony, while the elder made his way to the head of the table, and put a letter into the President’s hand.

“ ‘O, ay,’ said Morris, after opening the letter, and rapidly glancing at its contents, ‘’tis just as you said, Joyce—this comes from the Nore. Come, my lads, a bumper if you please, and that directly,—Here’s our brothers at the Nore!—with three-times-three—

Mosley, strike up, boy!’ The cheers were given with hearty good will, while the band played *Hearts of Oak*.

“ ‘You’re just arrived, I’m informed, mates?’ said Morris.

“ ‘Why, as to that matter,’ replied the elder stranger, ‘we ha’n’t been above ten minutes in town yet I believe,—have we, Gregory?’

“ ‘No,’ replied the younger stranger, ‘I doesn’t think we have.’

“ ‘And I presume you were sent down here to see how the land lay,’ continued Morris.

“ ‘You’ve guessed it, mate,’ answered the elder stranger.

“ ‘Well, well, my lads, more of this directly,’ said Morris; ‘meantime, we must see if we han’t something or other in the locker for you—since you must be both fatigued and hungry.—Waiter, this way, my jolly fellow—harkye, get a good substantial supper, piping hot, ready, in the next room, without a moment’s delay, for these two brave lads. See that you lose not a moment now, there’s a fine fellow—and tell us when you’re ready.’

“ ‘I shall be ready, sir, in an instant,’ returned the smiling servant-man with a bow, and bolted out of the room with the dexterity of a harlequin.—The conversation was immediately resumed.

“ ‘Have you had any good accounts from the North Fleet lately?’ asked Morris.

“ ‘Why, yes,’ replied the elder stranger; ‘we does get something or other from Yarmouth every other day, but nothing of any consequence to ever a one; for though they do seem to growl sadly, and not to be unwilling in the work, yet I don’t know how it is, there is either something wrong about them in the way of understanding each other, or else they want pluck to stand it out bravely at once.’

“ ‘Ah, that’s a bad, bad sign, indeed, shipmate,’ said Morris; ‘for if they don’t stick firmly by one another, ’tis a gone cause with them. But it is a matter of little moment now.’

“ ‘I’m glad to hear you say so, shipmate,’ cried the stranger; ‘for, though we did not believe it, we did hear often and often coming down that you had got all settled—is it indeed true?’

“ ‘Quite so, my lad,’ replied Morris; ‘and thank God for it, say I, for it’s an ugly job gone to bed.’

“ ‘To some people, mate,’ said the stranger, ‘I readily believes it is ugly and loathsome enough, seeing as how it will make a devil of a hole in the purses of most of ‘em; to others again, who, like ourselves, must stand in the breach and brave the squall, it is both disagreeable and dangerous; but what then?—to the great bulk of us, who will reap the fruit of that daring and difficulty, it is a matter of the very highest importance. There are few, if any, mate, in the whole versal Fleet, however quiet and tame they may be at present, who will not brighten up and chime in for snacks as soon as the battle’s over.’

“ ‘Why, my lad, of that you may be certain,’ cried Morris, ‘and the thought of the likes of that there makes me all the happier it is over.—But how d’ye get on at the Nore?’

“ ‘Oh, devilish so so, indeed,’ said the stranger. ‘All our fellows, from the highest to the lowest, don’t appear to know what they’re about—they grant one thing to-day, and deny it to-morrow. You never saw such a set; for they’re all round the compass in the course of twenty-four hours, and will stand to nothing. It was our opinion, that they waited to see how the Government would bring you up.’

“ ‘In faith, my dear fellow, there’s nothing more likely,’ observed Morris, smiling; ‘and if that there’s the case, you’ve got a pretty long journey to devilish little purpose, seeing the news of to-day will be there long before you.’

“ ‘Oh, as to that, mate,’ said the stranger, ‘it is nothing; we are too seriously bent on the attainment of our object to pass a single thought about any trouble it may cost us. And although the news will be there before us, I’m very doubtful it will get but small belief before we reach the Nore again, which we at present mean to do as speedily as we can.’

“ ‘Why, man alive, you don’t mean to set off again to-morrow?’ asked Morris.

“ ‘If God grants health, we *must*,’ said the stranger.

“ ‘Oho, my brave fellow, if it’s a *must* business, I’ve not a syllable more to say,’ said Morris.

“ ‘The supper waits you, gents,’ said the smiling waiter, bowing as he entered the room.

“ ‘Ah, very well, my lad,’ said

Morris. ‘Now, my dear fellows, I’d advise you to retire and refresh yourselves comfortably, for sure you must require it. You can join us at your own convenience—when we will tell you all about it.’

“ ‘We must certainly thank you all, my brave lads, for your kind hospitality,’ said the elder stranger, rising, ‘and shall as frankly avail ourselves of it. Come, Gregory, let us go, mate.’

“ The younger seaman rose, and both immediately left the room.

“ ‘Well, my hearties,’ said Jack Morris, ‘what is to be done in this unlucky affair? I’m sure, I wish from my soul they’d a let us alone for a night—thof I can’t blame the poor fellows either. You all heard them say they must get under weigh to-morrow.—Now, I’m really at a loss what’s to be done; for we’ve neither time nor opportunity to-night, were we willing, seeing every paper we have is left on board.’

“ ‘Why, what needs you bother your pate about that, Morris?’ cried Mark Turner. ‘If they can’t wait until we’re ready for them, why, I should suppose they must just go and carry with them what everybody knows. As you say, nothing can be done to-night now, even although we were willing, so what’s the use of disturbing our harmony any more about the matter? It is no fault of ours, since it is quite impossible we could be prepared for them, when we didn’t even know of their journey here at all. Besides, you know, you and Adams must go up yourselves shortly to the Nore, and as you can then take all the proper papers with you, why, that will put all to rights again.’

“ ‘Now, would it not answer the purpose equally well, mates,’ cried Tom Allen, ‘were we just to detain these lads here to-morrow, and then furnish them with every document and paper of our proceedings we judged necessary? For my own part, I think it would; and I think it would also be treating these delegates with a confidence and a dignity becoming the trust reposed in them by the large portion of the Fleet who sent them down, and render the heavy expense of Morris and Adams’ journey up entirely unnecessary. I’ll bet any money their instructions say as much, though Jack Morris hasn’t been polite enough to satisfy any one but himself.’

“ ‘Oho! you’re there, are you,

friend Tommy!' cried Jack Morris, smiling; 'I cry you mercy, my good-humoured customer, for it was certainly a monstrous overlook of mine. I had the presumption, you must know, mates, to think at one time this evening that here we were to have nothing at all to do with speechifying and consulting, but were met to be merry, and amuse one another with a stave. But friend Tom, you see, seems to think otherwise, and mayhap others too, were they known. So in case that there should be the case, I'll pipe, so it please you, another and a last council-board directly.'

" 'Bah!' cried a dozen at once, 'to the devil with your council-boards! Come, mates, push round the harmony; Mosley, strike up, my brave fellow.'

" 'Come, come, my good souls,' cried Morris to the band, 'belay your warbling for a short time. As it appears you're heartily sick of council-boards and speechifying, which I'm devilish happy to see, allow me, mates, to make a small amends for my rascally ill manners by reading to you the note which the old boy handed me. It would appear to have excited a great curiosity in Tom Allen, and mayhap may have done the same to others; it will be far better, therefore, to read it out at once, and to be done with it. If I had known that Tom's curiosity was half so much roused, he or any other of you might have seen it long ago, without half of the nitty that's been made on't; but no! that be d—d,—that would have been too manly and open for Tom; instead of that, he must wheel round and round, so cunningly and sneakingly, to gain a paltry nobody-cares-about point, which he might have made at once by a bold request. Pshaw! I'm completely ashamed of such ill-natured doings!—However, here is their *instructions*, my lads, as friend Tommy is pleased to call them—and pretty instructions you'll think them, I'll be sworn—listen, if you please—

'NORE, 12th May 1797.

'To the PRESIDENT of the DELEGATES of the CHANNEL FLEET.

'SIR,—that's the handle of my Sunday's name, you must know, my lads—hem—' The bearers hereof, to wit, Charles M'Arthy and William Gregory, being regular Delegates from the

Fleet at the Nore, are sent down to you, to learn the state of progress of the measures you have taken to enforce the means of ameliorating the condition of the British seamen in general. You will therefore please to give them every necessary information, and particularly what you mean to do in future, that we may in all matters agree in our actions. I am,

Sir,

In name of the Delegates of the Fleet,
Yours, &c.

RICHARD PARKER, *President.*

'And so ends the ditty—the *instructions* I mean—which, upon my soul, my brave fellows, I did think so very unimportant, that I confess me I was very careless about disturbing you with them at all to-night, whatever I might have done to-morrow. This, however, it would now appear, won't please—we must tack about once more, it seems, and stand away for Botheration-bay again—so, since I've been dragged forward in this lousy manner, d'ye see, and been almost compelled to read to you what some are pleased to call these fine fellows' instructions—why, there they are—in God's name, let every one on you read for himself, and tell us at once what's to be done.'

" 'Why, what the blazes can you do to-night, Jack,' cried Mark Turner again, 'even thof you were willing? If the lads must go to-morrow, why, let them, and have done with it;—it is all of the less consequence, you know, seeing that you and Adams will follow them so rapidly.'

" 'Ah, but, my dear fellow, Turner,' said Morris, 'recollect the terrible expense.'

" 'Bah!' cried Turner, 'the expense be d—d:—there's not a soul in the Fleet will ever think a moment on the subject.'

" 'I don't know that, my heart,' returned Morris, 'when it appears to be thought on already.'

" 'Well, well, it may be so,' said Turner, 'but I'll just tell you, Jack, once and for all, a small bit of my mind. You and Adams, mark me, were long ago publicly appointed to go to the Nore, to give the lads there a full account of all we had done, and how we had settled; and Potts and Ruly were to go to Plymouth on the same commission. Now, if you think proper to flinch from these orders, now

it has come to the push, I insist, for the honour of the Fleet, that we have a new election immediately.'

" 'Why, what a murder of a hubbleshaw,' cried Dennis Lawley, 'you're after making about nothing at all at all! For my own part, darlings, I've heard never a syllabub of refusal come from the mouths of any of the four we've appointed yet—and sure there's never an occasion for electioneering till that's the case. Bah!—to the devil with all such compleat botheration!—give me grog and music, my darlings!'

" 'All that I've yet heard said, my lads,' cried Tom Allen, returning to the charge, with the delegates' letter open in his hand, 'convinces me more and more that in what I've observed I'm right. To be sure I've got plenty of jaw from severals present; but this, d'ye see, shan't deter me an instant from doing what I consider proper and right. And what have I got all this lubberly cheek for, I'd wish to know?—why, simply because I wish to see the honour of the Fleet and its delegates maintained. I openly confess I do so; and I repeat, that by supplying these delegates now in the house with every proper information, the expense of such long journeys as you have now in view is completely unnecessary. There will be no shine, to be sure, and less sporting of these paltry white favours; but what of that? you will have the money they cost you in your trowsers' pockets for better purposes; and by the confidence you repose in their messengers, you will be all the abler to show your country and the whole world, the high respect you have for your brothers at the Nore, and the anxiety and zeal you feel in their welfare. I again repeat, my lads, that all this can be better done here, while we are all present, than by the sending any two of our number up to the Nore—even were they such highflying lawyers as Jack Morris seems to think himself. What am I, or any one here, to know what *he* may think proper to report to them? You put it in his power to say just what he pleases—much or little, right or wrong, as the humour takes him at the moment. I, for one, am for no such doings; the delegates, by this letter, are expressly sent for information from us—we are all present, and I say let them have

it. Besides, there is another request made in this letter, which, although very likely another object of their journey, has been hitherto studiously kept in the dark—It is here plainly and earnestly wished, that you should particularly inform them what you mean to do in future?—As a delegate, and as representing as spirited and able a ship's company as ever a one on you, I wish you all to say what is your answer to this question?'

" 'A very simple one indeed, Tom,' answered Morris gravely. 'In future, as I take it, we mean to do our duty.'

" 'That is *your* opinion, mayhap, Jack,' said Allen sneeringly; 'but is it the opinion of the present company?'

" 'Yes, yes,' roared about twenty at once;—while others impatiently cried, 'Pshaw, belay, Tom, belay!'

" 'And do you mean to give this as the answer of the Fleet?' cried Allen.

" 'Undoubtedly,' was the answer.

" 'Then, my lads,' cried the undaunted fellow, 'I *will* belay—I will, however, give you a one, two, three drag—ay, and a hurrah too, before I go—for I *will* say, and I shall repeat, both in my own name, and the seven hundred smart fellows I represent, that I completely dissent from you all—that such an answer is not that of the Channel Fleet—that it shall never be sanctioned while I am—'

" 'Sit down, Tom, sit down!—Turn him out, turn him out!—and, *Music play up!*'—were now the various clamours of the whole company—some of the more zealous of whom were actually on their feet to put their threats in execution, when Allen, shoving away his chair, and eyeing fiercely the whole company, said—

" 'Ware force, mates! 'ware force!—The first fellow that lays his nippers on me, by G—, I'll fell him like a bullock, were he my brother.—I said, and I'll boldly repeat it, that if you give such an answer, you don't speak the sentiments of the seamen of the Channel Fleet, but have basely deserted them for a few yards of white favours, a supper, and a blow-out of grog and music. They shan't, however, have that to say of me—no—Tom Allen belongs to the Mars, and he glories in her—for she and I, I know, shall be ruled in respect

to an answer like that, just exactly as we find our greatly be-praised promises realized. You may do as likes you, mates—good night!’—So saying, and snatching up his hat, which he dismantled of its white knot in a trice, he immediately left the room, and shortly afterwards the house.

“So completely striking was the effect of this bold and hurried exit, that the whole present seemed to be in a state of silent wonderment, and for some time after little was to be heard but a desultory remark muttered here and there.

“‘My eye!’ cried Charles Derry, ‘what a red-hot shot of a fellow that there Allen must be surely!—Why, d—n me, if he didn’t bounce off like a Congreve rocket!’

“‘Bah!’ said Jem Melvin, ‘a saucy, conceited, chitter-chattering fool;—whose tongue must be ever pipping and fripperling like an overdone doeboy in the cook’s coppers!—To the devil with him, I say!—A pretty fellow, indeed, to have the cheek to call honest Jack Morris a lawyer,—a man, so help me, mate, who has more brains in his great toe, than Allen has in all his carcase.’

“‘‘Tis a pity, poor fellow, after all,’ cried Jack Saunders; ‘for I firmly believes it his only failing. I’ve known him now, mate, a number of years, and I’ve ever seen it the case, that as soon as Tom got a little heated with grog, then, my boy, he’d commence a spouting about some’at directly. He’s a brave fellow, however, and a good seaman.’

“‘Why, there’s no one will deny that, matey,’ answered Melvin. ‘But what the devil was the use of his speechifying to-night of all the days in the year, unless it were in the honest way of a jovial stave or two? I assure you I’m cursedly disappointed; for I expected some rare fun, particularly after I heard how handsomely old first of June had tipped them the rhino.’

“‘Hush, Melvin,’ cried Mark Turner, ‘and turn your eyes to the head of the table yonder. D’ye twig him?—I see by the curl of Morris’s black eyes that he’s either bent on fun or mischief. Ay, up he gets—now for it, mates.’

“‘Order, order! my fine fellows,’ said the President, rising, ‘we’re losing time completely. As I think,

we’ve had enough of botheration for a night, we’ll dounce it till a fitter opportunity. Let us now make all sail for the land of delight—let the glass, and the catch, and the toast go round; and make ourselves as happy and merry as we possibly can. It is now hard on the middle watch, and I expect our visitors every moment—’twould be a shocking affair, I’m sure, for them to catch us squabbling like a parcel of children, instead of trowling the bowl to a merry chaunt, as every one would expect.—Come, Mosley, my heart of oak, set your warblers to work, and give us a something or other, while I think of a stave!’

“‘This proposal was received with three cheers—the band struck up a favourite air, and, in a few minutes, every angry feeling was subdued, and every heart elate with good humour.

“‘Belay, now, my good Mosley, if you please,’ cried Jack Morris; ‘and try if you can’t stick in with me at the chorus; for although I have pipe enough, I have devilish little music, that I can tell you. I’m going to give you a touch of the old Boat Song, my lads—hem:—

I.

Here we go, my hearties!

If luck don’t desert us,
Trifles shall not part us—

Yo ho! pull away!—

See the foe, we’re nearing,
Laughing, pointing, jeering,
Careless, never fearing,

But they’ll gain the day!—

But we’ll soon convince them

We’re the boys won’t flinch them,

But carry them and clinch them—

Glory!—pull away!—

“At this appropriate and animating chorus, the whole assembled voices, accompanied by the music, were loudly and actively employed, when the room door was suddenly shoved wide open, and discovered the laughing countenance of Master Coxswain Wigley, accompanied by fat Carey, the butler, and the delegates from the Nore. Perry had just got enough to put him in glorious trim for fun, for in an instant, my boy, he was quite at home—chimed in with the chorus in a trice, (for you must know it was originally Perry’s own song, who had learned it to almost all the boats-crews of the fleet,) and, as soon as it came to be time to carry on with another stave, faith, on he went with it, Davies, in a good, strong, clear pipe, while Jack Morris,

good soul, threw himself back in his chair, in an ungovernable fit of laughter—the joke being, that instead of going on with the second stave, he commenced with the very last :—

XXIV.

Rowing to the landing,
There you see her standing,
Who has the commanding

Of your heart, the stay !—
“ Oh,” she cries, “ my true love !
Is it really you, love ?

To your faithful Sue, love,
Haste thee, come away.”—

Too good for refusing,
I stand no longer musing,
But jump ashore to Susan—

Coil up, and belay.

“ Ha, ha, ha !” roared Jack Morris, as soon as the chaunt was concluded. —“ Why, Wigley, you’re the devil’s own bird, and as mad a fellow as ever ! However, I must thank you certainly for helping me out so famously with the *Two Dozen*, although you’ve left out the guts of ‘em.”

“ Ah, well, my heart !” cried Wigley, ‘ that’s what many an honest fellow wouldn’t complain of, I’ll be sworn, thof the guts were left out of them oftener than it is.—But confound all dozens, and the fellows that first invented them !—Let’s be merry while we’re here, for Heaven knows when we may have such another happy opportunity.—Mr President, a bumper, if you please—here’s—Short allowance, nine-water grog, an empty pocket, and the never a friend, to all the enemies of the Fleet, both at home and abroad !—Come, my hearts, with six times three, and off she goes.’

“ The cheers were given with genuine spirit, while the band struck up ‘ *Cheerly, cheerly, my jolly boys !*’

“ But in truth, Davies, were I to go on, I could never have done with that thrice happy night, which was worth a whole existence of others ; and the remembrance of which, although many years have passed and gone, is still as strongly imprinted on my memory as thof it had happened but t’other day. I shall only farther say, then, that under the guidance of Wigley, who was the life and soul of the party, the song and the laugh went round, and we carried on in the highest style, until the returning day-light warned us to knock off. The most of our companions betook themselves to a temporary repose ; but, for my part, sleep was out of the question. Adjourning

to a small upper apartment, in company with Wigley, Carey, and Morris, I thought myself far better employed in talking over the occurrences of the day, and laughing at some good jokes raised by Wigley, at the expense of the hard rubs, as well as pleasures, of other years. In this select confab, you may be sure, our intended cruise to the Nore was not forgotten ; and regarding it, Wigley gave us complete satisfaction. He said, he, from the first, had so far entered into the spirit of it, that on his return with his letter, from the Fleet, seeing how highly pleased his Lordship was with the perusal of it, he had ventured to have some talk about the journey with him, and from what he then, and had since said, he hadn’t a doubt but he’d get him to grant us every assistance and protection that was necessary, in the course of that or the following day. Meantime, he advised us to get all our matters settled on board—such as seeing our clothes and hammocks stowed away, you know, getting the necessary papers, cash, and all that—‘ And then,’ says he, ‘ when you are all ready and come on shore, just give a call at the Governor’s house, and if I’m gone, as probably I may, Carey here will have everything ready waiting you as far as I am concerned. He will also tell you where to find me in London, and I dare say will do everything in his power to serve you.’ To all this Carey warmly agreed ; and thus you see matters were all at once finally agreed on. The morning by this time was pretty far advanced, and the increasing noise and bustle of the streets began to put us in mind of something to eat ; but all our entreaties, compliments, and smiles, could prevail on neither to stop, so, with mutual good wishes of success, and a promise to see them again as soon as we landed, we were at last compelled reluctantly to part.

“ On going down stairs to breakfast we were happy to find a full muster of all hands ; and with the exception of a few of the more delicate complaining of headaches, which made an application to mine host’s cordials indispensable, the whole appeared to be little worse of the wear, and demolished the good things that were placed before them with an avidity and dexterity which did them honour. As soon as the table was cleared, Morris

related the conversation we had had with Wigley, and the plan we had chalked out for our future procedure, which I was happy to see met with general approbation. He then shortly addressed the two delegates from the Nore, informing them that as they had already heard our proposed visit mentioned, it was unnecessary to say more on the subject—that if they must set off directly on their return, he would give them a letter to their President, stating the matter; but that if they could possibly venture to halt a day or two, himself and I would gladly accompany them.

“ ‘Nothing would give us greater pleasure than your company, mates,’ replied M’Carthy, ‘were it not, d’ye see, that the news is already abroad; and in that there case, you knows, why the sooner we’re under weigh the better. There will be fidgetting enough, depend on’t, as it is;—but ’twould be the devil to pay altogether; were we to lose another hour now—No, no, the road, my lads, for our money, and that too under every inch of canvass we can carry—so you may tip us your letter as soon as likes you, and in faith, mates, the sooner the better.’

“ ‘Come, come, M’Carthy,’ said Morris, ‘you an’t in such a devilish hurry as all that comes to.—Why, my hearts, your chay hasn’t even made its appearance yet.’

“ ‘Han’t it, matey!’ cried M’Carthy laughing.—‘that shows, however, you wern’t on the look-out. Why, my dear fellow, it has been waiting us down in the yard there more than an hour ago.’

“ ‘Oho! I beg your pardon, my lads,’ cried Morris, ringing the bell. ‘I must handle my nippers a little smarter if that’s the way on’t.—Waiter, fetch me your writing gear in a moment, my lad.—Well, shipmates, how did you relish the story of last night?’

“ ‘Excellent well,’ said M’Carthy. ‘I knows for myself it did me much good, mate, and I’ve little doubt but you’ll observe to-day that two or three of the wrinkles of my old muzzle have missed muster—pleasure lately has been such a stranger, d’ye see. But howsomdever, my lads, I hope now we’ll weather the point, and then all will go well again.’

“ ‘I should hope so, my dear fellow,’ said Morris, just as the waiter entered with the writing materials, when he

immediately seated himself, and commenced his letter, which he soon finished. Presenting it to M’Carthy, he said, ‘Here, my good soul, is our note of hand, that you and your pell have honestly done your duty, and that we mean to visit you with all the particulars as soon as we can.—I think me that is all that you require at present.’

“ ‘I should think so, shipmate,’ said M’Carthy, pocketing the letter, ‘thof it isn’t an easy matter to guess aright sometimes what to think on them there occasions.—But harkye, brother, can’t tell us now honestly when you think you’ll be able to take the road?—That will likely enough be amongst the first questions, you knows, and it makes a fellow look cursedly foolish not to have a some’at to say in answer.’

“ ‘It certainly does so, my fine fellow,’ replied Morris; ‘though, upon my soul, it is out of my power at present to tell you with anything like certainty, we’ve so many pick-nick forms to march through, the delay of which we can say nothing about before we get ashore again. However, give us good sea-room and you can’t go wrong—say, at the least, that we hope to see them all in the course of the week after your arrival. Depend on it, no time shall be lost on our parts.’

“ ‘Ah well, be it so, matey,’ said M’Carthy.—‘I wish you every success, and trust you will not dally, seeing as how we’ll be all impatient for your arrival.—And now give me your flipper, my boy! Good bye, and God bless you!—for we must be on the move. Good bye to you all, shipmates! Come, Gregory, let us go.’

“ Gregory and the whole of us now followed him down to the chaise, which had been driven up to the door, into which he immediately sprang, and seated himself in the far corner.

“ ‘Well, my dear lads,’ said Gregory, shaking each of us cordially by the hand, ‘I must even bid you all farewell. Depend on’t, however, I sha’n’t forget your kindness in a hurry; and if ever any on you should come athwart the channel where Bill Gregory is brought up, he’ll be very proud to answer the hail of a brother from Portsmouth.—Harkye, my tight little fellows of the whip, see that you drive like the very devil, and keep on at full

stretch. If you do so, I can tell you, you sha'n't want plenty of the good stuff to keep the wind out of your stomachs. Farewell, mates! Good bye!"—and so saying he joined his companion in the chaise, which instantly drove off.

"As soon as they were gone, a messenger was dispatched to Sallyport, to see whether the boats had arrived, during which I seized the opportunity of taking a run to the Governor's house to have a few words with my old friend Wigley. I no sooner saw him than I was agreeably surprised to find that he had as usual anticipated my wishes.

"Alas, Adams, is it you, my dear fellow?" cried he; 'I've a guess what you come for, and have provided for you accordingly, a great deal sooner than I expected—here it is, put it in your pocket. His Lordship was so very kind as cause his secretary write it this morning before I got home, and, in fact, put his name to it the moment he got out of bed. It is directed, you will perceive, to the Commander-in-chief, and I hope it will overrule all opposition to your intended journey. I would advise you to deliver it to him yourself—indeed, I don't know but what it would be as well were the whole four of you going with it, in order that he might see you all, were he desirous. However, you can do as you think proper in that;—only I wouldn't have you to neglect going yourself—'tis far the best way in these bits of ticklish affairs. I shall be all impatience until I hear how you get on, or rather till I see you in London—for there is some talk of our departure already. Meantime, my dear fellow, I shall prepare everything for you as far as in me lays; and if I'm not here on your return, you'll find all right, I hope, with Carey, who is a real good fellow, and loves a blue-jacket dearly. I must now leave you, Adams, having to attend his Lordship.—By the by, d'ye go on board now, or are you going to make another day on't?"

"Oh, directly, Perry, directly," said I.—'I merely made a run to you, while the fellow was down seeing after our boats. I sincerely thank you, my good lad, for the trouble I have put you to; and I hope I shall see you yet before you leave Portsmouth.'

"Faith, Adams, that's more than I dare promise," cried Wigley; 'but at all events I shall certainly live in

the hope of seeing you shortly in London.—Cheer up, my heart, and live in the love of that happy meeting.'

"We now took an affectionate leave of each other; and hurrying back to the King's Head, I found that the boats had arrived, mine host satisfied, and all my companions ready to march off.—They had settled with Mosley, the leader of the Marines' band, so much to the old fellow's satisfaction, that he insisted on whistling us clear of the shore, as he phrased it, and, accordingly, he and his band were in waiting at the door in full gala uniforms. Having once more arranged ourselves, therefore, in some sort of military fashion, we set off direct for the Governor's house, with the music playing before us, and the old Union curling in the air in our centre; when, halting in its front, we lowered our standard to his Lordship and the Governor, and gave them three hearty parting cheers, the band playing all the time, *God save the King*;—and then having done so, we wheeled away to the right, and marched slap down to Sallyport, attended by as great a crowd almost as had accompanied us the day before. Our embarkation was the work of a very few minutes, when we immediately made way for the Fleet in much the same order as we had come ashore, receiving, as we silently swept past the Platform, the cheers and plaudits of an immense multitude of spectators.

"Having, in the course of our walk down, informed Jack Morris of the letter intrusted to my care, and of the opinion of Wigley on the subject, he acquiesced as to the manner, and gave the boats-crews their instructions accordingly.—Of course, they all made direct for the Royal George. As soon as we got alongside, we gave the Commander-in-chief three cheers, which was returned most lustily by the whole ship's company. We now went all on board, and stood uncovered just beaft the mainmast; while, seeing his Lordship walking the quarter-deck, I immediately advanced towards him, and put the letter in his hand. He opened and read it instantly, and then demanded, through the captain, to see the four delegates who were to go to Plymouth and the Nore. We accordingly fell out in front of our companions,—Morris and I standing fast together, and Potts and Ruly doing the same at a

little distance from us. His Lordship now approached, and surveyed us all with a severely scrutinizing eye for some time; then addressing Morris, he said—

“‘By the by, my lad, I think I have seen you before, as well as that tother fellow alongside of you.—Where was it again—eh?’”

“‘Pretty nearly where we at present stand, I presume, my Lord,’ answered Morris.

“‘Oh, ay, now I mind me; you’re right, my lad, quite right,’ said his Lordship. ‘That was a good day, and you both behaved greatly to my satisfaction. I believe we drank together too, didn’t we?’”

“‘Your Lordship honoured us so far,’ said Morris.

“‘Yes, yes, I remember it well, my lad, and that is more in your favour,’ said his Lordship. ‘I say, Captain, d’ye know any of these two before us?’”

“‘I have seen one of them often,’ said the Captain; ‘and am inclined to think him a decent, sober, orderly fellow—able to work and willing to obey. As for the other, my Lord, he you’ve been talking to, he’s one of my own crew, and his character is unexceptionable.’”

“‘Bravo!’ said his Lordship, ‘these are the very men who ought to go to such places—men of good name and good character. Where d’ye mean to go to, you two—eh?’”

“‘The Nore, my Lord,’ answered Morris.

“‘I’m happy at it, my lads,’ cried his Lordship; ‘and on such an errand, though I can ill want your services at present, I think you may well be spared; for you cannot do a better service to your King and country at the present alarming crisis, than in endeavouring as far as in you lies, by frankly informing them of the goodness and beneficence you have met with, to persuade these unfortunate and misguided men to return to their duty, and no longer to stand out against all order and subordination. I am of opinion, therefore, that the noble Earl, whom you deservedly call your Father of the Fleet, is perfectly right in thinking you may be the means of doing much good by going from the Fleet under my command as deputies to the Nore. But as I am also aware, my lads, that it is in your power to do

as much evil, by wilful misrepresentation and falsehood, I would wish you candidly and honestly to tell me, before I take a single step in the business, how you mean to proceed.’”

“‘Our proceedings, my Lord,’ returned Jack Morris, ‘will be very plain and simple. It has been an agreement now of some weeks standing, between the Fleet stationed here, and those belonging to Plymouth and the Nore, that as soon as matters were finally settled, we were to detach two of our number to each of these divisions, who were to exhibit to them the genuine papers of government, and give them a full and true account of all our proceedings and their final issue. To fulfil this solemn agreement, and act honourably to our brothers in the service, is all we either mean or wish to do;—and you’ll forgive us, my lord, if we’ve the presumption to think, that an account of these matters coming from us, who were ourselves parties in the cause, will be more acceptable, and readier believed, than from any other quarter whatever; and should it prove the mean of in the least restoring order and obedience amongst our brethren, our journey, we think, will not be taken in vain.’”

“‘That is altogether very true, my lads,’ said his Lordship; ‘and on the faith of your conducting yourselves in the manner you have just told me, which the excellent character you bear inclines me the more readily to believe, I dare say I will venture to issue such orders to my secretary as shall effectually secure you from molestation on your journey.—Young gentleman,’ continued he, waving to a midshipman, ‘go down to my writing-chamber, and tell Mr Pelham I wish to see him.—You other two mean to go to Plymouth, I presume?’”

“Both Potts and Ruly bowed in silence.

“‘D’ye know them, captain?’ inquired his lordship.

“The captain returned a negative.

“‘That’s a pity,’ replied his lordship.—‘Pray, what ship d’ye belong to, my lads?’”

“‘I belong to the London, my lord,’ answered Ruly gravely, ‘and my companion here to La Pompée.’”

“‘Oh, you belong to the London, do you?’ said his lordship. ‘I’m sorry to say, my lad, she’s rather a

suspicious vessel that, and not over-hearty in her loyalty. Captain Griffiths complains sadly of the whole ship's company, and threatens to resign his commission; and, indeed, I have little doubt but he'll do it, you've all so grievously affronted him. Thus you see, my good fellow, the wild behaviour of your companions on board has deprived me of the services of an excellent and meritorious officer by their dreadful misconduct. However, I'm not imputing anything of this kind to you—far from it—for you may be a trusty and good fellow enough at bottom after all. I only wish to observe to you, my lad, that on the avowed service you are going, I think it my indispensable duty to know particularly what sort of men they are who are to be intrusted with such a very delicate charge; and in doing so I speak for the welfare of the service, for I would anxiously wish to see an end of this disorderly and shameful conduct. Pray, were you on board of the London in the horrible affair with poor Admiral Colpoys?

“‘I was, my lord, along with my brother delegates,’ answered Ruly.

“‘Umph!’ said his Lordship, shaking his head. ‘Well, well, my lads, I’ll think of you both, and inquire a little more particularly into your characters when I have more leisure. You know we have plenty of time so far as regards *your* journey; and as I mean to get under weigh this afternoon, if what I hear of you pleases me, I give you my honour I’ll put both on shore at Torbay, which will be so much of your journey saved, you know.—Oh, Mr. Pelham, be so good as make me out a protection for these two lads. They go as delegates from us to the Fleet at the Nore—you need mention no dates, for I’ll be at sea, you know. Just say they have my permission for their journey. You mean to join your own ship again, my lads?’

“‘With your leave, my Lord,’ answered Morris.

“‘Oh certainly, you have my leave to anything that’s honest and dutiful,’ said his Lordship.—‘Have you belonged to your vessels any time?’

“‘I have belonged to this vessel now, my lord, fully gone six years,’ returned Morris, ‘to which my Captain here can bear witness.’

“‘And you, my lad?’ said his Lordship, addressing your humble servant.

“‘Why, my Lord,’ said I, ‘I’ve belonged to the Queen since the summer before the first of June.’

“‘Were you both in that action?’ continued his inquisitive nobility.

“‘Yes, my Lord,’ answered we both in the same breath.

“‘Ah, well, my lads,’ returned his Lordship, ‘it is just you and the likes on you that I’d wish to have with me on this cruize. But I hope you will be equally serviceable where you are going—and that I shall have no reason to regret the confidence I have placed in you. I shall expect you to join me as soon as I return;—and if you shall be the means of doing any good amongst these infatuated and poor turbulent men, depend upon it you shall not want my good word in the recommending of you both to the notice of your excellent King and enlightened countrymen.—Ah, Master Pelham—yes, yes—it will do, it will do; however, I must say it doesn’t altogether please me.—Have you brought me pen and ink?—O, ay,—thank you—What a rascally pen—’tis as soft as a lady’s hand, and equally effective.—Come, Pelham, use your knife and make it harder—my hand is heavy, and fitter, I believe, for a sword than a pen.—Ah, good, that is excellent—there, Captain—never mind the B—don’t you see what good materials does—thank you, Master Pelham—you may go.—Well, Captain, what d’ye think on’t?’

“‘Really, my Lord,’ said the Captain, after scensing it over, ‘I think it is far too liberal—Recollect—’

“‘Why, that was what occurred to myself,’ interrupted his Lordship; ‘but ’tis not worth a thought—’twill do, I think—However, let us hear your sage observe.’

“‘In faith, my lord,’ answered the skipper, with vivacity, ‘there is little wisdom probably in *my* observe, as you are pleased to phrase it. But I must still think that the commission is too roundly given. However, you’ve put your name to it, and that’s enough.’

“‘O,’ cried his Lordship, ‘I’m quite aware, ay, and awake too, of that matter. Pelham is but young, you see; but he’ll come on by and by, no danger. D—n, we musn’t expect heads to grow smarter than other commodities; and Pelham’s, let me tell you, Captain, is not one of the most unpromising. It is not, I confess, just to my liking, but ’twill do—’twill do.’ Then

turning to us, he continued, 'Here, my lads, there is *my* permission for what you are going to be after. I've a very high regard for the good Earl, and would stretch a point—ay, all the points round the compass, to oblige him. Thank *him*, therefore, and not me; for to him, by mine honour, you owe it. Always recollect, however, that I grant it you in the good hope that I shall have no cause to repent my indulgence. Let me see you behave yourselves like proper ship-shape lads, as my Captain calls you—alike honest and alike loyal. By the by, my lads, are all these fellows there your what-d'ye-callums—your companions, I mean, in this abominable business?'

" 'Yes, my Lord,' replied Jack Morris, smiling and bowing, while his Lordship put the note into his hand; 'these lads are our companions, and were the Council of the Fleet.'

" 'O, ay, I beg your pardon—the Council of the Fleet,' said his lordship with proper emphasis.—'A parcel of good-looking men, however,' continued he, dodging his Captain—'And when do ye go off?'

" 'As soon as we can, my Lord,' said Morris. 'We will only stop so long now as is necessary to secure our little moveables, by putting them into proper custody. As soon as that is done, we will ashore without delay, when we expect to receive, by the kindness of Earl Howe, another note from Governor Pitt that will protect us from all annoy on our road inland.'

" 'Ay—was the Earl so very good?' said his Lordship; 'you ought to think much of him the whole on you; for he certainly is a very indulgent father indeed; and I'll tell you also, my lads, you ought to think much

of yourselves, and be good boys, for it isn't every one that is so favoured.—You may go.—Now, let me hear of your behaving yourselves like seamen and Britons.'

" 'We shall do our best, my Lord,' replied Jack, bowing and marching off.

" 'I shall not bother you now, Ned, with anything regarding our departure. We had got our wishes so far, and all hands were content. We cheered, and gave him roar for it to the mast-head. He seemed quite pleased, and doused his own bonnet repeatedly. So all that was good. Neither shall I detain you, my lad, with any nonsense about our journey upwards, or a syllable about London. That is all in my eye. Everybody worth a straw knows London, and London knows everybody. By my soul, she's something like her landlords—very humble and very ready—ay, and even sneaking to the happy cocks who are possessed of the wherewithal—but, like the rest of the world, she is apt to turn tail on the unfortunate and the cashless. I shall merely say, what I daresay you've already guessed, that, for a few days, we rioted, like maggots in a good Gloucester, even to surfeit, in all the *sights*, shows, wax and candle stories in and about it; that Wigley was indeed the very spink of kindness, and showed us as much of it as there was any occasion for; and finally, that as soon as we were delivered from the delirium of unaccustomed liberty, we began to bethink us of our commission, and at last steered boldly for Sheerness.—But, avast, for here comes Ogilvy—and although our superintendant and countryman too, I do not like him, therefore let us cut at once—I'll tell you more to-morrow—Good bye."

S.

MY DOG'S EPITAPH. BY THE SUBALTERN.

SLEEP on, sleep on! thou gentle one,
 Light lie the turf upon thy breast—
 Thy toil is o'er, thy race is run,
 Sleep on, and take thy rest!
 In vain for thee were the 'larum note
 Pour'd from the bugle's brazen throat—
 The rolling drum thou heedest not,
 Nor noise of signal gun.
 Let charger tramp or warrior tread
 Over the place of thy narrow bed—
 They will not wake thee from the dead,
 Thy mortal strife is done!

Sleep on, sleep on, thou faithful slave!
 Unmindful though thy master keep
 His vigils by thy nameless grave,
 And think of thee and weep;
 Not even his voice, beloved of yore,
 That stirr'd thee when the cannon's roar
 Hath fail'd to rouse, shall rouse thee more
 Out of thy slumbers deep!
 No more for thee his whistle shrill
 Shall sound through wood, o'er moor and hill—
 Thy cry is mute, thy limbs are still
 In everlasting sleep!

Sleep on, sleep on, no morrow's sun
 Shall light thee to the battle back—
 Thy fight hath closed, thy laurel's won,
 And this thy bivouac.
 On tented field or bloody plain,
 For thee the watchfire flares in vain—
 Thou wilt not share its warmth again
 With him who loved thee well;
 Nor when with toil and danger spent,
 He rests beneath the firmament,
 Thine eye upon his form be bent,
 Thou trusty sentinel.

Sleep on, thou friend and comrade tried,
 In battle, broil, and peaceful bower;
 Thou hast left for once thy master's side,
 But ne'er in danger's hour.
 Not thus inactive wert thou laid,
 On that night of perilous ambushade,
 When levell'd tube and brandish'd blade
 Were at thy master's throat:
 Then fierce and forward was thy bound,
 And proud thy footstep press'd the ground,
 When the tangled green-wood echoed round
 With thy loud warning note.

Sleep on, sleep on; it is not now
 The soldier's cloak, a covering meet
 For that kind head, no more art thou
 Couch'd at a soldier's feet.
 What boots it now if storms be high,
 Or summer breezes fan the sky?
 Unheeded both will pass thee by,
 They cannot reach thee there;
 Hunger and thirst thou mindest not—
 Peril and pain alike forgot—
 Be foul or fair thy master's lot,
 That lot thou canst not share.

Then sleep; though gladly would I give
 Half of the life preserved by thee,
 Could'st thou, once more, my comrade, live
 Thy short space o'er with me.
 Vain wish, and impotent as vain;
 'Tis but a mockery of pain,
 To dream that aught may bring again
 The spirit that hath flown.
 But years steal by, and they who mourn
 Another's fate, each in his turn
 Shall tread one path, and reach one bourne,—
 Then, faithful friend, sleep on.



AFRICA

North of the Equator
Showing the course & direction of the principal Rivers & Mountains,
particularly of the

NIGER & ITS PRIBITARY STREAMS,

from the best Authorities.



Tripoli

GUINALATA

Alkabb

Margala

Mouruk

Tropic of Cancer

LIBYAN

Timbuctoo

Niger R.

Yondz

Mass' Denham & Clapperton's route

L. P. River

BAGHERMI

DAHER

KORDOFAN

Shamby

Senar

Senegal Riv.

Pe. St. Joseph

Red Flag or Black R.

Yondz

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Sierra Leone Riv.

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GEOGRAPHY OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

DENHAM AND CLAPPERTON'S JOURNALS.*

MUCH important geographical information, concerning Northern Central Africa, is contained in the large quarto volume before us; but still, as regards the great object of public curiosity, interest, and research, the lower course and termination of the *Niger*, or *Joliba*, the information is unaccountably, and we believe we may add, reprehensibly deficient and defective.

Englishmen, who were within five days' march of the middle course of that important stream, within nearly the same distance of the interesting spot where the enterprising Mr Park was lost, within 600 miles of the Atlantic Ocean, in the Bight of Benin, and who were under the protection of the mightiest potentate in the interior of Africa, *Sultan Bello*, whose power was extended, or at least known and respected, to the coast of the ocean in the quarter just mentioned, must have heard many important facts and reports concerning the intervening countries, mountains, and rivers; and having been employed by the public, so the public were entitled to receive at their hands every information on these points, without neglect or reservation. The reverse, however, is the fact. A dark and dubious cloud seems to be thrown over points the most important, but which might, we think, have been left clearer and plainer one way or the other.

What information is given is, however, valuable, and enables us to correct many errors in the Geography of Northern Central Africa, particularly in the longitudes and latitudes of places fixed by calculations made from days' journeys, on the various and varied information of Arab traders; and, also, from the positions of towns, to show the grievous and fatal errors which their authority as to bearings, and distances, and positions of places, too frequently led those into who had no other guides to direct them. These will appear more conspicuous as we proceed in our observations.

The expedition for discovery in the interior of Africa, by the exertions and

the influence of the British Government, set out from Tripoli under the protection of the Chief of that place, and by his power and his influence the travellers were conveyed safely to and placed under the protection of the Chief of Bornou, still a powerful state in the interior of Africa. The travellers left Mourzook on the 29th November 1822, under a powerful escort, and the company was augmented by Arab merchants, who embraced the favourable opportunity to form a commercial Kafilah. On the 5th of Feb. 1823, they reached LARI, situate near the N. W. corner of Lake TCHAD, and on the 17th of the same month they reached KOUKA, the seat of *Sheikh el Kanemy*, the real sovereign of Bornou, by whom they were hospitably received, and carefully protected and assisted in the prosecution of the object of their mission. We consider it as wholly unconnected with our present object to trace their progress through the burning desert, extending from Mourzook, latitude 27° N., to Lari, 14° N. lat., on the banks of the Lake Tchad, a distance of 780 geog. 900 British miles, and in which space, each day's journey exhibited and presented to the eye the same dreary aspect of barrenness and sterility,—moving sands burning with heat, scattered over the space,—rising hills composed of bare rocks, and at certain and considerable distances,—the welcome *well*, and the *wadey* covered with scanty vegetation, and inhabited by a few miserable, rude, ignorant, and barbarous Arabs, ever ready to rob and to plunder the weak and defenceless travellers who may fall into their hands. Such general reference may serve for the account of the journey of our travellers through this dreary space, and leave us more room to attend to their progress and their discoveries in more interesting countries.

One thing in the narration of this part of the journey is altogether omitted, namely—whether, in their journey from Tripoli and Mourzook to Bornou, they ascended generally, or descended in any part, and how much

* Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa in 1822, 1823, and 1824. By Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and Dr Oudney. 4to. Murray, London. 1826.

either might be. To ascertain this is of great importance, as it would give us some more accurate idea of the elevation of the Lake Tchad, the mouth of the River SHARY, and the country of Bornou above the level of the sea. The barometer, we are told, stood at Tripoli at 30.39; in the middle of the desert at 28.50; at Kouka at 28.72. This difference will indicate the elevation at the latter place to be 1340 feet above the level of the sea; and we shall see as we proceed, and when we arrive at CLAPPERTON'S Journal, that it must be higher, *not* lower, than we have just stated.

MAJOR DENHAM'S Journal is the most important, and, as it stands, the fullest as to geographical information: we take the River YEOU first in order. Three days' journey to the south of Lari, the travellers crossed the river Yeou, near to its entrance into the Lake Tchad. Its breadth at that time, early in February, the dry season, was fifty yards, the channel about fifty more; the banks on each side rose perpendicular, and the current then was at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour; the depth is not stated, but we infer that the travellers forded it. The Quarterly Review, in its first notice of this stream, made its breadth 100 feet, the channel 300 feet, and the current then at the rate of one mile per hour. With great confidence and great triumph it told us, that this paltry stream was the GREAT RIVER NIGER, and, in a subsequent Number, we were informed that Major Denham had sent to a friend in Tripoli a bottle of the water of the Yeou, informing him that he transmitted it to him as water taken from the Niger! Of all this, we do not see a word in the volume before us. Subsequent researches have put an end to the delusion. This river Yeou rises in mountains south of Kano, in about $9^{\circ} 30'$ E. long. and $11^{\circ} 30'$ N. lat. and at the distance of several days' journey from Kano southward, and in a country the inhabitants of which are stated to be *yem-yems*, or cannibals. It flows first northerly, then north-east, joined by numerous small streams from the southward, and afterwards flows eastward with a smooth still current, till it joins the Lake Tchad. In its course it passes KATAGUM and GAMBAROU, the latter town now almost desolate, and from which the same name was given to the river, as is so common in Eastern Afri-

ca, and from which confusion and changes of names the errors in African geography principally proceed. Near Wallad, the river is said to be as broad as the Thames at Kingston. On the 23d September, the middle of the rainy season, and when it was in full flood, Major Denham, on his return, found the Yeou, near its entrance into the lake, 100 yards broad, with a deep current, and running at the rate of three miles per hour. Such is the river in the height of its majesty which was triumphantly set down as the Niger—the river Niger, which at BAMMAKOO, 1100 geographical miles distant, and in the earlier part of the rainy season, Park found to be ONE MILE BROAD!!

Before proceeding farther, we may notice a circumstance which explains much of African geography, and which clearly elucidates what Arabs and Negro Arabs mean, when they state that the *Joliba* or *Niger* flows to the Nile of Egypt. Major Denham's guide, BELLAL, at this time and at this point, told him that the Yeou flowed unto the Egyptian NILE. When the Major pressed him upon that point, and argued against the fact being so, when they really saw before them that it terminated in the lake, his guide replied, that what he meant by the saying was, that it was *like* the Nile of Egypt—"sweet water,"—"running water." Another equally important elucidation of African Geography is found in the meaning of the term "WANGARA." This the Arabs assured Major Denham did not mean a particular town or district, but a large extent of the African continent, comprehending all the country situated to the south, containing mountains and rivers in contradistinction to the ZAHARA, or Great Desert. This we formerly noticed is the explanation which Dupuis received of the word at Coomassie in Ashantee, and moreover that the term *Wangara* comprehended all the country from the river of BENIN in the East, to GANEM westward; from the Gulph of Guinea on the south, northwards to HOUSSA on the north.

This is an important confirmation of a decisive fact; decisive in African Geography, because every account hitherto received agreed that the Niger terminated in WANGARA, that is, in the sea through BAHR KULLA, or the alluvial country on its southern bor-

ders. From *Kouka*, where he left Captain Clapperton, Major Denham proceeded with a force collected under the command of *Bhoo Kaloom*, an Arab, and *Barca Gana*, a negro general, southward to the kingdom of *MANDARA*, tributary to Bornou, on a *GHRAAZIE*, or slave-catching expedition. They marched, he says, directly south from *Kouka* till they reached *MORA*, the capital of *Mandara*, distant 180 miles. *Mora* is situated in a valley, the appearance of which indicates that it had once formed the bottom of a large lake, with high mountains surrounding it on all sides, except to the north, where there is the narrow pass of *Horza*. These mountains rose to an elevation of 2500 feet above the level of the plain, and which plain must again be at a very considerable elevation above the level of the sea, because, says Major Denham, (p. 128,) "where standing, we were higher than anywhere in Bornou, having ascended ever since leaving *Kouka*." Allowing the ascent to have been only at the rate of six feet per mile, it would give a height of 1080 feet, which, with 1400 feet, the elevation of *Kouka*, will bring the plain of *Mora* to be 2500 above the level of the sea. From *Mora* they proceeded 35 miles farther south to *Musafeia*, the hills, as they marched south, rising in height, and the Alpine Peak of *MENDIFY* was there visible at a distance of about 35 miles more to the south, making its position 250 miles south of *Kouka*, or nearly 4° of latitude.

The Peak of *Mendify* rises (p. 146) above the surrounding Peaks with singular boldness, and in Alpine majesty. *Towering Peaks* appear at a distance from *Musafeia*, "several thousand feet higher" than the hills round *Mora*, 2500 above the plain, and "composed of immense rocks of granite." The inhabitants of *Mandara* say (p. 146) that the range extends "southward for two months' journey," and call them mountains, large, "*LARGE MOON MOUNTAINS*"—Major Denham supposes the mountains of *Mora* to form part of the Mountains of *THE MOON* (p. 131). The range commences near *Dulow*, on the north. "The extent is apparently in interminable ranges, E. S. E. & S. W. & W.," and towards the south they appear in several masses of hills, in all the picturesque forms imaginable.

At this point the combined forces of the Arabs, Bornou, and *Mandara*, were defeated and driven back, and Major Denham narrowly escaped with his life. Into the details of this marauding expedition, we do not mean to enter. We have been thus particular about the distance from *Kouka*, the position and height of those hills, first, because no river is found flowing from the west to the east, between *Kouka* and them; and, secondly, because no river is in that part of the chain found flowing to the north; thirdly, that the elevation of the country in this portion of Africa may be more accurately known; and fourthly, because on this very spot, seen and described by Major Denham, stands the famous *Mt. Thala* of Ptolemy, in 10° N. lat. and 38° long. E. of Ferro, or 13° 40' E. of Greenwich. This a curious and remarkable confirmation of the accuracy on this point of that early geographer, and it is not a little surprising that the important fact is not adverted to by Major Denham.

In the Quarterly Review, No. 58, and when the writer in it set down the *Yeou* as the *Niger*, we find it stated "that the range of the *Mandara* hills extended west thirty days' journey. Major Denham says that the people of *Mandara* stated, that they extended south sixty days' journey. Farther, he states:—A *Mandara* man (p. 144) told him they extended twenty days' journey south. At that distance is a plain, in which *Adamowa* is situated, surrounded by hills TEN TIMES higher than any they could see in *Mandara*. In his journey hither, he saw several extensive lakes, and with great clearness described a river running between two very high ridges of mountains, which he crossed, previous to reaching *Adamowa*. The river came from the west, and is the same with the *QUOLLA* at *Nyffe*. It had no connexion with the *Kano* river, and which latter river, again, had no connexion with the *Shary* river. The main body of the great river, he farther stated, was called *D. Ago*; and it passed southward of *BAGHERME*, and went eastward to the Nile; to the south of this river the population are all *Kirdy* (Pagans) until you come to the Great Desert. This desert is passed several times in the year by *Kafilas* with *white* people, not *Christians*. They bring

goods from the great sea, which go as far as Adamowa."

We have been particular in this quotation, and allude to it thus early, in order to show the confusion and carelessness with which Africans give, and Europeans receive geographical information from them. Had Major Denham thought for a moment, or had he ever looked at Clapperton's journal, he would have seen that the Mandara man, instead of having travelled south twenty days' journey, must have travelled west, or W. S. W., because, in Clapperton's Journal, p. 28, it is expressly stated, that *Jacoba*, or *Yacoba*, the name of a considerable district of country, lies not far to the southward of *Katagum*; that the *Yeou* rose among the hills between *Yacoba* and *Adamowa*. The river then seen and crossed by the Mandara man must have been the Niger, unquestionably the same as the *Quolla* at Nyffe, and which, moreover, has no connexion with the Kano and the Shary rivers. The Great Desert, also, is clearly the Great Desert between Tripoli and Soudan, traversed by *Kafilas* conducted by *white men* ("Arabs"), not Christians. These things are abundantly plain. The great mountains, "ten times higher" than any to be seen in Mandara, and seen by this Mandara man round Adamowa (we shall by and by see where Adamowa should be placed), are probably those mountains which, in the Quarterly Review, No. 62, we are informed lay to the south of Kashna, and in the direction of Adamowa, which are so high as to have a white cap (snow) constantly upon them.

From Kouka Major Denham set out on the 24th January 1824, to visit the great river SHARY, and which runs into LAKE TCHAD, and forms in its lower course the nominal boundary between the states of Baghermi and Bornou—the journey occupied five days. At the end of two days' journey, the party crossed the small river *Gambalarum*, which flows from the south-west, and the elevated lands of Mandara, entering the *Lake Tchad* in its S. W. corner. What the size of this river is we are not told. Bowditch (p. 18) mentions this river under the name *Gabooa*, crossed in the journey eastward from Bornou to Baghermi, and before the traveller on the same route reaches the *Shary*. On the 5th day, Major Denham's party

came to the Shary. It enters the *Lake Tchad* by several mouths (their geographical line of current being S. E.). At a short distance from the lake above *Showey*, and below *Kussery*, the river divides and forms a delta on the south side of the lake. At *Showey*, the branch is 650 yards wide, but the depth is not stated. We are merely informed (p. 230) that this branch (the N. E. branch) has nowhere less than three feet water. From *Showey* Major Denham explored the course of the *Shary* upwards to *Loggun*, in 11° 7' N. lat., a considerable town, and capital of a state dependent alternately upon Bornou and Baghermi. The river from *Showey* upwards, takes first a southerly course, and next inclines to the S. W. till it approaches *Loggun*. At this place it is 400 yards broad, the breadth of the Thames at Westminster-bridge. The magnitude of the *Shary*, however, is clearly not so great as the first description of it would lead us to suppose. At page 231, we are told, that above the separation of the branches, the water at the highest reaches up to the neck. On the 8th February, it was fordable, but did not reach above the arm-pits of a middle-sized man; and at page 232 it is again stated to be fordable, the water reaching to the saddles on the horses. In June, the river was found to contain a body of water "little less" than what it was found to contain in February, near *Kussery*, where it flows in one stream, and in February, we are also told that the "water is shallow, and the current languid," (p. 246,) and at *Showey*, that the banks are high and seldom overflowed, (p. 246,) "with a firm sandy bottom" on the eastern side, which latter facts alone are sufficient to show us that it is not a river of the first magnitude. During the height of the rainy season in August, the river becomes unfordable, as we find, p. 288, where the Bornou army, which had crossed it, going eastwards to attack some of their enemies, and being worsted, were compelled, in their retreat homewards, to take the road through *Kanem* to the northward of the *Lake Tchad*.

The female population of *Loggun*, says Denham, are great thieves, "the cleverest and most immoral in all Africa." In choosing those who are accounted most beautiful and fittest for the northern markets, they are ran-

ged in rows in military array, and the eye of the inspector directed along the line, selects the *Hottentot protuberance* that appears the most formidable and extensive. Beyond *Loggun* the course of the *Shary* remains unknown, except from confused and contradictory reports obtained by Major Denham. Considering, however, the facts just stated relative to the magnitude of the river, its current, and its moderate depth, and combining those with some of the more feasible accounts obtained by Major Denham, and all these, taken in conjunction with the information obtained by BURCKHARDT, it is extremely probable that the main branch of the *Shary* comes from the southward, on the eastern side of the great *Mandara*, or *THALA* range, while another branch flows from the eastward. This southerly course amongst very high mountains will account, and satisfactorily account, for the equal fulness of the stream in February and in June. Major Denham was "informed at *Loggun* (p. 245), that the *Shary* had a southerly branch running through a mountainous country to the eastward; and," continues he, "the stream, I am inclined to think, would be found to extend to *Adamowa*, and thence to the *Lake Fittre*." That it extends to *Lake Fittre*, we shall presently see is extremely probable; but that it can extend to *Adamowa*, is impossible, while the elevated *Mandara* plains and hills, and "MOON MOUNTAINS," intervene to prevent any stream either from crossing that part of Africa from east to west, or from west to east. TAHR, a *Sheena* Arab chief, who dwelt on the S.E. side of the *Tchad*, told Major Denham, "that he believed a river, which came from the S.W., and entered *Lake Fittre*, was the *Shary*;" but when we recollect that the Arabs, almost invariably, in the common course of conversation, put the geographical line of the bed of the river for its course, we shall find that, instead of a river flowing into *Lake Fittre* from the S.W., and coming from the *Shary*, that it is a branch of the *Shary* which comes from the eastward, and probably from *Lake Fittre* to the *Shary*. The same chief told Denham, "that the *Lake Fittre* had a river running out of it; that *Lake Fittre* and the Nile of Egypt were one." Here again the chief has put

the line of the bed of the river for its course, and described as a river running out of *Lake Fittre* on the E. and S.E., what was really a river running into it in that quarter.

But before referring to other sources of information to elucidate this point, it is necessary to consider the magnitude and position of the LAKE TCHAD. The lake extends in an irregular form from 12° 30' N. lat. to 14° 20' N. lat., and from 14° E. long. to 17°, about 200 miles long, and 120 miles broad in its broadest part. With its depth we are altogether unacquainted, but we are informed that it overflows its banks to a great extent during the rainy season; a proof, we think, that it has no outlet, and a circumstance to which we are surprised neither Major Denham nor the Quarterly Review has adverted. Another singular circumstance regarding it is mentioned by Major Denham, namely, that, upon his first reaching it in the month of February, it in one night rose so much as to flood about two miles of country on its western borders. What could occasion this rise at this season of the year? If from the flood of a tributary river, then that river must descend from an elevated woody country very far to the southward, otherwise no rain could fall in it at that period of the year. Although Major Denham did not complete the circuit of the lake, yet he did this so far as to leave no doubt remaining that it has no outlet to the eastward. Had there been any, he must have heard of the fact from the lips of those who had travelled round it, and from those who lived in the immediate vicinity of such an outlet, if such really exists. TANGALIA, the limits of Major Denham's journey on its eastern shores, is in the entrance of the BAHR EL GHAZELLE, a valley fertile in pasture, now dry, but through which all the traditions of the country assert that a river at one time did flow. From *Tangalia* through this valley to *Lake Fittre* is said to be a journey of four days, but other accounts make it more. It is possible, that, in ancient times, a water communication may have existed between the two lakes. Of the elevation of *Lake Tchad* above the level of the sea, we shall by and by speak more at length. As an instance of the confusion which reigns in all African information on geographical subjects,

we may here state, that *Burckhardt* was informed by a traveller from Bornou, that the *Tchad* was a river, and that there was no lake in his country.

The discoveries made by Major Denham have considerably changed the geographical positions of these parts of Africa, from the positions where previous undefined information had led us to believe they were placed. Bornou is about four degrees farther to the south, and nearly as much more to the westward, than what it was formerly reckoned. This leaves a greater space between *Darfoor* and *Bornou* than was formerly calculated, and brings the position of the intervening countries to be in a line due west from *Darfoor*, instead of N.W. as stated by Arab travellers, while the places westward of Bornou are found to be almost due west, instead of S.W. as reckoned by the generality of these travellers, unfortunately, hitherto, our only sources of information on these interesting subjects.

But with regard to the *Shary* receiving a branch from the eastward, *Burckhardt*, App. p. 479, states, from good information, that "between *Kanem* and the *Shary*, and not belonging to the *Bahr el Ghazelle*, is the country called *DAR KARKA*, the population of which pasture their cattle upon the banks of a river called *BAHR EL FEYDH*, or *Inundating River*, which empties itself into the *Shary*." At p. 72, we are informed by Denham, that the King of Baghermi having been defeated, retired to the other side of a large river, to the south of his dominions. Baghermi lies W. of *Lake Fittre*, and south of the *Bahr el Ghazelle*. Here is Denham's eastern branch of the *Shary*, clearly pointed out, but whether this river issues from *Lake Fittre*, or not, it is impossible to determine, though all accounts obtained by *Burckhardt* and others, in Eastern Africa, would lead us to believe that it did. On the other hand, Major Laing informed us, that a very intelligent Arab told him that *Lake Fittre* had no outlet; that a river from the south-east ran into it. He drew a map of the lake, with the river, as mentioned, entering it, but he positively asserted that the lake had no outlet, nor communication with any other lake or river. The account, therefore, of the Arab chief

Tahr, given to Major Denham, and other information of a similar description, clearly arises from ignorance of these subjects, and misapprehension on their part. With this eastern branch, and its southern sources amongst the *Moon range* of hills, we have, and can have in a short space, a river of the magnitude of the *Shary*, without being obliged to make up that magnitude by bringing the *Niger* into it.

Here it is proper to state another very striking instance of the inaccuracy of Arab travellers, in relating the course of rivers. *Burckhardt*, who was less likely to be deceived by them than almost any other European, states, that he was informed the *Shary* ran from N.E. to S.W. and entered the *Tchad*. He indeed adds, in a note, that one man from that quarter told him it ran in a contrary direction, namely, from S.W. to N.E. and which we now find is really the case. Relying, however, on the former information, and which it is evident *Burckhardt* took as the most correct, the writer of this was led into the errors in laying down the course of the rivers in this part of *Soudan*, in a work on Africa, published in 1821. The present discoveries, therefore, alter greatly the geographical features of this part of Africa, as there laid down, but they confirm, not shake, the great fact, that the *Niger* enters the Atlantic. The distance from *Lake Fittre* to the *Shary* is, according to *Bowditch*, twelve days' journey; and *Browne*, p. 448, states, the distance from *CUBEABEA*, and *COBBE* the capital of *DARFOOR*, to Bornou, to be sixty days' journey, which is probably very accurate, as the distance is 720 geog. miles.

Taking leave of Major Denham's journal, we come to that which ought to have been the most important and decisive portion of the volume as it regards African Geography, viz. *CLAPPERTON'S* journey westward from *KOUKA* to *SACKATOO*, in search of the *Niger*. Though much important information is obtained, still the reader is sadly disappointed, and a dark cloud is suffered still to hang over the most important object of research, through which cloud, however, more rays of light had penetrated, than we have in the present volume been permitted to see.

But we shall try to find our way with the feeble lights which we are permitted to see and to use.

Accompanied by Dr OUDNEY, *Captain Clapperton*, on the 15th December 1823, left *Kouka* to the westward. They travelled nearly due west. At MURMUR, a town on the Bornou frontiers, *Dr Oudney* died from the effects of a consumption, accelerated and increased by a severe cold, which he caught on the night of the 26th December, when the FROST was so severe, that the water skins, in which the water to drink was carried, were FROZEN AS HARD AS BOARDS; indeed, the letter from *Dr Oudney* himself, published some time ago, and relating this event, stated that the water in the skins was frozen to a SOLID MASS. This shows a severe degree of cold, and argues a very elevated country. On the second January, after travelling sixteen days, *Clapperton* reached KATTAGUM, a town situated upon the River *Yeou* in N. lat. $12^{\circ} 17'$, and ABOUT 11° E. longitude. In $9\frac{1}{2}$ days more, they reached KANO, situate in 12° N. lat. and $9^{\circ} 20'$ E. longitude, and in 14 days' journey more they reached SACKATOO, the capital of SULTAN BELLO's territory; situated in $13^{\circ} 4'$ N. lat. and E. longitude, $6^{\circ} 12'$; but we have heard, and from good authority, that *Captain Clapperton* states the Lunar Observation taken to determine the longitude of *Sackatoo*, was very imperfect, so much so, as to leave it probable that an error of two degrees took place, and which would bring *Sackatoo* to 8° E. long., which it is extremely probable is the true position of the place.

At this point, the distance from *Kouka* would be 420 geog. miles, which, travelled over in $39\frac{1}{2}$ days, gives us nearly 11 miles each day, horizontal distance made good, the utmost, we believe, that any traveller can possibly make good, during a journey of any continuance in the interior of Africa.

In course of the journey, and between *Katagum* and *Kano*, *Clapperton* passed the river *Yeou*, running eastward, and subsequently several small streams, which, descending from elevated lands to the southward, flow to form it; and in this part of his journey he ascertained that the sources of these branches which form the *Yeou*, rise amongst a chain of hills, situated some days' journey to the

south-westward. The mountains of DULL, which bore S. W. from GIRKWA, and nearly south from *Kano*, rose above the elevation of the country through which their path lay, to a height from 600 to 700 feet. After passing the branches of the *Yeou*, *Clapperton* came upon streams which, flowing in a similar direction with the western branches of the *Yeou*, soon after join, and form the river on which *Sackatoo* is situated, and which flows past that city to the west, or rather S.W., till it joins the *Niger* or *Quolla*, as he was informed, four or five days' journey from the capital; this junction, we have reason to believe, takes place at KABI or *Cabi*, which previous information marks out as the port of *Howssa*, or the *Niger*. The name of this river, on which *Sackatoo* is situated, is not given, nor have we any idea of its magnitude in that quarter, two things which it is surprising should have been forgotten or omitted. The *Yeou*, as far as *Katagum*, is a smooth sluggish stream; the soil around it is composed of alluvial clay, in which no stones, not even in the beds of the river, were to be seen.

This part of *Clapperton's* journey is so far satisfactory. It has determined the course of the *Yeou*, and overthrown the theory of the Quarterly Review, that that paltry stream was the great river *Joliba* or *Niger*, which was proclaimed as the fact with the greatest triumph and confidence. It enables us to see clearly the position of that part of Africa, the elevation of which shuts up the progress of the *Niger* eastward in those latitudes, and also the points where streams rise which flow westward, till they meet its mighty current. Not a word, however, is said about the elevation of this portion of Africa, how great it is. This is a great want, and a great neglect. But several unerring facts are disclosed, which show us it must be very great; we shall notice them. First, the great degree of cold which, on the 26th December, in latitude 13° , and to the southward of the burning deserts of Africa, could freeze water skins as hard as boards, nay, even the water to a solid mass. Secondly, at *Kano*, on the 12th February, we are told (p. 55) that so severe was the cold, that a fire was necessary during the whole of the day; and in fact, that fires are necessary in their houses all the year

round at *Kano*. Thirdly, the low state of the thermometer, which at that season, at sunrise, stood at from 42° to 48° . Fourthly, we are told that wheat is amongst the common productions of the soil, which, we know, will not come to perfection near the level of the sea, in latitudes so near the equator. It is found on the plain of the *Caracas*, which is about 3000 above the level of the sea. Fifthly, in all their journey westward, they found no plantain trees, and were told, what of that fruit was seen in those places, was brought from Nyffe, and *Zag-zag* countries, to the southward. This fruit, again, will not grow in greatly elevated situations. The fruits of *Kashna* also indicate a country considerably elevated. These are figs, melons, pomegranates, and limes, and, before the vines were rooted up by the *Fellata* invaders, grapes in considerable quantities. The same may be said of Bornou, where the principal grain produced is wheat and barley, productions of the temperate zones, or of countries within the tropics which have a very considerable elevation above the level of the sea.

These few facts are unerring guides to determine an elevated country within the tropics, more especially in the parallel of 12° or 13° north. In this part of Africa, therefore, there is found what we may call a high Table-land, the elevation of which must be several thousand feet above the level of the sea; and, as the degree of temperature indicates, much higher than Major Laing found the mountains at the source of the Niger. The passage of that river eastward is therefore prevented; and, as it approaches this part of the continent of Africa, it is turned to the south, in which direction it, as we know unquestionably, flows to a great distance, and in which direction, there is just as little reason to doubt, it ultimately terminates. To the south of *Kano* and *Kashna* the country is extremely mountainous, as we have already hinted. The Quarterly Review, No. 58, tells us, upon the authority of ABOU BOUKER, a native of *Kouku*, and who had been long on board a British ship of war, the *Little Belt*, that to the south of *Kashna*, about fifteen days' journey, are found mountains so high, that some of them were capped with perpetual snow, and resembling, in appearance, the boldest peaks of the Cape de Verd Islands. *Zag-zag*, as we now certainly learn, is

situated to the south of *Kashna*, instead of the N. W., as former accounts led us to believe, and is a country so elevated and cold, that LEO AFRICANUS tells us the inhabitants, in order to keep themselves warm, were compelled to kindle fires in their houses, and then throw the live coals below the beds on which they afterwards went to sleep. Eastward we immediately come in contact with the stupendous peaks to the southward of *Mandara*.

That Captain Clapperton obtained much important information concerning the countries in the interior of Africa, when he was at *Sackatoo*, can scarcely admit of a doubt. Little, if any of it, has, however, been laid before the public. Not a syllable is said about the countries to the northward and to the westward, whether these were fertile or barren, mountainous or plain; nor is a syllable said about their people, their cities, their rivers, if they have any, or the distances and bearings, from *Sackatoo*, of any one of them. The information obtained might not have been perfectly accurate, but still it might have been such as to have enabled us to have fixed more accurately the positions of various places, and have given us more accurate ideas of the manners and pursuits of the people, their productions, and strength. AGADES, for instance, is a celebrated place, south of the desert, yet no mention is made of it. TIMBUCTOO (though, according to the position where *Sackatoo* is placed, it is within 200 miles of that celebrated city) is not once named, nor is there a state, with scarcely one exception, situated upon the Niger, once mentioned; and to Sultan Bello, a name which, it appears, is acknowledged and feared southward as far as DAHOMY, many of the most important states must have been tolerably well known. The want of such information in a work like Clapperton's is a grievous blank, and, we will add, is neither what the public expected, nor had reason to expect. There are reasons, however, for everything. There is also a reason for this omission and defect in the narrative alluded to. By and by it will become known; but the public ought at present to have had everything that could have been had. This, however, is not the case.

At *Sackatoo*, Captain Clapperton was informed that NYFFE was distant five days' journey direct, but twelve days

by a circuitous route, and from Kano twelve days. The first account is, we believe, incorrect; other, and probably more accurate authorities, make it much more, or rather place Nyffe in a position from which the distance must be greater. Lyon was informed that Nyffe was 20 days' journey west from *Kassina*; and at pages 134 and 142, he gives the distance by the route of *SAK-BATOO* (*Sackatoo*), nearly 17 days' journey. *Nyffe* is below *YAOORIE* and *BOUSSA*, where Park was lost. A memorandum-book belonging to that celebrated traveller is, as Clapperton was informed by *Sultan Bello*, still in possession of the chief of *Yaoorie*, and it is to be hoped may yet be recovered.

At *Nyffe*, various accounts agree in stating that there is a large lake, into which the Niger, or Quolla, or Quorra, enters, and from which the stream issues on the south, and bends its course towards the Atlantic at Benin. Jackson's *SHABEENY* (p. 48) says, the Nile of Timbuctoo "passes through" this lake, and it may be this lake, which *Sultan Bello*, in one of his communications to Clapperton, dignified with the name of Sea, though it is pretty evident that his general views led him to state that the *Quolla* really entered the Atlantic Ocean, though, like other Mahommedans, he holds the belief that it runs to, and joins the Egyptian *Nile*. From *Lagos* to *Nyffe* is 36 days' journey; from *Benin* to *Nyffe* 31 days' journey, which, at ten geographical miles, horizontal distance, made good each day, will place *Nyffe* in about 10° north latitude, and 7° east longitude.

But to proceed to notice the information which Clapperton received in Africa concerning the termination of the *Niger*, at least that information with which he has as yet favoured the public. At page 77 of his Journal, we are told that a man, who asserted he was a son of Horneman's, informed him he had been to *Nyffe*; that he sailed from a town named *Labogee*, in *Nyffe*—crossed the *Quolla*, and travelled south fourteen days' journey, ALONG THE BANKS OF THE RIVER, until they came within four days' journey of the sea, where, according to his literal expression, the

"river was one, and the sea was one."

At page 278, Denham states, *MAHOMMED BOUZGAYEY*, an Arab, related, that he had gone from *Kano* to *Nyffe*, and had stayed some time at a place called *GRESGEY*, on the *Quolla*, two days' journey from *Yaoorie*. The "*Quolla*" there was as wide as to the market outside of the walls, and back, (nearly two miles.) Inhabitants were all *Kafirs* (*Infidels*). *SULTAN MAHOMMED*, the chief of the place, had several hundred guns, which were brought from the *Bahr Kebir* (great water),* and rum brought in large glass bottles. At eight days' journey only from *Yaoorie*, large boats came to a place called *YOURBAN* (*Youriba*), but it is not the *Bahr Kebir* (great water). *KATUNGHAH* is the great port, which is at some distance to both of these places, and to which people, who are called *AMERICANS*, come. They are white PEOPLE AND CHRISTIANS; always demand gum arabic and male slaves. Sultan had his books like his (Denham's).

At page 42, Clapperton states, he was informed by a traveller that "in twenty-four days' journey from *Nyffe*, at a quick rate, and thirty-two days' leisurely travelling, the travellers came to *YOURIBA*—CHRISTIANS came there in ships. The WATER IS SALT. The *Quolla* enters the sea at *RAKAH*. The river at *Youriba* is as broad as between *Kano* and *Kattagum*, 130 miles." Although the latter is in the usual style of Arab amplification, yet the great fact of the river running south, and entering a sea of salt water where white people—*Americans* and *Christians*—came to trade for slaves, is so plainly stated, that the fact can scarcely be disputed, nor could the travellers, who could be so particular and correct about the Christians, and the trade which they carried on, be mistaken in the other and more important parts of their narratives, namely, the course and termination of the *Quolla Kowara* or *Niger* from *Nyffe*, southwards to the Delta of *Benin*.

Captain Clapperton has brought with him from *Sackatoo* an Arab manuscript, extracted from a large work composed by *SULTAN BELLO*, concerning the geography of Interior Africa, and the history and wars of the

* *Bahr Kebir* is always used by the Arabs to designate the Atlantic Ocean.
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different states which inhabit it. It is curious, and in the geographical part is important. From it we learn that TAKROOR, or *Tocrur*, instead of being a city and province of Northern Central Africa, and situated to the westward of Ghana, somewhere in that portion of Africa, at or near the modern Kano, in reality designates and includes the whole of Northern Central Africa, from *Darfoor* (inclusive) on the east, to the Atlantic Ocean on the west; and from the great desert on the north, to the Gulph of Guinea, and unknown pagan, barbarous countries on the south. Amongst the other great subdivisions of *Takroor*, is *Darfoor*, *Wadday*, *Baghermi*, *Bornou*, and the immense country of *Houssa*, &c.; each, but more especially the latter, comprehending several states of minor, but still of considerable extent and importance. Some of these are again divided into various provinces. Thus the country of ZAG-ZAG, which lies to the south of *Sackatoo*, Kano, and Kashna, comprehends several extensive provinces, amongst which, and in the great secondary subdivision named *Bousher* (part of Zag-zag, p. 163), is KORNORFA; near to which province there is an anchorage or harbour for the ships of the Christians, who are sent by two sovereigns to traffic or trade with the people of *Soudan*. Also the province of ATAGARA, or *Atagher*; and near it is also an anchorage or harbour for the ships of the said Christians. "BOTH THESE PLACES ARE ON THE COAST OF THE OCEAN." By the coast of the ocean, we might, in the acceptance of the expression amongst Arab writers, take it to mean a lake; but the harbour or anchorage for Christians would appear to fix these places or provinces as bordering on the Atlantic. We shall by and by see, however, that Christians in ships really leave the ocean, and go a very considerable distance upwards into the interior, upon the great rivers.

A second division of the country of *Houssa*, lying to the west of the former, comprises the provinces of ZANFARA, KARE, YA-ORY, NOOFIE, YARBA, BARGHOO, and GHOORMA. Three of these we more particularly mention; viz. *Ya-ory*, "which contains mountains and valleys, and is situated on the coast of the river called the Nile: NOOFIE, a province that has on the right and left sides, rivers, forests, sands, and mountains. The

population possess much knowledge in the fine and rare arts; and from their country many elegant and marvellous things are exported. YARBA is an extensive province, containing rivers, forests, sands, and mountains; also a great many wonderful and extraordinary things. In it the Talking Green Bird, called BATTAGA (*Parrot*), is found. *By the side of this province* there is an anchorage or harbour for the ships of the Christians who used to go there to purchase slaves. These slaves were exported from our country and sold to the people of *Yarba*, who resold them to the Christians." In *Yarba* we at once recognize the YARRIBA of other writers, and of various African travellers, which all accounts agree is a great country, lying to the south of *Noofie*, or *Nyffe*. The territory of *Yarba* clearly extended to the sea-coast. The anchorage for the ships of the Christians, and the traffic there carried on, shows in the most satisfactory manner that the coast here referred to is the coast of the ocean, not the shore of a lake in the interior. It is also worthy of remark, that while *Noofie* is set down as a province, which on the right and left sides has rivers, not a word is said about a lake, which, had there been, and of the magnitude previously alluded to, could scarcely fail to have been recorded and noticed.

The writer in the Quarterly Review, who is resolved to make the Niger and the Nile of Egypt one and the same river, would maintain that *Rakah*, *Fundah*, &c., which *Sultan Bello* mentions as his ports of trade, on the shores of the sea, where the *Quolla* enters it, mean only the last ports in his dominions, which are situated upon that river in its course eastward. Be it so. We will allow it is probable that what he states of these places really means, that these are the last ports upon the Niger within his territory; but still that does not imply that the Niger has not a passage southwards into the Atlantic Ocean. Europeans, there is good reason to believe, go up the rivers which enter the sea in the Bight of *Benin*, to a great distance, for the purpose of trade. The Portuguese, in particular, there is the best reason to believe, have penetrated into the interior of Africa, by means of the large rivers in these parts, to a great distance, and which they carefully conceal from the rest of the world. A gentleman, a native of Glasgow, who had for several

years traded in the rivers in the Delta of *Benin*, informed us, that within these few years he had himself been up the *Rio de Formosa* about 70 miles from its mouth, in a schooner of a considerable size, and might have ascended to a still greater distance had business led him, as the river became broader and deeper as they ascended from the sea. He moreover informed us, that he met with an intelligent Spaniard (Capt. Julian,) who told him that in a vessel of 90 tons burthen, he (the Spaniard) had been up the *Rio de Formosa* about 300 miles for the purpose of trade, and at which point he found the river three miles broad, and five fathoms deep, the stream descending from the northward. He added, that some of his countrymen had ascended the river to a still greater distance. At the point mentioned, Capt. Julian must have been (allowing for the windings of the river) within 100 or 150 miles of Nyffe. The fact, then, that Europeans trade, by means of those rivers, with nations inhabiting countries situate a considerable way into the interior of Northern Central Africa, stands established, and thus the accounts given by *Sultan Bello*, and the other individuals, which we have just been adverting to, and to which we are about to advert, stand confirmed, and clear from the confusion and contradiction into which at the first glance they would appear to be involved. The facts mentioned are equally important and satisfactory. The point also to which Capt. Julian ascended the *Rio de Formosa*, we may remark, is very near the latitude where the Quarterly Review makes the *Kowara* pass in its course to the eastward.

MAHOMED GOMSOO, the chief of the Arabs at Sackatoo, told Captain Clapperton, page 87, "that he had been detained a prisoner three years, in a country called *Yariba* (*Yarba*), on the west side of the *Quorra* (*Niger*), which, he said, entered the sea at *Fundath*, a little below the town of *Rakah*. The latter is opposite to *Nyffe*; is a place of great trade between the interior and the coast; and all kinds of European goods, such as beads, woollen and cotton cloths, pewter and copper dishes, gun-powder, rum, &c., are to be had there in exchange for slaves. The inhabitants of *Yariba* he represented to be extremely ill-disposed. I may mention, says Clapperton, that during my stay in *Sakatoo*, provisions

were regularly sent me from the *Sultan's* table, in pewter dishes, with the London stamp; and one day I even had a piece of meat served up in a white wash-hand basin, of English manufacture." Here we have distinctly enumerated the articles of European trade to the Bight of *Benin*, and finding *Mahomed Gomsoo* so correct in his enumeration of these articles, we may place the greater reliance on his statement, that the *Niger* enters the sea. True, when he says that it "enters the sea at *Fundah*, a little below *Rakah*, which latter is opposite *Nyffe*,"—it would throw a doubt on the fact, but a moment's reflection will serve to convince us that he is confusing, or the hearer, or transcriber for him, is confounding the country of *Yariba* with the town of *Rakah*. The former place is next to, and opposite to, the province of *Nyffe*, going to the south-west. *Bowditch* makes it several days' journey south south-west of *Wauwa*, and *Dupuis*, from good information, lays it down in a similar direction. Branches of the Great River, or, what is more probable, the Great River under different names, runs through, or by the eastern parts of the province.

At page 89, we learn that *Sultan Bello*, in the presence of Captain Clapperton, "drew on the sand the course of the river *Quorra*, which he also stated entered the sea at *Fundah*. By his account the river ran parallel to the sea-coast for several days' journey, being in some places only a few hours', in others a day's journey distant from it. Two or three years ago, the sea," he said, "closed up the mouth of the river, and its mouth was at present a day or two farther south; but during the rains, when the river was high, it still ran into the sea by the old channel." Coupling this account with a previous notice of a similar kind, there is no doubt some apparent confusion and inconsistency in *Sultan Bello's* account, which might leave what he calls the sea to be taken as a lake, not the sea which the *Quorra* entered; but that he meant that it was the Atlantic Ocean, into which this river poured its waters, is clearly pointed out in his observation made at the same interview, when (page 90) he says,—"I will give the King of England a place on the coast to build a town; only I wish a road to be cut to *Rakah*, if vessels should not be able to navigate the river." Hence it is quite plain that he alludes

to a river which, descending from the interior of Africa, ran into the Atlantic Ocean, and by which he hoped to open up a trade with England in ships, and by which only he could open up a trade between his dominions and England. Besides, the phenomenon that he mentions of the river near its outlet running for several days' journey on the sea-coast, at some places near to, at others more distant from the sea, is a fact well known to be the case in the western branch of the RIO DE FORMOSA, which, descending westward into CRADOQ LAKE, joins the LAGOS, and from whence a branch, in a similar manner, runs westward, at no great distance from the sea, till it joins the RIO VOLTA.

Coupling these details with the positive information obtained by Mr DUPUIS, from intelligent Arab and Moorish travellers, and also by Bowditch, that the Joliba, Niger, Great River, Quolla, Quorra, and Kowara, as it is variously named in various places, descended from Houssa, and approaching Benin, divided into several branches, and finally entered the sea in the Delta of Benin, can we withhold credence from the pleasant and important fact, or in the face of all those concurring testimonies, carry the stream forward and eastward to the Nile, in the face also of physical impossibilities, and upon the vaguest and most unsatisfactory theories or information? Surely not! Besides the authorities just noticed for the termination of the Niger in the Atlantic, we have the authority of the natives on that part of the coast, that the numerous great rivers in the Bights of Benin and Biafra, all come from ONE great river, which descends from the northward. We have the authority of intelligent Europeans who have visited these coasts, the testimony of an intelligent native of Houssa, given to Major Laing, that in a canoe he was carried down the stream from Houssa to the sea; and lastly, we have the undeniable and certain fact, that in the Delta mentioned, TWENTY RIVERS, several of them of surprising magnitude, (four, ten, and twelve miles broad each, with deep and mighty currents,) descend from the northward, and enter the sea. The reader has only to look at the map, and see how nearly the Niger is made to approach the Delta of Benin, in its supposed course eastward to the

Nile, to render the latter at all probable, or to leave space from whence so many rivers could draw their vast supplies of water, communicating with each other, as they do, in navigable channels, by various branches, which, traversing a fine alluvial country, like that around the mouths of the Nile, the Ganges, the Oronoque, and the Mississippi, finally terminate, as all those great rivers also terminate, in the great ocean.

That *Captain Clapperton* received, and from respectable sources of information, accounts that the Niger positively entered the sea in the Bight of Benin, we know from the best authority. That he did so, is sufficiently proven from the fact, that he is at this moment engaged in another journey of discovery into those parts of Africa, and in the outset of which he landed in the Bight of Benin, with the intention of proceeding up the river to Nyffe and Sackatoo; and by which route he expects, as he has also again and again expressed in his Journal as published, the hope of being able to open up a commercial communication with the interior parts of Northern Central Africa, more especially with the dominions of Sultan Bello of Sackatoo, a communication which it will be impracticable to open up between those parts of Africa and Great Britain, unless it can be done by a continuous water communication. In his present journey outwards he touched at Sierra Leone last autumn. The editor of the Sierra Leone Gazette states, that Captain Clapperton there exhibited to him a map of the interior parts of Central Africa, in which the river Niger was laid down as flowing southward from Nyffe till it entered the Atlantic in the Delta of Benin. That such a map was constructed before he left London we are credibly informed, and when in Africa he must have received that information on these points which enabled and induced him to construct it. Yet that information has been withheld from the public. But there is another strong proof of the fact that such a communication exists, namely, the jealousy which the Moors and Arabs at Sackatoo entertained of his intended visit to Nyffe and to the Niger, and the secret intrigues which they employed with the Sultan of Sackatoo, to prevent the journey altogether; and which they

finally accomplished, obliging him to return to Kouka, without visiting points so interesting and important, and to which he was so near. As soon as he stated the ultimate object of his intended journey, all their jealousies and their fears were awakened, and his object thwarted; and how far they may have since his return exerted the influence which they possess with the sovereigns in those parts of Africa, to thwart his progress and objects, and the progress and objects of any other British and European travellers into those countries, time will show. We own we have our fears that they have not exerted their influence in vain. They well know that the moment a navigable communication is found out between the Atlantic in the Bights of Benin and Biafra, and the central parts of Northern Africa, all their lucrative trade betwixt the countries on the shores of the Mediterranean, and these interior parts of Africa, is wrested from their hands, and becomes lost to them for ever. To prevent this, all their arts, and all their influence, will most unquestionably be exerted.

In reply to *M. Jomard*, who asserts that the waters of the Niger cannot possibly reach the Nile of Egypt, because that, at the junction of the Bahr el Abiad with the Bahr el Azreek, the elevation is 1193 feet above the level of the sea, while the Lake Tchad, 1100 miles W., is little more; the Quarterly Review, without any authority more certain than that of *M. Jomard*, attempts to prove that the elevation stated is not correct; and adds, even if the elevation of the Lake Tchad was only 1200 feet above the level of the sea, still that gives, in a course of 2200 miles, the distance from Tchad by the supposed course of the river to the Mediterranean, at the mouths of the Nile, a descent of $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches per mile, which is greater than the descent of the Ganges and the Mississippi, &c. in their lower courses. True, but rivers, in their middle courses, have a greater descent than in their lower; and, moreover, the distance from Lake Tchad to the confluence of the two great branches of the Egyptian Nile, is taking a direct line on the general bearings of the turnings of the stream above 1500 geographical miles. From the sources of the Niger to the mouths of the Nile, the course given the river by the

reviewer is not less than 4800 geographical miles. That the elevation of the country at the junction of the two great branches of the Nile is at least 1200, and probably still more, may be ascertained from considering the elevation of the plains of Abyssinia, around the chief branches of the Bahr el Azreek. But dropping this altogether, we have, from certain information, more unanswerable data to enable us to determine that the Niger cannot flow to the Egyptian Nile. It is this: The Lake Tchad is stated by the Quarterly Review to be 1340 feet above the level of the sea, according to the barometrical measurement. From this lake to the separation of the river Shary from the main branch, is a distance of at least 140 miles. This will give the elevation of the point of separation to be 1416 feet above the level of the sea, an elevation only 134 feet less than Major Laing found the sources of the Niger in the mountain of Loma, to be which, on the general bearings of the bed of the river, is a distance of 2040 geographical miles, and including the common windings of any stream, (one third more,) nearly 2700 miles. Unless the Niger was a perfect canal, constructed by human hands, which we know it is not, that river and the Egyptian Nile, and even the *Shary* and the Lake Tchad, can have no connexion with each other. We are surprised that the writer in the Quarterly Review did not advert to these important facts.

While the Quarterly Review concludes the notice of Clapperton's and Denham's discoveries with his favourite theory, namely, "that the junction of the waters of this great lake (*Tchad*) with those of the Nile is not only possible, but extremely probable," the writer entirely forgets, that only a few pages before (page 528), he sets down the southern range of the *Mandara* mountains "as the great chain of mountains, a part, no doubt, of the *Jibbel Kumera*, or MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON." How the Niger or the *Kowara* is carried past these, whether over them, through them, or UNDER them, is not stated; but besides the positive statement of the Reviewer, that part of this renowned chain lie in the very parallel where he has placed the line of his *Kowara*, descending eastward to the Nile, the

reader has only to turn to the accompanying map to perceive the fact to be so, and which, at once, we humbly conceive, puts an end to the theory of the junction of the Niger with the Nile of Egypt.

A like inconsistency or inadvertence is found in another part, where the writer in the Review says, "a note in Clapperton's (Denham's it should be) rough journal when on the *Shary*, says, that the people of *Showey* all agree that the *Shary* comes from the south, and its source is in the mountains to the southward of *Boussa*; and that at *Boussa* a branch is thrown off which passes to the southward of *Darfoor*, &c. to the Nile." The absurdity of the account is sufficiently obvious to any one who will only glance at the map; and, says the Reviewers, "we give little credit to this throwing off branches." Why then throw off the *Shary* from the great river to join the lake *Tchad*?

At page 247 we are told a more rational tale, and which, nowhere that we can find, is told in Denham's journal. The Reviewer states: "*Bellal* told Major Denham that the *Kowara* did not throw off a branch at *Boussa*, but that a CONFLUENCE of branches took place at *Boussa*, the one from the south and the other from the NORTH-WEST." This is a curious statement, and corroborative of the information given by *PTOLEMY*, who, it is well known, brings the Niger from the west and north-west down to this very portion of Africa, where he asserts it was joined by a branch which descended from *Mount Thala*, situated to the S.E.

The writer in the Quarterly Review seems to place reliance upon the information given Major Denham by a *Mandara* man, that at twenty days' journey south of *Mandara* (west it should be) he passed between *Jacoba* and *Adamowa*, in his progress to the latter, a large river, which ran between two very high chains of mountains. Let us attend to the positions of these two mentioned places. The Reviewer, in his map, has placed them, at least the latter, wrong. *Jacoba*, we know, is situated about twelve days' journey to the south of *Kano*, and is otherwise known as the country designated *Yem-Yem*, from being, as the Arabs assert, inhabited by cannibals. *Adamowa* lies to the west of this; and moreover, both names apply to countries or pro-

vinces, not to cities. *Adamowa* is, no doubt, the same as "AADAM," a province in the western division of the great country of *Zag-zag*, (see Sultan Bello's manuscript, p. 162,) in one of its subordinate divisions, named *Bowsheer*, which stretches southward to the coasts of the ocean. *Aadam* is clearly a division amongst the south-westernmost, and therefore it must be to the west of the Niger, and to the south of *Nyffe*, and which thus enables us to ascertain what great river it was that the *Mandara* man passed on his way to *Adamowa*, namely, the *Quorra*, or Niger below *Nyffe*, running south between two chains of very high mountains. We are surprised that the Quarterly Review did not advert to this.

By the course given the *Kowara* or Niger in its course eastward to the Nile, the reader will perceive, by referring to the map, that the stream approaches to within 240 miles of *Lagos* and *Benin*; and if a chain of mountains exists on the south side of the river which turns its course easterly, again we would ask, where is the space between these mountains and the sea to produce springs and streams sufficient to form these twenty rivers, several of them a great many miles broad, which enter the Atlantic in the Delta of *Benin*?

The discovery made by Captain *Clapperton* has enabled us to elucidate much of the information given to *RITCHIE*, *LYON*, and others, concerning these parts of Africa, and the rivers represented as flowing through them. We are enabled to distinguish clearly those rivers which, rising in the high lands, to the west of *Kano*, and to the southward of *Kano* and *Kattagum*, flow eastward into lake *Tchad*, from those which rise in the same quarters and run westward till they join the Niger. Important geographical errors are thus corrected, which these confused narratives, confounding various and different rivers as one river, lead the inquirer to run into. Thus, the river of *Kattugum* and *Gambaroo* really runs eastward, while the river of *Kashna*, and all those on the eastern and central portions of *Houssa*, really flow westward and southward, as had been represented by different travellers. This brings us to consider more particularly the position of the important province of *Houssa*, named *GOOBER*

or *Gubeer*. Capt. Clapperton, at least the map accompanying his work, lays it down north-east of Sackatoo, and upon the river which passes that city to the westward. Captain Lyon, and other authorities, lay it down in a different position; namely, to the westward, and to the southwestward. Lyon, page 132, says, that *Goobeer* is three days' journey to the westward of SAK BATOO, (certainly *Sackatoo*,) and one day's journey EAST of *Kabi*, the port of *Howssa*, on the Niger. This is probably its correct position. It is in either way (but we adhere to the latter position) placed on the river of *Sackatoo*, and this enables us to elucidate farther some very important points of African geography. Horne-man was informed, that of the several provinces comprehended in the kingdom of *Kashna*, *Cabi* and *Nyffe* only were upon the Niger. His information has been tolerably correct. *Goobeer* being situated upon the river mentioned, we are at no loss to account for its fertility, populousness, and the inundations with which *Leo Africanus* and others inform us it is periodically visited. The capital, *Leo* stated, contained 6000 families. "At the inundation of the *Niger*, all the fields in this region are overflowed, and then the inhabitants cast their seed into the water only." (*Purchas*, vol. II. p. 829.) *Leo* here, or his translator, mistakes the Niger for the river of *Sackatoo*. There is, however, another and more powerful cause of the inundations which visit this country than the mere overflowings of the river which passes *Sackatoo* westward. AGAPEZ, a celebrated town, situated about 300 miles to the northward of *Sackatoo*, is represented as being situated on, or near a considerable river, which flows from north to south. D'ANVILLE calls it *Wad-el-Mezzerina*, and makes it rise in about 26° north latitude. He says, the caravans from Tripoli to Nigritia perform seven days' journey along its banks. That excellent and very accurate geographer would not have mentioned, nor laid down such a river, unless he had had very good authority for doing so. The Gold Coast Gazette, Dec. 31st, 1822, in the account of the travels of a man named WARGEE, a Tartar, from Tripoli to the Gold Coast, says, this Tartar stated: one day's journey south of *Agadex*, he crossed a very large river, about 400 yards broad; and that

though this took place in the middle of the dry season, still the depth was so great, as to come up to the shoulders of the camels when crossing it. This river, he farther stated, ran through the TWARICK COUNTRY. The authors of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* affirm, that this river joins the Niger. In the French maps of 1757, drawn by *Robert de Vagondy* for the King of France, this river is laid down as joining the Niger about 250 miles below *Timbuctoo*. It is also curious, that in all the old maps of Africa, (particularly in that by ORTELLIUS, in 1570, and that by JOANNIS BLEAV, 1662,) various rivers are laid down as flowing from the northward, and joining the Niger. CASSINA, in particular, is laid down by *Ortellius* on a river; and the river of *Agadex* is laid down as running into Lake (*bahr*, a lake or river) *Guber*. For these things these geographers had probably good information; and in those days the geographical information obtained by Europeans from the Barbary States, concerning the countries and the rivers in Northern Central Africa, was likely to be more accurate than what we can now obtain, because the power and influence of these Barbary Powers were much greater in Interior Africa 200 years ago than these now are.

The inhabitants of *Goobeer*, we were also told, were not negroes, but a different race, and fair in their complexion. LYON was told this, and moreover saw it verified, in the person of an unfortunate female from that country, who had been kidnapped, and carried away into slavery, by the Moors. The manuscript of Sultan *Bello*, already referred to, confirms these accounts in a very remarkable manner. He says expressly, that they are descendants of the COPTS, the ancient inhabitants of Egypt, who had emigrated to these parts probably about the time of the Arabian conquest of their country. He says also, that they are all "FREE BORN;" and, of all his provinces and his subjects, that they, the population of *Goobeer*, are the "most warlike;" which may readily be accounted for from the wars which they have, through so many ages, been compelled to wage in order to maintain their independence.

We have already noticed the important and curious fact obtained by Major Denham from his guide *Bellat*, namely, that the *Quorra* (which came

from the north-west) was, near *Bousa*, joined by a stream, which descended from the south-east, and consequently from the north-west side of the Mount *Thala* of Ptolemy. This completes so far the geographical picture of this portion of Africa as presented by that early geographer; but whether his *LYBIAN LAKE* is the termination of the Niger or not, is now the point to be ascertained. We think not, neither does that geographer say that it was so. On this point his information seems to have been deficient; but should it turn out to be the case, then we see no possibility of opening up to European knowledge and civilization the interior regions of Northern Africa. But we have better hopes, and, we think, much better information, which enables us to anticipate and to decide differently. The position in which *Ptolemy* has placed Mount *Thala*, the same clearly as the peaks south of *Mandara*, turns out to be very accurate. In the map constructed, in 1820, for *MACQUEEN'S Geography of Northern Central Africa*,* Mount *Thala* is laid down in its true position, in the exact latitude and longitude where *Denham* found the "MOON MOUNTAINS," to the south of *Mora*; the range continuing in a south-east direction on the one hand, and in a south-west direction on the other. This delineation is most distinctly confirmed by *Major Denham*, who says most expressly, (page 143,) "the hills extend, in apparently INTERMINABLE RIDGES, east south-east, south-west, and west."

To the map of this portion of Africa, constructed by *Sultan Bello*, we attach little importance, except so far as it delineates, in a general way, the courses of the rivers near where his capital lay, namely, the course of the river of *Sackatoo* westward, to where it joins the *Quorra* below *Cabt*, and the course of the *Quorra*, descending from the west, taking to the south of *Sackatoo*, and the country of *Houssa*, a direct southern course towards *Nyffe*, &c. the exact delineation by *Ptolemy*, and the same as told to *Park*. His continuation of the rivers eastward from *Rakah*, and a branch separating to the eastward, without pointing out where either it or the other stream terminated, joined with the rude representation

of the upper branches of the river of *Sackatoo*, is sufficient to convince us of his inaccuracy as a geographer, and of his ignorance of the grand features of African geography, and the courses and termination of the great African rivers beyond the immediate sphere of his own observation. We regret that we cannot properly delineate in our Magazine the *Sultan's* map. From the want of it, however, our readers in reality lose very little. The delineation of the countries adjoining point out, we think, that the course of the *Kowara* should have been continued by *Sultan Bello* southward, not eastward, from *Rakah*. But on this point it would be waste of time to speculate.

We have now taken a general and pretty comprehensive view of the discoveries made in Northern Africa, by our enterprising countrymen, *Major Denham* and *Captain Clapperton*, and attempted to show the inconsistencies, inaccuracies, and what we conceive deficiencies, in their general delineation of the courses of the great rivers in these parts of Africa. Having done this, we shall now proceed, *First*, to show from the information which they have given us, combined with what we ourselves have received and obtained from various other sources of information and travellers, the general course and the termination of the river Niger, the great object of European search; and, *Secondly*, to make some general observations on the present state of Africa, and the advantages which Europe, but more especially Great Britain, might, and we think would, derive from opening up by water, a communication with the interior of Northern Central Africa.

The Niger, we have stated, and we again state, enters the Atlantic Ocean by several mouths in the Delta of *Benin*. We shall proceed to state its general course, to consider its magnitude, under which head the number and magnitude of the rivers which enter the sea in the Delta just mentioned, will come to be considered; and having accomplished these things, we shall state a few of the more pointed and accurate authorities which tell us the Niger terminates in the Atlantic, and in that part of the continent of Africa just mentioned.

The Niger, according to Major Laing, rises in the mountain of LOMA, in $9^{\circ} 15'$ N. lat., and $9^{\circ} 36'$ west longitude. Its source is about 1550 feet above the level of the sea. Pursuing a course generally N. E. and joined by numerous streams, it passes BAMMAKOO, and $12^{\circ} 40'$ N. lat., and $3^{\circ} 40'$ W. long.; thence it continues its course nearly east, and afterwards in a north-east direction through Lake DIBBIE; in this part of its course also, joined by several powerful streams on either hand, it reaches and passes KABRA, the part of TIMBUCTOO situated, according to the most accurate accounts, in about $15^{\circ} 40'$ N. lat. and $3^{\circ} 40'$ E. long. Here it is joined by a river from the north-east. From *Timbuctoo* the Niger, or as it is there called *Joliba*, and "ISSA" or "the water," by way of eminence, (the word "Issa" in the language of *Timbuctoo* being the name for water,) pursues its course generally south-easterly, passing *Cabi*, where it turns more to the south, passing in its course *Yaora Boussa* (where Park was lost), and afterwards *Nyffe*, and from thence downwards, as we conceive, to the Atlantic, in the Delta of Benin. To *Nyffe*, however, admitted to be situated in the parallel of about 10° N. lat. no one disputes that the Niger really flows in the general course we have pointed out, and we shall presently give our authority for stating that it runs south from *Nyffe* into the Atlantic. From its western source to its mouths, the Niger, on general bearings, exclusive of the windings of the stream, runs over a distance equal to $33^{\circ} 30'$ or about 2000 geo. (2670 British miles) which gives ample space for a river of the first magnitude: at *Nyffe* its length is already 1700 geo. miles!!

With regard to its magnitude, we have not very positive information, but sufficient is known to show that it is very great. At a considerable distance above BAMMAKOO, where our lamented countryman, Mr PARK, first fell in with it in his second journey, the native travellers and natives describe it as a powerful stream. One of the latter stated to TUCKEY, that in MANDINGO it was as broad as the ZAIRE, at the part where Tuckey turned back. At *Bammakoo*, in the early part of the rainy season, Park found it ONE MILE BROAD, with a deep and strong current (confined to its na-

tural banks,) and a little lower down at the rapids, it was two miles broad, still navigable, but with a current so rapid, says Park, in passing it, that "IT MADE ME SIGH." From thence to *Sansunding*, he describes it as a river of great breadth and depth. At *Timbuctoo*, or rather at *Kabra*, Ritchie was informed that its breadth is so great that a gunshot will not take effect across it; and *Wargee* the Tartar, already mentioned, says that it took him ONE HALF HOUR to cross it in a canoe, rowed by ten men. At LAOORIE, (probably Yaoorie,) it took him one hour to cross it in a canoe. At *Yaoorie*, BOWDITCH (page 212) was informed by Moors that the stream was three miles broad, and the accounts received by Clapperton make it at least two miles in the same part of its course: below *Nyffe*, all travellers describe it as a sea.

The magnitude of the rivers which enter the sea in the Delta of Benin, next deserves our attention. First, we may observe, that very intelligent masters and owners of ships, who had for many years frequented all these rivers, inform us, that they are all connected with each other by branches which intersect a country purely alluvial. From *Lagos* eastward to Old *Calabar*, and *Rio de Elrei*, inclusive, above TWENTY RIVERS enter the sea, all of them large, but several of them of surprising magnitude. We have conversed with several persons who have traded in these rivers, and they all say, that the whole of these rivers come from one GREAT RIVER, at some distance to the northward, and in the interior. The *Rio de Formosa*, we speak upon the authority of intelligent individuals who had frequently visited it, and examined it carefully, and which we conceive to be the main stream of the Niger, is FOUR MILES BROAD at its mouth. It has two bars of mud, with fifteen feet water on each at low water. Upwards, the river increases in breadth and magnitude. At a short distance from its mouth, it is from THREE TO FOUR MILES BROAD. Very large rivers diverge from it to the south, particularly at a distance of about forty miles from its mouth. A powerful branch also runs west through, or rather forming the CRADDOO LAKE, and which joins the *Rio LAGOS*. At sixty-six miles from the sea, the *Rio de Formosa* is three, four, and FIVE MILES BROAD; three, and in some

places four, fathoms deep. The current is *always muddy*, and very rapid, particularly during the flood; when it runs at the rate of seven and eight knots per hour. Its colour then *approaches to a brown*. The banks are low, and formed of alluvial mould, and during the months of July and August, the whole Delta is deeply inundated as far as *Gatto*, a distance of forty miles from the sea. *Gatto Creek*, or river, is also a considerable stream. Several miles above its junction with the Rio de Formosa, it is *one and a half mile broad*, and two fathoms deep. The Old Calabar and *Rio de Elrei* rivers, at the outlet, are *twelve miles broad*. The mouth of the Bonny and New Calabar river is *eleven miles broad*. These rivers open each four points of the compass, which proves their surprising magnitude. On the outer bar, the depth of water is five fathoms, and when over the *inner bars*, it deepens to *twelve and thirteen fathoms*. The current is very powerful. The rush of water, says Sir GEORGE COLLIER, that issues from the outlet of the river BONNY is so powerful, that he considers it can only proceed from its being one of the *embouchures* of a great river. In consequence of the immense volumes of water brought down by these rivers, the currents in the sea off the coasts are exceedingly strong, and even dangerous; and frequently, at the distance of twenty-five miles from CAPE FORMOSA, says one of our informants, *vessels are found to be sailing for hours together in fresh water*, without the smallest mixture of the water of the ocean. We consider it unnecessary to dwell longer on this part of our subject, to prove the magnitude of these mighty rivers, and how little probability there is that the whole could be formed south of mountains lying in the parallel of 9° N. lat., leaving little more than a distance of 200 miles from their summits to the sea.

We now proceed to enumerate a few of the direct authorities that tell us the great river Niger really enters the sea in this part of the coast of Africa. With the consent and the approbation of the Nile THEORISTS, we have traced the river down to *Nyffe* and *Rakah*, which they are pleased to place in 9° N. lat. within 200 miles of the sea!! In Ptolemy's Geography, in the Library of the Glasgow College, we find some very old Portuguese maps,

which carry the river of Benin northwards to about 10° N. lat., which shows they must have had some information about it, so far; and it is well known that the Portuguese, in early times, penetrated deeply into the interior of Africa, by means of its rivers, though they carefully concealed their discoveries from the rest of the world. We state these facts *en passant*, to show how we could connect the river of Benin or *Rio de Formosa*, with the *Kowara*, which the Quarterly Review sends over the *Mountains of the Moon* to the *Bahr el Abiad*.

In the last letter which Mr PARK wrote to England, as he was about to leave *Sansanding*, he states to Lord CAMDEN, he was convinced that "*the Niger terminated nowhere else but in the sea.*" WANGARA, where all our celebrated geographers have invariably terminated the Niger, when explained, brings us to Benin as its termination. *Bowditch* was informed by intelligent Moor and Arab travellers whom he met at *Coomassie*, that the Niger entered the sea; and when he stated to them the European theory, that it terminated in a lake, or was absorbed in burning sands, they laughed at him, remarking, that "God made all the other great rivers to flow into the sea, and did he then conceive that God would leave the Quolla, the GREATEST of them all, to be lost in the sands of the desert?" The natives on the coast informed ROBERTSON (page 298), that "*the Bonny River came out of a large river in the interior, which made all the rivers in that country.*" Several gentlemen who have frequented the rivers in this part of the coast of Africa, and at whom we have made particular inquiries, uniformly and distinctly state, that all the natives and travellers with whom they were acquainted, conversed, or traded, said, that the rivers on the coast were connected with the great rivers in the interior; that many of these native merchants assured them, they had come by water a journey of two and even of "*three moons*," in a northerly direction, and that they were well acquainted with *Houssa*, and *Timbuctoo*, and *Nyffe*, and *Boussa*, and *Yaorie*, to all which places they had traded, and could trade by water. We have already noticed the direct testimony afforded by Clapperton's and Denham's Journals, that the Niger termi-

nates in the Atlantic. We shall not repeat these, but close this part of our subject by information which we personally received from Major Laing, and follow it up with the equally pointed information to the same effect obtained by Dupuis when at *Coomassie*.

SERGEANT FRAZER, who served under Major Laing in the Royal African Corps, was a native of *Kano*. "He was seized by the *Fellatahs* while trading near *Yaorie*. Himself and 125 others were seized in the night. After they were taken, they were put into a canoe rowed by six men, and in two weeks they reached *Eccò*, where they were sold, and where the salt water meets the fresh. After being put into the canoe, they were one week on a small fresh-water river, about 200 yards wide, then they got into a large river of fresh water, (take Calabashes to drink it,) ABOUT TWO AND A HALF MILES BROAD; they were one week on it before they got to *Eccò*." Clearer information cannot well be conceived. Another man, named EDWARD FAIRFAX, a native of *Houssa*, told Major Laing that he went prisoner from *Nyffe* to *Eccò*, distance 30 days' journey, and that at *Eccò* the river is called *Lechie*, or *QUORRA*. "Whence," said Dupuis to his informants, who had traversed Africa from Egypt to *Ashantee*, "are the greatest rivers talked of in the *Gharb*, (in *Ismaelia*,) and which the Arabs say run to *Wangara*?"—"The rivers of *Wangara* are numerous," was the reply; "they are such as we have already described RUNNING INTO THE GREAT SALT SEA AT BENIN; and from whence you came (*Cape Coast*)." The NAVIGATION between Benin (and all those streams which intersect the WARREE coast,) and the *Koara* and the *Ghulby* rivers, is not, as my informants say, TO BE DOUBTED; and it is POSSIBLE to perform the VOYAGE from Benin to *Timbuctoo* and *Sego*, WITHOUT SETTING FOOT ON SHORE, although it is not usual to navigate against the streams of those great rivers, the *Kadarko*, the *Ghulby*, the *Koara*, the *Shady*, and the *Joliba*, particularly during the rainy season, when the rivers are full; for although they know of NO RAPIDS or CATARACTS to the south of *Wauwa*, yet the natural velocity of the streams is so great as to impede the canoes in a Northern progress, although IMPEL-

LED forward by the strength of FIFTY MEN, or more. TWO OF MY INFORMANTS declared that they had performed the voyage from NORTH TO SOUTH under the protection of the Sultan of *Yaorie*, as far as the GATES OF BENIN. *Houssa* is described to be of great wealth, *luxuriant*, and *populous*. Beside the *Koara*, many large NAVIGABLE STREAMS intersect the land, and a constant FREE COMMUNICATION BY WATER exists between its cities and those of *Bornou*, *YARRABA*, *BENIN*, *Fillany*, and *Maroa*. (Pages 42, 43, and 90.) The same informants told Mr Dupuis that the great river *Koara* ran into the lake *Nyffe*, into which the great river *Ghulby* also entered, and that the former issued again from the lake in two channels, and pursued its course to the lake *Shady* (*Tchad*), passing *Cassina*, *Kano*, and *Gambaroo*, in its easterly course to the Nile of Egypt; but from this lake, into which both the *Koara* and the *Ghulby* run, the GREAT RIVER OF BENIN RUNS TO THE SOUTH through *Wauwa*, *Kaima*, *Agiasey*, and *Benin*. "They are all," said the Moslems, "great SEAS, but the *Koara* is the GREATEST IN THE UNIVERSE." Here the Moslems, in their fondness for the Nile theory, reverse the course of several rivers, and make, as we believe the fact to be, rivers which flow into the lake, or the river *Nyffe* from the eastward, to run from the lake to that quarter. With the river of *Benin* they could not commit such a palpable error, and also with it they were better acquainted.

Till a European, however, ascertain all these points from ocular demonstration, and with scientific precision, the public mind will not be satisfied on these important topics. Doubt and uncertainty can, however, remain but a very little time longer. Captain Clapperton, with three companions, have proceeded on a second journey of discovery, and whatever be the result, they have at last taken the proper road to accomplish their object. On the latter end of November last they landed in the Bight of Benin, or rather at *BADAGRY*, a little to the west of the *RIO LAGOS*, with the intention of proceeding to *Sackatbo* and the interior by means of the rivers which flow from the north. As they had landed on that part of the coast (though a month too early in the sea-

son,) and were left in high health and spirits, scarcely a doubt can be entertained of their success; and which success must determine with accuracy the great object of European curiosity and research,—the complete course and termination of the great river Niger. Some fatality, however, seems to attend all our attempts to come promptly to the goal we have in view in everything connected with African discovery. Instead of following the course of the *Rio de Formosa* upwards, the party have landed at the point already mentioned, considerably to the westward of the mouth of that river, and have, it is said, determined to march by land through DAHOMY and HIO, or EYEO, to *Nyffe*, distant twenty-eight days' journey. But this distance brings them, it would appear, only to the borders of the province of *Nyffe*; for one letter from them states, that from *Nyffe*, (that is, as we suppose, the southern limits of *Nyffe*,) it is *five days' journey* to the "BIG WATER." By the route thus proposed to be followed, it will be seen, that the travellers leave the course of the Great River above 100 miles to the east; and, allowing they should reach *Nyffe* and *Sackatoo* in safety, still, were any misfortune to befall them there, we should remain as ignorant as ever of positive information concerning the termination of the Niger. But let us hope, that success and safety will attend them.

In the account which they have transmitted, namely, that *Nyffe* is five days' journey from the "BIG WATER," there is a remarkable confirmation of the delineation of those parts of Africa by D'ANVILLE. In his maps he lays down *Nyffe* about this distance south-west of the GREAT RIVER. Here we may also remark, what we have omitted in its proper place, that the "FERRY" which SIDI HAMED mentioned, in his progress down the Niger from Timbuctoo, and where he rested seven days with the caravan in their journey to WASSANAH, was most probably over the river of Sackatoo, at its junction with the Niger. His account also of the course of the Niger, from Timbuctoo downwards to *Wassanah*, is extremely clear; for he says, he travelled throughout the journey in sight of the river. *Wassanah* is probably WAUWA-FE, or *Wauwa*, a city on the Niger below

Boussa. His account of the farther course and termination of the Niger is most clear and satisfactory. He informs us, that he was invited by the Sultan of *Wassanah* to accompany him in a trading voyage down the river, in a number of canoes, with a considerable number of slaves, whom he intended to convey by water to the "GREAT WATER," distant about three months' journey, (direction first south, and then south-west,) for his fleet, and where he would exchange his slaves with the PALE PEOPLE—Christians, (who came there in large ships, armed with very large guns,) for blue cloth, gunpowder, and fire-arms, &c.—the exact articles with which Europeans carried on the slave-trade in the Bight of Benin, and at Lagos.

Besides the British travellers already mentioned, employed to explore interior Africa and the course of the Niger, Major LAING is also engaged in that service. He left Tripoli in July last to proceed to Timbuctoo, where he intended to build a small vessel to navigate the Niger, which, we know, he was of opinion terminated in the Atlantic, in the Delta of Benin. We know no man better qualified than Major Laing, in every respect, for such an undertaking, and no one who is more likely to succeed in making his way through the interior of Africa. The intelligence of what Clapperton had learned was transmitted to him, and received by him, soon after leaving Tripoli; and impressed as his mind was with the conviction that the Niger terminated in the Atlantic, he would pursue his object without delay, and without deviating from the straight-forward course. He expected to reach Timbuctoo in December, and by the month of March to be afloat on the Niger, down which, we hope, he is by this time considerably advanced. From the route which Clapperton and his fellow-travellers have taken, it is by no means improbable, that Major Laing may be the first British subject who explores the most important, and as yet, to Europeans, unknown parts of the course of the Niger. Success attend him! We anticipate his early arrival in his native land, with the important geographical information which he will bring with him. It is also probable, that in descending the river he may meet with his country-

men ascending it in the very heart of Africa.—How delightful must such a meeting prove!

The discovery of a water communication between the GULF OF GUINEA and the most populous, fertile, and civilized (if we may use the term) portions of Central Africa, is of great importance to the world, and more especially to Africa itself. Without such a communication, by which European knowledge could come into immediate contact with African ignorance and superstition, and barbarity, and indolence, there can be little hope of ever rescuing the population of Africa from their present disjointed, demoralized, and degraded state. The barbarous Moors and Arabs may improve the perfect savage, and advance them one step on the road to civilized life; but retrograding as these people are themselves very rapidly, they can teach no people that is any considerable degree emerged from the savage state, the path to further improvement and prosperity. When their power was in its zenith the result was different; and though they introduced some, and continued many evils into Africa, such as a continuation of the slave-trade and slavery, still they rooted out more intolerable evils, such as human sacrifices, and the lowest and most degrading kinds of superstition amongst the illiterate and savage Pagans. The countries which they had visited, and which they at one time controlled, and over which they still maintain a tottering sovereignty, are still civilized, enlightened, and industrious, compared to other portions of Africa, such as Ashantee, Dahomey, and the countries to the south of the Cameroons river, more especially the parts most remote into the interior. In the northern parts of Central Africa, the elements for a better state of things are found abundant, but as much scattered and disjointed as it is possible to find them. The climate is good, the land is fertile, the productions of the earth varied and most valuable in various articles of raw produce, always in demand in a great commercial and manufacturing country; but the people, ignorant and naturally indolent, are without protection, and without any stimulus to industry. Hence vices of every kind flourish among them—hence arise wars, and violence; and injustice, and oppression rule Africa, sweep her

fields with desolation, bind her unhappy children in fetters, and cover her miserable population with every sorrow—with “lamentation, mourning, and woe.”

To remove all this, and to substitute a better order of things, is highly desirable, and a work which every man would rejoice to see proceeded in, and carried into effect. But it is not the work of a day, nor of an age, nor of a century. It must be a work of much labour, and of much time, and a work which requires much prudence and much caution to go about. Hence we cannot but deprecate the injudicious zeal with which Clapperton pressed the total abolition of the slave trade, making it, in fact, a *sine qua non* for the communication with, and friendship of, England. At the risk of being, by ignorant, narrow, and enthusiastic minds, stigmatised as friends of that trade, we make these observations. We should remember that slavery and a slave trade are universal in Africa; that such deep-rooted evils are not to be rooted out in a day amongst an ignorant and extremely barbarised people; and this being the state of things, it is obvious that one precipitate step may drive us back many years in our attempts to advance the work of African regeneration and civilization. The Moors and Arabs seek slaves only in *Soudan*, and trade almost entirely for them. The Princes and Sovereigns of these countries have as yet no other way to obtain the luxuries, and even conveniences of life, (we speak of African luxuries and conveniences,) but by selling their criminals, enemies, and prisoners of war, to those who will buy them, and give in exchange the articles which they want. All this we admit is wrong, and contrary to their own interests, which would be greatly advanced by pursuing a different line of conduct. But the thing is to get them to be convinced of this fact, and it is obvious, that the more ignorant and barbarous they are, the more difficult it will be to convince them. It is easy to persuade them to this, and to open their eyes for the moment. But then the impression is not lasting, nor will it be lasting, till we can bring before their eyes the luxuries they want, and show them how they may obtain these in exchange for the produce of the ground, instead of the hands which should cultivate it. But to accomplish this, we must be perma-

nently settled amongst them. The Arabs are not only traders for the sake of slaves almost exclusively, but they are, with regard to the commerce of Interior Africa, jealous, reckless commercial rivals; and, as such, it is natural to expect, they will use all the interest they can make, and the influence which they possess, over the minds of the African princes, and which are undoubtedly great, from the combination of ignorance, religion, and prejudice on account of religion, to irritate these sovereigns against us. On this account, Clapperton should not, at the outset, have touched upon such subjects. All he should have stated for the present, was the anxiety and the wish entertained by Great Britain to open up a commercial communication with them, by the nearest and the safest road, in order to supply their wants. This effected—once planted securely amongst them—that communication once fairly opened up, then the articles which we brought, and the articles which we required, would have silenced Arab jealousy, beat down Moorish rivalry, and extinguished Mahomedan influence; then we might safely have begun to speak to the native princes about the errors in their government; then our counsels would have been listened to with respect, and been attended with effect. The silence and the delay of one or two years might have accelerated the great and the desirable work by half a century.

By proceedings of this kind we can alone hope to put an end, a complete end, to the external and internal slave trade in Africa, and ultimately to the extinction of slavery itself in that vast continent. The measures we at present pursue have failed, and will fail, in accomplishing our object. A navy stationed off the coast of Africa, only lops off the spreading shoots of a branch of the tree of African slavery, but the tree itself remains far from our reach, carefully protected, cultivated, and fostered, by the power, and the ignorance, and the barbarity of millions. But let us try to get near the trunk, attack the roots, dry up its juices and supplies, and we shall then quickly strip it naked and bare, and plant in its stead trees of a different description. By advice we can only accomplish this; by force never. Only show and convince the African princes that we will give them more for the productions of their soil than for the sinews which should

cultivate it, and the work is done. Nothing else will accomplish the object, or vanquish this wide-spread and this deep-rooted evil. The external trade thus abolished, personal slavery, under enlightened masters and enlightened governments, may rapidly raise the ignorant and savage inhabitants of Africa to that knowledge and industry which will fit them to enjoy the blessings of freedom and the privileges of freedom. Till this becomes the case, however, liberty to them will be what it has hitherto been, a curse, not a blessing; an incentive to do evil, not a spur to do good.

We have spent millions in our attempts to civilize and to benefit Africa, and hitherto we have failed, TOTALLY FAILED. We shall spend millions more, and meet with the same results. And why is it so? Because we take the wrong path—because we refuse to look at, or to understand, the real situation of Africa; her ignorance, her evils, her passions, her prejudices, her capabilities, and her wants. Our settlements planted to secure the objects which we have in view, are the worst selected spots that we could have pitched upon in any part of any coast of the continent of Africa. They command nothing, and they open up no communication with any country in the interior more civilized than another. To extinguish the slave trade, to teach Africa to extinguish it, and to civilize Africa, we might, with equal propriety, and with equal effect, have planted ourselves at CAPE SPARTEL, as at that den of pestilence and death, Sierra Leone. Will this nation not open her eyes to these facts? Will the fatal experience of FORTY YEARS of deception, delusion, and failure, and the waste of millions of public money, without accomplishing any one thing which we wished to accomplish, not teach us wisdom? Teach us to remove from that fatal spot to a place like FERNANDO Po, where health and safety dwell, and where, commanding the outlets of the *Niger*, Great Britain would COMMAND the trade, the improvement, and the civilization of all Northern Central Africa.

In the different islands in the West Indies, and in Sierra Leone, we have now, and have for several years had, at least 20,000 liberated blacks, of different descriptions, under our protection. The annual expense which their maintenance requires, and the sum

necessary to keep up the places (Sierra Leone chiefly) where they are placed, cost this country above £270,000. Notwithstanding this enormous outlay, they do nothing. This country does not derive the benefit of one shilling from the proceeds of their labour in any manner whatever. They do no good to themselves or this country; and in working with them, as we have hitherto done, we do no good to Africa, nor advance one inch in our way to bring round her civilization. Why are not the whole of these people collected, and by degrees settled on FERNANDO Po, and there compelled to work and to be industrious—compelled to labour, for compelled they must be, it is now publicly acknowledged, before they can be made to undertake labour in Sierra Leone? Since we must commence a totally new system in our settlements in Africa, in order to render them either advantageous to themselves, useful to Africa, and useful to this country, why not begin our new system upon a new and a more judicious, *commanding*, and *healthy* spot? Surely the most ordinary penetration and judgment, if once brought to deliberate on the matter, would lead us to adopt such a course. *Fernando Po*, besides being an excellent anchorage, a safe port, easily fortified and protected, and a most judicious station for a rendezvous for our navy, stationed on the south-west coasts of Africa, would also, in a very short time, become such a rendezvous for traders to and from the adjacent coasts, and such a commercial *depot* for the trade with all the interior of Northern Central Africa, that very moderate duties levied upon that trade would go far, perhaps be adequate, to defray the public expenditure which would be necessary to maintain the place. With trade and commerce, knowledge and civilization would march into the interior of Africa. While we remain settled on and centred in Sierra Leone, none of these things can ever take place, nor any such results follow any one of our operations undertaken to do good to Africa.

The markets of the old world, and also several of those in the new, are rapidly either closing against us, or becoming unprofitable to us, from the industry and ingenuity of other

nations coming in competition with us in almost every article of commerce and manufactures. It behoves this country, therefore, before it is too late, to look round her for new markets, to which she can send the productions of her skill, her capital, and her industry. Africa is, we think, that country, where, under judicious proceedings, advantages, at present considerable, and ultimately most extensive, may be found. There, we never can meet with any competition from native manufacturers or articles. The population will continue to supply us with various raw materials for our manufactures of the most valuable kinds, and take back from us, in exchange and in return, our raw produce, and their own manufactured by our superior intelligence, capital, and skill. Africa abounds, and as her population become more enlightened and civilized, will still more abound, with articles of the most valuable kinds, and indispensably necessary for every mercantile and manufacturing country to procure and to possess. All kinds of tropical produce the most coveted in the temperate zones, are, or may soon be made, most abundant. Cotton, coffee, cocoa, sugar, dye-woods, dye stuffs of the most valuable kinds, medicinal drugs, and herbs, and plants, gold, silver, &c. &c. are to be found, or can be raised, in Africa, to any extent, providing her population were better protected, and saw it their interest to labour to produce such articles, and were taught the value of industry, and a desire for the refinements and the luxuries of civilized life. These things, we think, might be accomplished by example and persuasion, and *coercion*, judiciously mingled, and steadily applied. But to bring round such desirable results, in such a country, we must go about the great and important work in a rational way—we must go about it like men and politicians, and not like school-boys and fanatics. And to conclude; the important work must not be intrusted to hands such as those alluded to and described by the Governor of Sierra Leone—GOVERNOR LUDLAM,—namely, “UNPRINCIPLED MEN sent out to make a fortune, PARTLY BY OPPRESSING THE PEOPLE, AND PARTLY BY FLEEING THE PUBLIC”!!!*

* Ludlam's Letter to Macaulay, Sierra Leone, April 14, 1807.

TALES OF THE WEDDING.

No. II.

THE little Baron's tale was received with much applause by an auditory, in too good humour to be fastidious ; and, besides, chiefly of an age and description to relish, with peculiar zest, a college joke. I wish I could add that we drank his health ; but this, alas ! the exhaustion of our supplies did not permit. The dearth of physical, however, only increased our thirst for mental excitement, and the narrator was unanimously requested to call on some one else. His choice fell on the pastor, who declined the precedence, on the score of being, for the present at least, our host ; but promised to follow up, should the time permit, with some simple village anecdote, the more interesting communication which he already read in the eloquent countenance of his right-hand neighbour, the young officer of the Cent Suisses. This young man, whom a year's service in Paris had not yet robbed of the ingenuous modesty of his years and country, then requested permission to relate circumstances which had come under his knowledge during a late visit in the south of France, where he had passed a few days in company with the parties concerned, whose singularly amiable and fascinating manners had, he feared, lent in his eyes an interest to their history beyond its intrinsic merits. Presaging, from this opening, and the pensive turn of the narrator's mind, that something of a sentimental cast was to be expected, we composed our features accordingly ; even the little baron looked grave, (on one side of the face, at least,) and the blushing, but soon animated, and even eloquent young Swiss, thus began :—

A WEDDING IN HOSPITAL.

Among the numerous emigrants whom the terrors of the revolution hurried into a precipitate flight from their native soil, but who availed themselves of the facilities subsequently afforded them to return, as these subsided, to their still dear country, was Madame de Montorin, the widow of one of the most respectable of those ennobled magistrates, whose recent elevation, and closer connexion with the middle ranks of society, while it emancipated them from many of the prejudices of the ancient aristocracy, rendered them also less obnoxious to popular fury. Her husband, whose wealth alone marked him for destruction, had anticipated the guillotine by a natural death ; and Madame de Montorin, at the expiration of the Reign of Terror, gladly availed herself, for the sake of an only daughter, of the encouragement, held out by Buonaparte, to expatriated females, to return, and receive from a liberal policy such relics of her former ample property as had not passed into private hands. These, together with a considerable sum, lodged, previous to her quitting France, in foreign funds, enabled her to resume, in the chateau to which she had originally been heiress, a style of living, in which domestic comfort,

borrowed from a long residence in England, was blended with an elegance which, at that time, few provincial families could support.

At a period when parties still ran high in her unhappy country, and when, of course, opinions diametrically opposite to those in which she had been educated, had the ascendancy, Madame de Montorin judged it prudent to admit to her select society the truly respectable of both sides, prohibiting, as far as possible, all political discussions, and abstaining from infusing into the mind of her daughter such decided monarchical prepossessions as might unfit her for becoming the wife of a conscientious and *bona fide* advocate of rational liberty. Her own bias, however, was too decided, not insensibly to influence her conduct as well as her wishes ; and on the return of some near relations who had emigrated to Germany, with an only son, a little older than her Cecile, she gladly listened to their *ancien régime* proposal of a future union between the young people, provided it should be consistent with their mutual inclination, which her own forced marriage had determined her never to control.

Cecile, therefore, at twelve yearsold, was introduced to her cousin Victor,

as one who was at some future period to be her husband, and being naturally of a docile and affectionate disposition, she did not think it necessary, on that account, to overlook or reject his very obvious claims on her good will, and even admiration. To one of her gentle and retiring turn, a bold and manly character, and frank manners, often prove peculiarly attractive; and, as to the handsomest person imaginable, Victor soon added the fondest devotion to his cousin, which she returned with her softest smiles, all seemed to go on as well as the parents on both sides could desire. It is true, even then, Victor would be thoughtless, and Cecile would look grave; Victor would forget a promise, and Cecile shake her head reproachfully; but as heaven and earth were ransacked for a peace-offering, and Cecile impatient to be reconciled, these little incidents only endeared the cousins to each other.

Victor's mother, the widow of a general officer, had vainly flattered herself with the hope of inducing her darling son to follow a less perilous profession. Independently of its dangers, she had the strongest political objections to his serving in a republican army, under an ostensibly republican chief; but the rising glory of Napoleon baffled all her efforts to counteract its influence; and Victor, headstrong as indulgence could make him, by the threat of taking up a musket, forced his mother into procuring him a commission. At the end of the brilliant campaign of Italy, he returned with all the improvement in manner and person, which military service usually confers; modest in recounting his own share in the exploits with which the world resounded, but so enthusiastically devoted to his leader, that Madame de Montorin had reason to rejoice in the foresight which had kept Cecile's mind free from *ultra* prepossessions. To his mother, on the contrary, these expressions of admiration were most painful; and her mind was oddly balanced between joy that her son had distinguished himself, and regret that it should have been under the standard of a *Parvenu*.

Cecile, of whose character it is time to give some idea, was of a disposition rare indeed in France, and not common anywhere. She united to a gentleness of manners, and facility of

yielding in trifles, sometimes mistaken for indifference, an energy and warmth of character, and a strength of mind, which circumstances were alone wanting to call forth. Early misfortune had perhaps concurred to impress on her character a pensive cast; the counsels of an amiable English lady, under whose hospitable roof her mother passed the greater part of her stay in England, sunk deep into her grateful heart; while the pure principles of Protestantism, in which her mother had herself been educated, and which she instilled into her child, gave to her virtues a solid basis, which is too often wanting to the amiable feelings and vague piety of the Catholic female.

A two years' absence on a distant and dangerous expedition had its usual effect, in greatly endearing the young hero of many a perilous affair to his destined bride; and none who have not known how thoroughly in the pure soul of woman every thought and feeling becomes entwined with the idea of an affianced lover; how intensely, when once bestowed, her affections centre on one beloved object, can easily figure with what transports of joy his approaching return was at length hailed. Far less can they adequately appreciate the sickness of the heart with which, when these transports had subsided, Cecile reluctantly, but distinctly, whispered to herself, that Victor, in all but external accomplishments, was no longer the same; or rather, that those latent defects of character which partial affection had once barely suspected, had developed themselves under the fostering influence of depraved companions, in all their native deformity. The thoughtless and petulant boy had called forth many a reproachful smile; but the arrogance and self-sufficiency of the man extorted more than one bitter tear!

Victor, naturally ductile, and fortified by no steady principle, had unfortunately fallen into a dissipated and profligate society, where the proverbial licence of the camp in all ages, was now no longer shaded with that thin veil of courtly refinement which formerly rendered the French soldier, at least an *aimable roué*. Poor Cecile was destined to be wounded in many a tender point, by the change in her lover's conduct and sentiments. Her

heart bled to find that though still admired and flattered, she was no longer loved as alone she could wish to be—sincerely, devotedly, and rationally. Her pride revolted from the insolent security which seemed to anticipate no possibility of change in her feelings and affections; and, lastly, her pure and pious mind recoiled from the free opinions, both on morals and religion, which the unhappy Victor was at little pains to conceal.

All this, however, was not the work of a moment. Partiality lingered over the wrecks of a promising disposition blasted; and during the hurry of the *fêtes* which celebrated his return, the fairer side of a still brilliant and fascinating character dazzled awhile even the penetrating eye of affection. It was not until the veil was entirely rent aside, and the gay gallant Victor, "her beautiful, her brave," stood forth the unblushing advocate of rapine and aggression; the unrepenting, nay boasting, seducer of innocence; yet still the presumptuous and undoubting aspirant to her own pure hand and heart; that the heart found, in its native resources, dignity to spurn its unworthy tenant, and the hand strength to sign its own recovered freedom. Let none who have not loved seven years, with more than woman's constancy and devotion, marvel, if even, spite of deep conviction of unworthiness, a tear fell on the packet containing the childish ringlet of golden hair—which successive years had fancifully enclosed within others of still deepening brown—from an eye which saw in them the emblems of a dawn overcast, and a darkened character! There were letters too, of equally various cast; and on re-perusing with painful interest some of the later ones, Cecile half wondered she should ever have mistaken gratified vanity and ambitious prospects for the language of disinterested love. The packet was sealed and dispatched; and the last tear of unrequited and misplaced affection for ever wiped away!

But Cecile, in following the dictates of principle and feeling, was destined to experience the usual vexations attendant on a departure from the beaten track of female conduct. Her mother, though too conscientious to blame her decisions, yet would have delayed it, in vague hopes of amendment, and lingering predilection for a

favourite alliance; the mother of Victor, wholly blinded by maternal partiality, resented a step which she imputed to fickleness and levity; while Victor himself, whose self-complacency and confidence in his own attractions knew no bounds, passed from abject entreaties, dictated by momentary humiliation and regrets for the loss of a splendid fortune, to a frenzy of invective and insolent affectation of joy at his release, which, though confirming Cecile's opinion, lacerated her already harassed feelings. The world, as usual, sided with the loser; and Mademoiselle Montorin was generally pronounced a prude and a jilt, and M. de Beaumarchais the most interesting and ill-used of men. To escape from the comments of a society thus disposed, and from *rencontres*, rather ostentatiously courted, than delicately avoided, Madame de Montorin carried her drooping daughter to the waters of B——, where in seclusion, it not being yet the gay season, she hoped soon to see her well-regulated mind recover its tone, and her cheek its wonted bloom.

Cecile, though under the influence of rectitude and principle she had "plucked out a right eye," was not a heroine; and she felt that, for some time at least, she must be a mourner over blasted hopes and shipwrecked affections. What little society the place afforded she had less inclination to cultivate, till the arrival of a Madame de S——, an old acquaintance of her mother's, broke in upon a solitude, perhaps too complete to be salutary.

Madame de S—— was a widow, but a few years older than Cecile, having lost in very early life a husband, whom she had little cause to lament. Her conduct had since been exemplary; but as it was naturally to be expected that she would sooner or later form a fresh connexion, it was matter of more regret than surprise to Cecile, (who had become very partial to her society,) to find, on her return from a short excursion in the vicinity, that a young officer, of genteel manners and interesting appearance, had become nearly a daily visitor at her friend's.

Cecile, whose heart had for so many long years instinctively warmed to everything connected with the military profession, now felt equal pain in

the associations excited by the presence of Colonel Adhémar, and declined, as much as was consistent with good-breeding or friendship, all opportunities of meeting him; till, perceiving that her friend was hurt by the avoidance, she naturally concluded it to proceed from partiality to this apparently amiable young man, and with her usual sweetness of disposition, struggled against, and finally conquered, her own reluctance to form his acquaintance. This was the more easy, as the singularly unobtrusive, yet elegant manners of the Colonel, formed a complete contrast with the more offensive features of modern military *tourneur*; and, instead of being reminded by similarity of conduct and sentiments that he and her cousin belonged to the same school, Adhémar, whom Fame reported to be as brave as a lion, was certainly, in ladies' bower, as gentle as a lamb.

His attentions to Madame de S——, though unremitting and abundantly polite, did not appear to Cecile at all decisive of attachment; and her fears for her friend's peace of mind, under this suspicion, led her to bestow more minute attention on her new acquaintance, than in any other circumstances he could have called forth. All she saw was in the highest degree seductive and delightful. There was the manliness, the frankness, and the spirit of a soldier, with an almost feminine softness and delicacy of taste and pursuits. Music, drawing, literature, were all successfully and gracefully cultivated; and over a person of perfect symmetry, and features of exquisite expression, recent indisposition from honourable wounds had thrown precisely the most interesting kind and degree of languor.

Cecile, tremblingly alive to her friend's destiny, watched in vain for unequivocal marks of more than general gallantry on the part of her supposed admirer; but was relieved to find, that at the end of some weeks of daily intercourse with so fascinating a person, the happiness of the lively Madame de S—— seemed in no way affected by the now obvious indifference of one whom she had apparently considered only in the light of a friend. Satisfied on this head, Cecile did not, however, immediately discontinue her course of observation. On whose account it was now carried on, she had

not yet asked herself; but its result was, that *all* military men were not empty, profligate, and presuming, and that the hero, and the man of feeling and refinement, might be happily and successfully combined.

From considering Adhémar as a probable suitor to her friend, she had insensibly admitted him to a degree of innocent familiarity, as soon as her painful prejudice against his profession had given way before the charms of his conversation; and this had materially increased from his diffidence in presuming upon it, and his avoidance of any common-place gallantry or more distressing individual attentions. It was therefore with a complication of feelings in which surprise predominated, though the painful and pleasurable were strangely blended, that Cecile one day, on raising her eyes from a book which Adhémar had requested her to look at, and which contained one of the most eloquent descriptions ever penned of suppressed and almost hopeless attachment, perceived his eyes fixed upon her with an expression, of which the words of the impassioned writer were a poor and faint reflection!—To misunderstand that glance was impossible—to encourage it was as far from Cecile's thoughts as to resent it was repugnant to her gentle spirit. She had therefore no resource but to find in the volume in her hand a vehicle for sentiments sufficiently explicit to serve as an answer.

"Monsieur Adhémar," said she, returning him the book she had been perusing, "the eloquent author you so much admire does indeed lend all the graces of fiction to a passion which it is easier to paint than to feel; but when once this illusion has been painfully dispelled, his gorgeous colouring seems fading as the rainbow, and unsubstantial as the gossamer's web. It is as easy for man to talk of love, as for woman to die for it; both are easier than to survive, with lacerated feelings, a disenchanting imagination, and a heart which feels that to love and suffer are synonymous terms! Your novel," said she, faintly smiling, and gathering courage as she proceeded, "will do very well for the happy novice who has not yet found the book of life dark and mysterious, or watered its pages with bitter tears!"

The earnest tone in which these words were spoken, seemed altogether

to surprise and disconcert Adh  mar ; but resuming gradually his usual calm simplicity of manner, he fell, after a few indifferent sentences, into a fit of abstraction, which lasted several days, during which he rather avoided than sought Cecile, whose curiosity was now sufficiently awakened to prompt some speculation on these fluctuations of manner and conduct. Not a word had yet escaped Adh  mar indicative of attachment, yet at times he seemed on the brink of making an avowal of some kind or other, from which Cecile instinctively shrunk, as from what might probably put a period to intercourse which she could not help feeling very delightful.

During the happier period of their perfectly unconscious familiarity, Adh  mar had identified himself with all the amusements and pursuits of Madame de Montorin and her daughter. He had read with them all their favourite authors ; had taken a prominent part in their family concert ; and rowed them whole evenings on the placid surface of the lake of B—. During these excursions, in which Madame de S— was generally a partaker, Cecile had remarked with pleasure the perfect coincidence which subsisted between her own opinions and her mother's, and those of Adh  mar ; and it was his frequent though good-humoured dissent from the livelier sentiments of Madame de S—, that first opened her eyes to his indifference in that quarter. There were three subjects on which he maintained an invincible silence. That of religion, on which, when casually introduced, he forbore to join, though with no air of irreverence or contempt. Political affairs he declined canvassing with persons whose sentiments differed in many points from his own ; and, perhaps from delicacy towards Cecile, he, with a forbearance very rare in military men, studiously avoided all reference to his past campaigns or warlike adventures. On the scenery of foreign countries, on the literature of almost every nation, he expatiated eloquently and feelingly ; and here alone Cecile sometimes fancied he felt at home, and that his sentiments flowed unchecked by any regard to the previously expressed ideas of his companions. When Cecile, thinking to gratify him, occasionally summoned courage to talk of military affairs, and

inquire particulars of his campaigns, she sometimes doubted whether his reserve and abruptness could proceed solely from tenderness for her wounded feelings ; especially after she began to suspect that Victor had found a rival in his widely different fellow-soldier. Whether they had ever been acquainted on service, she could not exactly gather, as her endeavours to ascertain the fact were as timid as his replies were vague and unsatisfactory. Whether the heightened colour which generally stole over Adh  mar's cheek on hearing the name of her cousin, proceeded from sympathy with her feelings, she was at a loss to divine ; for on questioning Madame de S—, she found that usually loquacious friend had, with uncommon discretion, been silent on the subject of Cecile's prior engagement, and its unhappy termination. Could he have heard it through any other channel ?—Was her blighted happiness, through Victor's indiscretion, the jest of his military associates ?—These various uncertainties all contributed to render Adh  mar an object of increasing interest to Cecile, whose turn it now became to watch, when believing herself secure from all observation, the singular and varying expression of his eloquent countenance.

One beautiful evening, after a long and fatiguing walk, in which he had accompanied herself and her mother, the latter, overcome by the heat, had fallen asleep on the couch. Adh  mar sat in the window, contemplating the rising moon, and apparently so absorbed in meditation, that Cecile, from the stool on which she had thrown herself at her mother's feet, could indulge uninterruptedly in her now frequent employment of endeavouring to decipher from the lines of his countenance, not the future, but *past* history of a being, who, thus highly gifted by nature and accomplished by education, was evidently not happy ; and who, though apparently unable to exist out of her presence, yet had latterly seemed to experience in her society a painful struggle, which, while it robbed their intercourse of its pristine ease and enjoyment, substituted a deep and fearful interest in their stead.

Adh  mar's eyes wandered for a moment from the splendid scene he had been unconsciously contemplating, to encounter the almost equally uncon-

scious gaze of Cecile, fixed with anxious scrutiny on his face. To conceal her confusion, she rose and approached the window, stammering out some remark on the scene without; and ere she was aware, her hand was in Adhémar's, and he had led her to the little porch before their rustic dwelling. In another moment he was at her feet; his eyes had told her that he loved as never man loved, and her heart whispered that she now loved for the first time! He kept for a few short minutes a hand which was suffered to remain in his grasp; one moment it glowed with burning kisses; the next it was watered with no less burning tears; and the third, Adhémar stood in the moonlight, pale and cold as monumental marble, and then vanished like a spectre from the astonished Cecile.

Who does not anticipate the ruminations of that eventful night? Was it duty, or interest, or prior engagement that thus stamped with fear and mystery this abrupt avowal of a long combated attachment? To the latter idea Cecile's thoughts instinctively reverted; and while she had rectitude enough to see her path plainly before her, she felt not the less acutely, that to discard a faithless lover was bliss, compared to resigning an adoring one! In the strange waywardness of human nature, she dwelt fondly on the graces and charms from which the morrow was to divorce her, probably for ever; she had even framed the dignified reply which was to yield to an imaginary rival, pretensions only appreciated when on the eve of being for ever disclaimed. In the conflict of this long night, Cecile dreamed that she had exhausted the cup of mental misery, and that to deny her hand, when her heart had long been unconsciously given, was the *ne plus ultra* of courage and suffering. But, amid the horrors which morning brought, she could have deemed it bliss to preside to-day at his nuptials with a worthy object, and a light affliction to have wept yesterday over his untimely bier!

On her toilet lay the following letter, which no hand less agitated could have traced, and no eye less intensely interested have deciphered. It was blotted evidently with the tears of the writer; but it was not till it had been read a third or fourth time with feverish agony, that drops of pity and sym-

pathy mingled with those of guilt and penitence.

ADHEMAR TO CECILE.

"Cecile, I am a villain! I have long felt it. Would to God the confession which has trembled on my lips had been made ere I basely extorted from yours, or read in their eloquent silence, hopes which now madden me to think on, and which it is suicide in me thus to annihilate! But the die is cast; and my thoughts have of late been a hell, which, to escape, I must be content to forfeit Heaven. The man whom Cecile has loved even for one short moment, would rather she should hate than despise him; and if I have strength to finish my own martyrdom, I may challenge even admiration—

"Cecile, I have been a villain! but there are those of a deeper dye—I knew not the gentleness, the angelic purity, the deep feeling of the creature whom, in an evil hour, I undertook to blast with dissembled passion; for whom I lightly spread the snare which has involved myself in an inextricable labyrinth of shame, contrition, and despair! Was it a man, or a fiend in human shape, that painted you to me as a capricious jilt, as an unfeeling pride, as an austere bigot,—as one on whom revenge was just retaliation, and whose insensible disposition would shield her but too well from reciprocal suffering? Did you once love this demon, Cecile? Did you escape him by miracle? Bless Heaven, that if my unworthiness costs you a few bitter tears, you have not wept blood during a life passed with that master-fiend, in whose hands I was, but a puppet!

"I saw you, Cecile—I heard you speak—and all his calumnies were refuted. I heard from the lips of pretended bigotry words of mild benignant import, that thrilled through my long-benighted soul—the unbending prude received me with the innocent familiarity of a sister—and on the cheek of the unfeeling jilt, I read in legible characters, that when flowers and briars have been fatally entwined together, it is almost death to the flower to pluck the thorn away!—Could I persevere one moment in my unworthy project? No, Cecile, no! but I am not the less a villain. I no longer sought to gain your affections

to sport with your feelings, and avenge my guilty comrade—but I loved you madly, selfishly, unworthily—Now comes my guilt and my soul-wrung confession!

"I knew you tore yourself from the betrothed of your youth for errors of principle and practice at which my deeper guilt might smile in derision. *He* lightly quaffed the syren cup of dissipation; *I* have drained its bitter dregs. *He* doubted, where *I* disbelieved; and jested, where *I* blasphemed. *He* yielded to temptation, to example, to a weak and fragile character; *I* plunged headlong in my mad career, spite of a soul made for nobler things, and the warnings of a better angel, whose still small voice *I* drowned, but could never wholly silence. Victor, in short, was weak; *I* was wicked: and yet, Cecile, can you forgive me?—this being you were to love till lured into an ill-assorted union, or till at least you should be entangled so hopelessly, that he might say, 'Cecile, fiend as I am, thou art mine!'

"But I told you, I had a better angel; you, I doubt not, have a guardian cherub. Both have conspired to save you, and ruin my earthly hopes. By heaven, Cecile! had you trifled with me,—had you shown one grain of coquetry,—had you departed one iota from the sweet confiding simplicity of your character,—I had dissembled a little longer, and broken your heart! But when your soft hand lay in mine last night, and I felt that your heart was with it, mine softened, and the first tear I remember shedding ratified my vow, to be a villain no longer!

"I know not what I have written; I only know that I have sealed my own fate, and am an outcast from the bosom on which I might now have been resting. But I should not have been happy. Your smile killed me; methinks I can better bear your tears. I depart of course; whither, signifies little!—I have no right ever to hear of you again; but I would fain enable you to think of me some time hence with less of bitterness, and more of pity. Know, then, (for it will console you,) that I am not the man I was,—base, selfish, unworthy of you as I am still. I have not lived for the first time in a virtuous atmosphere, without inhaling its refreshing purity. Perhaps it was congenial to me; and, had I breathed

it sooner, all might have been well. The past is irrevocable; but thanks to you, my lost Cecile! I repent,—I abjure,—I detest it. I have not tasted the Elysium of domestic bliss, to stoop again to the polluted fountain, nor dwelt with angels to grovel again among the beasts that perish. Such as I am now, you may perhaps hear of me in the discharge of my duty, for which I can alone now exist. If I distinguish myself, it will be to make you, Cecile, less ashamed of having loved me; if I fall—no matter how soon—you will then perhaps give a tear to the unhappy

"ADHEMAR."

CECILE TO ADHEMAR.

"ADHEMAR,

"I forgive and pity you from my soul! You say you are not the man your fearful letter has painted—prove it, and I may yet do more. But years must elapse; for we are weak creatures, and I dare not trust either you or myself. If Heaven hears my prayers, and you live to redeem your character,—if you can come with your hand on your heart, and say, 'Cecile, I still love you, and am worthy of you,' I will believe you, (for you have told me dreadful truths to-day!) and will be then and ever

"Your own

"CECILE."

Cecile wrote and dispatched this billet in the first burning stage of a fever, which nearly laid her in the grave. It followed Adhémar to an obscure village, a few miles from B—, where he also had been confined some days by illness; on recovering from which he immediately joined the army, then on the eve of proceeding on the disastrous expedition into Russia.

Madame de Montorin and her daughter lingered awhile at B—, more unwilling than ever to return to a home, embittered by the vicinity of Victor, and his unprincipled mother; who, to forward *his* views, had given Adhémar a particular introduction to Mademoiselle de S—, that Cecile, by giving her hand, or at least her heart, to one of the most specious and accomplished votaries of dissipation, might expiate her refusal of her cousin.

They passed the following winter in the south of France; and, amid the serene skies and mild zephyrs of Provence, how many a sad thought did Cecile bestow on the inexpressible hardships and sufferings by which her lost lover was expiating a life of abjured vice and folly!

From a relative high in the service, to whom, compassionating her daughter's state of mind, Madame de Montorin had written to make inquiries, they heard once during the brief triumphs of the advancing army, with which a second Xerxes thought to overwhelm an unresisting people.

"Where all are brave," wrote General N—, "it is difficult to be distinguished for heroism; besides, we are as yet running prosperously before a gale, which ere long, some of us fear, may swell the tempest which is gathering over our devoted heads.—But while all are dissipated,—the thoughtless from constitution, the thinking to banish gloomy forebodings,—your young friend alone lives but for his duty; associates with no one; avoids all amusements; in short, is known among his former intimates only by the name of Peter the Hermit. Heaven grant we may ever return from this yet wilder Northern Crusade!"

This letter, which, from its tenor, it may be conjectured was intrusted to a faithful private hand,—(and which, as has since appeared, breathed at that time the sentiments of many of the older and less sanguine members of that fatal expedition,)—was the last which ever reached Cecile or her mother. It was not till long after the return of the debris of that magnificent host from a retreat, the horrors of which were, fortunately for many a fond heart, but vaguely and imperfectly known till its disastrous termination, that Madame de Montorin could ascertain, from the most minute and anxious inquiry, that Adhémar was with the heroic and devoted rear-guard up to a very late period of the retreat; when, as was conjectured, he had been either killed or desperately wounded in a night skirmish with the Russian advanced-guard, having never afterwards rejoined his companions in arms; who deplored his loss, as one of the few redeeming examples of humanity, who, amid a crisis of misery and selfishness perhaps unparalleled

in the annals of the world, retained the sympathies of our common nature, and whose arm and life were ever at the service of the helpless and the abandoned.

Farther painful inquiries ascertained, that his name had not appeared in any Russian list of killed, or even prisoners;—but how many heroes found nameless graves in the trackless snows, the half-frozen floods, and pathless forests of Russia!—All probabilities were against his surviving; and love, tenacious love, could alone cherish a sickly hope, fed only by fond presentiments, and watered with many a tear.

Summer came in uncheered by any tidings of the lover, over whose errors absence and misfortune had cast their friendly veil, while they invested with tenfold charms the well-remembered fascinations of his manners and conversation! It was among the aggravations of this cruel state of suspense, that the fears of the mother, and vague hopes of the daughter, could not be freely communicated to each other; Madame de Montorin could not participate in the latter, and felt it her duty gently to extinguish them; while it was only by doubts, (which her heart yet whispered were too well founded,) that Cecile's mild temper could be irritated almost to resentment.

In the course of the eventful season which followed, these painful fluctuations were in some measure absorbed by personal considerations: The fearful struggle of the Corsican for the possession of his usurped dominion had commenced; and united Europe menaced France with a retaliation too equitable not to be successful.

Madame de Montorin, whose estate lay at no great distance from the threatened frontier, deemed it prudent to seek shelter in the city of Laon, whose central position in the heart of a long uninvaded kingdom, rendered it to all appearance an invulnerable asylum. Here, in the society of some amiable relatives, from whom they had long been accidentally estranged, Madame de Montorin and Cecile enjoyed as much tranquillity as the distant muttering of the storm, about to burst on their devoted country, would permit.

That storm at length rolled nearer and nearer; hostile armies poured

their floods over the interior of *la belle France*, and fortified cities ceased to afford security to their affrighted inmates. Chance alone saved L—— from the horrors of a siege; and, after a sanguinary conflict within sight of its walls, it was successively occupied by flying friends and fast pursuing foes. The passage of the former was, during this disastrous period, usually marked with most of devastating fury; and the French soldier, inured to rapine in foreign climes, forgot to respect the soil which gave him birth. It was not till the tide of victors and vanquished had long rolled by, and till the murderous conflict had been decided under the walls of Paris, that one of those *Seurs de la Charité* (to whose services in the cause of humanity even Napoleon did homage) came one day to the house of the lady under whose roof Cecile and her mother sought temporary refuge during scenes peculiarly formidable to unprotected females, and requested, from her known benevolence, some of those little sick-bed luxuries and comforts, which her own scanty means, and the exhausted funds of an impoverished hospital, denied.

"I am sure, madame," said Sœur Cecile, "were you to see the person for whose comfort and recovery I venture to trouble you, your heart would bleed like mine for a young creature, bred, I am confident, in ease and luxury,—perhaps the *enfant-gâté* of some wealthy family,—now reduced to a pallet in a comfortless ward, subsisting on hospital fare, and subject to a thousand inconveniences, which he bears with the sweetness of an angel."

"But has he never mentioned the name of his family, or made any effort to acquaint them with his situation?"

"Why, madame," replied the good sister, "when he was first left here in the rapid retreat of *nos braves*, he was a fearful spectacle; with two sabre cuts in his head, which rendered him delirious for a long time, and from the effects of which, poor young man! the little he does say, is still very wild. When his fine hair was to be cut off to allow his wounds (which had been two days neglected) to be properly dressed, the poor unconscious gentleman resisted, and was like to have got the better of us, weak as he then was; but on hearing the surgeon call me 'Sœur Cecile,' he became calm at once, and

let me manage him like a lamb. However, he soon grew bewildered again, and jumped up in bed, and asked me, with frightful vehemence, if I had indeed become a nun, and if he had driven me to so desperate a refuge? Poor youth! little did he know what he was saying. But of course he took me for some other Cecile; for whenever he became refractory, I had only to bid some one pronounce my name, and it soothed him at once. He had other wounds, some of them of long standing, which broke out afresh; and being but weak and emaciated (as I heard from some of his comrades) when he joined them as a volunteer, having only escaped a few weeks before from that horrid place Russia, where he was left behind a prisoner, he was ill able to struggle with such complicated sufferings, and many a time have I feared to lose my interesting patient! In the hurry of the last sad weeks, it was only by snatches that I could attend to him; but now that the hospital is quieter, and many of our wounded convalescent, I do long to set him once more upon his legs; and methinks a little good wine, and a few simple comforts, would now do more towards his recovery than anything, except perhaps a sight of that said Cecile, upon whom his poor distracted head is always running!—It would do your heart good, madame, to see a once gay and handsome gentleman, bearing misfortune like a Christian, never murmuring or complaining, but thinking even his hard lot too good for him! I cannot help fearing that he has been wicked; he seems to look upon his present sufferings in the light of a penance, and so they are, perhaps. Heaven only knows. God forbid we should judge a suffering brother!"

Madame de L—— was only roused by the cessation of the good nun's harangue from the deep *reverie* into which she had been thrown by her singular narration. The influence of Cecile's name—the circumstance of detention in Russia—all conspired to make her *hope* it might be Adhémair; but being personally unacquainted with him, she judged it advisable cautiously to communicate her suspicions to Madame de Montorin, who she doubted not would eagerly avail herself of an opportunity to verify her conjectures, without exciting perhaps fallacious hopes in Cecile, or risking a

premature recognition in the patient's present precarious condition.

On pretence of procuring the necessary cordials for the invalid, she sought her friend, and told her briefly on what her vague hopes were founded, advising her to accompany *Sœur Cecile* at once to the hospital. To do so, however, in her own character, being both unpleasant for herself, and hazardous to the patient's tranquillity, it was not difficult to persuade the benevolent nun to lend for a charitable purpose her own venerable habit to *Madame Montorin*, who undertook, with a beating heart and trembling limbs, to act as her substitute in administering the long-forgotten comforts provided by the eager friendship of *Madame de L——*.

On being ushered into the vast ward, all whose pallets except one were now vacant by the death or recovery of their occupants, *Madame de Montorin's* heart died within her, and she had scarcely strength to approach that on which reposed in feverish and unquiet slumber the object of so many months of anxiety and doubly maternal solicitude. No eye, save one familiarized by long intercourse, and sharpened by intense anxiety, could have recognized in the pale, emaciated figure stretched on that obscure pallet, the gay, the elegant, the accomplished *Adhémar*!—But it was he! And *Madame de Montorin's* prophetic heart whispered, that the painful exterior change was more than compensated by the bright metamorphosis within!—She gazed on him in fearful silence, till in apparent pain he softly uttered the name of *Cecile*, and awoke. On opening his eyes, and perceiving in lieu of his benevolent nurse a stranger, though habited in the same philanthropic garb, he sunk back at first, in evident disappointment; then in a sweet voice, as if to atone for his ungraciousness, thanked her for her kind attendance, and anxiously inquired “if his dear *Cecile* was in her usual health.”

This question, addressed to a mother under such circumstances, proved a powerful trial of *Madame de Montorin's* fortitude. It was, however, sufficient to enable her to answer with tolerable composure, in a feigned voice, whose tones seemed, however, to strike the patient's ear as familiar, and to open the way for a whole train of ideas

and recollections, which disease and suffering had weakened and confused without obliterating.

“My good sister!” exclaimed *Adhémar*, raising himself hastily on his pillow, “I have lingered here too long! I must set off for F—— immediately. I have not received *Cecile's* pardon, and if I die here without imploring it, she will never know that for her sake I fought and conquered, and bled and suffered, and spurned wealth and refused liberty; that I died defending my country, and that she may weep without disgrace over my grave!”

Exhausted by this unusual effort, *Adhémar* sunk back on his pillow; and *Madame de Montorin*, judging that even the excitement of a discovery, cautiously conducted, would be less pernicious than the reveries of a disordered imagination, after administering to him some of the cordials, which she informed him were the gift of a benevolent lady, sat down with averted face at the head of his bed, and inquired whether he had any friends in L—— likely to have discovered or suspected his condition, and contributed thus to his comfort?

“No, *ma bonne*!” said *Adhémar* sorrowfully: “when I was young and gay, I had flatterers and boon companions, but no friends, and then I did not miss them; but now, that I need, and perhaps deserve them, all those I had made are buried in the snows of Russia, or dead of broken hearts at home!”

“Your present benefactress,” said the pretended sister, (seeming not to notice this affecting reply,) “is *Madame de L——*, who resides in the *Grande Place*, and at her house I saw a *Madame de Montorin*, who since the invasion”

It was as impossible for her to proceed in this tone of dissembled coldness and indifference, as for the parched lips of *Adhémar* to utter the name of *Cecile*! The mute eloquence of his beseeching eye was irresistible, and *Madame de Montorin* answered it by exclaiming “My son, my son!” and receiving in her arms the insensible victim of joy. She hung over him in speechless agony, till her efforts had recalled suspended animation; and thanked Heaven fervently for the opportune relief, when his half-opening eye closed again in the slumber of exhaustion, without resting on an

object too deeply agitating for his enfeebled frame.

He slept long and placidly; the name of Cecile hovered more than once on his lips, but with it there played a soft smile over his features; and his regular breathing and tranquil pulse gave indications of a salutary crisis. He awoke another creature, and stretching out his hand to Madame de Montorin, seemed as if some beatific vision had gradually unfolded to him his blissful prospects, and rendered explanation superfluous—"Cecile will come to-morrow, will she not, mother?" whispered he in a calm subdued tone. "I can lay my hand on my heart, and say as she bade me, that for two years that heart has not reproached me; and then you know she promised, whenever and wherever I should do so, to be my own Cecile. I have it under her hand, dear mother, and near my heart, where it has lain through fire and blood and carnage, like a blessed talisman, working miracles." So saying, he drew from his bosom a small case containing the precious, though half-obliterated billet of Cecile. Her mother's eyes glistened on beholding this proof of the magic of virtue; but what was her surprise on observing that the same receptacle contained a golden ringlet, very different from the dark auburn hair which now adorned the head of her daughter! She recollected, however, that Victor, in the insolence of his assumed indifference towards his amiable betrothed, had denied having preserved any memorials of their juvenile attachment, when his own forfeited pledges were reluctantly returned, and the truth flashed on her mind. She shook her head reproachfully. "Yes, mother!" said Adhémar, answering her gesture, "the last act of human selfishness which I indulged in, was extorting at the sword's point from the cowardice of guilt, a treasure, which I suspected its polluted recesses might yet contain. Letters, ringlets, all were made over to me with the sullenness of disappointed malice. I read the letters, (Cecile

must pardon me if I found the temptation irresistible,) till I had imprinted them for ever on my memory; then with the awful reverence of a fire-worshipper, I shielded them in the flames from the eyes of the profane—It is from those ashes that my new character and other self has sprung! The soul, perhaps, is now more worthy of Cecile, but," added he, playfully smiling, "will she accept the body, shattered with wounds, worn with fatigue and anxiety, perhaps disabled for ever from activity and usefulness?"—"Such as you are," answered Madame de Montorin, "I will answer for Cecile's marrying you to-morrow, if she survives the discovery, which I would to Heaven were well over!"

So saying, she tore herself from her interesting patient, and flew to encounter another scene, little less critical and affecting. The details may easily be left to the imagination, even more apt than words to picture the transition from despair to rapture. It only remained to settle the ceremonial of these hard-earned nuptials; and the reformed tenets which Adhémar ever since his acquaintance with Cecile had inclined to, and had now on principle adopted, not rendering imperative their solemnization in a place of worship, it was in the very hospital where, by a long course of patient suffering, Adhémar had perhaps best proved his claims to the hand of Cecile, that he was permitted to call it his own, in the face of God and man.

In an honourable retreat on her maternal estate, their years have since flowed peacefully and happily; and the latter days of Adhémar have proved that penitence may, even here below, be crowned with heartfelt bliss. Victor, whom levity and want of principle first induced to desert his falling leader for the rising star of the Bourbons, and whom political fluctuations engaged in a fresh course of treachery to them, expiated his perfidy on the scaffold.

WALLACHIA AND MOLDAVIA.

THE death of the Emperor Alexander has let loose the military propensities of the Russian government, and keen and angry negotiations have been, for some time, carried on with the Turks. It is now confidently stated, that the Duke of Wellington's mission was strongly connected with these negotiations, and that it is the determination of England to give her authority to the Russian demands. The Russian demands apply, in the first and principal instance, to the cession of the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. It may be interesting to our readers, to receive from sources which we believe perfectly authentic, a sketch of these provinces, which are so likely to be the seat of a most formidable and eventful war.

The present governors are Greeks of the Fannar, or quarter of Constantinople inhabited almost exclusively by the principal Greek interpreters, and others who look to public and diplomatic employment.

The Greeks of Constantinople had, from the fall of their empire, continued in the usual humiliation of the slaves of the Turks, until the rise of the celebrated Mavrocordato, a name since rendered more honourably conspicuous in the history of Greek independence.

Alexander Mavrocordato had been a merchant, carrying on an obscure trade in Scio; in the course of his voyages to Constantinople, he came in contact with some of the Divan. His sagacity and knowledge of languages were found useful; and, after some minor employments, he was sent as Turkish ambassador to the Congress of Carlowitz.

Mavrocordato there sustained his reputation; and, on his return, obtained so much influence with the Porte, that he was enabled to fix his son Nicholas in the governments of Wallachia and Moldavia.

The immediate contiguity of those provinces to the dominions of Austria and Russia, the two terrors of the Porte, and the obvious certainty, that in all attacks on the Ottoman empire, they must be the first to bear the collision, assisted Mavrocordato's patriotism; for, ambitious and selfish as he was, the Greek spirit in him di-

rected his views to raising the fallen name of his countrymen. The necessity of placing at the head of those outworks of the empire, men of European intelligence and activity, compelled the Porte to choose their governors among the Greeks; and by Mavrocordato's influence, a rule was made in the Divan, that no man should be appointed who had not previously served as state interpreter at Constantinople.

This produced an immediate and remarkable result upon the habits of the Greeks in the capital. European languages and foreign knowledge became the study of a large class. Diplomacy assumed the rank of a peculiar profession, conferring permanent public distinction on all who had been employed, and even on all who had adopted its study. The "diplomatic Greeks" established for themselves a species of Nobility, fully acknowledged by their countrymen. Embassies and similar employments were considered as their exclusive rights; and feeble as their attainments may have been, and fickle and vain as their national spirit, in the Greeks of the Fannariot were to be found the chief remnant of the Greek civilization; and, as we have since seen, the first promise and power of national independence. But this administration had unfortunate effects on the Principalities. Their government once placed within the reach of the Greeks, became a perpetual source of intrigue at Constantinople. Among the officers of the Porte, bribery seems to be the natural way to every object. The Fannar was crowded with candidates bidding over each other. The Turks, who thrived at once by the plunder of a deposed Hospodar, and by the bribe of the candidate for his succession, took good care that the depositions and successions should be frequent; and thus there were no fewer than forty new sovereigns of Moldavia alone, during a space of about ninety years, down to the year 1800, without including the thirteen years of three forcible occupations by the Austrians and Prussians. Moldavia had thus a new sovereign on an average of every two years; and every sovereign, a purchaser of this capricious throne, and

making up his purchase-money by the indiscriminate robbery of the people.

Russia, whether through feelings of humanity, rare in the bosom of great warlike powers, or through the more probable motives of ambition, in the year 1792, at the peace of Jassy, took up the cause of those harassed provinces, and demanded, by her right of interference, established by the treaty of Kainargik, that the sovereigns of Wallachia and Moldavia should be retained in their governments during *seven years*.

As this treaty of Kainargik is the great diplomatic instrument on which all the subsequent negotiations have been founded, and to which Russia now appeals. The articles relative to these provinces are here given :—

“*July 10, 1775.*

“The court of Russia restores to the Sublime Porte the whole provinces of Bessarabia, with its fortified places, viz. Akkerman, Killia, Ismail, Bender, and the other towns and villages within that province, as well as the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, with the fortresses, capitals, towns, and villages belonging to them.

“The Sublime Porte in taking possession of them, solemnly engages to observe the following conditions, without the least deviation :—

1st. “To acknowledge and maintain the two Principalities, the established customs, rank, dignities, property, and churches, of the two nations, without any exception whatever. To give them total amnesty and pardon, conformably to the first article of the general treaty ; to leave unmolested all such persons as have not remained faithful to the Ottoman interest ; to admit them to their former ranks, and to restore to them any property and possessions they had previous to the war.

2d. “To oppose no sort of difficulty to the free exercise of the Christian religion in the said Principalities, nor to the repair and construction of churches and other buildings.

3d. “To restore to the monasteries in the neighbourhood of Ismail, Hotim, and Bender, all the property belonging to them, and which had, contrary to justice, been taken from them.

4th. “To acknowledge and bear due regard to the Ecclesiastical order.

5th. “To permit those families and

individuals who have any desire of returning to Russia, or elsewhere, to depart freely with their moveable property, and to allow them a year’s time previously to such departure, that they may settle their affairs in the country.

6th. “To recommence entirely the payment of old accounts, for whatever relates to former contributions.

7th. “To claim no tribute from the inhabitants of the said Provinces and Principalities, for the space of time that they have been occupied by the Russians ; and in consideration of the losses and sufferings sustained by them on account of the war, to claim no sort of tribute from them for two years after the date of the treaty.

8th. “The Porte engages to show every regard and humanity to the inhabitants of the said countries, at and after the expiration of the term mentioned in the 7th Article, relative to the tribute and taxes which they shall then be called on to pay, and will neither suffer nor permit the Basha, or any other person, to oppress or molest them after the payment of the ordinary tribute.

“And also, to allow them the free and entire exercise of the privileges which they enjoyed during the reign of Sultan Mahomet the Fourth, father of the present Sultan.

“And the Porte shall permit the Hospodars of Wallachia and of Moldavia to have one or more public agents to reside at Constantinople, Greeks by nation or religion, to transact the affairs of the provinces, and not only consents to acknowledge and treat with them, but also promises to observe in them the privileges due to persons who have public rights and interests, and are not under the control of power.

“The Sublime Porte also acknowledges and admits, that the Russian Ministers residing at Constantinople, shall have the right of interfering in behalf of the affairs of the two Principalities above-mentioned, and engages to pay every regard to their representations.”

By the treaty of Jassy, in 1792, the Porte bound itself to consult the Russian Ambassador in the choice of the Hospodars, and to appoint none but such as were approved of by the embassy.

The stipulation of the seven years’ residence of the Hospodars, entered into by the same treaty, was soon ne-

gligently observed; it was then openly violated, and the violation became the subject of much diplomatic interference on the part of the Russian Government.

At length the dispute seemed brought to a close by the appointment of Prince Ypsilanti to Wallachia, and Prince Alexander Mourousi to Moldavia, in 1802, with the declaration, that neither of them should be removed previously to the expiration of the seven years, unless the Russian Ambassador should admit that they were guilty of an offence worthy of deposition.

But Napoleon, in 1805, at war with England, and already determining to attack Russia, now began to draw Turkey into his views. The results of this intrigue were rapidly developed in the increased jealousy of the Porte, and in its higher tone with Russia and England. A defensive treaty with the former had been scarcely ratified, when the Porte declared its intention of suppressing all "letters of protection," or permissions to individual Turks to put themselves under the protection of foreign courts, in their trade and residence within the Turkish territory. This measure, harsh and unexpected in itself, was rendered additionally offensive by the mode of its execution, by forcibly and publicly compelling the surrender of all the Russian letters of protection, in contempt of the public representations of the Russian embassy.

A still more decisive act brought this dispute to a crisis. The Hospodars, Ypsilanti and Mourousi, were suddenly recalled, without consideration of the Russian Ministry; and Charles Callimachi was made Hospodar of Moldavia. Wallachia was given to Alexander Sutzo, a notorious partisan of Napoleon, and an equally notorious hater of Russia.

This measure had been foreseen. A Russian army was immediately marched over the frontier, and the fortresses of Hotimen and Bender were taken into possession. The Porte retorted by a declaration, or *fetvaa*, of the Mufti, proclaiming that it was now legal for all good Mussulmen to repel this violent aggression by force.

England now took an active part in hostilities with this blind and half-savage cabinet. Mr Arbuthnot had been sent out in 1805, as Ambassador. On his arrival, the Porte, whether to gain

time, or in a sincere wish for the amity of England, had proposed to renew the treaty of 1799, the triple alliance of England, Russia, and Turkey, which was but for eight years, and which was, of course, now near its termination.

The British Ambassador had not been furnished with powers for the purpose; and on their arrival from England on his representation, the influence of Napoleon had become irresistible. Napoleon stood at the head of the Continent, and the Porte was tempted by the hope of seeing its great enemy extinguished. A direct refusal was given to the applications of the British Ambassador.

Mr Arbuthnot, in conjunction with the Russian embassy, demanded the reinstatement of the Hospodars. A *divan* was held, in which the Turkish ministry declared themselves for a decided resistance to this demand. But the Sultan's voice was against his council. He allowed that the demand was humiliating, but insisted that war should not be made on England. Sebastiani, the French envoy, had been indefatigable in exciting this discussion. He was now in despair. But the news that the Russians were in Moldavia arrived; the *Divan* was instantly in a ferment, the Sultan, either alarmed at the popular irritation, or indignant at the insult to his territory, declared for immediate war, and the Vizier was ordered to take the field.

The Fox Administration were then masters of the English Cabinet, and they probably longed for the honours of a war of their own. A fleet was sent against the reluctant Turks, and, to the astonishment of the Sultan, and the terror and confusion of all Constantinople, the English entered the Dardanelles. The Sultan was once more master of his council, and while the city expected every hour to see the British squadron anchor before the Seraglio, and bombard the Sovereign in his palace, he sent an agent to negotiate with Mr Arbuthnot, who was now on board the flag-ship.

It is not yet ascertained to what cause must be imputed the singular tardiness of a diplomacy which ought to have been expedited without the loss of a moment. But time was strangely lost. On the other hand, Sebastiani, the French Envoy, with the characteristic activity of his nation,

turned every moment to advantage. When the first alarm had passed away, and the British fleet were seen still fixed in the Straights, he made himself popular by directing the defence of the city. Cannon were hourly planted on the sea-line, under his inspection; troops were hastily brought in, and even the bold idea began to be entertained of cutting off the retreat of those tardy invaders, by garrisoning the Castles of Sestos and Abydos.

The character of the Turkish Ministry of this period, gives a curious picture of the habitual administration of the Mahometan kingdoms.

Haffiz Ismaïl Pacha, Grand Vizier, had risen by obscure chances from utter obscurity. He was singularly ignorant of public affairs, but he had the supreme characteristic of a Turkish public officer in perfection, a thirst for money. The hope of raising a large sum by the sale of the new appointments, was asserted to have been his sole motive for urging the deposition of Ypsilanti and Mourousi long before the seven years were expired. The bargain plunged his country into a war.

Ibraïm-Aga, Kiaya-Bey, (equivalent to our secretary of state for the home department,) was a man of a more decided temperament. His passion was thirst of power; and for the purpose of its attainment, he had excited and carried on the refusal of the protections in a manner the most studiously haughty and insulting to Russia.

Turkish principles had chiefly influenced these two ministers. But the heads of the Faith and the army, Sheriff-Zaade-Attaa-Effendi the Mufti, and Pehlivan-Mehmet Aga, the Commander-in-chief of the Janizaries, were understood to be altogether under foreign influence, and were the great support of Sebastiani.

The cabinet was, however, not unanimous. The secretary for foreign affairs, Galib Reis-Effendi, and Yussuf-Aga, Holiday-Kiayassi, or chancellor to the Sultan's mother, protested against this precipitate abandonment of the ancient league. But Turkish diplomacy does not admit of difference of opinion with the cold-blooded courtesy of Europe. Ministers threatened by the sword of the Janizary without, and by the Sultan's bow-string within, are not likely to resist long. The foreign minister and the chancellor

suddenly retired, and doubtless looked on themselves as fortunate in being allowed to retire without manifestation of that royal wrath which can do all things but forgive.

But, of the Divan, Pehlivan-Mehmet was the most active agent of the French. In a lower rank of the service, he had once commanded the guard of honour appointed to the French Embassy. Probably some observation of his character had induced the French to make themselves masters of him. But, from that period, he was the decided partizan of France, and he now performed an essential office. The presence of the British fleet, inactive as it was, had yet not lost its influence on the Sultan, and the negotiation, though tardy, was known to be continued; Sebastiani became anxious, and through General Franchini he sent the commander of the Janizaries to try the effect of a nearer alarm on his master. Pehlivan Aga obtained an audience, and instantly declared his inability to restrain the populace, and peculiarly the Janizaries, from acts of violence; he magnified the public fury at the insult offered to the capital, and warned the Sultan in significant terms, that "the Janizaries would not submit to the indignity of a treaty which they could look on in no other light than that of a capitulation."

Such are the privileges of the sword, and such is the feebleness of the sceptre in the hands of solitary despotism. This was a message which no Sultan has ever resisted, but at the loss of his head. Selim prudently yielded to the commands of those "viceroys over him"—the intercourse with the English ambassador was instantly broken off—the cannon were pointed to the Propontis—the flag of defiance was hoisted on the Seraglio—and Sebastiani was the virtual lord of Constantinople. The English ambassador now awoke, but all negotiation was hopeless; the English fleet at last felt the impotence of time and tide, for they now both failed them. A violent wind suddenly blew down the channel which they were to ascend. To reach Constantinople had thus become impossible; to stay where they were was hazardous, from the obvious preparations of the enemy to bombard them from the shore. They at length burst their way between the castles, fired on by the

colossal guns of the Turks, and hulled with stone bullets of six hundred weight, that, to the utter astonishment of the English, swept the Streights from shore to shore. Even the obvious and easy mode of starving the city into terms by a blockade of the Dardanelles, was not attempted, and this first exploit of the new Cabinet covered them with ridicule.

The Russian invasion was not more fortunate, though from more allowable causes. Russia was struggling with France for the security, or perhaps the supremacy of the Continent. All her resources were turned to the North. The office of making the actual impression on Constantinople had been allotted to the British; they had singularly failed. The office of the Russian frontier army was little more than to restrict the encroachments of the Turks. In this it succeeded. Hostilities were not severely pressed by the Vizier. The policy of Napoleon had rapidly become suspicious to the Divan. Their suspicions were realised at once by the treaty of Tilsit, by which Napoleon, instead of demanding the entire restitution of their rights over the Principalities, had merely negotiated an armistice, conditioning that the Russian army should leave the provinces clear until a final arrangement. This condition was *not* fulfilled; it was probably never meant to be fulfilled, and the Russians remained masters of the ground. During the attempt to reconcile those claims, one of those fierce changes which make the history of Eastern despotism, and pre-eminently of the Turkish, threw everything into convulsion. Popular discontents, a licentious soldiery, an ignorant, divided, and ferocious cabinet, set Constantinople in an uproar. The head of the Sultan was demanded, the ordinary peace-offering of this barbarian court; Selim was dethroned and strangled. A new ministry, as wild, as ignorant, and as bloody as the old, were instantly installed. New measures came with a new administration, and the alliance with England was the first and most popular pledge of the policy of the Divan. This public feeling had been foreseen by the British cabinet which had succeeded the ruined party of Fox; and Sir Arthur Paget had been sent, in 1807, to ascertain how far the Divan were disposed to return

to the old alliance; this mission was repelled for the moment, but another plenipotentiary followed, and in December 1808, peace was definitively signed with the Porte.

In all the transactions of Europe, Napoleon had been for some years the leading mind. No historian of that extraordinary man will do justice to his powers, without following him from the field into the cabinet; from the splendour and decisiveness of those successes of which his troops and generals had their share, to the still higher triumph of those unshared successes by which he wielded the cabinets of Europe,—that solitary and almost superhuman sagacity by which he involved them in his scheme of conquest,—that fatal, but magnificent mastery of spirit, that compelled alike the brave and the feeble, the barbarian and the civilized, the timid courts of Germany and the haughty and hostile powers of Russia and Turkey, to do the work of his guilty ambition, and stand harnessed to drag his chariot wheels up the rugged way of Universal Empire.

Turkish agents had been sent to Bucharest to negotiate the restoration of the Principalities. But it was the will of Napoleon that Russia and Turkey should continue hostile. The celebrated conference at Erfurth, which brought Alexander into the "Continental system," was instantly followed by a declaration of the Russian commander in the Principalities, that, as Alexander had pledged himself to the exclusion of England from the continent, no terms could be held with Turkey until the dismissal of the British ambassador. The Turkish government, perceiving that the question of possession was to be still decided against them, retalled their plenipotentiaries from the congress of Bucharest, and the war was renewed.

The unwearied subtlety of Napoleon's politics, was perhaps never more strikingly developed than on this occasion.

At Erfurth a secret article had been agreed on between Russia and France, by which Napoleon was to have Spain, and Alexander the Turkish provinces in Europe. For the double purpose of giving time, and of depriving Spain of the assistance of England, a negotiation was thenceforth commenced with the British cabinet.

It is among the proudest glories of

England, that she boldly refused to abandon the cause of Spain. But before the negotiation had been brought to a close, Napoleon, in order to bind Alexander in full fealty, had sent a message to the French senate, announcing that Wallachia and Moldavia were to be considered from that time as the territory of Russia.

The answer of the British cabinet deranged his plan. He found, that without securing Spain, he had given its equivalent to Russia; and his purpose now was to withdraw the Principalities once more. It is ascertained, that in the face of his own public documents, he secretly incited Turkey to insist on the restitution of the Principalities, and even to invade them. On the other hand, he insisted that Russia, as a member of the "Continental System," should not negotiate, but go to war with Turkey, the ally of England. He thus occupied the reluctant ally and the reluctant enemy; and exhausted the resources of both in preparation for that time when he was to fall upon Russia, and to make her ruin the step to the possession of Constantinople. But the attention of the North was soon to be absorbed by higher interests.—The march of the French armies to the Niemen, opened Alexander's eyes. Peace with Turkey became of national importance. England joined her mediation, and a peace was concluded in 1812, by which the principalities were ceded to Turkey, with the exception of that finer portion of Moldavia, lying between the Dneister and the Pruth, and fixing the Russian line by the course of the latter.

It may well seem strange to an European observer, that the Turks find ministers, generals, or diplomatists. Certainly nothing can be a stronger evidence of the insanity for power, that makes a part of human nature. Minister, general, or diplomatist, can scarcely escape ruin under the most prosperous administration. In a country where there is no privileged class, money must be the great object; yet money is the sure conductor of the Sultan's wrath on its possessor. But disaster in office is sure to be visited with summary vengeance. The whole Divan are expurgated by the bow-string, or a popular tumult; the loss of a battle costs the Vizier his head;

and the diplomatist suspected of one of the thousand suspicions of the most jealous court on earth, is assassinated before the ink of his treaty is dry.

The fate of Mourousi, the state-interpreter, who negotiated the treaty of 1812 with Russia, might be a warning to less ambitious spirits than his countrymen of the Fannar.

The office of state-interpreter had been, as we have already mentioned, the necessary step to the throne of the Principalities. This prince, Demetrius Mourousi, had by this treaty strengthened, as he conceived, his interest at once with Russia and Turkey. He remained in Wallachia, in the expectation of being appointed Hospodar. To his astonishment, he received at once the news that Yanco Caradja had been appointed to Wallachia, and Charles Callimachi to Moldavia; and that his return to Constantinople was at the peril of his head.

In this dilemma the Russian envoy offered him an asylum in Russia, and a pension. But his family were in the power of the Porte, and with a blind expectation of justifying himself, where he must have known that justice was not to be found, and of throwing the responsibility on Galib Effendi, the minister for foreign affairs, and nominal plenipotentiary, he made the hazardous determination of returning to Constantinople. But Galib had already received secret orders to arrest him the moment he crossed the Danube, and send him to the Grand Vizier's head-quarters at Shumla.

The secret was kept with Asiatic duplicity; the Greek prince was seized on his journey, and conveyed under an escort to Shumla. He had no trial. On alighting at the gate of the Vizier's palace, he was met by the Chiaoushes (orderlies), and cut to pieces on the spot. His head was sent to Constantinople, and with that of his brother, also state-interpreter, was exposed for three days on the gate of the Seraglio.

The importance of Wallachia and Moldavia results from their central position among the great military powers. They touch on the Austrian provinces of Temesvar, Transylvania, and Bankavina, by the Carpathian mountains; on Russia, with but the Pruth between, and are separated from

Bulgaria only by the Danube. They form the most important point of the Turkish frontier to the north, and as they are considered to require at least one campaign for their conquest, they thus give Turkey the invaluable advantage of a year of preparation. Yet, contrasted with the possessions of the Sultan, Lord of Asia Minor, and of the Czar, Lord of all from the Danube to the Pole, they are utterly insignificant, a strip of territory, at most but 350 miles long, and 160 broad. But they are a *Border* land, and are paved with Russian and Turkish dead.

Even of this space a vast quantity is almost a desert. The land is a swamp, of course unhealthy, and the utter poverty of the people, and the habitual hopelessness of men, who know that their country will be the first scene of conflict in every Turkish war, impedes all efforts to subdue the deleterious qualities of the soil. What the Russian soldier spares, the Turkish Pasha seizes; and the land at this hour exhibits the most striking and melancholy example of all the evils of tyranny in peace, and rapine in war.

But this actual desolation of the plains does not extend to the country in the neighbourhood of the Carpathian mountains. The interchange of hill and valley is always picturesque; and the elevation of those mountains, not too high for fertility, nor too low for the sublime of landscape, makes them incomparable features to the traveller's eye. The foot of the mountain range, from the Pruth to the Danube at Orsova, is a perpetual succession of romantic slopes, covered with all the luxuriant vegetation of the south, and a large quantity of the products of the north. Streams, fresh valleys, vineyards, and meadows thick with flowers, fill the landscape. But when the traveller, continually ascending, penetrates among the gorges of the mountains, he sees himself surrounded by the noblest forms of Alpine scenery,—the sunless defile, the mountain torrent, roaring at the basis of the hills—spires, and pinnacles of marble, coloured with every tint of verdure and light, shooting above—cataacts thundering round him—the whole magnificence of wild nature.

The roads through those mountains are a formidable drawback on their celebrity. In summer, passable with

difficulty,—in winter, they are almost totally closed. Snow falls in vast quantities—the winter torrents tear down huge fragments of the hills—the roads are blocked up by rocks, and stripped by the rains and streams—and as the greater part of those roads run along the edge of precipices, the hazard of the passage, and the difficulty of repair, become at once and formidably multiplied.

The same miserable misgovernment which breaks down the country acts here. The governors of the Principalities are afraid to attend to the improvement of these roads, by which communication might be maintained with civilised Europe. The possibility that Austrian troops might find an easier entrance through the defiles, keeps the Turkish government fiercely suspicious of all attempts at improvement. The Hospodar, who holds his sceptre and his head only at the pleasure of the Divan, will hazard nothing for patriotism; and this noble district is still more solitary than the plains. A few peasants, stationed at a few post-houses, to supply the couriers with horses, and a few wood-cutters, make its population. A free government would make this fine region as populous as Switzerland.

The *goitre* is found among the mountaineers. As in the Alps, it sometimes brings idiotism, and a general weakness of the physical powers. The inhabitants impute it (it may be presumed with satisfactory evidence) to drinking the snow-water. The tillage of the plains nearly follows the practice of Europe; but oxen are employed instead of horses. The principal food of the peasantry is Indian corn, of which the harvest commences in September. An equal quantity of wheat is sown for general consumption. Barley, as used only for cattle and poultry, is the smallest crop. The wheat and barley harvest is in July.

No proprietor of an estate (Boyar) cultivates it on his own account. He rents it to the highest bidder, or puts a number of peasants upon it, to whom he makes advances of money, and who repay him by a portion of the produce; also defraying all taxes and public contributions. The principal estates give an income of fifty or sixty thousand piastres; but they are universally encumbered with marriage-portions for the daughters of the family;

and these portions compel constant subdivision of the estates. Thus, in a few generations, all aristocratic property must be melted away.

That remarkable class which are found in every part of Europe, whose habits are so familiar, yet whose origin is still so unknown, the Gipsies, seem to have their "abiding land" in this wasted territory.

Like the Jew, who finds a bitter and cheating resemblance of a place of rest and establishment in Poland, the most ruined and abject kingdom of the North; the Gipsy, the Jew of Paganism, without nation, or home, or honour among men, yet retaining an indelible character of countenance, habits, and separation, finds his peculiar place in the most ruined region of the South of Europe. Wallachia and Moldavia contain about an hundred and fifty thousand Gipsies; a vast proportion to a population of only a million and a half. They are supposed to have made their first entrance in a multitude, from Germany, in the fifteenth century. They have the natural hardness of constitution and endurance of fatigue that belong to their life of exposure. But the original characteristics of the race are unfailing. They hate work, regular habitation, and obedience to law. In a country where there is nothing to beg they are yet beggars—where there is nothing to thieve, they yet exhibit their indelible turn for thieving—and where every man's fortune is alike miserable, the Gipsy is still the fortune-teller. They adopt no religion, except when they are compelled by their masters; no marriage, and no civil rights—they care for neither. It is remarkable, however, to find in Europe the actual equivalent to the Negro. The Wallachian and Moldavian Gipsy is a *slave*, purchased and disposable. One class belonging to the government, to the amount of eighty thousand, is comparatively free, in consequence of the mere inability of government to find anything for them to do. The price of their lazy life is a poll-tax of forty piastres for every male above the age of fifteen. They work at some of the lower handicrafts; or perform at tavern-doors, or even at the Boyar's entertainments, on the rude musical instruments of the country. The private slaves are employed as household slaves, or in the vine-

yards. They are not legally punishable with death by their masters, but the bastinado is frequent. The public executioners are regularly chosen from among the Gipsies, and they thus render back something to the public for their life of petty larceny.

The climate of the Principalities shut in between the Black Sea and Mount Hæmus on the one side, and the Carpathian Mountains on the other, is extremely variable. Blasts of the north-east wind strike across the atmosphere frequently, and in the height of summer drive the inhabitants to their furs. The south wind brings warmth and serenity once more; but this visitation is brief, and Mount Hæmus and the Black Sea are still the lords of the seasons. The climate is ungenial, and, like the land, a border between the contending powers of the North and South. The summer is molested by thunder and lightning of southern intensity. The winter is mild and long. The country is covered with snow from December, when the frost sets in with Russian severity, till February. The rivers are all suddenly stopped; even the vast current of the Danube itself is frozen for six weeks, thick enough to bear the heaviest artillery. The peasants wander about on sledges, and winter domineers over the land of the Hospodars.

All things grow interesting to the philosopher when they approach the perfection of their state; and these Principalities are actually worth observation, from their making the nearest approach of anything earthly to the perfection of utter public lifelessness. They are the Kingdom of Indolence—the central spot of the great Empire of Sloth, with all its privileges exemplified in all ranks of being, from the princes, nobles, and clergy, down to even the beasts of the forest and the domestic animals. The Boyar will not read, the priest cannot, the peasant never dreams of anything of the kind. The state is administered by orders from Constantinople. The church has a carnival, and *two hundred and ten* holidays in the year! This is the allowance for the general community; but the public officers assert their right to the lion's share of the national idleness, and demand, above those days of sacred somnolency, a fortnight's rest at Easter, and a recess in the heats of summer! Every-

thing is idle but the tax-gatherer and the mosquitoes.

The ground-work of the language is Latin and Slavonic. For many centuries it was without book, for it had no letters. The Boyars were contented with writing their names, and that in the Slavonic character. The Bible was not merely an unused book, but almost an unknown one.

This ignorance might be surprising in the remotest corner of the North; but who could expect to find it in the direct road between Vienna and Constantinople, in a land the perpetual subject of Russian and Turkish diplomacy, and among a people to whom Latin was nearly a vernacular tongue, and calling themselves the descendants of Romans?

Mavrocordato, a man who, if the people of the Principalities were not too indolent to do anything but eat, sleep, and die, would have long since had statues, was the first who attempted to fix the language. In 1735, he compiled a Grammar of the popular tongue, and formed its letters from the Slavonic and the Greek. His next step was of still higher utility. He provided that copies of the Bible should be distributed and regularly read in the churches. The sanction of the Prince prevailed on his court, and in the progress of years some of the Boyars had even learned to read.

It is singular that, in this land of ignorance, the modern Greek should be more purely spoken than in any part of Greece itself, except perhaps Yanina. In Wallachia it is the court language; it has been, of course, adopted by all who were desirous of distinction with the Hospodars. It is disfigured by none of the dialects which corrupt the Hellenic in its own ancient and famous country; and the perpetual intercourse with the accomplished Greeks of the Fannar, secures it from the rudeness of the Slavonic, or the original and barbarous jargon of the descendants of the Dacian tribes. With the Moldavians it is less in use; and French and German have become the more general languages.

The ancient history of those Principalities connects them with some of the great names of the Roman empire. Transylvania, Temesvar, Wallachia, and Moldavia, formed the ancient kingdom of Dacia. The origi-

nal inhabitants were a Scythian tribe, known to the Greeks by the comprehensive name of Thracians. They were, like all the northern tribes, habitually warriors, brave, hardy, and looking upon death in the field as the security of a higher life of happiness.

The Romans under the reign of Augustus first reached the Danube. They found the Dacians a fierce enemy, under a warlike king, Bærestes. But the Roman discipline was invincible—after some battles they gave way, and, as was the custom of the conquerors, when the conquest had been of peculiar difficulty, the kingdom was divided into four or five governments. At the end of a century, Decebolus, one of those daring minds that sometimes rise to shape the destinies of states, rose up among the Dacians. In A.D. 87, he combined the Principalities in one grand insurrection, and dared to make head against the power of Imperial Rome.

Domitian marched in person against the Dacian king; but the difficulties of the country, and the fierce bravery of the people, baffled the emperor. A treaty was concluded, and a sum was assigned to Decebolus. The Romans called this a pension, but the Dacians called it a tribute.

Trajan ascended the throne: His spirit disdained this concession to barbarians, and in A.D. 102 he refused to pay the tribute. The Dacians instantly crossed the Danube, and ravaged the Roman territory. Trajan turned the strength of the empire upon them, drove them across the river, and, after a succession of bloody struggles, compelled Decebolus to declare himself a vassal of Rome.

The Dacian king was not yet subdued. He attempted to unite the great Thracian tribes in a confederacy against Rome. Trajan again headed his armies, and marched to the Danube; but it was now autumn, and all the armies of the empire might have been buried, in a winter campaign, among the snows and marshes of this inclement and scarcely known land. The emperor pitched his camp on the bank of the river till the spring. In the interval he built the famous bridge over the Danube, from the designs of Apollodorus of Damascus; a work, in its day, among the boasts of imperial building, and even now exhibiting, in its relics, the grandeur

and strength of style which in all things aimed at immortality. The war was long and desperate, and it ended only with the death of Decebolus, who, resolving never to grace a Roman triumph, perished by his own hand.

Dacia was converted into a Roman province; and, in order to render the revolt of its gallant barbarians impossible for the future, it was colonized by Romans, and made a *proprætorship*. Roman civilization followed, cities were built, and roads were run through the country. Under the reign of Gallienus began these invasions of the Goths, and their successive northern tribes, which, first overrunning Dacia, finally swept Italy.

The first conflict with the Turks was in 1391, when the Voivode (prince) Mirtza invaded the neighbouring province in the reign of Bajazet. The Sultan rushed back from Asia with an immense army, (then perhaps the most highly appointed and disciplined in the world,) broke the Voivode's power in a bloody battle, and made him his vassal, with an annual tribute of 3000 piastres, scarcely more than a mere acknowledgment of submission, (the Wallachian piastre being but eightpence.)

A succession of bloody revolts followed, until A.D. 1460, when the Sultan, Mahomed II., returning from the conquest of the Archipelago, came to chastise the rebellion of the Voivode Dracula (devil). Dracula was defeated, and his brother Bladus placed on the throne, by a treaty which bound the Wallachians to that dominion, which they have never since been able to shake off. The treaty, singularly mild for the time and the spirit of a Turkish conqueror, to this day forms the basis of the Wallachian "constitution," and for the double purpose of honour and security, the rank and title of a Pasha were conferred upon the Hospodar (Lord, from the Slavonic, *gospodin*).

The form of their investiture, their court, and their government, are Turkish. They receive their appointments at Constantinople, with the ceremonies used in creating Viziers and Pashas. The *Kukka*, or military crest, is placed on their heads by the Muzzhur Aga, and the robe of honour is laid on their shoulders by the Grand

Vizier. They have the military music and the "three tails," and are presented to the Sultan at a full public audience. From the Seraglio, they move in procession to the church of the Greek Patriarch, where the ceremonies of the old inauguration of the Greek Emperors are performed on them. They are then furnished with a train of Turkish dignitaries, whose office is to install them in the Principalities. They make their public entry there with the pomp of the Sultan, in the midst of the Boyars, and high ecclesiastics. Their council bears the Turkish name of a "Divan."

It was to be presumed that the cities of these enslaved countries should bear the ruined character of the nation. Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, is dilapidated, though large, and containing 80,000 inhabitants, with the inordinate proportion of three hundred and sixty-six churches, and twenty monasteries. Four centuries ago, it was a village belonging to an individual named *Bukor*. In 1698, it was made the permanent seat of government, probably from its easier intercourse with Turkey.

The streets of this city, and of all the provincial towns, are paved or floored with logs of timber thrown across. This irregular pavement soon gives way, and the streets become all but impassable. In summer filled with dust, in winter with mud, they almost prohibit foot passengers, while carriages make their way only with infinite hazard. These wooden streets, too, have the usual dearth of the resources of indolence. They require renewal every half dozen years.

The summer produces malignant diseases, from the miasmata of those streets, which are dangerously narrow, and totally unventilated. The natives excuse their indolence, by saying that the ground is too soft to admit of stone pavements; while they have before their eyes the evidence of the "Roman causeways." The grandees are too inactive to do anything. The Hospodars are too much afraid to do anything. Jassy, the Moldavian capital, is a smaller city, but a handsomer one, from its containing a number of houses built by the foreign merchants. It has 40,000 inhabitants. The palace is like the seraglio, a huge enclosure of court yards and gar-

dens, furnished orientally, and lodging a dependant multitude.

The commencement of the Russian intercourse was in 1710. The Czar Peter was then risen, founding that extraordinary power which has since grown with such gigantic rapidity into the empire of the North of Europe and Asia. The Porte, which had, so late as 1695, shaken the supremacy of Austria, scarcely rested on its arms after the treaty of Carlowitz, when Peter formed the bold conception of attacking the Ottoman dominions. A territory of the Greek faith, bitterly oppressed by its Turkish masters, and lying directly in his road to Constantinople, naturally became the first object of the campaign. Besarabba, the Voivode of Wallachia, had been already in secret alliance with Austria. He was easily won by Peter, and a negotiation was opened, in which he agreed to furnish the Russians with a force of 30,000 troops, and with provisions for the invading army.

The negotiation was soon known by the Porte, and the death of the Voivode was determined on, but it was delayed till the secure moment. The Turks were still the great military power of the south, and on the first sound of Russian war, the Sultan put himself at the head of 220,000 men, and marched direct upon the Principalities. Peter, in 1711, had arrived in Moldavia, and halted in its capital, in expectation of the Wallachian army. But the Ottomans were already on the frontier. Besarabba, terrified, shrunk from his promises, and this campaign suddenly became the most perilous in the annals of the great Czar. He was surrounded in an exhausted country, and after exhibiting all the dexterous and daring qualities of his nature in succession, was reduced to the necessity of negotiation for his escape. The generosity or weakness of the Sultan on that day, threw away the golden opportunity of extinguishing the rising glories of Russia.

The history of the fickle Voivode is characteristic of Ottoman diplomacy. In his eagerness to conciliate the Porte, he remitted vast sums of money to Constantinople, the natural mode of securing impunity. But in his terror he remitted too much. The Porte, conceiving that he had, by some means or other, become master of measureless wealth, issued an order for the seizure

of the prince and his treasures. In Passion week of the year 1714, a Capigee-bashi (chamberlain) arrived at Bucharest with an escort; he sent word to the prince that he was on his way to one of the fortresses, and should have time only to pay him a visit on the next morning before his departure. The visit was one of death. As he entered the audience chamber, and the prince stood up to receive the messenger of the Sultan, the Capigee-bashi advanced, and laid a black shawl on his shoulder, the signal, at that period, of deposition to the high officers of state. The Voivode, astonished, burst out into furious invective against the treachery and ingratitude of the Sultan. But he was in the power of hands that never relaxed their grasp. He was made prisoner; his public treasure and private property were seized, he was deposed by a firman read in the Divan, and was ordered instantly to Constantinople with all his family.

The people of Bucharest, thunder-struck, made no resistance, and the unfortunate prince was hurried across the Danube. On his arrival at Constantinople, the catastrophe of his miserable and restless life of ambition was rapidly brought to a close. He was flung into the prison of the Seven Towers, that tremendous dungeon, which, if the stones could find a tongue, might have the most disastrous and desperate tales of fallen grandeur to tell, of any spot in the world. His wealth was found unequal to the extravagant conceptions of the Divan. To discover his secret stores, his four sons were put to the torture for three successive days, in the sight of their wretched father!

At the close of this unavailing scene of horror, the Sultan ordered that they should be all beheaded. They were led out into a square of the Seraglio, from the windows of which looked the Sultan and his principal officers. Then came the full declaration of the long-reserved vengeance of the Porte. An officer read to the prisoners the charges of the Voivode's old intercourse with Austria, his later negotiations with the Czar, and the whole list of suspicions that he had looked on as wiped away by years, but which no time ever extinguishes in the fierce recollections of the Turk. His four sons were then put to death, their father undergoing the bitterness

of all, and finally being beheaded. Their heads were then put on pikes, and carried through the streets; the bodies were thrown into the sea, but, after floating a while, were taken up by some Greek boatmen, piously buried in the Greek monastery of the little island of Halcky, in the Propontis. The wife of the Voivode, her three daughters, and her grandson, were spared. They were first sent into exile to Cuttaya, in Asia Minor, but in three years they were suffered to return to Wallachia. A descendant of this grandson still survives, in possession of the estates of his ancestor, and presumed to be the richest and first Boyar of Wallachia, his income amounting to 200,000 piastres, (L.7500.)

The subsequent weakness of the Turkish power invited the attacks, in 1775, of Russia; the treaty of Rainorgic, in 1775, established their right of interference in the Hospodariate, virtually equivalent to a perpetual right of going to war with Turkey, whenever the convenient time of Russia should arrive. It is memorable that the Greek insurrection should have originated in this feeble and dilapidated government.

The political state of the Principalities has now become an object of the highest European interest. They are the present pretext for that war, which, once begun, may spread over Europe, and on their fields will be fought the first battle of the Turk and Russian, for the supremacy of the one, and the existence of the other.

The treaty of Kainorgik was the result of the preponderance of Russia. It was dictated by the Empress Catherine, of whom it might be said, that if any name was ever written on her heart, it was "Constantinople."

The right of interfering in the administration of the principalities, conferring the double advantage of conciliating the people in peace, as their defender from the severities of the Divan, and giving a perpetual ground for war, was never relaxed by that most masculine and ambitious sovereign of her time.

But to make this interference more systematic, Catherine soon demanded that Imperial agents, whom she entitled consuls, should be received, with authority to protect the Russian traders and dependants. This the Porte was unable to refuse, and the

concession, however reluctantly, was made.

Austria now demanded that she too should have consuls, though for purposes more exclusively commercial. Republican France next made a similar demand, and her consuls were, like all her foreign functionaries, spies, and the conductors of political intrigue. In 1802, a British Consul General was appointed to reside at Bucharest, chiefly for the purpose of assisting the correspondence between England and Turkey. The peace of Tilsit put an end to his mission, but in 1813 he was re-appointed, with enlarged powers, for commercial purposes.

On the general view of European politics, it is a supremely difficult question to decide in whose hands the possession of this territory would be more fortunate for the general balance of power. To Russia, it would lay open the whole of the northern frontier of Turkey. The Danube once passed, a few marches would bring a Russian army to the gates of Constantinople. The ambition of conquest is the very spirit and essence of the Russian empire; and of all conquest, that of Turkey is, from its nearness, its apparent ease, and the national prejudices, the most tempting. But the possession of Wallachia and Moldavia would also lay open the north-eastern frontier of Austria, and cut off her intercourse with Turkey. Jealousy must arise, and from jealousy between the powerful, war is not remote. With Austria, Russia, and Turkey, engaged in war, and it would be a wild and bloody one, what nation of Europe could feel itself distant enough to be unsucked into that huge and boiling eddy of fierce passions and remorseless carnage?

Those topics have now degenerated into the common talk, but they are not the less full of terrible apprehensions. The resistance of the Turks has been always bold, and increasing in intrepidity as the pressure of the enemy drove them nearer home. Nothing can be more worthy of observation than the actual slightness of the impression that all the power of Austria and Russia, even combined, has been able to make on the actual Turkish territory during the last hundred years; years, as they were, of acknowledged decline. The naked Greeks have struck a deeper blow on the Ottoman crest than all

the polished arms of the great military emperors.

But we may have yet to learn the true resources of Turkey for the field ; the tremendous capabilities that are to be found in the final union of desperate courage, oriental pride, and, above all, fierce and life-disdaining superstition. Hitherto the wars of the Divan have left the passions of the people unexcited ; and the unfolding even of the " Prophet's Banner," has been looked on as scarcely more than a state pageant. But when it is felt that the true day of struggle has come, that life or death, the expulsion of the nation from Europe, or the defeat of the invader, are the only alternatives, we shall see the lifting of the " Sacred Standard" no pageant, but a summons to all the fury and tiger-like strength of Mahometanism. These things may, by pos-

sibility, not occur ; but if the Turk shall submit to see the Russian flag flying on the towers of Constantinople without a struggle worthy of an empire built on the supremacy of the scymitar, all calculation on national character is dream and emptiness. If Russia should strictly limit herself to the possession of the Principalities, it may be within her fortunes to possess them without provoking the slow and indolent wrath of the Divan to desperation. But if she stop even there, it is only to invigorate herself for the future seizure of Constantinople. That seizure must bring on a general war ; one probably unexampled in violence and devastation ; probably the final convulsion of Europe, from which but few of its existing thrones may rise undone !

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I HAVE sent you a Greek translation of the celebrated character of Hannibal, as drawn by Livy, in the 24th Book of his history, and 4th chapter. It formed one of the subjects for Exercises in my third class during last session, and was executed by a few students with very considerable ability. I do not offer the translation to public inspection through the medium of your Magazine, upon the presumption that it is free from errors, but with the view, that, should it attract the notice of any critic well acquainted with the structure, idioms, and niceties of the Greek language, I may avail myself of his remarks upon it.

Your obedient servant,

G. DUNBAR.

College, Edinburgh, 6th May 1826.

CHARACTER OF HANNIBAL, LIVY, B. 21. C. 4.

" Missus Hannibal in Hispaniam, primo statim adventu omnem exercitum in se convertit. Hamilcarem juvenem redditum sibi veteres milites credere : eundem vigorem in vultu, vimque in oculis, habitum oris, lineamentaque intueri. dein brevi effecit, ut pater in se minimum momentum ad favorem conciliandum esset. Nunquam ingenium idem ad res diversissimas, parendum atque imperandum, habilis fuit. itaque haud facile decerneret, utrum imperatori, an exercitui, carior esset : neque Hasdrubal alium quemquam praeficere malle, ubi quid fortiter ac strenue agendum esset ;

Ἀννίβας εἰς Ἰσπανίαν ἐκπεμφθεὶς, ὡς πρῶτον ἀφίκετο, πᾶν τὸ στρατεύμα * ἀνεκτήσατο. Οἱ δὲ στρατιῶται οἱ παλαιοὶ Ἀμίλκαν νεανίαν ἀποστραφέντα πάλιν ἐπίστανον· τὴν μὲν αὐτὴν προσώπου ἰσχύν, τὸ δ' αὐτὸ εὐλεπὸς ὄξυ, τὴν δ' ὄψας ἔξιν καὶ φύσιν ὁμοίαν διαρῆσαι. Ἐπειτα δὲ ἐν βραχεί τὴν τοῦ πατρὸς μῆμην παρὰ μικρὸν ἐποίησατο πρὸς τὸ τὴν παρ' αὐτῶν εὐνοίαν κεκτήσθαι. Οὐδέποτε δὲ ἡ αὐτὴ φύσις εἰς τὰ πλεῖστον ἀπ' ἀλλήλων διαφέροντα, τὸ πείθεσθαι, καὶ τὸ ἀρχειν, ἱκανότερα ἐπεφύκει, ὥστε οὐ βραδίως διαμυγνῆσθαι πότερον τῷ στρατῷ ἢ τῷ στρατῷ προφιλέστερος εἶη. Οὐτὲ Ἀσδρούβας οὐδένα ἄλλον προστεκνέαι ἐβούλετο, ὅπου τι ἐχρῆν ἀν-

* vel εἰς ἐκὺν ἐπέτρεψεν.

neque milites alio duci plus confidere aut audere. Plurimum audaciae ad pericula capessenda, plurimum consilii inter ipsa pericula erat. nullo labore aut corpus fatigari, aut animus vinci poterat. Caloris ac frigoris patientia par: cibi potionisque desiderio naturali, non voluptate, modus finitus: vigiliarum somnique nec die, nec nocte, discriminata tempora. Id, quod gerendis rebus superesset, quieti datum: ea neque molli strato, neque silentio, arcassita. Multi saepe, militari sagulo opertum, humi jacentem inter custodias stationesque militum conspexerunt. Vestitus nihil inter aequales excellens: arma atque equi conspiciebantur. Equitum peditumque idem longe primus erat. princeps in proelium ibat: ultimus conserto proelio excedebat. Has tantas viri virtutes ingentia vitia aequabant; inhumana crudelitas, perfidia plus quam Punica, nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus deum metus, nullum jusjurandum, nulla religio. Cum hac indole virtutum atque vitiorum triennio sub Hasdrubale imperatore meruit, nullâ re, quae agenda videndaque magno futuro duci esset, praetermissâ."

δρείως καὶ ἔρρωμένως πραχθῆναι, οὔτε οἱ στρατιώται ἐτέρῳ μᾶλλον ἡγέμονι οὐδ' ἐπιταρρήσασιν οὐδὲ τολμήσασιν. Ἦν δ' αὐτὰ πλείστη μὲν πρὸς τοὺς κινδύνους τόλμη, πλείστη δὲ φρονήσις ἐν τοῖς κινδύνοις αὐτοῖς. Οὔτε τὸ σῶμα, οὔτε ἡ ψυχὴ οὐδέν πόνον οὐδ' ἀποκάνειν οὐδὲ ἡττᾶσθαι ἠδύνατο. Ψυχὸς καὶ δάλπους ὁμοίως καρτερικὸς· τὸ τοῦ σίτου καὶ πότου μέρος κατὰ τὴν τῆς ψυχῆς ἐπιθυμίαν, οὐ καθ' ἡδονὴν διωρίζετο. Οἱ τῆς φρουρᾶς καὶ τοῦ ὕπνου καιροὶ οὐδὲ ἡμέρας οὐδὲ νυκτὸς διεκρίνοντο. Οὐδὲ χρόνος, ὁ, τῶν ἃ ἔδει πεπραγμένον, περὶων, οὗτος ἡσυχίᾳ παρεδόθη, καὶ αὐτῇ οὔτε μαλάκῃ στρώματι οὔτε σιγῇ χρώμενος ἑφαίνετο. Πολλοὶ δ' αὐτὸν πολλάκις χλαμύδι περικεκαλύμμενον τε καὶ χαμαὶ κατακείμενον ἐν ταῖς τῶν στρατιωτῶν φυλακαῖς καὶ φρουραῖς ἑώραν. Ἐσθῆτα μὲν οὐδὲν τῶν ἡλικιωτῶν διέφερον· τὰ δ' ὅπλα καὶ τοὺς ἵππους περιέλειπτο· τῶν δ' ἵππεων καὶ τῶν πεζῶν πολὺ κράτιστος ἔγένετο. Πρῶτος μὲν εἰς τὴν μάχην ὤρματ' ὕστατος δὲ τῆς μάχης γενομένης, ἀπεχώρει. Ταύταις ταῖς τοιαύταις ἀνδρὸς ἀρεταῖς αἱ μεγίσταις κακίαι ἀντὶρροποὶ ἦσαν. Ὀμότης ὑπερβαλλοῦσα, ἀπιστία πλέον ἢ Καρχηδονίᾳ, οὐδὲν ἀληθές, οὐδὲν ἴσιον, οὐδεὶς τῶν θεῶν φόβος, οὐδ' εὖορκος οὔ ποτ' ἦν οὐδὲ εὐτελής· ταύτης τῆς τῶν καλῶν καὶ τῶν κακῶν αὐτῷ φύσεως ὑπαρχούσης, ἔτη τρία ὑπ' Ἀσδρούβᾳ ἡγέμενος ἐστρατεύετο, οὐδέ τις ἀμελήσας, ἃ τῷ μέλλοντι στρατήγῳ ἐπισήμῳ γιγνέσθαι ποιητὰ τε καὶ ἐπισκεπτὰ.

HOLYROOD.

IMPERIAL Holyrood ! to thy green court,
Where knightly pride and peerless beauty stray'd,
It soothes lone Meditation, in the shade
Of thought-awakening eve, to make resort ;
For heart-arousing visions brightly come,
And glide before the wizard Memory's glass :—
Lo ! Kings and Queens, and stately Nobles, pass,
Now moulder'd all within the silent tomb :
Grey Towers and Galleries ! hath your pictured gloom
No tongues oracular to tell what was ?
Yet here the pale, stain'd ghost of Rizzio flits,
There giant Darnley stands in anger mute,
And Mary, loveliest mould of woman, sits
Amid her maids, who listen to her lute.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

The First of May!—The First of May!
 I hail, I hail the sunny ray
 Which gilds the wave, the wood, the lea,
 And wakes the thrushes' melody:
 I hear the happy village train,
 That welcome summer back again,
 And gather at the early dawn
 The pearls that glitter on the lawn;
 For, charm'd by gentle sprite and fay,
 Is dew upon *the First of May*.

The priest who climbs high Brocken's brow,
 To pay to Bel th' adoring vow,
 And greet, with bloody sacrifice,
 The first red blush of summer's skies;
 The heathen priest has pass'd away,
 But aye returns *the First of May*.

The English youth, the English maid,
 Who deck the Maypole in the glade,
 And trip so jocundly along,
 And wake the echo with their song,
 And dance upon the village green,
 And homage pay to village queen—
 The youth and maid must pass away,
 But still returns *the First of May*.

And yet, with each returning year,
 The linnet trills his warbling clear;
 And glitters bright the charm'd May dew,—
 And moans the sorrowful cuckoo;
 Springs from the earth the scented flower,
 And wet with April's pearly shower.
 The hawthorn buds upon the spray,
 And blooms upon *the First of May*.

All, all must change—all, all must fade,
 The blooming May—the blooming maid;
 The seasons shall forget to roll,
 Melt with the heat the icy pole;
 All, all must change, all, all must fade,
 All save the never-dying soul;
 The world itself shall pass away,
 Nor dawn, nor set, *the First of May!*

Perchance, when May comes round again,
 'Twill find me on the bed of pain;
 Or those I love be dead and gone,
 And I upon the earth alone;
 When buds again the beechen tree,
 Too late, perchance, 'twill bud for me.
 And I may sleep upon the bier
 Too sound the Linnet's song to hear,
 Too cold for Summer's sun to cheer.—
 Yes, I myself may pass away,
 Nor see another FIRST OF MAY.

Fear not, my soul ! though all must fade,
 Though friends thou lovedst well be dead,
 Through God, be thou from sin estranged,
 Through him, thou never shalt be changed,
 Thy friends to thee shall never die.—
 Far, far beyond that azure sky
 Thou'lt live, when burst thy bonds of clay,
 With them, in one eternal May.

Σ.

REMARKABLE DREAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Being in company the other day when the conversation turned upon Dreams, I related one, which as it happened to my own father, I can answer for the perfect truth of it. About the year 1731, my father, Mr D. of K—, in the County of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh to attend the classes, having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment then in the Castle, and remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs Griffiths, during the winter. When spring arrived, Mr D. and three or four young gentlemen from England, (his intimates) made parties to visit all the neighbouring places about Edinburgh, Roslin, Arthur's Seat, Craig Millar, &c. &c. Coming home one evening from some of those places, Mr D. said, "We have made a party to go a-fishing to Inch-Keith to-morrow, if the morning is fine, and have bespoke our boat; we shall be off at six." No objection being made, they separated for the night.

Mrs Griffiths had not been long asleep till she screamed out in the most violent agitated manner, "The boat is sinking; save, oh save them!" The Major awaked her, and said, "Were you uneasy about the fishing party?" "Oh no," she said, "I had not once thought of it." She then composed herself, and soon fell asleep again; in about another hour, she cried out, in a dreadful fright, "I see the boat is going down." The Major again awoke her, and she said, "It has been owing to the other dream I had; for I feel no un-

casiness about it." After some conversation, they both fell sound asleep, but no rest could be obtained for her; in the most extreme agony she again screamed, "They are gone, the boat is sunk!" When the Major awakened her, she said, "Now I cannot rest; Mr D. must not go, for I feel, should he go, I would be miserable till his return; the thoughts of it would almost kill me."

She instantly arose, threw on her wrapping gown, went to his bed-side, for his room was next their own, and with great difficulty she got his promise to remain at home. "But what am I to say to my young friends, whom I was to meet at Leith at six o'clock?" "With great truth you may say your aunt is ill, for I am so at present; consider you are an only son, under our protection, and should anything happen to you, it would be my death." Mr D. immediately wrote a note to his friends, saying he was prevented joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The morning came in most beautifully, and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose, and in an instant the boat and all that were in it went to the bottom, and were never more heard of, nor was any part of it ever seen.

I often heard the story from my father, who always added, "It has not made me superstitious, but with awful gratitude, I never can forget, my life, by Providence, was saved by a Dream."

M. C.

Prince's Street, 1st May 1826.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XXVI.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. ap. Ath.

[This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days;
Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
"NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;
"BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. ap. Ambr.

Blue Parlour.

NORTH—TICKLER—SHEPHERD—CLERK OF THE BALAAM BOX—MR AM-
BROSE—DEVIL—PORTERS—AND INCREMATORS.

SHEPHERD.

Safe us ! I was never at an Incrementation afore !

NORTH.

Mr Ambrose, bring in Balaam, and place him on the table.

MR AMBROSE.

May I crave the assistance of the Incrematers, sir ?—for he is heavier this year than I ever remember him, since that succeeding the Chaldee.

SHEPHERD.

Is yon him ower by in the window neuk ? I'se tak haud o' ane o' the end-
handles mysel. Come, you wee lazy deevil there, what for are you skartin
your lug at that gate ? get up and be usefu'.—Noo, Mr Ambrose, let us put a'
our strength till't, and try to hoise him up, our twa lanes, ontill the table.

TICKLER.

My dear Shepherd, you'll burst a blood-vessel. Let me assist.

NORTH.

And me too !

SHEPHERD.

Dinna loot wi' that lang back o' yours, Mr Tickler. Pity me—I hear't
crackin'. There, it moves ! It moves !—What for are you trampin on my
taes, Awmrose ?—Dinna girn that way in my face, Mr Beelzebub. Faith it gars
us a' fowre stoitter.

(SHEPHERD, TICKLER, BEELZEBUB, and AMBROSE, succeed in placing the
Balaam-box on the table.)

NORTH.

Thank ye, gentlemen. Here is a glass of Madeira to each of you.

SHEPHERD.

North, rax me ower the Stork. There—that's a hantle heartsommer than
ony o' your wines, either white or black. It's just maist excellent whisky,
Glenlivat or no Glenlivat. But heh, sirs, that's a sad box, that Balaam, and
I'll weigh't against its ain bouk, lead only excepted, o' ony ither material noo
extant, and gie a stane.

NORTH.

Let the Incrematers take their stations.

(They do so, one at each side of the chimney. The Incrematers are firemen
belonging to the Sun Fire Office.)

Devil !

DEVIL.

Here !

NORTH.

Clerk of the B. B. !

C. B. B.

Here!

NORTH.

Open Balaam.

C. B. B.

Please, sir, to remember the catastrophe of last year. We must take the necessary precautions.

NORTH.

Certainly.—Mr Hogg, on opening Balaam, last year, we had neglected to put weight on the lid, and the moment the clerk had turned the key, it flew up with prodigious violence, and the jammed-down articles, as if discharged from a culverin, wafted destruction around—breaking that beautiful fifty-guinea mirror, in whose calm and lucid depths we had so often seen ourselves reflected to the very life—all but speech!

SHEPHERD.

I could greet to think on't. A' dung to shivers—scarcely ae bit big aneugh to shave by—but the same shinna befa' the year—for I'se sit down upon the lid like a guardian angel, and the lid 'll hae a powerfu spring indeed, gin it whamles me ower after sic a denner.

(The SHEPHERD mounts the table with youthful alacrity, and sits down on the Balaam-box.)

NORTH.

Use both your hands, sir.

C. B. B.

Beg your pardon—Mr North—there the key turns—Sit fast, Mr Hogg.

SHEPHERD.

Never mind me—I'm sittin as fast's a rock.—

(The lid, like a catapult, dislodges the SHEPHERD, who alights on his feet a few yards from the table.)

TICKLER.

My dear Shepherd, why, you are a rejected contributor!

SHEPHERD.

Mercy on us, only see how the articles are bouncin' about the Parlour! Put your foot, Tickler, on that ane, and haud it doon, for it's made o' parchment, and has breakin my shins. Look at yon ane, the wee wizened yellow creatur, how it's loupin atower the sofa, and then rinnin alang the floor like a moose, as if it were fain to escape aneath the door!—What's the maitter, Mr North? Dear me, what's the maitter?

NORTH.

The matter, James? Why, that cursed communication on the Catholic Question has, I verily believe, fractured my skull. Had it hit me a little nearer the temple, I should have been a dead Editor.

SHEPHERD.

Wae's me! Wae's me! A fracture o' Mr North's skull. It maun indeed hae been a hard article that did that—but wha can we get to reduce it?

TICKLER.

Well—who could have thought they had such spunk in them? Perfect Robin Good Fellows all—hop, step, and jump was the order of the day—and a cleaner somerset never did I see than that performed a minute ago by yonder lubberly-looking article now lying on his side on the rug in the jaws of the Tiger, who in the attempt to swallow him is evidently worsted.

SHEPHERD.

I hae na had siccan a whomle sin I was flung out o' a gig the summer afore last—but to be sure, in this case, there were nae reins to entangle about ane's legs, and nae wheels to gang shavin' close by your lugs, wi' your head lying in a rut.—But let's rub your brows wi' vinegar, sir!

NORTH.

I warded off the force of the blow, James, with my crutch, else it might have been fatal.

SHEPHERD.

Only to think o't, Mr North! But let's see what the article is? Burnin' wull

be ower gude for't. It shinna be burned, no it—Oh my prophetic soul! a Cockney Stink Pot!

NORTH.

Mr Ambrose, send in the scavenger.—Sorters, collect and arrange.
(*C. B. B. Sorters and Devil in full employment.*)

SHEPHERD.

Thae Incremawtors hae a gran' effec! They canna be less than sax feet four, and then what whuskers! I scarcely ken whether black whuskers or red whuskers be the maist fearsome! What tangs in their hauns! and what pokers!—Lucifer and Beelzebub!

NORTH.

At home, James, and at their own firesides, they are the most peaceable of men.

SHEPHERD.

I canna believe't, Mr North, I canna believe't; they can hae nae human feeling—neither sighs nor tears.

NORTH.

They are men, James, and do their duty.—He with the red whiskers was married this forenoon to a pretty delicate little girl of eighteen, quite a fairy of a thing—seemingly made of animated wax—so soft that, like the winged butterfly, you would fear to touch her, lest you might spoil the burnished beauty.

SHEPHERD.

Married—on him wi' the red whuskers!

NORTH.

Come now, James, no affected simplicity, no Arcadian innocence!

SHEPHERD.

You micht hae gien him the play the day, I think, sir; you micht hae gien him the play. The Incremawtor!

DEVIL.

The sorters have made up a skuttelfu' o' poetry—Sir, shall I deliver up to Lucifer or Beelzebub?

NORTH.

All poetry to Beelzebub.

SHEPHERD.

A' poetry to Beelzebub!! O wae's me, wae's me—Well-a-day, well-a-day! Has it indeed come to this! A' poetry to Beelzebub! I can scarce believe my lugs—

NORTH.

Stop, Beelzebub—read aloud that bit of paper you have in your fist.

BEELZEBUB.

Yes, sir.

SHEPHERD.

Lord safe us, what a voice! They're my ain verses too—Whisht—whisht.

BEELZEBUB—*recites.*

THE GREAT MUCKLE VILLAGE OF BALMAQUHAPPLE.

AIR—"Soger Laddie."

I.

D'VE ken the big village of Balmaquhapple,
The great muckle village of Balmaquhapple?
'Tis steep'd in iniquity up to the thrapple,
And what's to become of poor Balmaquhapple?
Fling a' off your bonnets, and kneel for your life, folks,
And pray to Saint Andrew, the god o' the Fife folks;
Gar a' the hills yout wi' sheer vociferation,
And thus you may cry on sic needfu' occasion:

II.

" O blessed Saint Andrew, if e'er ye could pity folk,
Men folk or women folk, country or city folk,
Come for this aince wi' the auld thief to grapple,
And save the poor village of Balmaquhapple !
Frae drinking, and leeing, and flyting, and swearing,
And sins that ye wad be affrontit at hearing,
And cheating, and stealing, O grant them redemption,
All save and except the few after to mention.

III.

There's Johnny the elder, wha hopes ne'er to need ye,
Sae pawkie, sae holy, sae gruff, and sae greedy,
Wha prays every hour, as the wayfarer passes,
But aye at a hole where he watches the lasses :
He's cheated a thousand, and e'en to this day yet
Can cheat a young lass, or they're leears that say it ;
Then gie him his way, he's sae sly and sae civil,
Perhaps in the end he may cheat Mr Devil.

IV.

There Cattie the cobbler, and Tammie the tinman,
And Dickie the brewer, and Peter the skinman ;
And Geordie, our deacon, for want of a better ;
And Bess, that delights in the sins that beset her.
O, worthy Saint Andrew, we canna compel ye,
But ye ken as weel as a body can tell ye,
If these gang to heaven, we'll a' be sae shockit,
Your garrat o' blue will but thinly be stockit.

V.

But for a' the rest, for the women's sake, save them !
Their bodies at least, and their souls, if they have them ;
But it puzzles Jock Linton, and small it avails,
If they dwell in their stomachs, their heads, or their tails.
And save, without frown or confession auricular,
The clerk's bonny daughters, and Bell in particular ;
For ye ken that their beauty's the pride and the stapple
Of the great wicked village of Balmaquhapple.

NORTH (*to TICKLER, aside.*)

Bad—Hogg's.

SHEPHERD.

What's that you two are speaking about ? Speak up.

NORTH.

These fine lines must be preserved, James. Pray, are they allegorical ?

SHEPHERD.

What a dracht in that lum ! It's a vera fiery furnace ! hear till't hoo it roars,
like wund in a cavern ! Sonnets, charauds, elegies, pastorals, lyrics, farces,
tragedies, and yepics—in they a' gang into the general bleeze ; then there is
naething but sparking ashes, and noo the thin black wavering coom o' annihila-
tion and oblivion ! It's a sad sicht, and but for the bairnliness o't, I could weel
greet. Puir chiels and lasses, they had ither howps when they sat down to
compose, and invoked Apollo and the Muses !

NORTH.

James, the poor creatures have been all happy in their inspiration. Why
weep ? Probably, too, they kept copies, and other Balaam-boxes may be groan-
ing with duplicates. 'Tis a strange world we live in !

SHEPHERD.

Was you ever at the burning o' heather or whins, Mr North ?

NORTH.

I have, and have enjoyed the illuminated heavens.

TICKLER.

Describe.

NORTH.

In half an hour from the first spark, the hill glowed with fire unextinguishable by water-spout. The crackle became a growl, as acre after acre joined the flames. Here and there a rock stood in the way, and the burning waves broke against it, till the crowning birch-tree took fire, and its tresses, like a shower of flaming diamonds, were in a minute consumed. Whirr, whirr, played the frequent gor-cock, gobbling in his fear; and, swift as shadows, the old hawks flew screaming from their young, all smothered in a nest of ashes.

TICKLER.

Good—excellent!—Go it again.

NORTH.

The great pine-forest on the mountain side, two miles off, frowned in ghastly light, as in a stormy sunset—and you could see the herd of red-deer, a whirlwind of antlers, descending, in their terror, into the black glen, whose entrance gleamed once—twice—thrice, as if there had been lightning; and then, as the wind changed the direction of the flames, all the distance sunk in dark repose.

TICKLER.

Vivid colouring, indeed, sir. Paint away.

NORTH.

That was an eagle that shot between and the moon.

TICKLER.

What an image!

NORTH.

Millions of millions of sparks of fire in heaven, but only some six or seven stars. How calm the large lustre of Hesperus!

TICKLER.

James, what do you think of that, eh?

SHEPHERD.

Didna ye pity the taeds and paddocks, and asks and beetles, and slaters and snails and spiders, and worms and ants, and catterpillars and bumbees, and a' the rest o' the insect-world perishin' in the flaming nicht o' their last judgment?

NORTH.

In another season, James, what life, beauty, and bliss over the verdant wilderness! There you see and hear the bees busy on the white clover—while the lark comes wavering down from heaven, to sit beside his mate on her nest! Here and there are still seen the traces of fire, but they are nearly hidden by flowers—and——

SHEPHERD.

For a town-chiel, Mr North, you describe the kintra wi' surprisin' truth and spirit; but there's aye something rather wantin' about your happiest pictures, as if you had glowered on everything in a dream or trance.

NORTH.

Like your own Kilmeny, James, I am fain to steal away from this every-day world into the Land of glamoury.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo many volumns o' poetry, think ye, the Incremawtor has thrust, just noo, intil the fire?

NORTH.

I should think about some score, or so, of crown octavo—350 pages—twenty lines to the page. Calculate that, James.

SHEPHERD.

Here's my keilavine. 350
20

by 7000
20

140,000

pages—which multiply

lines.

Maist equal to a "farther portion" o' the "Excursion!" Surely, surely, there maun hae been twa three thousan' gude lines amang sic a multitude!

TICKLER.

Devil the one—all fudge and flummery. More meaning in any one paragraph of Pope, than in the whole skuttleful.

SHEPHERD.

A skuttlefu' o' poetry! I canna thole either the sicht or the soun'. It's drawdin to the divine art.—Get out o' my reach, ye wee wicked weezen'd devil, or I'll clour your pow for you.—And as for thae Incremawtors—

NORTH.

Why, James, would you believe it, that Stoic with the black whiskers is himself a poet; and has even now, with his inexorable poker, in all probability, thrust into nothingness a quire of his own versified MSS.!

SHEPHERD.

Oh! wae's me! that poetry should be siccan a drog! Is there nae chance, think ye, sir, o' it's lookin' up?

NORTH.

None, James. Not till new men effulge. All your old stagers are done up. Scott has done his best in verse—so has Southey—so Moore—so Wordsworth—so Crabbe—so Campbell—so Hogg.

TICKLER.

And really, Mr North, after all, what have they done? Sir Walter has versified a few old stories, and is at the head of all modern ballad-mongers. What more? Southey has written one wild and wondrous tale, Thalaba; but all his other attempts are abortive—and the last spark of inspiration within him has been for years extinct. Many of Moore's songs will live—but a man cannot be song-singing all his days; and as for Wordsworth, take him out of the Lake country, and his prattle is tedious. Crabbe, and Campbell, and Hogg—

NORTH.

Come, come, don't be silly, Tickler. A man looks like a ninny the moment he begins even to think about verse-men.

TICKLER.

There it goes up the chimney—An Ode to the Moon—pursued by The Sleeping Infant—The Horned Owl—The late Elephant—and General Bolivar.

SHEPHERD.

O, sirs! the room's gettin' desperate warm. I pity the poor Incremawtors—they maun be unco dry. Beelzebub, open the window, man, ye ugly deevil, and let in a current o' cool air. Mr North, I canna thole the heat; and I ask it as a particular favour, no to burn the prose till after supper. At a' events, let the married Incremawtor gang hame to his bride—and there's five shillings to him to drink my health at his ain ingle.

(Incremator, Devil, Clerk of the Balaam-box, Porters, and Mr Ambrose retire.)

NORTH.

Who are the wittiest men of our day, Tickler?

TICKLER.

Christopher North, Timothy Tickler, and James Hogg.

NORTH.

Poo, poo—we all know that—but out of doors?

TICKLER.

Canning, Sydney Smith, and Jeffrey.

NORTH.

I fear it is so. Canning's wit is infallible. It is never out of time or place, and is finely proportioned to its object. Has he a good-natured, gentlemanly, well-educated blockhead—say of the landed interest—to make ridiculous, he does it so pleasingly, that the Esquire joins in the general smile. Is it a coarse calculating dunce of the mercantile school, he suddenly hits him such a heavy blow on the organ of number, that the stunned economist is unable to sum up the total of the whole. Would some pert prig of the profession be facetious overmuch, Canning ventures to the very borders of vulgarity, and discomfits

him with an old Joe. Doth some mouthing member of mediocrity sport orator, and make use of a dead tongue, then the classical Secretary runs him through, and through with apt quotations, and before the member feels himself wounded, the whole House sees that he is a dead man.

TICKLER.

His wit is shown in greatest power in the battles of the giants. When Brougham bellows against him, a Bull of Bashan, the Secretary waits till his horns are lowered for the death-blow, and then stepping aside, he plants with graceful dexterity the fine-tempered weapon in the spine of the mighty Brute.

SHEPHERD.

Whish!—Nae personality the nicht. Michty Brute!—Do you ca' Hairy Brumm a michty Brute? He's jist a maist agreeable enterteenin' fallow, and I recollect sitten up wi' him a' nicht, for three nichts rinnin', about thretty years syne, at Miss Ritchie's hottle, Peebles. O man, but he was wutty, wutty—and bricht thochts o' a maist extraordinary kind met thegither, frae the opposite poles o' the human understanding. I prophesied at every new half-mutchkin, that Mr Brumm would be a distinguished character, and there he is, you see, Leader o' the Opposition.

TICKLER.

His Majesty's Opposition!

NORTH.

Sidney Smith is a wit.

SHEPHERD.

No him—perpetually playin' upon words. I canna thole to hear words played upon till they lose their natural downright meaning and signification. It was only last week that a fallow frae Edinburgh came out to the south for orders o' speerits amang the glens, (rum, and brandy, and Hollands,) and I asked him to dine at Mount Benger. He had hardly put his hat on a peg in the trans, afore he began playin' wi' his ain words; and he had nae sooner sat down, than he began playin' wi' mine too, makin' puns o' them, and double entendres, and bits o' intolerable wutticisms, eneuch to make a body scunner. Faith, I cut him short, by tellin' him that nae speerit-dealer in the kingdom should play the fule in my house, and that if he was a wut, he had better saddle his powney and be aff to Selkirk. He grew red, red in the face; but for the rest o' the evening, and we didna gang to bed till the sma' hours, he was not only rational, but clever and weel-informed, and I gied him an order for twenty gallons.

TICKLER.

Yes—Sidney Smith has a rare genius for the grotesque. He is, with his quips and cranks, a formidable enemy to pomposity and pretension. No man can wear a big wig comfortably in his presence; the absurdity of such enormous frizzle is felt; and the dignitary would fain exchange all that horse-hair for a few scattered locks of another animal.

NORTH.

He would make a lively interlocutor at a Noctes. Indeed, I intend to ask him, and Mr Jeffrey, and Cobbett, and Joseph Hume, and a few more choice spirits, to join our festive board.—

SHEPHERD.

O man, that will be capital sport. Sic conversation!

TICKLER.

O my dear James, conversation is at a very low ebb in this world!

SHEPHERD.

I've often thought and felt that, at parties where ane micht hae expectit better things. First o' a' comes the wather—no a bad toppic, but ane that town's folks kens naething about. Wather! My faith, had ye been but in Yarrow last Thursday.

TICKLER.

What was the matter, James, the last Thursday in Yarrow?

SHEPHERD.

I'll tell you, and judge for yoursell. At four in the mornin', it was that hard frost that the dubs were bearin, and the midden was as hard as a rickle

o' stanes. We could na plant the potawtoes. But the lift was clear. Between eight and nine, a snaw-storm came down frae the mountains about Loch Skene, noo a whirl, and noo a blash, till the grun was whitey-blue, wi' a sliddery sort o' sleet, and the Yarrow began to roar wi' the melted broo, along its frost-bound borders, and aneath its banks, a' hanging wi' icicles, nane o' them thinner than my twa arms. Weel then, about eleven it began to rain, for the wund had shifted—and afore dinner-time, it was an even-down pour. It fell loun about sax—and the air grew close and sultry to a degree that was fearsome. Wha wud hae expeckit a thunder-storm on the eve o' sic a day? But the heavens—in the thundery airt—were like a dungeon,—and I saw the lightning playing like meteors athwart the blackness, lang before ony growl was in the gloom. Then, a' at ance, like a wauken'd lion, the thunder rose up in his den, and shakin' his mane o' brindled clouds, broke out into sic a roar, that the very sun shuddered in eclipse,—and the grews and colliers that happened to be sittin' beside me on a bit knowe, gaed whinin' into the house wi' their tails atween their legs, just venturin a haffin' glance to the howling heavens noo a' in low, for the fire was strong and fierce in electrical matter, and at intervals the illuminated mountains seemed to vomit out conflagration like verra volcanoes.

TICKLER.

ΕΝΙΑ ΠΡΟΦΕΤΑ !

SHEPHERD.

Afore sunset, heaven and earth, like lovers after a quarrel, lay embraced in each other's smile !

NORTH.

Beautiful ! Beautiful ! Beautiful !

TICKLER.

Oh ! James—James—James !

SHEPHERD.

The lambs began their races on the lea, and the thrush o' Eltrive (there is but a single pair in the vale aboon the kirk) awoke his hymn in the hill-silence. It was mair like a mornin' than an evenin' twilight, and a' the day's hurly-burly had passed awa' into the uncertainty o' a last week's dream !

NORTH.

Proof positive, that, from the lips of a man of genius, even the weather—

SHEPHERD.

I could speak for hours, days, months, and years, about the wather, without e'er becoming tiresome. O man, a cawm !

NORTH.

On shore, or at sea ?

SHEPHERD.

Either. I'm wrapped up in my plaid, and lyin' a' my length on a bit green platform, fit for the fairies' feet, wi' a craig hangin' ower me a thousand feet high, yet bright and balmy a' the way up wi' flowers and briars, and broom and birks, and mosses maist beautifu' to behold wi' half-shut ee, and through aneath ane's arm guardin' the face frae the cloudless sunshine !

NORTH.

A rivulet leaping from the rock—

SHEPHERD.

No, Mr North, no loupin' ; for it seems as if it were nature's ain Sabbath, and the verra waters were at rest. Look down upon the vale profound, and the stream is without motion ! No doubt, if you were walkin' along the bank, it would be murmuring with your feet. But here—here up among the hills, we can imagine it asleep, even like the well within reach of my staff !

NORTH.

Tickler, pray make less noise, if you can, in drinking, and also in putting down your tumbler. You break in upon the repose of James's picture.

SHEPHERD.

Perhaps a bit bonny butterfly is resting, wi' faulded wings, on a gowan, no a yard frae your cheek ; and noo, waukening out o' a simmer-dream, floats awa' in its wavering beauty, but as if unwilling to leave its place of midday sleep.

comin' back and back, and roun' and roun', on this side and that side, and ettlin' in its capricious happiness to fasten again on some brighter floweret, till the same breath o' wun' that lifts up your hair sae refreshingly catches the airy voyager, and wafts her away into some other nook of her ephemeral paradise.

TICKLER.

I did not know that butterflies inhabited the region of snow.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, and mony million moths; some o' as lovely green as of the leaf of the moss-rose, and ithers bright as the blush with which she salutes the dewy dawn; some yellow as the long steady streaks that lie below the sun at set, and ithers blue as the sky before his orb has westered. Spotted, too, are all the glorious creatures' wings—say, rather starred wi' constellations! Yet, O sirs, they are but creatures o' a day!

NORTH.

Go on with the calm, James—the calm!

SHEPHERD.

Gin a pile o' grass straightens itself in the silence, you hear it distinctly. I'm thinkin' that was the noise o' a beetle gaun to pay a visit to a freen on the ither side o' that mossy stane. The melting dew quakes! Ay, sing awa', my bonny bee, maist industrious o' God's creatures! Dear me, the heat is ower muckle for him; and he burrows himsel in amang a tuft o' grass, like a beetle, panting! and noo invisible a' but the yellow doup o' him. I too feel drowsy, and will go to sleep amang the mountain-solitude.

NORTH.

Not with such a show of clouds——

SHEPHERD.

No! not with such a show of clouds. A congregation of a million might worship in that Cathedral! What a dome! And is not that flight of steps magnificent? My imagination sees a crowd of white-robed spirits ascending to the inner shrine of the Temple. Hark—a bell tolls! Yonder it is, swinging to and fro, half minute time, in its tower of clouds. The great air-organ gins to blow its pealing anthem—and the overcharged spirit falling from its vision, sees nothing but the pageantry of earth's common vapours—that ere long will melt in showers, or be wafted away in darker masses over the distance of the sea. Of what better stuff, O, Mr North, are made all our waking dreams? Call not thy Shepherd's strain fantastic; but look abroad over the work-day world, and tell him where thou seest aught more steadfast or substantial than that cloud-cathedral, with its flight of vapour-steps, and its mist-towers, and its air-organ, now all gone for ever, like the idle words that imaged the transitory and delusive glories.

TICKLER.

Bravo, Shepherd, bravo! You have nobly vindicated the weather as a topic of conversation. What think you of the Theatre—Preaching—Politics—Magazines and Reviews, and the threatened Millenium?

SHEPHERD.

Na, let me tak my breath. What think ye, Mr Tickler, yoursel', o' preachin'?

TICKLER.

No man goes to church more regularly than I do; but the people of Scotland are cruelly used by their ministers. No sermon should exceed half an hour at the utmost. That is a full allowance.

NORTH.

The congregation, if assured that the sermon would stop within that period of time, would all prick up their ears, and keep their eyes open during the whole performance. But when there is no security against an hour, or even an hour and a half, the audience soon cease to deserve that name, and the whole discourse is lost.

TICKLER.

Then, most ministers do drawl, or drivel, or cant after a very inexcusable fashion. A moderate degree of animation would carry almost any preacher through half an hour agreeably to an audience—yet is it not true, that, gene-

rally speaking, eyelids begin to fall under ten minutes, or from that to a quarter of an hour? Why is it thus?

SHEPHERD.

What yawns have I not seen in kirks! The women, at least the young anes, dinna like to open their mouths verra wide, for it's no becoming, and they're feared the lads may be glowering at them; so they just pucker up their bit lips, draw in their breath, haud down their heads, and put up their hauns to their chafts, to conceal a suppressed gaunt, and then straughtenin' themsells up, pretend to be hearkenin' to the practical conclusions.

TICKLER.

And pray, James, what business have you to be making such observations during divine service?

SHEPHERD.

I'm speakin' o' ither years, Mr Tickler, and human nature's the same noo as in the ninety-eight. As for the auld wives, they lay their big-bonnetted heads on their shoulder, and fa' ower into a deep sleep at ance; yet you'll never hear a single ane among them committin' a snore. I've often wondered at that, for maist o' the cummers hae sonorous noses when lyin' beside the gudeman, and may be heard through a' the house, as regular as clock-wark.

TICKLER.

Yes, James, the power of the mind over itself in sleep is indeed inexplicable. The worthy fat old matron says to herself, as her eyes are closing, "I must not snore in the kirk;" and she snores not—at the most, a sort of snuffle. How is this?

SHEPHERD.

Noo and then you'll see an ill-faured, pock-marked, black-a-vised hizzie in the front laft, opposite the poopit, wha has naething to houp frae our side o' the house, openin' the great muckle ugly mouth o' her, like that o' a bull-trout in Tarrass Moss, as if she ware ettlin to swallow the minister.

NORTH.

James—James—spare the softer sex!

SHEPHERD.

But the curiousest thing to observe about the lasses, when they are gettin' drowsy during sermon, is their een. First a glazedness comes ower them, and the lids fa' down, and are lifted up at the rate o' about ten in the minute. Then the poor creatures gie their heads a shake, and, unwillin' to be overcome, try to find out the verse the minister may be quotin'; but a' in vain, for the hummin' stillness o' the kirk subdues them into sleep, and the sound o' the preacher is in their lugs like that o' a waterfa'.

NORTH.

Your words, James, are like poppy and mandragora.

SHEPHERD.

Then, a'thegither unconscious o' what they're doin', they fix their glimmerin' een upon your face, as if they were dyin' for love o' you, and keep nid noddin upon you, for great part o' ane o' the dizzin divisions o' the discourse. You may gie a bit lauch at them wi' the corner o' your ee, or touch their fit wi' yours aneath the table, and they'll never sae much as ken you're in the same seat; and, finally, the soft-rounded chin draps down towards the bonnie bosom; the blue-veined violet eye-lids close the twilight whose dewy fall it was sae pleasant to behold; the rose-bud lips, slightly apart, reveal teeth pure as lily-leaves, and the bonny innocent is as sound asleep as her sister at hame in its rockin cradle.

NORTH.

My dear James, there is so much feeling in your description, that, bordering though it be on the facetious, it yet leaves a pleasant impression on my mind of the Sabbath-service in one of our lowly kirks.

SHEPHERD.

Far be it frae me or mine, Mr North, to treat wi' levity ony sacred subject. But gin folk wull sleep in the kirk, where's the harm in sayin' that they do so? My ain opinion is, that the mair dourly you set yoursell to listen to a no verra bricht discoorse, as if you had taken an oath to devour't frae stoop to roop, the mair certain-sure you are o' fa'in' ower into a deep lang sleep. The

verra attitude o' leanin' back, and stretchin' out your legs, and fixing your een in ae direction, is a maist dangerous attitude; and then, gin the minister has ony action,—say jooking down his head, or see-sawing wi' his hauns, or leanin' ower, as if he wanted to speak wi' the precentor, or keepin' his een fixed on the roof, as if there were a hole in't lettin' in the licht o' heaven,—or turnin' first to the ae side and then to the ither, that the congregation may hae an equal share o' his front physiognomy as weel's his side face,—or staunin' bolt upright in the verra middle o' the poopit, without ever ance movin' ony mair than gin he were a corp set up on end by some cantrip, and lettin' out the dry, dusty, moral apothegms wi' ae continued and monotonous girn—oh! Mr North, Mr North, could even an evil conscience keep awake under such soporifics, ony mair than the honestest o' men, were the banns cried for the third time, and he gaun to be married on the Monday morning?

NORTH.

Yet, after all, James, I believe country congregations are, in general, very attentive.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, ay, sir. If twa are sleepin', ten are wauken; and I seriously think that mair than ae half o' them that's sleepin' enter into the spirit o' the sermon. You see they a' hear the text, and the introductory remarks, and the heads; and, fa'in' asleep in a serious and solemn mood, they carry the sense along wi' them; neither can they be said no to hear an accompanying soun', so that it wadna' be just fair to assert that they lose the sermon they dinna listen to; for thochts, and ideas, and feelings, keep floatin' down along the stream o' silent thocht, and when they awaken at the "Amen," their minds, if no greatly instructed, hae been tranquilleezed; they join loudly in the ensuing psalm, and without remembering mony o' the words, carry hame the feck o' the meaning o' the discourse, and a' the peculiarities o' the doctrine.

NORTH.

I never heard a bad sermon in a country church in my life.

SHEPHERD.

Nor me neither. Oh, man, it's great nonsense a' that talk about preachin' that gangs on in Embro'. Simplicity, sincerity, and earnestness, are a' I ask frae ony preacher. Our duty is plain, and it requires neither great genius nor great erudition to teach and enforce it. To me nae mair disgusting sight than a cretur thinkin' o' himsel, and the great appearance he is makin' afore his brother-worms!

TICKLER.

The popular preacher has written his sermon according to the rules of rhetoric, and for the sake of effect. He chuckles inwardly before he delivers the blow that tells; and at the close of every climax the inward man exclaims, "What a fine boy am I!"

NORTH.

He dares some antagonist to the fight who has been dead for a hundred years—digs up such of his bones as are yet un mouldered, and erects them into a skeleton-figure veiled with its cearments. There stands the champion of infidelity; and there the defender of the Faith! Twenty to one—Flesh against Bones—and at the first facer, Hume or Voltaire is grassed, and gives in!

TICKLER.

The pride of the presbytery is in high condition, and kicks his prostrate foe till the shroud rings again like a bag of bones.

SHEPHERD.

Then, when the kirk scales, what a spearin' o' questions about the discourse! "Oh! was na the doctor great the day?" "Oh! Mem, was na he beautifulu' about the myrrh?" "Will you go, Miss Katie, and hear him speak in the General Assembly?"—"He seemed very much fatigued, and perspired most profusely—he is quite equal to Chalmers." And so the vulgar slang spreads along the streets, and renders denner itsel' loathsome. Is this, I ask, the spirit of religious worship on God's holy day?

NORTH.

No, James—a thousand times worse than the sleeping you so beautifully described.

SHEPHERD.

Hard-working auld men, wi' white heads, that hae walked four or sax miles to the kirk, may weel close their een, for a short space, during ony discourse ever delivered by one of woman born—so may their wives, whose hauns have never had an idle hour during the stirring week—so may their sons, who have been sowing, or reaping the harvest—and so may their daughters—God bless them! who have been singing at their domestic toils, frae the earliest glint o' morn to the lustre o' the evening star. But thinkna that I meant to speak the exact truth when I was jokin' about their sleepin' in the kirk. I kent whom I was talkin' to, and that they would na mistake the spirit o' my pictur. A country congregation carries into the House of God heart-offerings o' piety, gratefu' to Him and his angels. They go there to sing his praises, and to join in prayer to his throne, and to hear expounded his Holy Word. They go not thither as to a theatre, to see an actor——

NORTH.

Nor to compare Mr This with Dr That——

TICKLER.

Nor to cock the critic eye at the preacher, and palaver about the sermon, as about an article in the Edinburgh Review——

NORTH.

Nor to assume a Sabbath-sancity, from which their week-day avocations are all abhorrent.

SHEPHERD.

Nor to turn up the whites of their eyes to Heaven, that have their natural expression only when devouring the dust o' the earth.

TICKLER.

Nor to dismiss all charity from their hearts towards “the sitters below” another preacher, and to look upon them returning from their own church as so many lost sheep.

NORTH.

Nor to drive away home, in unpaid chariots, the most pious of women, but the sulkiest of wives.

TICKLER.

Nor forgetful of the cards of yester-night, nor unhopeful of the rubber of to-morrow.

SHEPHERD.

To eat a cold denner, wi' a sour temper, and a face that, under the gloom o' an artificial religion that owns no relation wi' the heart, looks as ugly at fourty, as that o' a kintra wife's at threescore.

NORTH.

What the deuce is the meaning of all this vituperation?

SHEPHERD.

De'il tak me gin I ken. But I fin' mysel gettin' desperate angry at something or ither, and could abuse maist onybody.—Wha was't that introduced the toppic o' kirks? I'm sure it wasna me. It was you, Mr Tickler.

TICKLER.

Me introduce the top of kirks?

SHEPHERD.

Yes; you said “What think you of the theatre—preaching—politics—magazines and reviews, and the threatened millenium?” I'll swear to the verra words, as if I had ta'en them down wi' the keelavine.

NORTH.

James, don't you think Tickler would have been an admirable preacher?

SHEPHERD.

I canna say; but I could answer for he's being a good precentor.

TICKLER.

Why not a preacher?

SHEPHERD.

You wadna hae been to be depended on. Your discourses, like your ain figure, wad hae wanted proportion; and as for doctrine, I doubt you wad hae been heterodox. Then, you wad hae been sic a queer-lookin' chiel' in the poopit!

TICKLER.

Don't you think I would have been an admirable Moderator?

SHEPHERD.

You're just best as you are—a gentleman at large. You're scarcely weel adapted for ony profession—except maybe a fizician. You wad hae fann a pulse wi' a true Esculawpian solemnity; and that face o' yours, when you look'd glum or gruesome, wad hae frichtened families into fees, and held patients down to sick-beds, season after season. O man! but you wad hae had gran' practice.

TICKLER.

I could not have endured the quackery of the thing, Hogg.

SHEPHERD.

Haud your tongue. There's equal quackery in a' things alike. Look at a sodger—that is an offisher—a' wavin' wi' white plumes, glitterin' wi' gowd, and ringin wi' iron—gallopin' on a grey horse, that caves the foam frae its fiery nostrils, wi' a mane o' clouds, and a tail that flows like a cataract; mustachies about the mouth like a devourin' cannibal, and proud fierce een, that seem glowerin' for an enemy into the distant horrison—his long sword swinging in the scabbard wi' a fearsome clatter aneath Bellerophon's belly—and his doup dunshin' down among the spats o' a teeegger's skin, or that o' a leopard—till the sound o' the trumpet gangs up to the sky, answered by the rampagin' Arabs, “ha, ha”—and a' the stopped street stares on the aid-de-camp o' the stawf, writers'-clerks, bakers, butchers, and printers' deevils, a' wushin' they were sodgers—and leddies frae balconies, where they sit shoooin' silk-purses in the sunshine, start up, and wi' palpitatin' hearts, send looks o' love and languishment after the Flyin' Dragon.

NORTH.

Mercy on us, James, you are a perfect Tyrtæus.

SHEPHERD.

O! wad you believ't—but it's true—that at school that symbol o' extermination was ca'd Fozie Tam?

NORTH.

Spare us, James—spare us. The pain in our side returns.

SHEPHERD.

Every callant in the class could gie him his licks; and I recollect' ance a lassie gi'en him a bloody nose. He durstna gang into the dookin aboon his doup, for fear o' drownin', and even then wi' seggs; and as for speelin' trees, he never ventured aboon the rotten branches o' a Scotch fir. He was feared for ghosts, and wadna sleep in a room by himsell; and ance on a Halloween, he swarfed at the apparition o' a lowin' turnip. But noo he's a warrior, and fought at Waterloo. Yes—Fozie Tam wears a medal, for he overthrew Napoleon. Ca' ye na that quackery, wi' a vengeance?

NORTH.

Why, James, you do not mean surely thus to characterise the British soldier?

SHEPHERD.

No. The British army, drawn up in order o' battle, seems to me an earthly image of the power of the right hand of God. But still what I said was true, and nae ither name had he at school but Fozie Tam. Oh, sirs! when I see what creturs like him can do, I could greet that I'm no a sodger.

TICKLER.

What the deuce can they do, that you or I, James, cannot do as well, or better?

SHEPHERD.

I wonder to hear you askin'. Let you or me gang into a public room at ae door, amang a hunder bonnie lassies, and Fozie Tam in full uniform at anither, and every star in the firmament will shine on him alone—no a glint for ane o' us twa—no a smile or a syllable—we can only see the back o' their necks.

TICKLER.

And bare enough they probably are, James.

SHEPHERD.

Nae great harm in that, Mr Tickler, for a bonny bare neck can do naebody

ill, and to me has aye rather the look o' innocence—but maun a poet, or orator—

TICKLER.

Be neglected an account of Fozie Tam?

SHEPHERD.

And by mony o' the verra same creturs that at a great leeterary sooper the nicht afore were sae affable and sae flatterin', askin' me to receit my ain verses, and sing my ain sangs,—drinkin' the health o' the Author of the Queen's Wake in toddy out o' his ain tumbler—shakin' hauns at partin', and in the confusion at the foot o' the stairs, puttin' their faces sae near mine, that their sweet warm breath was maist like a faint, doubtfu' kiss, dirlin' to ane's verra heart—and after a' this, and mair than this, only think o' being clean forgotten, overlooked, or despised, for the sake o' Fozie Tam!

TICKLER.

We may have our revenge. Wait till you find him in plain clothes—on half-pay, James, or sold out—and then, like Romeo, when the play is over, and the satin breeches off, he walks behind the scenes, no better than a tavern-waiter, or a man-milliner's apprentice.

SHEPHERD.

There's some comfort in that, undoubtedly. Still I wish I had been a "soldier in my youth." I wadna care sae muckle about shoemakers; but let even a tailor enlist, and nae sooner has he got a feather on his head, than he can whussle out the proudest lass in the village.

NORTH.

Somewhat too much of this. None of us, perhaps, have had any great reason to complain—and really, at our time of life—

TICKLER.

Agreed.—You were at the Professional Concert, James, t'other night, I think?

SHEPHERD.

Faith no. Catch me at a Professional Concert again, and I'll gie a sooper to the hail orchestra.

TICKLER.

These fiddlers carry things with a very high hand indeed, and the amateurs, as they call themselves, are even more insufferable. There they go off at score, every wrist wrigglin in some wretched concerto, and the face of every scrapper on catgut as intent on the miscreated noise, as if not only his own and his family's subsistence depended on it, but also their eternal salvation!

SHEPHERD.

And they ca' that music! It may be sae to them, for there's nae sayin' what a man's lugs may be brought to by evil education—but look at the puir audience, and the hardest heart maun pity them, for they're in great pain, and wad fain be out—but that maunna be—they maun sit still there on the verra same bit o' the hard bench—without speakin' or even whisperin'—for two—three—four hours—the room het and close—not a drap o' onything to drink—nae air but the flirt o' a fan—the cursed concertos gettin' louder and louder—the fiddlers' faces mair intolerably impudent the stronger they strum—

NORTH.

Concerts are curses, certainly. The noise made at them by persons on fiddles, and other instruments, ought to be put down by the public. Let Yaniewicz, and Finlay Dun, and Murray, play solos of various kinds—divine airs of the great old masters, illustrious or obscure—airs that may lap the soul in Elysium. Let them also, at times, join their eloquent violins, and harmoniously discourse in a celestial colloquy: they are men of taste, feeling, and genius. Let the fine-eared spirits of Italy, and Germany, and Scotland, enthral our—

SHEPHERD.

Haud your tongue, Mr North, you're gettin' ower flowery. What I say's this—that, wi' the exception o' some dizzen, ae half o' whom are mere priggish pretenders, every ither leevin' soul at a concert sits in a state o' sulky stupefaction. And to pay five shillings, or seven, or aiblins half a guinea, for

tickets to be admitted, for a long winter's nicht, into purgatory—or without offence, say at ance, into hell!

TICKLER.

The fiddling junto should be kicked to the devil. Let the public absent herself from such concerts, and then we may have music—but not till then. The performers must be starved out of their insolent self-sufficiency. Nothing else will do.

NORTH.

We deserve it. We must needs be Athenians in all things; and, in fear of being reckoned unscientific, hundreds of people, not generally esteemed idiots, will crowd to a concert, at which they know, that before they have sat half an hour, they will most devoutly desire that fiddles had never been found out, and the arm of every fiddler palsied beyond the power of future torments.

SHEPHERD.

Why dinna ye gie them a dressin' in the Magazine?

NORTH.

Perhaps, James, they are beneath print——

SHEPHERD.

Na, na; gie them a skelp or twa—for they're as sensitive as skinned pad-docks.

NORTH.

I must have some talk with my friend Sandy Ballantyne, with whom, by the by, I have not smoked a cigar for some moons bygone, for he knows I love music, and that I could sit from sunset to sunrise beneath the power of his matchless violin. But says I, my dear Sandy—My dear Sandy, says I——

SHEPHERD.

You may just as weel at ance haud your tongue, as to speak to him, or the like o' him, on the subject. He's far ower gran' a sceeantific player to mind ae word that you say; and him, and George Thamson, and George Hogarth, and the lave o' the yamatoors, will just lauch at ye as an ignoramus, that kens naething o' acowstics, or the dooble-doble-baiss, or Batehoven, or Mowsart, or that Carle Weber.

TICKLER.

I have better hopes, James. The feeling, taste, knowledge of the majority must be consulted. Science must not be sacrificed, for without science what would be a concert? But whenever five hundred human beings are collected in one room, not for punishment but enjoyment, they are entitled, on the score of their humanity, to some small portion of pleasure, and none but directors, with black hearts, will consign them all up to unmitigated torments. I am confident, therefore, that Mr Alexander Ballantyne——

SHEPHERD.

He'll cry “whish,” if you sae much as whisper, and wull rouse to the skies thae cursed concert-chiels in the orchestra coming out wi' a crash that crushes in the drums o' your lugs, pierces the verra cieling, and dumfounds the understanding by a confused noise o' naithingness, frae which a' sense is banished; and that has nae mair claim to be ca'd music than the routin' o' ten thousand kye at Fakirk Tryst.

NORTH.

It is many years, James, since I have been so much pleased with any one's singing as with Miss Noel's. She is a sweet, gentle, modest creature, and her pipe has both power and pathos.

SHEPHERD.

She's just ane o' the verra best singers I ever heard in a' my life—and the proof o't is, that although an English lassie, she can sing sweetly a Scottish sang. That tries the heart at ance, you see, Mr North; and unless the singer be innocent and amiable, and fu' o' natural sensibility, such as a father wad like in his ain dochter, she needna try ane o' our lyrics. Here's Miss Noel's health, and a' that's gude to her!

NORTH.

Vocal music, James, when good, how divine! Your own fair young daughter sitting with her arm on your knee, and looking up in her old father's face,

while her innocent lips distil sounds that melt into his yearning heart, and her blue eyes fill with happy tears under the pensive charm of her own melody!

SHEPHERD.

I canna conceive a purer happiness. O man, Mr North, my dear, dear sir, why dinna, why wunna ye marry? You that are sae familiar in imagination wi' the hail range o' a' pawrents' thochts, and feelings.—Oh! why, why sudna ye marry?

NORTH.

James—look on this crutch—that slit shoe—these chalk-stoned fingers—hear that short cat-cough—

SHEPHERD.

Deil the fears. Mony a young woman wad loup at the offer. Ye hae that in your ee, sir, that takes a woman's heart. And then, Fame, Fame, Fame, that's the idol they worship upon their knees—witness the Duke o' Wellington and mony ithers.

NORTH.

It would kill me quite to be refused.

SHEPHERD.

Refused! There's no a woman, either maid or widow, in a' Scotland, that's reached the years o' understandin', that wad refuse you. The world wad think her mad. I ken mair than a dizen, no out o' their teens yet, that's dyin' for you.—Isna that true, Mr Tickler?

TICKLER.

True!—Ay, true as Waterton on the Cayman. But North is vain enough already of his empyr over the fair sex—too much so, indeed, I fear, ever to confine himself within the narrow limits of the conjugal state. He is like the air, "a chartered libertine."

SHEPHERD.

Think shame o' yoursel', Mr Tickler. That never was Mr North's character, even in lusty youth-head. Ma faith, he was ower muckle o' a man. Open bosoms werena the treasures he coveted—in his estimation no worth the riflin'. He has had, beyond a' doubt, his ain dear, secret, sighin', and sabbin' hours, when there were nae starnies in heaven, but when twa lampin' een, far mair beautifu' than them, were close upon him, wi' their large liquid lustre, till his gazing soul overflowed with unendurable bliss. When—

NORTH.

Good heavens, James, remember those secrets were confided to you at the Confessional!

SHEPHERD.

They are safe as gin they were my ain, Mr North. How's the Ludge lookin' this spring?

NORTH.

In great beauty. The garden-wall you abused so three years ago is now one blush of blossoms. What you called the "wee pookit shrubs," now form a balmy wilderness, populous with bees and birds—all the gravel-walks are now overshadowed with the cool dimness of perpetual twilight. Ten yards off you cannot see the house—only its rounded chimneys—and, indeed, on a chosen day of cloudless sunshine, yet unsultry air, you might imagine yourself beneath the skies of Italy, and in the neighbourhood of Rome.

TICKLER.

Of Modern Athens, if you please, sir.

SHEPHERD.

Just o' Auld Reekie, gin you like. Are the Fife hens layin'?

NORTH.

Yes, James—and Tapitoury is sitting.

SHEPHERD.

That's richt. Weel, o' a' the hou-touddie's I ever ate, yon species is the maist truly gigantic. I could hae ta'en my Bible-oath that they were turkies. Then I thocht, "surely they maun be capons;" but when I howked into the inside o' ane o' them, and brought out a spoonfu' o' yellow eggs, frae the size o' a pepper-corn to that o' a boy's bools, and up to the bulk o' a ba' o' thread,

thinks I to mysel, "sure aneuch they are hens," and close upon the layin'. Maist a pity to kill them!

NORTH.

James, you shall have a dozen eggs to set, and future ages will wonder at the poultry of the Forest. Did you ever see a capercailzie?

SHEPHERD.

Never. They have been extinct in Scotland for fifty years. But the truth is, Mr North, that all domesticated fowl would live brawly if turned out into the wilds and woods. They might lose in size, but they would gain in sweetness—a wild sweetness—caught frae leaves and heather-berries, and the products o' desert places, that are blooming like the rose. A tame turkey wad be a wild ane in sax months; and oh, sir! it wad be gran' sport to see and hear a great big bubbly-jock gettin' on the wing in a wood, wi' a loud gobble, gobble, gobble, redder than ordinar in the face, and the ugly feet o' him danglin' aneath his heavy hinder-end, till the hail brought him down with a thud and a squelch amang the astonished pointers!

NORTH.

I have not taken a game certificate this year, James. Indeed——

SHEPHERD.

You're just becomin' perfectly useless a'thegether, Mr North; and then look at the Magazine—you would seem no to hae ta'en out a game certificate there either—and there are poachers on the manor.

NORTH.

I never cut up anybody now-a-days—for old age, James, like an intimate knowledge of the Fine Arts—"Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros."

SHEPHERD.

You're far ower good-natured, Mr North; and the corbies, thinkin' there's nae gun about the house, or, at least, nae powther and lead, are beginnin' to come croakin' close in upon the premises wi' their ugly thrapples, the foul carrion! You should lay brown Bess ower the garden-dyke, and send the hail into their brains for them, and then hing the brutes up by the heels frae a stab, wi' their bloody beaks downmost, till a' the tribe keep aloof in their dark neuks frae the smell o' kindred corruption; or gin you wad only gie me the gun——

NORTH.

Poo—poo—James—the vermin murder one another; and nothing you know is more common than to come upon a poor emaciated dying devil in a ditch, surrounded by birds of the same nest, who keep hopping about at some little distance, narrowing and narrowing the circle, as the croak of the carrion gets more hoarse and husky, till they close in upon the famished fowl in his last blindness, making prey of a carcase that is hardly worth tearing in pieces, a fleshless bundle of fetid feathers, here and there bedabbled with thin blood, changed almost into water by that alchemist—Hunger.

TICKLER.

Were the hares numerous in the Forest last season, James?

SHEPHERD.

Just atween the twa. I gripped about a hunder and forty wi' the grews. I never recollect them rin stronger—perfec' witches and warlocks. What for cam ye never out?

TICKLER.

I have given up the sports of the field, too, James—even angling itself.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, I get fonder and fonder o' growin' every season. My heart louns when Poossie starts frae the rashes wi' her lang hornlike lugs and crooked fud, the slut, and before she sees the dowgs, keeps ganging rather leisurely up the knowe—till catching a glimpse o' Claverse, doon drap her lugs a' at ance, and laying her belly to the brae, awa' she flees, Claverse turning her a thousand times, till, wi' a desperate spang, he flings himsel on her open-mouthed—a carterwaulin as o' weans greetin' for sook at midnight, and then a's husht, and puir Poossie dead as a herring.

NORTH.

You seem melancholy, Tickler—a penny for your thoughts.

TICKLER.

I am depressed under the weight of an unwritten article. That everlasting Magazine of yours embitters my existence. O, that there were but one month in the year without a Blackwood!

SHEPHERD.

Or rather a year in ane's life without it, that a body might hae leisure to prepare for anither world. Hoo the Numbers accumulate on the shelve o' ane's leebrary! I begin to think they breed. Then a dozen or twa are maistly lyin' on the drawers-head—twice as mony mair in the neuks o' rooms, up and down stairs—the servants get haud o' them in the kitchen—and ye canna open the press to tak a dram, but there's the face o' Geordy Buchanan.

TICKLER.

My dear Shepherd, you are a happy man in the Forest, beyond the clutches and the clack of an Editor. But here am I worried to death by devils, from the tenth to the twentieth of every month. I wish I was dead.

SHEPHERD.

You dinna wush ony sic thing, Mr Tickler. That appetite o' yours is worth five thousan' a-year. O man! it would be a sair pity to die wi' sic an appetite! Tell me about the Haggis-Feast.

TICKLER.

A dozen of us entered our Haggises for a sweepstakes—and the match was decided at worthy Mrs Fergusson's, High Street. My Haggis (they were all made, either by our wives or cooks, at our respective places of abode) ran second to Meg Dods's. The Director General's (which was what sporting men would have called a roarer) came in third—none of the others were placed.

SHEPHERD.

Did ony accident happen amang the Haggises? I see by your face that ane at least amang the dizzen played the deevil. I recollect ance the awfu'est scene wi' a Haggis, in auld Mr Laidlaw's house. It was a great muckle big ane, answering to Robert Burns's description, wi' its hurdies like twa distant hills, and occupied the centre o' the table, round whilk sat about a score o' lads and lasses. The auld man had shut his een to ask a blessing, when some evil speerit put it into my head to gie the bag a slit wi' my gully. Like water on the breakin' o' a dam, out rushed, in an instantaneous overflow, the inside o' the great chieftain o' the Pudding race, and the women-folk brak out into sic a shriek, that the master thocht somebody had drapped down dead. Meanwhile, its contents didna stop at the edge o' the table, but gaed ower wi' a slutter upon the lads' breeks and the lassies' petticoats, burnin' the wearers to the bane; for what's hetter than a haggis?

TICKLER.

Nothing on this side of the grave.

SHEPHERD.

What a skirlin'! And then a' the colleys began yelpin' and youffin', for some o' them had their tauted hips scalded, and ithers o' them could na see for the stew that was rinnin' down their chafts. Glee'd Shooshy Dagleish fell a' her length in the thickest part o' the inundation, wi' lang Tommy Potts aboon her, and we thocht they would never hae foun' their feet again, for the floor was as sliddery as ice—and—

NORTH.

Now, James, were you to write that down, and give it to the world in a book, it would be called coarse.

SHEPHERD.

Nae doubt. Everything nat'ral, and easy, and true, is ca'd coorse—as I think I hae observed afore noo in this verra room—and what has been the consequence o' sic puling criticism? Wishy washy water-colours, sae faint that you canna tell a tree frae a tether, or a doug frae a soo, or a fish frae a fule, or a man frae a woman. Why, Mr North, I'd lay my lugs, that gin our conversation here were a' taen doon in short hand, and prented in the Magazine, there wadna be wantin' puir cheepin' fuizenless cretures to ca't coorse.

NORTH.

Theocritus has been blamed, James, on the same score.

SHEPHERD.

The Allan Ramsay o' Sicily, as I hae heard; and the best pastoral poet o' the ancient warld. Thank God, Mr North, the fresh airs o' heaven blaw through your shepherd's hut, and purify it frae a' pollution. Things hae really come to a queer pass when towns' bodies, leevin' in shops and cellars, and garrets and common stairs, and lanes and streets that, wi' a' their fine gas lamp-posts, are pestilential wi' filth and foulzie; and infested wi' lean, mangy dowgs, ruggin' out stinkin' banes frae the sewers; and wi' auld wives, like broken-backed witches, that are little mair than bundles o' movin' rags, clautin' among the bakiefu's o' ashes; and wi' squads o' routin' orspewin' bullies o' chieles, staggerin' hame frae tripe-soopers, to the disturbance o' the flaes in their yellow-tinged-lookin' blankets; and wi' anes, and twas, and threes, o' what's far waur than a' these, great lang-legged, tawdry, and tawpy limmers, standin' at closes, wi' mouths red wi' paint, and stinkin' o' gin like the bungs o' speerit-casks, when the speerit has been years in the wudd; while far and wide ower the city (I'm speakin' o' the Auld Town) you hear a hellish howl o' thieves and prostitutes carousin' on red herrings and distillery-whusky, deep down in dungeons aneath the verra stanes o' the street; and faint far-aff echoes o' fechts wi' watchmen, and cries o' "murder, murder—fire, fire" drowned in the fiercer hubbub o' curses, endin' in shouts o' deevilish lauchter—I say—What was I gaun to say, sir? something about the peace and pleasantness o' Mount Benger, was't no? and o' the harmless life and conversation o' us shepherds among the braes, and within the murmurs o' the sheep-washing Yarrow.

NORTH.

I hope it was so—for that dark picture needs relief.

SHEPHERD.

And it shall hae relief. Wad it no be relief to rise, at Mount Benger, just a wee bit dim, dewy half-hour afore the sun; and when a' the household were yet asleep in the heaven o' mornin' dreams, to dauner awa' down to the soun' o' the waterfa', that ye skently see glimmerin' in the uncertain twilight?

NORTH.

And so leap in upon the Naiad before she has braided her tresses, or arranged the cerulean folds of her flowing cymar.

SHEPHERD.

Wad it no be relief to see green glittering Nature becoming distincter and distincter, far and wide ower the vâle and braes, and hills and mountains, till ere you can finish the unpremeditated prayer that God's beautiful creation has breathed into your heart—Earth and Heaven are in broad daylight, and, solemn thocht! anither morning is added to the span of man's mortal years?

TICKLER.

O rus!

SHEPHERD.

A' the larks are awa' up wi' their sangs to heaven—a' the linties are low down in the broom wi' theirs—sic is the variety o' instinct among the bonny creturs that live in nests! And the trouts are loupin' in the water, and the lambs are rinnin' races on the braes, and gin I were there to see, perhaps the wild swan is among the water-lilies of St Mary's Loch, or say rather the Loch o' the Lowes, for that is a lonelier water, and farther up among the shadows o' the hills.

NORTH.

A morning landscape, by Claude Lorraine!

SHEPHERD.

Returnin' back hame, the wife and weans are a' at the door—and isna my wee Jamie a fine fallow, wi' his licht-blue cunnin' een, and that bashfu' lovin' lauch, when he sees his father, and that saft and low forest voice, that gars me, every time I see the blessed face o' him, thank God for his goodness, and my heart overflow wi' what is surely happiness, if there be sic a thing as happiness on this inexplicable earth?

TICKLER.

Here's your fireside, James—your porch—the roof-tree.—North, fill a bumper. (*Three times three.*)

NORTH.

You once were so good as to flatter me by saying, that I ought to go into Parliament. Now, James, if you wish it, I will bring you in.

SHEPHERD.

I haena the least ambition. Sae far frae envyin' the glory o' the orators in that House, I wudna swap ane o' my ain bit wee sangs wi' the longest-wund-ed speech that has been "hear'd, hear'd," this Session.

TICKLER.

James, let us have Meg of Marley.

MEG O' MARLEY.

1.

O KEN ye Meg o' Marley glen,
The bonny blue-ee'd deary?
She's play'd the deil amang the men,
An' a' the land's grown eiry;
She's stown the Bangor frae the clerk,
An' snool'd him wi' the shame o't;
The minister's fa'en through the text,
An' Meg gets a' the blame o't.

2.

The plowman plows without the sock,
The goadman whistles sparely,
The shepherd pines amang his flock,
An' turns his ee to Marley;
The tailor's fa'en out-ower the bed,
The cobbler ca's a parley,
The weaver's fa'en out-through the web;
An' a' for Meg o' Marley.

3.

What's to be done? for our goodman
Is flyting late an' early;
He rises but to curse an' ban,
An' sits down but to ferly.
But ne'er had love a brighter lowe,
O light his torches warly,
At the bright ee an' blithesome brow
Of bonny Meg o' Marley.

NORTH.

A simple matter—but well worth Joseph Hume's four hours' speech, and forty-seven resolutions.

[Clock strikes ten—folding doors fly open, and the *Tria Lumina Scotorum* sit down to supper.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—May 17.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st, ... 32s. 0d.	1st, ... 23s. 0d.	1st, ... 21s. 0d.	1st, ... 19s. 0d.
2d, ... 30s. 0d.	2d, ... 21s. 0d.	2d, ... 19s. 0d.	2d, ... 18s. 0d.
3d, ... 27s. 6d.	3d, ... 18s. 0d.	3d, ... 17s. 0d.	3d, ... 17s. 0d.

Average of Wheat £1, 8s. 8d. 10-12ths.

Tuesday, May 16.

Beef (16 oz. per lb.)	0s. 4½d. to 0s. 7½d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.
Mutton	0s. 6d. to 0s. 7½d.	Potatoes (14 lb.)	0s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 9d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 0d. to 1s. 2d.
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	Salt ditto, per st.	8s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	4s. 0d. to 5s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb.	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	6s. 0d. to 6s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 7d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—May 12.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 29s. 6d.	1st, ... 23s. 0d.	1st, ... 19s. 0d.	1st, ... 18s. 0d.	1st, ... 18s. 0d.
2d, ... 27s. 0d.	2d, ... 19s. 0d.	2d, ... 16s. 0d.	2d, ... 16s. 0d.	2d, ... 16s. 0d.
3d, ... 24s. 0d.	3d, ... 15s. 0d.	3d, ... 14s. 0d.	3d, ... 14s. 0d.	3d, ... 14s. 0d.

Average of Wheat £1, 7s. 2d.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended May 6.

Wheat, 60s. 5d.—Barley, 30s. 1d.—Oats, 24s. 2d.—Rye, 35s.—Beans, 38s. 5d.—Pease, 37s. 9d.

Average by Imperial quarter—Wheat, 62s. 5d.—Barley, 31s.—Oats, 24s. 11d.—Rye, 36s. 2d.—Beans, 39s. 7d.—Pease, 38s. 11d.

London, Corn Exchange, May 12.

s.	s.	s.	s.
Wheat, red, old	— to —	White pease	37 to 40
Red, new	40 to 46	Ditto, boilers	41 to 43
Fine ditto	48 to 52	Small Beans, new	39 to 43
Superfine ditto	55 to 60	Ditto, old	— to —
White	44 to 48	Tick ditto, new	32 to 36
Fine ditto	50 to 58	Ditto, old	— to —
Superfine ditto	62 to 66	Feed oats	19 to 21
Rye	28 to 32	Fine ditto	22 to 24
Barley	21 to 24	Poland ditto	20 to 22
Fine ditto	25 to 27	Fine ditto	23 to 26
Superfine ditto	28 to 31	Potato ditto	20 to 23
Malt	44 to 50	Fine ditto	24 to 28
Fine	52 to 58	Scotch	29 to 30
Hog Pease	35 to 37	Flour, per sack	50 to 55
Maple	38 to 40	Ditto, seconds	42 to 46
Maple, fine	— to —	Brans	— to —

Seeds, &c.

s.	s. d.	s.	s. d.
Tares, per bsh.	3 6 to 5 6	Rye Grass	22 to 26 0
Must. White	14 to 18 0	Ribgrass	24 to 35 0
— Brown, new	10 to 20 0	Clover, red cwt.	42 to 70 0
Turnips, bah.	— to — 0	— White	50 to 72 0
— Red & green	0 to — 0	Foreign red	40 to 68 0
— White	14 to 20 0	— White	— to — 0
Caraway, cwt.	28 to 32 0	Coriander	16 to 22 0
Canary, per qr.	86 to 92 0	Trefoil	20 to 30 0
Cinque Foins	48 to 64 0	Lintseed seed	34 to 40 0

Rape Seed, per last, £25, to £28, 00s.

Liverpool, May 9.

s.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.	—	Amer. p. 196 lb.	—
Eng.	8 3 to 9 3	Sweet, U.S.	23 0 to 30 0
Old	8 6 to 9 9	Do. in bond	—
Scotch	8 0 to 9 0	Sour bond	— 0 to — 0
Irish	7 6 to 8 6	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—
Bonded	5 6 to 6 9	English	26 0 to 31 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	Scotch	23 0 to 31 0
Eng.	5 10 to 4 9	Irish	25 0 to 31 0
Scotch	5 9 to 4 3	Brans, p. 21 lb.	— to —
Irish	5 0 to 3 2		
Foreign	5 9 to 4 5		
Oats, per 45 lb.	—		
Eng.	5 0 to 3 5		
Irish	3 0 to 3 2		
Scotch	3 0 to 3 3		
For. in bond	— to —		
Do. dut. fr.	— to —		
Rye, per qr.	35 0 to 38 0		
Malt per b.	6 6 to 7 3		
— Middling	5 6 to 6 9		
Beans, per q.	—		
English	42 0 to 50 0		
Irish	42 0 to 44 0		
Rapeseed	— 0 to — 0		
Pease, grey	— 0 to — 0		
— White	— 0 to — 0		
Flour, English,	—		
p. 240 lb. fine	45 0 to 49 0		
Irish, 2ds	44 0 to 49 0		

Butter, Beef, &c.

Butter, p. cwt.	s. d.
Belfast	65 0 to 65 0
Newry	54 0 to 58 0
Waterford	56 0 to 60 0
Cork, pic. 2d.	76 0 to 78 0
3d dry	60 0 to 62 0
Beef, p. tierce.	—
— Mess	100 0 to 107 0
— p. barrel	— 0 to — 0
Pork, p. bl.	—
— Mess	55 0 to 63 0
— half do.	29 0 to 33 0
Bacon, p. cwt.	—
Short mids.	43 0 to 44 0
Sides	41 0 to 42 0
Hams, dry	50 0 to 56 0
Green	38 0 to 42 0
Lard, rd. p. c.	40 0 to 42 0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d April 1825.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock	—	202½ 2	201½ 200	200
3 per cent. reduced,	—	78½ ¾	78½ ¾	78½ ¾
3 per cent. consols,	79½ ¾ ¾	—	79½ ¾	79½ ¾
3½ per cent. consols,	—	—	—	—
3½ per cent. reduced,	—	—	—	—
New 4 per cent. cons.	96½ ¾	96½ ¾ ¾	95½ ¾	95 4 ¾
India stock,	—	—	—	—
— bonds,	2 3	—	5 6	6 8
Exchequer bills,	2 3	7 6	8 9	10 11
Exchequer bills, sm.	2 4	7 6	8 9	10 11
Consols for acc.	79½ ¾ ¾	78½ ¾ ¾	79½ ¾	79½ ¾ 9
Long Annuities,	—	98½ 7-16	191-163-16	194 3-16
French 5 per cents.	98f. 50c.	97 f.	96 f.	96f. 87½c.

Course of Exchange, May 12.—Amsterdam, 12 : 8. C. F. Ditto at sight, 12 : 5. Rotterdam, 12 : 9. Antwerp, 12 : 9. Hamburg, 37 : 10. Altona, 37 : 9. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 75. Ditto, 26 : 0. Bourdeaux, 26 : 0. Frankfort on the Maine, 156. Petersburg, per rble. 8½ 3 U. Berlin, 7 : 0. Vienna, Eff. FL 10 : 24. Trieste, 10 : 24. Madrid, 35½. Cadiz, 35½. Bilboa, 35½. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 43½. Venice, 25 : 0. Malta, —. Naples, 38½. Palermo, per oz. 115. Lisbon, 50½. Oporto, 50½. Buenos Ayres, 43. Rio Janeiro, 44. Bahia, 47. Dublin, 1½ per cent. Cork, 1½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. per oz. New Dollar, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

PRICES CURRENT, May 13.—London 9.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.			
SUGAR, Musc.	56	to 60	51	55	55	58	49	52		
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	62	68	59	67	59	64	54	62		
Mid. good, and fine mid.	74	78	—	—	68	72	65	71		
Fine and very fine, . .	106	114	101	105	—	—	90	—		
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	—	—	—	—	—	—	92	—		
Powder ditto,	90	102	88	95	—	—	84	92		
Single ditto,	86	96	84	88	—	—	75	80		
Small Lumps,	83	87	80	84	—	—	90	100		
Large ditto,	64	76	63	76	—	—	—	—		
Crushed Lumps,	25	26	22 0	22 6	—	—	27s. 6d.	—		
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	54	—	48	51	52	57	42	61		
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	56	60	52	54	58	66	68	80		
Ord. good, and fine ord.	62	70	62	85	67	95	—	—		
Mid. good, and fine mid.	54	—	54	58	—	—	—	—		
Dutch Triage and very ord.	60	75	60	75	—	—	—	—		
Ord. good, and fine ord.	85	90	70	85	—	—	—	—		
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	—	—	52	54	—	—		
St Domingo,	0 8d	—	— 9½d	—	0 9d	9½d	—	—		
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
SPIRITS,										
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 3d	—	2s 1d	2s 8d	2s 8d	3s 0d	2s 5d	2s 11d		
Brandy,	3 6	3 9	—	—	—	—	2 4	3 1		
Geneva,	2 0	2 2	—	—	—	—	1 10	2 0		
Grain Whisky,	4 6	0 0	—	—	—	—	—	—		
WINES,										
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	—	—	—	—	—	—	£10	£52		
Portugal Red,	35	46	—	—	—	—	26	32		
Spanish White,	36	48	—	—	—	—	—	—		
Teneriffe,	22	24	—	—	—	—	20	28		
Madeira, . . p 110 gall.	25	60	—	—	—	—	25	50		
LOGWOOD, Jam. . . ton,	47	—	5 10	5 15	£6 0	6 6	£6 0	7 0		
Honduras,	7	—	6	6 6	6 5	6 10	6 0	—		
Campeachy,	8	—	6 10	7 0	7 0	7 7	7 0	—		
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . .	8	0	7 10	8 0	6 0	7 10	7 0	8 0		
Cuba,	9	10	8 10	9 0	8 10	9 10	8 0	10 0		
INDIGO, Caracacas fine, lb.	12s	13s 0	—	—	—	—	—	—		
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 8	2 0	—	—	1 7	1 9	—	—		
Ditto Oak,	3 6	4 0	—	—	—	—	—	—		
Christiansand (dut. paid,) .	2 0	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—		
Honduras Mahogany, . .	1 9	2 4	1 4	1 10	1 2	1 6	1 1	1 4		
St Domingo, ditto, . .	2 0	5 0	2 4	2 9	1 9	2 3	1 10	2 6		
TAR, American, . . . brl.	—	—	18	19	12 0	14 0	—	—		
Archangel,	—	—	20	—	—	—	12	16		
PITCH, Foreign, . . . cwt.	10 0	10 6	—	—	—	—	16 0	—		
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	35	36	35	36	34	35	35	—		
Home melted,	45	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	48	—	—	—	44	45	£45 0	46 0		
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	42	45	—	—	42	43	39 0	41 0		
FLAX,										
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	37	38	—	—	—	—	£40	£—		
Dutch,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
Irish,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
MATS, Archangel, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
BRISTLES,										
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	38	—	—	—	25 6	26	26	27		
Montreal, ditto, . . .	35	—	26	—	24 0	25 0	26	—		
Pot,	32	—	24	—	—	—	26	—		
OIL, Whale, tun,	30	—	—	—	28	30	30	31		
Cod,	—	—	26	—	—	—	28 10	—		
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7	7½	7½	7½	0 8	—	0 6½	0 7½		
Middling,	5	6½	5	5½	0 3½	0 7	0 3	3½		
Inferior,	4	4½	4	4½	0 2½	0 4½	0	—		
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 6	0 8		
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
Stained,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
Middling,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
Demerara and Berbice, .	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 8½	0 10		
West India,	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 8	0 9		
Pernambuco,	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 10½	11½		
Maranham,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		

METEOROLOGICAL TABLES, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

March.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Mar. 1	M.54 A. 18	29.251 .150	M.48 A. 44	Cble.	Morn. fair, day rain.	Mar. 17	M.34 A. 38	29.999 .999	M.43 A. 43	SW.	Frost morn. day sunsh.
2	M.53 A. 40	.175 .270	M.44 A. 42	SW.	Morn. frost, day f. r.	18	M.35 A. 43	.725 .532	M.44 A. 43	Cble.	Foren. fair, rain aftern.
3	M.55 A. 40	.270 .351	M.42 A. 45	SW.	Ditto.	19	M.33 A. 42	.511 .728	M.43 A. 44	N.	Fair, with sunshine.
4	M.33 A. 45	28.985 .154	M.44 A. 41	SW.	Storm. rain, hail, cold.	20	M.54 A. 45	.715 .844	M.44 A. 46	NE.	Ditto.
5	M.32 A. 38	.245 .499	M.41 A. 40	SW.	Frost morn. aftern. snow.	21	M.34 A. 40	.894 .891	M.46 A. 45	E.	Ditto.
6	M.55 A. 38	.560 .593	M.40 A. 40	SW.	Frost morn day fair.	22	M.29 A. 37	.728 .616	M.42 A. 43	SE.	Frost morn. day dull.
7	M.35 A. 40	.912 .355	M.40 A. 41	SW.	Dull morn. day rain.	23	M.52 A. 36	.404 .330	M.40 A. 40	Cble.	Cold, hail, sleet, aftern.
8	M.35 A. 39	.678 .674	M.42 A. 47	Cble.	Foren. sunsh. aftern. dull.	24	M.50 A. 36	.572 .780	M.39 A. 30	NE.	Shwrs. snow and sleet.
9	M.41 A. 51	.510 .731	M.50 A. 34	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	25	M.29 A. 32	.731 .690	M.36 A. 35	NE.	Shwrs. hail and snow.
10	M.48 A. 54	.920 .999	M.54 A. 38	S.	Sunsh. and very warm.	26	M.27 A. 35	.784 .928	M.36 A. 36	NE.	Morn. snow, fair day.
11	M.29 A. 46	.978 30.101	M.51 A. 50	Cble.	Morn. cold, day warm.	27	M.29 A. 35	.731 .730	M.35 A. 39	NE.	Fair, sun- shine, cold.
12	M.28 A. 42	.225 .223	M.48 A. 50	SE.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.	28	M.34 A. 43	.250 28.952	M.44 A. 45	W.	Foren. fair, hail aftern.
13	M.29 A. 37	.290 .196	M.47 A. 45	SE.	Ditto, aftern. cold.	29	M.27 A. 36	29.226 .406	M.44 A. 31	NW.	Cold, with showers.
14	M.50 A. 37	29.844 .560	M.42 A. 40	Cble.	Morn. frost, rain aftern.	30	M.28 A. 37	.740 .916	M.40 A. 40	NW.	Cold, with shwrs. hail.
15	M.31 A. 37	.484 .760	M.41 A. 44	Cble.	Morn. cold, day sunsh.	31	M.29 A. 38	.929 .818	M.42 A. 43	W.	Frost morn. day cold.
16	M.30 A. 35	.942 30.216	M.42 A. 42	Cble.	Fair, sunsh. cold.	Average of rain, 1.198.					

April.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Apr. 1	M.37 A. 44	29.731 .733	M.45 A. 45	NW.	Dull, cold, rain night.	Apr. 16	M.33 A. 46	29.820 .925	M.49 A. 50	NW.	Fair, with sunshine.
2	M.32 A. 42	.750 .675	M.45 A. 48	NW.	Rain morn. day fair.	17	M.34 A. 46	.960 .926	M.51 A. 50	NW.	Ditto, and cold.
3	M.42 A. 48	.684 .888	M.49 A. 49	NW.	Dull, but fresh, fair.	18	M.35 A. 46	.892 .710	M.49 A. 49	SW.	Foren. sunsh. aftern. dull.
4	M.43 A. 49	.606 .570	M.49 A. 50	NW.	Cold, flying showers.	19	M.40 A. 49	.666 .634	M.50 A. 50	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
5	M.42 A. 51	.492 .535	M.50 A. 51	NW.	Ditto.	20	M.39 A. 54	.615 .440	M.54 A. 57	SW.	Foren. warm, aftern. cold.
6	M.40 A. 46	.340 .514	M.52 A. 50	NW.	Shwrs. rain afternoon.	21	M.35 A. 53	.251 .356	M.50 A. 55	NW.	Morn. frost, day fair.
7	M.39 A. 46	.596 .631	M.50 A. 50	NW.	Fair, cold, foren. sunsh.	22	M.42 A. 51	.282 .516	M.54 A. 50	SW.	Dull, with flying shwrs.
8	M.44 A. 50	.572 .570	M.54 A. 54	N.	Ditto.	23	M.54 A. 45	.505 .466	M.50 A. 51	NW.	Day sunsh. rain night.
9	M.36 A. 51	.281 28.993	M.54 A. 47	NW.	Foren. fair, rain aftern.	24	M.31 A. 45	.504 .329	M.50 A. 50	Cble.	Aftern. hail, night snow.
10	M.56 A. 46	29.275 .375	M.50 A. 48	NW.	Aftern. hail and rain.	25	M.29 A. 41	.619 .635	M.46 A. 46	Cble.	Frost morn. day dull cold.
11	M.56 A. 50	28.999 .950	M.54 A. 49	Cble.	Rain, thum. & light hail.	26	M.30 A. 43	.414 .350	M.46 A. 46	Cble.	Ditto.
12	M.39 A. 46	.892 29.539	M.51 A. 50	Cble.	Ditto.	27	M.50 A. 32	.196 .512	M.41 A. 40	N.	Hail, snow, sleet, frost ev.
13	M.52 A. 45	.692 .639	M.49 A. 49	Cble.	Dull, with shwrs. rain.	28	M.26 A. 34	.661 .719	M.40 A. 41	W.	Keen frost.
14	M.52 A. 50	.552 .755	M.50 A. 50	S.W.	Dull, cold, shwrs. rain.	29	M.29 A. 38	.796 .846	M.43 A. 46	Cble.	Frost morn. day sunsh.
15	M.33 A. 47	.776 .734	M.50 A. 50	NW.	Frost morn. rain aftern.	30	M.30 A. 42	.934 .996	M.47 A. 48	NE.	Ditto, snow on hills.
Average of rain,					1.257.	5 D					

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

February.

Brevet	J. F. de Burgh, late Lt. Col. h. p. rank of Lt. Col. upon Continent of Europe only	20	26 Jan. 1826
	Capt. Locker, 34 F. Maj. in the Army		19 July 1821
2 L. G.	Capt. M. of Carmarthen, from 17 Dr. Capt. vice Lord G. Bentinck, 75 F.	21	7 Jan. 1826
R.H.G.	Ens. Lord Elphinstone, from 14 F. Cor. by purch. vice Lord A. Conyngham, prom.		28 do.
	As. Surg. Hair, from 43 F. Surg. vice Slow, h. p.		12 do.
	Lieut. Hill, Adj. vice Hirst, res. Adj. only	22	2 Feb.
1 D. G.	Cor. Teesdale, Lieut. by purch. vice Smith, prom.	24	12 Jan.
	C. S. Smith, Cor.		do.
	Cor. Morris, Lieut. by purch. vice Reed, prom.	25	9 Feb.
	F. Hawkes, Cor.		do.
7	Cor. and Riding-Master Hickman, rank of Lieut.	26	12 Jan.
6 Dr.	Cor. Mackay, Lieut. by purch. vice Barry, prom.		do.
	J. Waddington, Cor.		do.
7	Lieut. Philipps, Capt. by purch. vice Wildman, prom.	27	11 Feb.
	Cor. Biggs, Lieut.	29	do.
	E. Bryan, Cor.		do.
	Lieut. Lord J. Fitz Roy, Adj. vice Wells, res. Adj. only	30	19 Jan.
11	Cor. Johnson, Lieut. by purch. vice Davis, 38 F.	31	do.
	H. A. Reynolds, Cor.		do.
13	Cor. Ogilvie, Lieut. by purch. vice Cunynghame, prom.	52	18 Feb.
	T. Benson, Cor. vice Alexander, prom.		2 do.
	H. Elton, Cor. vice Ogilvie	33	18 do.
14	Cor. and Riding-Master Griffiths, rank of Lieut.		12 Jan.
	W. B. Alexander, Cor. by purch. vice Rooke, prom.		do.
15	Cor. Gill, Lieut. by purch. vice Philipps, prom.		19 do.
	A. F. Blyth, Cor.		do.
16	Lieut. Williams, from h. p. 1 Dr. Paym. vice Neyland, dead		2 Sept. 1824
	Cor. Brown, from Cape Corps Cav. Cor. by purch. vice Jillard, prom.	35	19 Jan. 1826
17	Capt. Chambre, from 75 F. Capt. vice M. of Carmarthen, 2 Life Gds.	36	7 do.
1 F. G.	Ens. Jekyll, from 86 F. Ens. and Lieut. by purch. vice St Clair, prom.		18 Feb.
1 F.	Lieut. Cross, Capt. by purch. vice Macdougall, ret.	38	12 Jan.
	Surg. Armstrong, from Ceylon R. Surg. vice Sandford, dead		19 do.
3	W. G. Beare, Ens. by purch. vice Gordon, prom.		28 do.
5	Capt. Smith, from 3 Vet. Bn. Capt.		8 April 1825
7	Lieut. Hall, from 59 F. Lieut. vice Chambre, prom.	39	26 Jan. 1826
12	Hosp. Assist. Dick, Assist. Surg.	41	12 do.
14	Ens. Daly, Lieut. vice Horner, dead		26 do.
	J. B. Maxwell, Ens.	43	do.
15	Lieut. Moore, from 20 F. Lieut. vice Farmer, cancelled	46	2 Feb.
	Ens. Mylius, Lieut. by purch. vice Henley, prom.		28 Jan.
	J. Cassidy, Ens.	47	do.
	A. C. Sterling, Ens. vice Delaney, prom.		29 do.
	W. Ashmore, do. by purch. vice Sterling, 24 F.	49	18 Feb.
18	Lieut. La Touche, Capt. by purch. vice Doran, prom.	50	14 Jan.
	Ens. Graves, Lieut.		do.
	Ens. Boddam, from 20 F. Ens.		26 Jan.
	F. Horn, Ens. by purch. vice Boddam, 18 F.		do.
	Hosp. Assist. Forrest, Assist. Surg. vice Rutledge, 55 F.		9 Feb.
	Lieut. O'Reilly, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lieut. vice George, Af. Col. Corps 8 Apr. 1825		2d Lieut.
	Ens. Stewart, from 2 Vet. Bn. 2d Lieut.		7 do.
	J. Macdonald, 2d Lieut. by purch. vice Eveleigh, prom.		28 Jan. 1826
	2d Lieut. and Adj. Young, rank of 1st Lieut.		2 Feb.
	Ens. Goulden, from 2d W.I.R. Ens. vice St Quintin, prom.		28 Jan.
	— Maitland, Lieut. by purch. vice Campbell, prom.		18 Feb.
	— Sterling, from 16 F. Ens.		do.
	J. J. Grove, Ens. by purch. vice Griffiths, prom.		12 Jan.
	Hosp. Assist. Sidey, Assist. Surg.		do.
	Lieut. Babington, Capt. by purch. vice Brocksbank, prom.		11 Feb.
	Ens. Pigott, Lieut.		do.
	— Colley, Ens.		do.
	J. N. Fraser, do. vice Whally, superseded		13 Jan.
	Ens. Congreve, Lieut. by purch. vice Deedes, prom.		19 do.
	C. Humfrey, Ens.		do.
	Ens. Dixon, Lieut. by purch. vice Cheape, prom.		do.
	J. M. T. Borton, Ens.		do.
	Lieut. Col. Baumgardt, from h. p. Lieut. Col. paying diff. vice Fearon, 64 F.		12 do.
	Ens. Ross, from 3 Vet. Bn. Ens.		7 Apr. 1825
	— M'Kay, from 1 Vet. Bn. Ens.		do.
	Hosp. Assist. Murray, Assist. Surg.		12 Jan. 1826
	Lieut. Thain, Capt. vice Tench, dead		26 do.
	Ens. Mackay, Lieut. vice Gibson, dead		2 Feb.
	Lieut. Elliot, from R. Eng. Lieut.		9 do.
	G. Talbot, Ens.		2 do.
	Lieut. Galloway, Adj. vice Thain, prom.		9 do.
	Brev. Maj. Lynch, from 3 Vet. Bn. Capt.		7 Apr. 1825
	Ens. Walsh, from 3 Vet. Bn. Ens.		do.
	Lt. Cross, from 49 F. Lt. vice Stewart, h. p. 74 F.		12 Jan. 1826
	H. W. E. Warburton, Ens. by purch. vice Harley, 87 F.		19 do.
	Lt. Mackay, h. p. vice Hardman, dead,		1 Aug. 1825
	En. Stokes. Lt.		do.
	Lt. Woodward, from 71 F. Capt. by purch. vice Matthews, ret.		12 Jan. 1826
	— Davies, from 11 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Magill, ret.		19 do.
	T. Maclean, Ens. vice Stokes,		26 do.
	Lt. Scarman, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lt.		8 Apr. 1825
	Ens. Childers, Lt. vice Russell, dead.		13 May
	Hosp. As. Brown, As. Surg. vice Hare, R. Horse Gds.		12 Jan. 1826
	Ens. Varlo, Lt. vice Duke, dead		1 Sept. 1825
	As. Surg. Malloch, from 16 Dr. Surg. vice O'Flaherty, dead		2 Feb. 1826
	Lt. Hill. Capt. vice Parsons, dead,		17 July 1825
	Ens. Scott, Lt.		do.
	T. Wyatt, Ens.		26 Jan. 1826
	Lt. Grubbe, from h. p. 74 F. Lt. vice Cross, 36 F.		12 do.
	Ens. Bartley, Lt. by purch. vice J. Briggs, 63 F.		19 do.

51	T. W. Edwards, En. 19 July Ens. Phelps, Lt. by purch. vice Meade, prom. 4 Feb.	94	Ens. Cassan, from 5 Vet. Bat. Ens. 7 Apr. 1825
	A. C. Errington, Ens. do.		S. Mills, Ens. by purch. vice Osborne, prom. 4 Feb. 1826
54	Lt. Crofton, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Fothergill, 51 F. 9 Apr. 1825	95	H. E. Beville, Ens. by purch. vice Young, 65 F. 23 Jan.
	Hesp. As. Macdonald, As. Surg. vice Leich, dead, 12 Jan. 1826	97	Ens. Cheney, Lt. by purch. vice Prior, ret. 19 do.
55	Lt. Brockman, Capt. by purch. vice Lumley, prom. 28 do.		T. B. Hunt, Ens. do.
	Ens. Higgins, Lt. vice Ralston, dead, 15 Dec. 1825		Lt. Kelley, from 53 F. Capt. by purch. vice Foster, prom. 18 Feb.
	— Mills, Lt. by purch. vice Richardson, prom. 12 Jan. 1826	98	— Moore, from 18 F. Capt. by purch. vice Wilson, prom. do.
	P. R. Peck, Ens. by purch. vice Higgins, 15 Dec. 1825	99	— Pearson, from Staff Corps, Lt. 12 Jan.
	Ens. Cary, Lt. by purch. vice Brockman, 28 Jan. 1826		Rifle Brig. 2d Lt. Saumarez, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Gascoyne, prom. 28 do.
	As. Surg. Rutledge, from 20 F. Surg. vice O'Reilly, dead, 26 do.		J. B. Williams, 2d Lieut. 28 do.
57	C. M. Caldwell, Ens. vice Gore, dead, 12 do.	R. Staff Co. 2d Lt. Shearman, 1st Lt. vice Smith, 24 F. 19 do.	
60	J. Greetham, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Vandeleur, 12 Dr. 5 do.	Gent. Cadet W. O'Brien, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lt. 18 do.	
	Hosp. As. M'Credie, As. Surg. 12 do.	do. R. Pitcairn, from do. 19 do.	
	2d Lt. Fitz-Gerald, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Temple, prom. 28 do.	Qua. Mas. Serj. Kelly, Qua. Mas. vice Gott, dead 26 do.	
	E. W. Eversley, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Vandeleur, prom. 2 Feb.	2d Lt. Stoddart, 1st Lt. vice Pearson, 99 F. 9 Feb.	
	Capt. Coxen, from h. p. Paym. vice M'Lauin, 1 Dr. Gds. 9 do.	Ceylon Reg. Assist. Surg. Macqueen, from 83 F. Surg. vice Armstrong, 1 F. 19 Jan.	
61	Ens. Bower, Lt. by purch. vice O'Neill, prom. 4 do.	2d Lt. Meaden, 1st Lt. vice De Chair, dead 2 Feb.	
	— Irving, from 25 F. Ens. do.	— Fellows, from h. p. 2d Ceylon Reg. 1st Lt. 5 do.	
64	Lt.-Col. Fearon, from 51 F. Lt.-Col. vice Battersby, h. p. rec. diff. 12 Jan.	— Lord W. F. Montagu, from h. p. 90 F. do. 4 do.	
	G. Duberley, Ens. by purch. vice Lechmere, prom. 28 do.	A. Grant, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Heyland, prom. 2 do.	
63	Ens. Young, from 95 F. Lt. by purch. vice Snow, prom. do.	C. White, do. do.	
	— Martin, Lt. by purch. vice Dundas, prom. do.		
	— Crompton, from 46 F. Ens. do.		
68	— Smith, Lt. by purch. vice Maitland, prom. do.		
	R. Walwyn, Ens. do.		
	Ens. Bernard, Lt. by purch. vice Hunter, p. om. 11 Feb.		
	L. Bayly, Ens. do.		
70	Hosp. As. Robertson, As. Surg. 12 Jan.		
73	Ens. Williamson, Lt. by purch. vice Townsend, prom. 18 Feb.		
75	Capt. Lord G. Bentinck, from 2 Life Gds. vice Chambre, 17 Dr. 7 Jan.		
	Ens. Boys, Lt. by purch. vice Vernon, prom. 28 do.		
	F. H. A. Forth, Ens. do.		
	P. Delancey, do. by purch. vice Champain, prom. 29 do.		
	Lt. Daniell, Adj. vice Hatcheron, res. Adj. only 2 Feb.		
80	— Moore, from h. p. 17 Dr. Lt. vice Ellis, prom. 19 Jan.		
82	— O'Beirne, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Starkie, prom. 8 Apr. 1825		
83	Hosp. As. Callender, As. Surg. vice MacQueen, Ceylon, Regt. 19th Jan. 1826		
85	Ens. Brockman, Lt. by purch. vice Byng, prom. 28 do.		
	G. B. Belcher, Ens. do.		
87	Lt. and Adj. Bowes, Capt. vice Mountgarrett, dead, 23 Aug. 1825		
	— Sweeney, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Christian, 27 E. 8 Apr.		
	Ens. De L'Etang, do. vice Bowes 12 Nov.		
	Lt. Hassard, Adj. 23 Aug.		
	Ens. Hon. A. Harley, from 36 F. Lt. by purch. vice Sarjeant, ret. 19 Jan. 1826		
	P. F. Blake, Ens. 26 do.		
88	W. Knox, do. by purchase, vice Fletcher, prom. 12 do.		
	Hosp. As. Dumbreck, As. Surg. do.		
9	Lt. M'Causland, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Harris, 84 F. 8 Apr. 1825		
91	— Ferguson, from h. p. 97 F. Quar. Mast. vice Maclean, h. p. 19 Jan. 1826		
	Hosp. As. Eddie, As. Surg. 12 do.		
92	Bt. Maj. Pilkington, from 3 Vet. Bn. Capt. 8 Apr. 1825		
23	As. Surg. Brady, from 1 W. I. R. As. Surg. vice Raleigh, dead, Jan. 1826		

Garrisons.

Lt. Col. Doyle, h. p. 54 F. Bep. Lt. of Tower of London, vice Yorke, dead, 12 Jan. 1826	
M. Gen. Sir J. Elley, K.C.B. Gov. of Galway, vice Lt. Col. Daly, dead 19 do.	

Ordnance Department.

Royal Art. 2d Cap. Baker, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Patten, h. p. 1 Feb. 1826.	
2d Lt. Hollingworth, vice Townsend, h. p. 6 do.	
Royal Eng. Gent. Cadet R. J. Nelson, 2d Lt. 7 Jan.	
— R. Fenwick, do. do.	
2d Capt. Piper, Capt. vice Booth 15 do.	
1st Lt. Catty, 2d Capt. do.	
2d Lieut. Dixon, 1st Lieut. do.	

Hospital Staff.

Dr Cartan, from 8 F. Physician 2 Feb. 1826	
Hosp. As. M'Math, As. Surg. 12 Jan.	
— Benza, do. 26 do.	
S. Dickson, Hosp. As. 22 Dec. 1825.	
J. Robertson, do. 29 do.	
M. Stewart, do. 3 Jan. 1826.	
W. C. Humfrey, do. 10 do.	
T. F. Downing, do. 26 do.	
W. T. Rankin, do. 25 do.	
J. Mackenzie, do. 2 Feb.	

Unattached.

To be Majors of Infantry by purchase.

Capt. Lumley, from 55 F. 28 Jan. 1826.	
— Wildman, from 7 Dr. 11 Feb.	
— Forster, from 97 F. 18 do.	
— Wilson, from 98 F. do.	

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lt. Cuninghame, from 15 Dr. 28 Jan. 1826.	
— Temple, from 60 F. do.	
— Gascoyne, from Rifle Brig. do.	
— Semple, from 55 F. do.	
— Maitland, from 68 F. do.	
— Vernon, from 75 F. do.	
— Moorsom, from 7 F. do.	
— Dundas, from 65 F. do.	
— Byng, from 85 F. do.	
— Henley, from 16 F. do.	
— Meade, from 51 F. 4 Feb.	
— O'Neil, from 61 F. do.	

Lt. Hunter, from 68 F. 4 Feb.
 — Richardson, from 4 Dr. do.
 — Sydney, from 1 Life G. 18 do.
 — Bird, from Cape Corps Cav. do.
 — Campbell, from 24 F. do.
 — Hon. J. St Clair, from Gren. Gds. do.
 — Earl of Hopetoun, from 7 Dr. do.
 — Beker, from 14 Dr. do.
 — Townsend, from 73 F. do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.

2d Lieut. Ainslie, from Rifle Brig. 28 Jan. 1826
 Ens. Champain, from 75 F. do.
 — Delancey, from 16 F. do.
 — Gordon, from 5 F. do.
 2d Lieut. Eveleigh, from 21 F. do.
 Ens. Lechmere, from 64 F. do.
 Cor. Lord A. Conyngham, from R. Ho. Gds. do.
 Ens. St Quintin, from 22 F. do.
 — Price, from 78 F. 18 Feb.

To be Ensigns by purchase.

W. Dawson 28 Jan. 1826
 C. Thomson do.
 W. Cooper do.

Exchanges.

Lt.-Col. Rolt, from 2 F. with Lt.-Col. Place, h. p.
 — Ogilvie, from 20 F. rec. diff. with Lt.-Col. Thomas, h. p.
 Bt. Lt.-Col. Sir D. Hill, from 95 F. rec. diff. with Major Taylor, h. p.
 Major Taylor, from 6 F. rec. diff. with Major Algeo, 67 F.
 — Holgate, from 22 F. rec. diff. with Major Clayton, h. p. 40 F.
 Capt. Kelly, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Clive, h. p.
 — Wyndowe, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Captain Everard, h. p.
 — Stampa, from 60 F. rec. diff. with Hon. H. M. Upton, h. p.
 — Straith, from 61 F. rec. diff. with Captain Darroch, h. p.
 — Steuart, from 91 F. rec. diff. with Captain Graeme, h. p.
 — Madden, from 92 F. rec. diff. with Hon. Captain J. St Clair, h. p.
 Lieut. Wells, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Nicholson, h. p.
 — Shea, from 4 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Mason, h. p.
 — Stoddart, from 34 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Lynam, 54 F.
 — Warren, from 53 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Lang, h. p. 37 F.
 — Matthews, from 59 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Sweeny, h. p. 62 F.
 — Freame, from 77 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Perse, h. p. 58 F.
 — Desbarres, from 87 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Heyland, h. p.
 — Bagshaw, from 89 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Palmer, h. p. 23 Dr.
 Assist. Surg. Fisher, from 63 F. rec. diff. with Assist. Surg. Riach, h. p. 19 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel Brown, h. p. 96 F.
 Lt. Col. Mathewes, h. p. Indep.
 — Bird, h. p. 99 F.
 — Leggatt, h. p. 101 F.
 Maj. Boulger, late of 2 Vet. Bn.
 Capt. Macdougall, 1 F.
 — Matthews, 38 F.
 — Magill, 38 F.
 — Dottin, h. p. Indep.
 — Goldiecutt, h. p. 2 Ceylon Reg.
 — D'Arcy, h. p. 4 Irish Brig.
 — Hon. H. Tufton, h. p. 100 F.
 — Ridsdale, h. p. Indep.
 — Pickering, late of 8 Vet. Bn.
 — Duff, h. p. 109 F.
 — Sterling, h. p. 16 F.
 — Byng, h. p. 91 F.
 — Tobin, h. p. 127 F.
 — Fairman, h. p. 4 Ceylon Reg.
 — M'Arthur, h. p. 94 F.
 — Salvin, h. p. 4 F.
 — Walsh, h. p. 4 Irish Brig.
 — Coffin, h. p. 15 F.
 — Dyas, h. p. 2 Ceylon Reg.

Ens. Campbell, h. p. 94 F.
 — Burrowes, h. p. 56 F.
 — Blake, h. p. Indep.
 — Pigott, h. p. 82 F.
 Lieut. Sargeant, 87 F.
 — Prior, 97 F.
 — Lyster, h. p. 100 F.
 — Wyatt, h. p. 35 F.
 — Goodwin, h. p. 103 F.
 — Lewis, h. p. 50 F.
 — Robinson, h. p. 25 F.
 — Hunt, h. p. York Rang.
 — Hughes, h. p. 56 F.
 — Place, h. p. 45 F.
 — Luttrell, h. p. 51 F.
 Cornet Douglas, h. p. 14 Dr.
 Ensign Burnet, h. p. 37 F.
 — Dillon, h. p. 47 F.

Superseded.

Ensign Whalley, 27 F.
 Assist. Surg. Renwick, 94 F.
 Veterinary Surgeon Ryding, 5 Dr. G.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut. Farmer, 15 F.
 Paymaster Kent, 1 W. I. R.

Deaths.

Col. B. Count O'Mahony, late Irish Brigade 16 May 1823
 Lt. Col. Hon. A. De Roos, h. p. late 22 Dr Assistant Secretary to H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief, London 23 Feb. 1826
 — Booth, R. Invalid Engineers, Bristol 11 Jan.
 — Beare, Cork City Mil. Feb.
 Maj. Magra, h. p. 88 F. London 8 do.
 — Wood, h. p. 71 F. do.
 Capt. Tench, 33 F. Port Royal, Jamaica 16 Nov. 1825
 — Borrowes, 41 F. Calcutta, 18 Aug.
 — Wm. Stewart, Retired Invalids, Homerton, 2 Jan. 1826
 — Grant, h. p. 63 F. Chelsea 26 do.
 Lieut. Williamson, 1 F. Rangoon 16 April 1825
 — Horner, 14 F.
 — Clandinin, 33 F. Port Royal, Jamaica 29 Oct.
 — Russel, 41 F.
 — De Chair, Ceylon Regt. Isle of Man 25 Jan. 1826
 — Donovan, h. p. 60 F. 29 do.
 — Thomson, h. p. 82 F. Edinburgh, do
 — Ashton, h. p. 35 F. Carnarvon 9 June 1826
 — M'Cartie, h. p. 90 F. Ireland 19 Oct. 1825
 — Nightingale, Cambridge Mil. Walworth 31 Jan. 1826
 2d Lieut. Briscoe, R. Art. Jamaica 28 Nov. 1825
 Cornet and Ensign Torrens, 2d Foot Bombay 9 Sept. 1825
 — Wilson, 30 F. Secunderabad, 15 Aug.
 Madras — Ford, 69 F. Fort St. George 10 Oct.
 — Nickson, late 1 R. Vet. Bn. 19th Jan. 1826
 — Martin, h. p. 6 Dr. Gds.
 — Nightingale, h. p. 23 F. Letcombe Cottage, Wantage
 — Molyneux, h. p. Wagg. 17 Jan. 1826
 Train Chap. Newburgh, h. p. Belleisle Garrison 31 Dec. 1825
 Adj. Would, (Lieut.) 56 F. on passage from Mauritius 12 Dec. 1825
 — Brande, (Cornet), 3 Hus. Ger. L. Nordheim, Hanover 31 Sept.
 Quart.-Mas. Johnston, 67 F. Poona 6 Sept. 1825
 — Gott, R. Staff Corps
 — Herring, Ret. Full-pay 71 F. Bethnal 22 Dec. 1825
 Green — Ashton, h. p. Ayr Fenc. Cav. 25 Jan. 1826

Medical Department.

Staff Surg. Hen. Glasse, M. D. h. p. Droxford, Hants 7 Jan. 1826
 — Assist. Surg. Morgan
 — Assist. Surg. Lange, 2 Lt. Dr. Ger. Leg. Fapenburg, Hanover 27 Jan. 1826

Unattached.

Major Higgins, from 13 Dr Lt. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Stanser, ret. 25 Feb.
 Capt. Lord Geo. Bentinck, from 75 F. Major of Inf. by purch. do.
 Lieut. Malet, from 8 Dr. Capt. of Inf. by purch. do.
 ——— Campbell, from 31 F. do. by purch. 28 do.

Ens. May, from 29 F. Lieut. of Inf. by purch. 28 Feb.

Retirements.

Lt. Col. Stanser, R. Marines
 Brev. Lt. Col. Gore, h. p. R. York Fuz.
 Capt. Milbanke, h. p. 47 F.
 ——— O'Sullivan, h. p. Irish Brigade
 Lieut. Hartford, h. p. 66 F.

*March.**Resignations and Retirements.*

Lt. Col. Ralph, h. p. York Fusileers,
 ——— Stanser, R. Mar.
 Cap. O'Sullivan, h. p. 4 Irish Brig.
 ——— Milbanke, h. p. 47 F.
 ——— M. of Westmeath, h. p. 3 F.
 ——— Lombard, h. p. 94 F.
 ——— M'Gregor, h. p. Port. Serv.
 ——— Welch, So. Gloster Mil.
 Lieut. Hartford, h. p. 66 F.
 Ens. Biggar, h. p. 15 F.
 ——— Gordon, h. p. 25 F.
 ——— Murphy, h. p. 4 Irish Brig.

Deaths.

Gen. Hon. W. Stapleton Douglas, 5 Mar 1826
 Lt-Col. Tryon, h. p. 88 F. Cheshire, 16 do.
 Capt. Robert Burrowes, 4 Dr. Cambay, Bombay, 29 Sept. 1825
 ——— Birch, 38 F. India do.
 ——— Fawson, h. p. 59 F. 14 Feb. 1826
 Lieut. Robert Maxwell, 11 Dr. Meerut, 27 Aug. 1825
 ——— Bchner, 1 F. India do.
 ——— Torrens, 38 F. India Sept.
 Fenton, 54 F. on board the Indiana Hospital Ship, at Arracan, Kingdom of Ava 15 Aug.
 ——— Close, 86 F. found drowned in Ireland.
 ——— Graham, R. Afr. Col. Corps, St Mary's, River Gambia 26 Oct.
 ——— Foss, R. Afr. Col. Corps, Sierra Leone 29 Sept.
 ——— Gualy, h. p. Queen's German Reg. 9 Nov.
 ——— Paterson, 1 Vet. Bn. Galway 23 Jan. 1826
 ——— Elliott, of late 2 Vet. Bn.
 ——— Brisac, h. p. 50 F. Lisbon Feb.
 ——— Robbins, h. p. 44 F. Dublin 18 Jan.
 ——— Codd, h. p. 66 F. Dunkirk 28 Dec. 1825
 ——— Sir H. M'Lean, Bt. h. p. 100 F.
 ——— Von Bibra, h. p. Corsican Rang. drowned in Van Dieman's Land.
 ——— Bisset, h. p. 90 F. Nantes 12 Sept.
 Ens. Usher, 44 F. Fort William, Bengal, 21 July
 ——— Thompson, of late 5 Vet. Bn. Edinburgh 27 Feb. 1826
 Adj. Lieut. Gledstones, 44 F. on board the Hospital Ship at Arracan, Kingdom of Ava 15 Aug. 1825
 ——— Ens. Bruno, h. p. Corsican Rang. Naples 23 Jan. 1826
 Apoth. Bell, h. p. Bellville, Co. Down 23 Jan.
 Dep. Pur. G. F. Mucklow, h. p. Waiworth Feb 28.

*Ordnance Department.**Royal Engineers.*

2d Lieut. Larcum, 1st Lieut. vice Elliot 9 Feb.
 Gent. Cadet G. Burgman, 2d Lieut. 5 Mar.
 ——— E. Aldrich, do. do.
 ——— R. N. Bull, do. do.

*Unattached.**To be Lieut. Col. of Infantry by purchase.*

Major Higgins, from 13 Dr. 25 Feb.

To be Major of Infantry by purchase.

Capt. Lord G. Bentinck, from 75 F. 25 Feb.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lieut. Malet, 8 Dr. 25 Feb.

——— C. A. Campbell, from 31 F. do.

——— Moore, from 80 F. 4 Mar.

——— Langmed, from 44 F. do.

——— Ruxton, from 31 F. do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.

Ens. May, from 29 F. 25 Feb.

To be Ensigns by purchase.

W. O. Atkinson. 4 Mar.

R. Bolton. do.

J. H. Mathews. do.

Exchanges.

Lieut. Lewis, from 4 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Ainslie, h. p.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st of April and the 1st of May, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Aitken, George, writer and corn-merchant in Cupar-Fife.

Andrew, Allan, jun. and Co. carpet-manufacturers in Kilmarnock.

Angus, John, lately flesher in Edinburgh, now abroad.

Black, James, merchant in New Cumnock.

Brodie, M. D. and Co. brassfounders in Glasgow.

Buchanan, Alexander and Son, brewers, St Ninnians.

Buchanan, James, jun. merchant in Glasgow.

Buchanan and Liddell, dyers and merchants in Glasgow.

Charteris, William, merchant in Glasgow.

Cormack and Clyne, builders, Stockbridge, Edinburgh.

Cowan, William, distiller, Chartershall, St Ninnians, Stirlingshire.

Craig, Peter, spirit-dealer, Cowgate, Edinburgh.

Dennistoun, Richard, merchant in Glasgow.

Duke Street Twist Company, the, in Glasgow.

Elder, Adam, carver and gilder in Edinburgh.

Ewing, William and Co. merchants and cotton-yarn agents in Glasgow.

Findlay, James and Alexander, spirit-dealers in Calton, Glasgow; thereafter under the firm of Findlay, James, and Co.

Findlay, Thomas, builder in Edinburgh.

Findlay, Duff, and Co. merchants in Glasgow, and Duff, Findlay and Co. Liverpool.
 Franklin and Co. clothiers and merchants in Edinburgh.
 Fraser and M'Lennan, merchants in Inverness.
 Fraser and Mitchell, builders in Edinburgh.
 Gibson, George and Co. merchants in Leith.
 Gibson, James, of Hillhead, merchant in Glasgow.
 Gillespie, George, builder in Edinburgh.
 Glass, Thomas, carter and builder in Glasgow.
 Gray, William, jun. and Co. grocers and spirit-dealers in Kirkintulloch.
 Hart, James, manufacturer in Paisley.
 Hart, Henry, plumber and glazier, Leith Walk, Edinburgh.
 Herriott, William, builder in Roxburgh Street, Edinburgh.
 Honey, George and Son, curriers in Arbroath.
 Houston, Robert and Co. agents and ship-brokers in Glasgow.
 Jardine, William, merchant-tailor in Glasgow.
 Ker, Charles and Co. manufacturers in Glasgow.
 Kilgour and Paterson, paper-makers at Balerno, near Currie, and at Loch Mill, Linlithgow.
 M'Eachran, John, merchant, Campbelltown.
 Mackie, Archibald, coal-master, spirit-dealer, and merchant in Glasgow.
 M'Lellan, James, manufacturer in Paisley.
 Morrison, Colin, spirit-dealer, Edinburgh.
 Niven, Robert Balfour, merchant and soap-maker in Glasgow.
 Park, James, grain-merchant, Glasgow.
 Park, Thomas, grain-dealer and victualler in Glasgow.
 Paterson, Robert, merchant in Stirling.
 Paxton, Henry and Joseph, wholesale glovers and lacemen in Edinburgh.
 Proudfoot, Euphemia, glover in Glasgow.

Ramage, John, hatter and cloth merchant in Paisley.
 Reddie and Thompson, bleachers, starchers, and merchants, Glasgow.
 Reid and Johns, callenderers in Glasgow.
 Robertson, Archibald, distiller and dealer in spirits in Denny.
 Robertson, Duncan, merchant, Dunfermline.
 Robertson, John and Co. distillers in Tradeston of Glasgow.
 Rollo, Silvester, and Co. late merchants in Glasgow.
 Russel, James and Co. merchants in Glasgow.
 Smith, John and Co. power-loom cloth manufacturers in Tradestown of Glasgow.
 Shireff, Robert, jun. merchant in Edinburgh.
 Skeen, Laurence, ship-owner, Leith.
 Stephen, David, ironmonger in Aberdeen.
 Stephen, Thomas, general merchant and commission agent in Edinburgh.
 Stevenson, Robert, wine and spirit merchant, High Street and Hill Place, Edinburgh.
 Stewart, William, cattle-dealer, Greenleeshill, parish of Cambuslang, county of Lanark.
 Stewart, William, bookseller, Hanover Street, Edinburgh.
 Storm, David, builder, Downie Place, Edinburgh.
 Torry, Archibald, merchant in Edinburgh.
 Thomson, James, and Thomson, John, late corn-merchants in Dundee and Perth.
 Wilson, James and George, spirit-dealers, High Street, Edinburgh.
 Wilson, William, horse-dealer and merchant, Quarryton, Glasgow.
 Wright, James, merchant at Kepp, in the county of Stirling.
 Yuill, Gavin, baker and grain-dealer in Hamilton.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 1. At Madras, the Lady of Captain J. Chisholm, of the Hon. East India Company's Artillery, of a son.
 Jan. At Spanish Town, Jamaica, the widow of Alexander Deans, Esq. master in Chancery there, of a son.
 March 18. At Netherton House, the Countess of Stirling, of a son.
 30. At Belmont Place, Kelso, Mrs Jerdan, of a son.
 12. At Kemnay House, Mrs Burnett, of a son.
 — At Malta, the Lady of William Filder, Esq. Deputy Commissary-General, of a daughter.
 April 1. In York Place, Portman Square, London, the Lady of Dr Clarke, Physician to the Forces, of a daughter.
 5. At No. 62, Great King Street, Mrs Graham, of a daughter.
 5. At Westham, the Lady of James Webster, Esq. of Balmuto, Forfarshire, of a son.
 — At Dee Street, Aberdeen, the Lady of Captain John Shepherd, of the Hon. Company's service, of a son.
 8. At Kentish Town, near London, Mrs James Block, of a daughter.
 — In Charlotte Square, the Lady of Captain Cunningham Dalryel, Royal Navy, of a daughter.
 — Mrs Christie, Rosemount, of a daughter.
 10. At Logie, the seat of John Kinloch, Esq. of Kilrie, the Lady of the Hon. Donald Ogilvie of Clova, of a son.
 12. Mrs Haldane, 16, Geo. Street, of a daughter.
 15. At Dublin, the Lady of Robert Magee, Esq. of a daughter.
 16. At Brighton, the Lady of John Gibson Lockhart, Esq. of a son.
 17. At Foulden Manse, Mrs Alex. Christison, of a son.
 — At Farme, the Lady of James Farie, jun. Esq. of a daughter.
 19. At St Anthony's Place, Leith, Mrs William Wyld, of a daughter.

21. At Queensferry, the Wife of the Rev. Thomas Dimma, of a son.
 — At Brussels, the Lady of Lieutenant-General Wood, of a son.
 — At Mill Hill House, Billericay, Essex, the Lady of Colonel C. Bruce, C. B., of a son.
 22. At Malta Terrace, Mrs Somervell, of a son.
 25. At Logie, near Forres, the Lady of Charles Halkett Craigie, Esq. of Dumbarnie, of a daughter.
 24. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Robert Baillie, Esq. of Culteralls, of a son.
 28. Mrs Mathie, Craigbank, of a son.
 30. At Glorat, the Lady of Captain Stirling, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 24, 1825. At Coel, Bengal, Donald Aeneas Mackay, Esq. First Lieutenant, Bengal Artillery, to Agnes Anne, fourth daughter of William Spottiswoode, Esq. Clayquhat, Perthshire.
 March 28, 1826. At Edinburgh, John Dinwoodie, Esq. to Winifred Jane, eldest daughter of Colonel Archibald Macmurdy, Dumfries.
 28. Lieut. A. Barclay, R.N. Oakwood Cottage, to Ann, daughter of Mr Henry Daun, farmer, Kirkton of Echt.
 29. At Auchteraw, the Rev. John Macintyre, minister of Fort Augustus, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Thomas Clark, Esq. Auchteraw.
 30. At Dunse, the Rev. John Birrell, one of the ministers of Cupar, in Fife, to Isabella, fourth daughter of the late John Turnbull, Esq. of Abbey St Bathans.
 April 5. At Windsor Street, Edinburgh, Captain Cumming, Lessendrum House, Aberdeenshire, to Miss Lane, daughter of the late Rev. John Lane, Vicar of Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire.
 — Mr William M. Bathgate, surgeon, Clyde Street, to Maria Wood, youngest daughter of Mr James Lorimer, York Place.

4. At Leith, Mr William Dick, shipowner, to Miss Crouden, Madeira Street.

— At Farnham, Surrey, Thomas Pearse, of Highway House, Froyle, Hants, Esq. to the Hon. Caroline Kerr, eldest daughter of the late Lord Charles Beauchamp Kerr, and niece of the late Marquis of Lothian.

4. At Glasgow, Alex. Glasgow, Esq. merchant, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late William Smith, Esq.

5. At Stirling, John Murray, Esq. of Livilands, to Anne, daughter of the late Major Alex. Macgregor of Balhaldies.

6. At Laverock Bank, Dr William Cullen, to Henrietta, youngest daughter of Sir Henry Jardine, King's Remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland.

12. At Whitby, the Rev. George Young, M.A. author of the History of Whitby, &c. to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr Robert Hunter of that place.

— At Cartmel Church, Lancashire, Alexander Murray, Esq. Advocate, son of the late William Murray, Esq. of Polmaise, to Johnina, second daughter of the late John Wilkinson, Esq. of Castlehead and Brymbo.

13. At Edinburgh, William Horton Lloyd, Esq. of Bedford Place, London, to Mary, youngest daughter of George Whitelocke, Esq. of Seymour Place, Portman Square.

14. At Richmond, Surrey, the Earl of Clare, to the Hon. Elizabeth Julia Georgiana Burrell, only daughter of the late Lord Gwydir, and the Baroness Willoughby, of Eresby.

17. At Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, Andrew Johnston, younger of Rennyhill, Esq. Advocate, to Barbara, eldest daughter of David Pearson, Esq.

— At Lochmaben, Matthew Graham, Esq. of Priesthead, to Robina, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Henry Laurie, minister of Lochmaben.

— At Dysart, William Hunt, Esq. Writer to the Signet, to Mary, only daughter of James Normand of Baltilly, Esq.

18. At Lord Ravensworth's, Portland Place, London, Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart. to the Hon. Anne Elizabeth Liddell.

19. Francis Grant, Esq. second son of the late Francis Grant, Esq. of Kilgraston, to Miss Farquharson, eldest daughter of the late Captain Farquharson Ross of Invercauld.

20. At St George's, Hanover Square, London, James Macdonald, Esq. M.P., to Anne Charlotte, youngest daughter of the Rev. J. S. Ogle, of Kirkley-Hall, Northumberland.

25. At Edinburgh, the Rev. James Grant, jun. first minister of South Leith, to Miss Jessie Ann Campbell, widow of Major Archibald Campbell of Braglean.

— At Glasgow, Robert Urquhart, Esq. merchant there, to Jane, daughter of David M'Huffie, Esq. of Overton.

— At Glasgow, Walter Crum, Esq. merchant, to Jessie, youngest daughter of William Graham, sen. Esq.

— At Paris, Henry Harvey, Esq. of St Audries, in Somersetshire, to Agnes, daughter of Alexander Ramsay, Esq. formerly of the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service at Bombay.

26. At Edinburgh, Captain William J. Hope Johnstone, of the Royal Navy, to Eleanora Kirkpatrick, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Bart.

27. At Edinburgh, Captain D'Arcey Wentworth, 75d regiment, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Major Charles Macpherson, Inspector-General of Barracks for North Britain.

— At Greenock, James Boyd, Esq. surgeon, Hon. East India Company's service, to Isabella, second daughter of John Pringle, Esq. Greenock.

28. At Crathes, Captain Thomas Ramsay, second son of the late Sir Alexander Ramsay of Balmain, Bart. to Margaret, youngest daughter of Sir Robert Burnett of Leys, Bart.

Lately. At Edinburgh, James Lawson, Esq. W.S., to Margaret, youngest daughter of the deceased Mr John Clark, Edinburgh.

DEATHS.

October 1825. On board his Majesty's ship Boadicea, at Rangoon, in the 21st year of his age,

Thomas Mure, Esq. youngest son of the late Thomas Mure, Esq. of Warriston.

9. At Agra, John Burnett, assistant-surgeon, second son of the late K. W. Burnett, Esq. of Monboddoo.

10. At Cochín, Captain James Craig, late of the Hon. East India Company's 9th Regiment of Native Infantry, son of the deceased Robert Craig, younger of Setonhill.

Nov. While serving at Rangoon, Capt. Alexander, R.N. C.B.

3. At Bombay, Capt. Gilbert Melville, 1st Regiment Bombay Light Cavalry, son of the late Andrew Melville, Esq. Kennoway, Fifeshire.

14. At Hyderabad, Fleming Kelso, Esq. of the 15th Light Dragoons, youngest son of Colonel Kelso of Dankeith.

28. At Ahmednagpur, Lieut James Marjoribanks, of the 3d Regiment of Native Infantry, on the Bombay Establishment, son of Alexander Marjoribanks, Esq. of Marjoribanks.

Jan. 13, 1826. On board the ship Pomona, while on a voyage to Jamaica, Lieut.-Colonel Mark Howard Drummond of Kelly, late of the 72d or Albany Highlanders.

15. At Jordanhill estate, island of Trinidad, Francis Brown, Esq.

Feb. At New Orleans, Mr Robert Bogle, merchant there, formerly of Glasgow.

4. At Rome, Lieut. William Wemyss Fraser, of the 44th Regiment, youngest son of the late Mr John Fraser, Rhives, Sutherlandshire.

19. At Mamee Gully, in the Island of Jamaica, Mrs Shand, wife of William Shand, of Arnhall, Esq.

March 1. At St Thomas, Mr Archibald Galbraith.

18. At Edinburgh, Mr William Stark, sen., builder.

— In London, Mrs Jane Smith, wife of Andrew Paton, Esq. soap-manufacturer there.

— At No. 94, George Street, Helen, infant daughter of Mr Brown, accountant.

— At Haddington, Georgina, youngest daughter of Mr James Millar, printer.

— At Kendal, Mr Alexander Davidson, Lecturer in Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

19. Mrs Guy, eldest daughter of the late Sir Francis Elliot of Stobbs, in the county of Roxburgh, Bart.

— At Whitethorn, Milnathort, Mr James Morrison.

— At Edinburgh, Ann, the infant daughter of William M'Dowall, Esq. of Carruth.

21. At Aberdeen, George Kerr, Esq. surgeon.

— At Glasgow, Mr Robert Cross, engineer.

— At Kilduff, Mr George Murray.

— At Redhall, Mrs Inglis, wife of John Inglis, Esq. of Auchindinny.

— At her uncle's house, in Great King Street, Edinburgh, Miss Alison Tweedie, daughter of the deceased Mr Alex. Tweedie, late in Drevia.

22. At Lathallan, William Lindesay, Esq. of Balmungie.

— At Linlithgow, Mr John Fife, cloth-merchant there.

24. At Plymouth, William Richard Smith, Esq. Post Captain, R.N.

25. At his apartments, York-Buildings, Mary-labonne, London, Dr John Gray, late physician to Haslaar Hospital.

— At the Manse of Berwick, on the 25th ult. the Rev. James Thomson, minister of that parish, aged 80.

26. At Brown Square, John, eldest son of Mr James Usher.

At Kelso, Robert Turner, Esq. late Royal Military Surveyor.

28. At Dumfries, Mr Edward Dawson, writer.

28. At Hermitage Place, Leith, Andrew, infant son of Mr John Mackie.

— At 30, Castle Street, Horatius, son of David Cannan, Esq. surgeon.

29. Colonel Delancey Barclay, of the Grenadier Guards, and aid-de-camp to the King.

29. At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Parks, widow of Mr John Auchterlonie.

— At Stone House, Cumberland, John Richard, third son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Hew Ross, K.C.B.

30. At Bishop Middleham, in the county of Dur-

ham, Miss Jamima Carnegie Napier, youngest daughter of the late Major-General the Hon. Mark Napier.

30. At the Manse of Alvie, Charlotte Grant, wife of the Rev. Mr John M'Donald, minister of that parish.

— At Braehead House, Miss Margaret Howison Crawford, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Howison M. Craufurd, of Braehead.

31. At Edinburgh, Miss Mary Ogilvie, youngest daughter of the late Alex. Ogilvie, Esq. Auchiries.

April 1. At Orwell, near Kinross, James Skelton.

— At his house in Portsburgh, Mr Jas. Inglis.

— At Edinburgh, George Russell, Esq. of Inch, writer to the signet.

3. At Edinburgh, James Bell, Esq. advocate.

— At Windsor Street, Cecil Joseph, youngest son of Samuel Joseph, Esq.

— At his house, in Smith's Place, Leith Walk, in the 65d year of his age, and 38th of his ministry, the Rev. Thomas Aitchison, pastor of the first United Associate Congregation, Leith.

4. At Leslie, Mrs Ireland, aged 79.

— At Knockbay, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Colonel John Porter of Knockbay.

— At Drev, Mr John Tweedie, junior, writer in Edinburgh.

5. At the Mill of Arntully, parish of Kinclaven, Mr Thomas Stewart, in the 101st year of his age.

— At 25, India Street, Robert Douglas, Esq. of Better Hope, Demarara.

— At Mayfield, May Ferguson Robertson, third daughter of the late James Robertson, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At Leith, Charles John, eldest son of Lieut. Charles Smith, Royal Navy.

6. At Glasgow, Major Alexander Mackay, Laggan, Islay.

— At Shaftesbury House, Bayswater, William Davidson, Esq.

7. At Duke Street, Leith, Mr Anthony Laird, cooper and fish-curer there.

— At Melville Mill, Lasswade, Mr Alexander Brown.

— At Edinburgh, Robert Beatson, youngest son of Mr W. A. Lawrie, writer to the signet.

7. At Portobello, Joseph Williamson, Esq. principal clerk of teinds, aged 82.

8. At Edinburgh, Catherine Ann Bennett, widow of Captain James Nicolson, of the Royal Navy.

9. At North St James's Street, Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Mr James Saunders, writer to the signet, and wife of Mr Thomas Beveridge, writer, Edinburgh.

10. In the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, of typhus fever, caught in the discharge of his duty, Mr Samuel Gordon, physician's clerk.

— At Ann Street, Stockbridge, Christina Hogarth, third daughter of Mr Alex. Ballantyne.

— At Newtonlees, near Dunbar, aged 76, Mr Grive Wilson.

11. At Newton Don, near Kelso, after a very short illness, occasioned by a spasmodic affection of the stomach, Sir Alexander Don, Bart. M. P. of Newtondon.

— At Edinburgh, Ann Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Coll. Macdonald, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At her house, Euston Place, New Road, London, the Hon. Mrs Boyd, widow of the Hon. Charles Boyd, and daughter of the deceased Alex. Lockhart, Esq. Lord Covington, one of the Senators of the College of Justice.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. Duncan Forbes, M. D.

12. At Lanark, Captain John Todd.

13. At Edinburgh, in her 79th year, Mrs Helen Wait, relict of Mr John Tait, farmer in Roxburgh West Mains.

13. In Regent Street, London, Mrs Fautleroy, mother of the late unhappy Henry Fautleroy.

14. Agnes Baillie, daughter of Mr H. G. Dickson, writer to the signet.

— At Monton Corbet, the only son of Colonel Hargreaves of Ormerod Hall, Lancashire.

15. At Dundonnell-house, Ross-shire, Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq. of Dundonnell.

16. At his seat of Nuthill, in the county of Fife, in the 82d year of his very active life, John Bruce, Esq. of Grangehill and Falkland.

— At his house, in Miuto Street, Newington, Thomas Riddell, Esq. younger of Cammiestown.

— At Norton Place, Mr John Nicholson.

17. At the manse of Muthill, the Rev. John Russell.

— At Newcastle, aged 67 years, the Rev. David M'Indoe of the Scotch church, in the Groat Market.

— At Glasgow, Peter Buchanan, Esq. of Auchmar.

— At Gallowberry, John Corrie, Esq. of Gallowberry.

— At Leith, Mr William Hunter, tide-surveyor of customs there.

18. At Dalryell Lodge, John Charles, only son of John Dalryell, Esq.

— At 17, Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, Miss Isabella Wedderburn Scrymgeour, daughter of Henry Wedderburn, of Wedderburn and Birkhill, Esq.

— At her house, Heriot Row, Mrs S. C. Campbell, relict of Major John Campbell of the 76th regiment of foot.

19. At her house, India Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Stewart of Stenton.

20. At Edinburgh, Mr James Millar, late writer and surveyor of taxes in the county of Fife.

— At Stirling, after a long illness, Hugh, eldest son of the late Alex. M'Lean, Esq. Auchatenny, aged 16 years.

— At Edinburgh, James, youngest son of John Tawse, Esq. advocate.

21. At his house, Marine Cottage, Pirniefield, John Rhind, Esq. cashier to the Edinburgh Friendly Insurance Society.

— At Nelson Street, Mr Thomas Ivory, engraver.

22. At West Lauriston, Elizabeth Hamilton Glen, youngest daughter of the late Captain Glen, Royal Navy.

— At his seat, Conon House, after a short illness, of inflammatory fever, Sir Hector Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., Lord Lieutenant of the county of Ross.

23. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant the Hon. Frederick Forbes, of the 17th regiment of foot, third son of General Lord Forbes, in his 25d year.

At 53, Ann Street, St Bernard's, Mrs Jean Lundie, spouse of Mr Archibald Lundie, writer to the signet.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Janet Leslie, only daughter of the late George Leslie, Esq. of Coberty.

— At India Street, Sophia Marianne, only daughter of the late Mr Douglas, Orchardfield Place.

24. At Kirkdale, Ramsay Hannay, Esq.

— At No. 3, Mound Place, Mrs Jane Wright, widow of Mr Robert Norrie.

29. At Vogrie, James Dewar, Esq. of Vogrie.

30. At Bo'ness, William, second son of Mr Stephens of the grammar School.

— At his lodgings, James' Square, D. J. Stewart, Esq. apothecary to the forces.

Lately, at Carthage, on his way to Bogota, in the service of the Colombian Republic, Colonel William Henry Hamilton.

— At Paris, the Right Hon. Lady Susan Douglas, a lady of considerable beauty, and most fascinating manners. Her Ladyship was daughter to the late, and sister to the present, Earl of Dunmore.

Lately, at Liverpool, Edward Airey, Esq., comptroller of his Majesty's customs, at the port of Whitehaven.

Lately, at Liverpool, Sir William Barton, Knt. one of the oldest merchants of that town engaged in the West India trade, and for many years principal of the firm of Messrs Barton, Irlam, and Higginson.

Lately, at Petersburg, in the 88th year of his age, the Russian Privy Councillor Prince Gregoriewitsch Dneibow.

— At Moscow, the celebrated Count Rostopchin.

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